

*Edward J. Ingham*












From the sale of Edw. D. Ingraham's library,  
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Thos. P. Barton.





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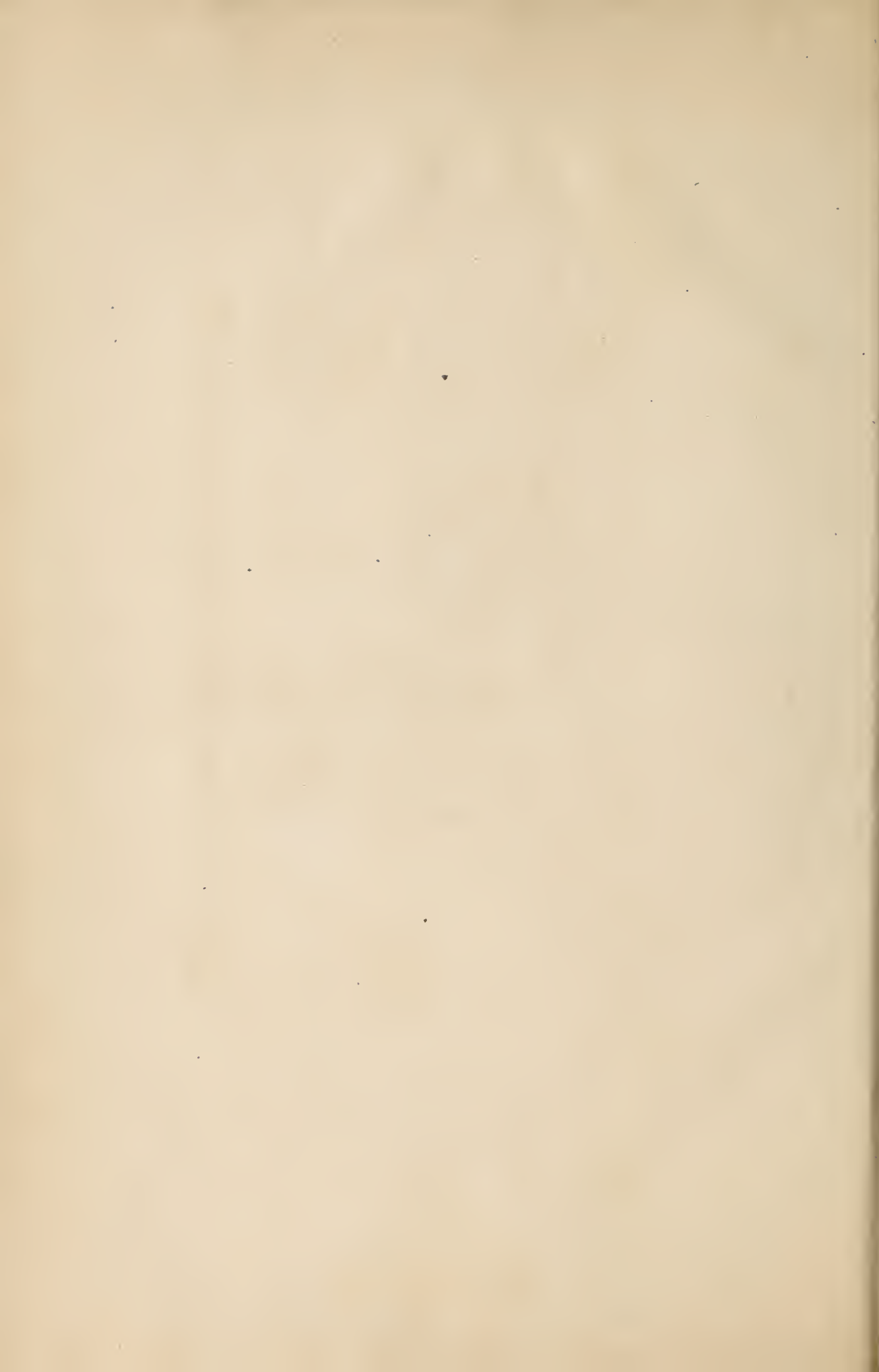














## THOMAS KILLEGREW.

THE name of Killegrew has been a familiar one in the annals of the court of England since the reign of Henry the Eighth. The subject of the present memoir was the son of Sir Robert Killegrew, chamberlain to the queen, and was born at Hanworth, in Middlesex, in February, 1611. The interest of his father at court, obtained his appointment as page of honour to Charles the First, and as he ever continued a favourite of that virtuous monarch, it is improbable that the profligacy, for which he was afterwards so notorious, should have been early imbibed, or, at least, at this time prominently exhibited.

During the exile of Charles the Second, Killegrew attended the person of that monarch, and appears to have pandered to his tastes. In 1651, notwithstanding the opposition of the king's advisers, he was appointed by Charles his resident at Venice, with the object of borrowing money of the English merchants. According to Lord Clarendon, his conduct during his residence in the dominions of the Republic, reflected credit neither on his own character, nor on the sovereign of whom he was the representative. The Venetians were scandalized at his vices, and insisted on his departure from their territories. Charles was himself appealed to by their Ambassador at Paris, but as the character of Killegrew nearly resembled his own, and as he brought with him a company of Italian singers on his return from Venice, which added considerably to the amusement of the exiled court, the reprimand is unlikely to have been severe, and in all probability became the subject of a jest.

Killegrew, notwithstanding his position as a courtier, has usually had the credit of being a faithful adherent of his sovereign, and devotedly attached to his interests; the encomiums, however, so lavishly bestowed, appear to have been, at least, questionably deserved. In Thurloe's voluminous State Papers there is a passage which greatly reflects on his integrity; indeed there seems little doubt, notwithstanding the confidential situation which he held in the household of Charles, that Killegrew was in fact in the pay of Cromwell, and an unprincipled spy upon the actions of his benefactor. Downing, Cromwell's resident at the Hague, in a letter to Thurloe, dated October, 1658, thus alludes to a surreptitious visit, which had recently been paid by the exiled monarch to the Dutch court. "As for Charles Stuart having been in Holland, surely you had my memorial explaining thereof, which was even at the very time while he was in Holland: and at the very time I had an account from one Killegrew, of his bedchamber, of every place where he was, and the time, with his stay and company, of which also I gave you an account in mine of the last post; he vowed that it was a journey of pleasure, and that none of the states general, nor any person of note, of Amsterdam, came to him."\* Misguided Charles! Such persons but too frequently composed his social companions and bosom friends!

\* Thurloe's State Papers, vol. vii. p. 418.

It is singular perhaps, that during his residence at Venice, Killegrew should have found leisure for several literary undertakings, as well as for the mere pursuit of pleasure. He was the author of ten plays, more than one of which seem to have been written at this period; indeed, as many as six were composed, either at Venice, or in the gay society of the exiled court. Sir John Denham says of him on his return from the Republic:

Our resident Tom  
From Venice is come,  
And has left all the statesmen behind him:  
Talks at the same pitch,  
Is as wise, is as rich:  
And just where you left him, you find him.  
But who says he's not  
A man of much plot,  
May repent of this false accusation;  
Having plotted and penned  
Six *plays* to attend,  
On the *farce* of his negotiation.

The conversational talents of Killegrew must have been superior to the merits of his literary productions, or he could never have been the charming companion he is invariably described. The talents of his contemporary Cowley appear to have been as remarkable for the opposite characteristic. Denham says:

Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killegrew ne'er writ,  
Combined in one they'd make a matchless wit.

At the Restoration, Killegrew was appointed groom of the bedchamber, and master of the revels; and, by his wit and humour, as conspicuously promoted the hilarities of a brilliant court as he had formerly contributed to raise the spirits of a deserted one. Charles delighted in his society; he never failed to laugh at his jests; submitted good-naturedly to his satire, and admitted him to freedoms and familiarities on which others would have hesitated to presume. De Grammont bears testimony to his wit, and particularly applauds his happy and graceful manner of relating a story.

It would appear by Oldys, in his MS. notes to Langbaine that Killegrew held a regular appointment as "King's Jester" to Charles the Second. Pepys also inserts in his diary (1667-8)—"Mr. Brisbane tells me, in discourse, that Tom Killegrew hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of King's Fool or Jester, and may revile or jeer any body, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place." After every consideration, however, it seems unlikely that he held an official appointment of this nature. His facetious humour, his constant flow of spirits, and well-known familiarity with the king, probably obtained for him the undignified title.

Killegrew, notwithstanding his own failings, is said, on more than one occasion, to have laudably exercised his influence over Charles, in order to divert him from that insane pursuit of pleasure, to which the king was so culpably and notoriously addicted. "I was told," says Pepys, "by Mr. Pierce, as a great truth,—as being told it by Mr. Cowley, who was by and heard it,—that Tom Killegrew should publicly tell the king that his matters

were coming to a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment; he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.'

On another occasion Killegrew entered the king's apartment, habited like a pilgrim, and gravely informed his majesty that he was about to undertake a very long journey. Charles inquired whither he was going? "*To Hell*," was the unceremonious reply:—"I am going to speak to the devil to send back Oliver Cromwell to take care of the affairs of England, for, as to his successor, he is always employed in other business."

Another characteristic anecdote is related of Killegrew. Charles, engrossed with his pleasures and his mistresses, had latterly refrained from attending the council-table, notwithstanding the most pressing business required hourly his attention and despatch. The council had one day assembled, when the king, as usual, not making his appearance, the Duke of Lauderdale, a man of a hasty temper, suddenly quitted his colleagues, and hastened to remonstrate with his sovereign. His entreaties were of no avail, and the duke retired in anger. On quitting the presence-chamber he encountered Killegrew, to whom he expressed himself in strong terms on the king's neglect of his affairs. Killegrew desired him to be pacified, at the same time offering to lay him a wager of a hundred pounds that Charles should attend the council in less than half an hour. Lauderdale, either anxious to punish his impudence, or, perhaps, not unwilling to win the money, accepted the bet. The duke returned to his colleagues, while Killegrew, entering the king's apartment, commenced by relating to his majesty the whole of the scene which had just passed. "I know," he proceeded, "that your majesty hates Lauderdale, and that it is only the necessity of your affairs which induces you to be civil to him. Now, if you choose to get rid of him you have only to go this once to council:—I know his covetous disposition so well, that, rather than pay this hundred pounds, I am satisfied he would hang himself in spite, and never plague you again." It was impossible for Charles to help smiling:—"Well, then, Killegrew," he replied, "I *positively* will go." He kept his word, and the wager was won.

The dramatic writings of Killegrew have already been mentioned. They are now but seldom read, and, indeed, scarcely remembered. Of his ten plays, the one which possesses the greatest merit is "*The Parson's Wedding*," published in Dodsley's Collection. "It is remarkable," says Granger, "that no women appeared upon the stage before the Restoration, and that this comedy was acted by women only." "*The Parson's Wedding*" was formerly much admired, but the plot, which is otherwise excellent, appears to have been borrowed from Shakerly Marmion's comedy of "*The Antiquary*." In 1660, when Charles licensed the two theatres, the Bull, in Vere Street, Clare Market, (afterwards removed to Drury Lane,) and the other in Dorset Garden, Killegrew became patentee of the



former.\* The one was called the King's Company, the other the Duke's. The passion for the stage, which Killegrew shared with the rest of his family, appears to have been imbibed in childhood. When very young, in order to obtain admittance to the theatre, he used to wait outside the doors, till one of the actors, as was then usual, used to come forward, and inquire which of the boys would act the devil. Young Killegrew invariably enlisted himself, and thus witnessed the performance for nothing.†

Killegrew was twice married. His first wife was Cecilia, daughter of Sir Henry Croft, of Suffolk, a maid of honour to Henrietta Maria. Her successor was a Dutch lady, whose name even has not been recorded. By the former of these ladies, he was the father of Henry Killegrew, commonly called the younger, a person who seems to have inherited the libertinism, and a portion of the wit, of the elder Killegrew, but to have been totally deficient in the natural strong sense which distinguished his father.

\* Biog. Dram. vol. i. p. 21. Introduction.

† Pepys, vol. i. p. 176.

*From Jenn's Memoirs  
of the Stuarts.*

*There was another Tho: Killigrew, who wrote  
"Chit Chat," Comedy N. D. (1719).*







THOMAS KILLIGREW.

# COMEDIES, AND TRAGEDIES.

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WRITTEN BY

Thomas Killigrew,

Page of Honour to King *CHARLES* the First.

AND

Groom of the Bed-Chamber to King  
*CHARLES* the Second.

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*L O N D O N,*

Printed for *Henry Herringman*, at the Sign of the *Anchor* in  
the Lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1664.



XFG 3961

149.376

May. 1873

Thomas Killam

of the County of ... State of ...

... of the County of ... State of ...



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# To the Reader,



*Shall only say, If you have as much  
leasure to Read as I had to Write  
these Plays, you may, as I did, find  
a diversion ; though I wish it you  
upon better terms then Twenty Years Banishment.*

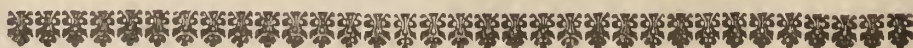
Yours,

THO. KILLIGREW.



A Catalogue of the Names of the *Comedies* and  
*Tragedies* contained in this Volumn.

1. **T**He Princess ; or, Love at first Sight : *A Tragi-Comedy.*  
The Scene Naples and Sicily.
2. The Parsons Wedding : *A Comedy.* The Scene London.
3. The Pilgrim : *A Tragedy.* The Scene Millain.
4. Cecilia and Clorinda ; or, Love in Arms : *A Tragi-Comedy,*  
5. in two Parts. The Scene Lombardy.
6. Thomafo ; or, ~~The~~ Wanderer : *A Comedy, in two Parts.*  
7. The Scene Madrid.
8. Bellamira her Dream ; or, The Love of Shadows : *A Tragi-*  
9. -Comedy, in two Parts. The Scene Naples and Sicily.
10. Claricilla : *A Tragi-Comedy.* The Scene Sicily.
11. The Prisoners : *A Tragi-Com. dy.* The Scene Sardinia.





THE  
PRINCESSE:  
OR,  
Love at first Sight.  
A  
TRAGICOMEDY:  
The Scene *NAPLES* and *SICILY*.

---

Written in *Naples*  
BY  
*THOMAS KILLIGREW.*

---

Dedicated to his dear Niece  
THE  
LADY *ANNE WENTWORTH*,  
WIFE TO  
The *LORD LOVELACE*.

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*c*  
L O N D O N:

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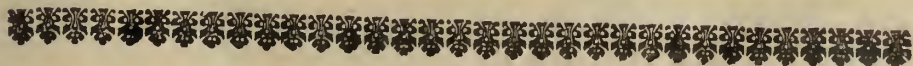
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T H E  
Scene in *SICILY* and *NAPLES*.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

**F**acertes, *late Prince, now King of Sicily (by his Father's late death in Battel) taken Prisoner by the Romans.*  
Lucius, *(under the name of Cilius) Brother to Facertes.*  
Virgilius, *Son to Julius Cæsar.*  
Minetes, *his Servant.*  
Nigro, *Foster-father to Facertes.*  
Viceroy of Sicily for Facertes.  
Bragadine, *Son to the Governour of Naples.*  
Terresius, *a Sicilian Commander, turn'd Pirate.*  
Lieutenant, *his Associate.*  
Tullius, *an humorous Companion of theirs.*  
Crabb, *a Souldier of theirs.*  
Other Souldiers of their Gang.  
Roman Souldiers.  
Prisoners.  
Pimp and Band of Naples (*Band's name Olympia.*)  
Bravo's.  
Servants.  
Sophia, *Sister to Virgilius.*  
Cicilia, *Sister to Facertes and Lucius.*  
Paulina, *a Neapolitan Lady.*





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T H E  
PRINCESSE:

O R,  
Love at first Sight.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter two Souldiers retiring, - beaten in by three others, with them, the Lieutenant, holding Sophia in his hand.*

*Lien.*



Laves, you have her? you have your Throats shav'd with a short sword.

1 *Sould.* By what title is she yours? We fought for her.

2 *Sould.* And by our Laws you ought to stand to your Lot.

*Lien.* By what Laws? By the Roman Law, you Rascals? broad-sword-law; besides she looks as if she were sweet and sound, which are things you'l scarce bring a President, to prove your interest by.

1 *Sould.* We will not quit our shares for words; We have swords.

*Lien.* And no money; Go ye Rascals: do you shew your teeth? Go, trufs, be gone, to the next woods side, there speed with your Ploughs; do you threaten me with your cold Iron?

1 *Sould.* Your odds makes you presume, but if we meet you alone, o'th' Guard.

*Lien.* Then I'll cut thy Throat.

2 *Sould.* No, we'll spare you that labour, and have yours cut.

*Lien.* Yes, yes, I know thou art good at killing, by Attorney.

1 *Sould.* S' death, come away, follow, We shall a have time.

*[Exeunt the two Souldiers.]*

*Lient.*



*Lient.* And that's all, but a wheel and a croud, that thy end can claim, —

How now? weeping? come, dry, dry; I'll be a Father to thee. Art honest?

*Sophia.* Dare not you be honest too?

*Lient.* Honest? Faith, pretty one, he that dares fight is as honest a Souldier as needs to be.

*She lies down*

*Sophia.* O! ye Gods.

*Lient.* They are the prettiest kind of commodities, these women, that a man can deal in, there is nothing like 'em, but ready money.

*Here they put up their swords.*

*Sould.* Pray, Sir, leave talking, and fall to, that we may have your leavings.

*Lien.* Not a bit, go home to your *Doll*, and fall to your cold meat, friends.

*Sould.* Hang her, she's old.

*Lient.* Speak reverently of her Age, the Jade brought great loads to our pleasure, in her youth, and must not be forgotten.

*Sould.* O but this, Sir, has such an excellent face.

*Lient.* Away, you Rogues, old chins, and naked chins, Boys of the first beard, and find distinction? must your weak stomachs have face-sauce, before you can fall to? the sex (you Varlets) was enough, when I was young; and I confess they have been sad days with me, since the Face and Peticoat came in esteem: look where she lies, (what? weeping, pretty one? now if I should dote in my latter days, and draw in at my eyes a punishment, they say the Gods are just, and may, through my doublet, punish the sins of my youth --- Hum, I'll think no more on't; --- Faith I must kiss thee.

*He lies down and she rises.*

*Sophia.* O Sir, be not so barbarous as to bring those dangers you have beaten hence; why do you lay such rude hands on me? Think you, the innocence of Maid and Virgin have no power to guard me?

*He lays hands on her.*

*Lient.* A Maid! by my faith, its strange, I should ha' jugged you at the second age, when women fall; have you no witness of what you say? I have no faith' your witness, or I kiss.

*He still pulls her.*

*Sophia.* Away, unhand me, and force me not to call down a Plague to guard me, scorn not my words, if thou dost this wickedness, thou wilt find the curse of an injur'd Maid strike as sure, as lightning, and as fatal; nor can all thy skill and courage defend thee, but despairs will find thee, and inhabit in thee, till thou art dissolv'd in the horrors of thy fear. But if this calm, which seems to allay thy troubled blood, be real, upon my knees, I'll fall, and to the Gods send my Prayers for thee, and they'll prove as great a guard, and thou shalt find this good act interpose between thee and thy greatest dangers.

*He lets her go and looks on her.*

*Lient.* By this light she talks unhappily, should I keep her company, I must beg; no more of this discourse, pray.

*Sophia.* Let me be safe in my Honour, and I'll be silent, and beside the reward that heaven will pay you, my Ransom shall be what you'll name.

*Lient.*



*Lien.* You have prevail'd, and shall be free from force; but take heed of talking of Heaven before these; to tempt them with such promises, is bidding them to their loss; for what can such fellows hope for there, but to become some odd Saints without Holy-daies?

*Sould.* Lieutenant, you are somewhat free in your Opinion of us.

*Lien.* Why, dost thou sweet heart, hope for better? look upon him has he not a promising face? Ile prophecy, Crabb, continue in thy calling, and thou art safe, for thou hast endeavour'd long, and I fear not, but hast made good friends below, and mayst be of a good rank in hell.

*Sould.* Faith, Lieutenant, me thinks, you spurr'd fairly forwards, and, upon my Conscience, will be richly damn'd.

*Lien.* Who I? Faith and troth I think I shall, and yet, while *Shakes his* this lasts, I have good hopes; for I am of Opinion, no Man is *purse.* damn'd that has money in his purse; nor do I see how poor folks can be saved; What noise is that?

*Sould.* I hear our Captains voice.

*Lien.* Away, take her to my quarter, and, upon your lives, no Insolence; pray step off with them, till I see what occasions this noise.

*Sophia.* I will go, But if this be Treachery  
Know, though 'tis easie to abuse the Gods,  
Yet it is heavy for to bear their rods.

*Lien.* Away, you are safe. [*Exeunt omnes but the Lieut.*]

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Captain and Souldiers, with the Romans bound,  
that were taken with Sophia.*

*Sould.* SIR, these are some poor Rogues.

*Captain.* Hang 'em then for being poor.

*1. Roman.* Cannot our praies find thy Mercy?

*Capt.* A pox upon your prayers, they could not protect thee; hang 'em I say.

*Lien.* Hold Sir, mistake not these Men, for, if I guess right, they are no beggars.

*Capt.* Bring the Torture then.

*Lien.* I believe, I know a way to gain the Truth without a Rack: There is a Wench——

*Capt.* I, What became of her?

*Lien.* She's in my power, and talks not like a beggar; by this day, she threatned me, and frighted me from my pleasure, she profer'd a Ransome too, things that beggars never dream on.

*Capt.* Where is she? We will load her with chains, till they confels.

*Lien.* Patience a little, and Ile instruct you; do but threaten  
to

to kiss her, (you understand me) and, upon my life, she'll tell all.

*Capt.* To the Dungeon then with these, and fetch her; but dost thou hear, Lieutenant, is she likely? is it a handsome Wench? dost thou see ready money in her face? [*Exeunt Sould. and Prison.*]

*Lieu.* O, 'tis a proper Wench, and bravely built, such Eyes, so black, so great, of a Beauty that is currant every where, Then her Cheeks, and such Lipps; ha! by this hand I could ha dwelt for ever there.

*Capt.* She came luckily for this Mart; what became o'th Boyes we took a swimming in *Baio*?

*Lieu.* They are safe, and will be ready for the same freight.

*Capt.* And all will scarce quit cost.

*Lieu.* Faith Captain, we have no luck of late, our old Souldiers are immortal too, they will not die, there comes no profit that way of late; When the Moor was Captain, in his years there fell as many of those rotten plums, as were worth ten thousand Drachms.

*Capt.* And since my reign, I cannot count a thousand. The young *Cicilian*, the bold *Cilius*, is returned too, and now I have no hope to continue another year.

*Lieu.* Which? he that was the Prisoner?

*Capt.* Yes, the same, his hopes stand fair for the next Election, nor shall I envy him if he gain it, for it's a gallant Fellow, and indeed ought to command here.

*Lieu.* Faith Captain, a competent ill nature (I thank the Gods) I have gain'd in the service, and to me 'tis indifferent who is Captain, for I must be Lieutenant still, till my lot falls, and yet I have so much gratitude as to be angry with old *Tullius*.

*Capt.* Why dost thou blame a Man for desiring to live?

*Lieu.* By my Faith, when a Man desires it so unreasonably, I do; he knows he cannot live, and yet he has not so much good nature as to die; what if he may linger out this moneth? he'll die the next, and then your reign expires.

*Capt.* Marry, and the Villain is rich, and 'twere not amiss to be his Heir.

*Lieu.* If he die in time; but if he live he will not be worth one Drachma; for since they told him he could not escape, The slave that grudg'd himself Bread before eats Gold now, and considering you are his Heir, it is your Gold he eats; would I had such Title to his Estate, by this light, I'd choak him, slave.

*Cap.* Thou art in the right, if he die this moneth, I am his Heir, by the Laws of our Band, if next, he that succeeds; and I am certain, he made his Fortune under me.

*Lieu.* Why I, there's the point, Faith Captain, if you please, Ile go speak with him, and try what good nature will do, it may be he'll hear reason; Ile urge how much he is bound to you.

*Capt.* Thou mayst go, but I'm afraid it will be lost labour.

[*Exiit Lieut.*]

*Enter*



Enter Cilius, and a Souldier.

*Cilius.* A party of *Romans* taken, where? guide my hate, that with fatal wounds I may empty their proud veins.

*Capt.* How now *Cilius*, what Rage is this?

*Cilius.* O *Tereſius*, can you be content, because our persons lie hid, to let our shames continue visible, and thus sleep out the sufferings of our Country? I paſt or'e her bosom in my Journey, Oh! had you, with me, seen the general calamities she groans under, ruin'd even to a Chaos, and the wretched people, grown so degenerate in their sufferings, that they begin, with joy, to obey the insulting Conquerour.

*Capt.* It is wisdom now to obey.

*Cilius.* Wisdom? Is *Tereſius* grown so tame, to think so? let the Dogs, not *Cilius*, practise it.

*Capt.* Why thus impatient?

*Cilius.* Our Countrey and our miseries call for our swords to protect her, and to see you thus tame makes me so.

*Capt.* This rage serves her as little — And 'tis now in vain to attempt their ruine, whose Conquest has taken such firm root.

*Cilius.* Those that bled in the last battle thought not so.

*Capt.* To what rash attempts would your rage guide you! is the sad issue of that day no example which our brave Prince *Facertes* was forced to survive, and adorn their Triumphs? But that being paſt, he had dy'd upon the Hook, nor could the Intercession of *Virgilius* letters have deferred the doom, though he bestrid him in the heat of battle, had not the far-fam'd *Sophia*, in his approaching Fate, call'd to mind that which he (though an Enemy) protected her Brother from, and in the instant kneel'd and embrac'd *Cæsars* knees, divinely pleading, *Pallas* inspir'd her, and with her own Beauties cloath'd the Virgin, and with such power the Goddess moved in her, that when *Cæsar* gaz'd upon her blew eyes he left to be *Cæsar*, and rather obey'd then granted, and to be her Father could scarce secure him from being fettered with those white wrists which circled his imperial knees.

*Cilius.* Was *Virgilius* then in the Power of *Facertes*, that day, and did he let him escape, did he fawn upon the *Roman*?

*Capt.* It was but to return the Piety *Virgilius* shew'd his Foster-father, who (you know) protected him in that sad day our King was slain, and, by his power, he grew able to give that last blow for his Countries Freedom, which when the aged *Nigro*, saw inclining to the *Romans*, covetous to have his Age set in some glorious Act, he charg'd the youthful *Virgilius*, but or'e loaded with Courage, his silver hairs sunk under the *Roman*, whose Piety bestrid him like his Father, vowing to sacrifice upon that breast, sooner then wound it.

*Cilius.* 'Twas done like the *Son of the first Julius*; These are degenerate, and succeed onely in the others Fortune, not his Merit, Yet — had I been by —

*Capt.* What could your single Arm have done?



*Cilius*. Kill'd *Virgilius*, in Revenge of the Rape the Roman Ploughes has made upon my Mothers womb. For other Parent then my Country, I yet could never find. Oh! that I had been that day with the brave *Facertes*, who knows but I might have digg'd a glorious Monument in some lucky wound, given in the face of this admir'd *Virgilius*, and after such a Fortune, I could have smil'd, and, unhook, step'd into my grave. Or if slav'd, such bold truths I would have utter'd, they should not have destroy'd me for cold Example, but rather because *Rome* durst not let me live. And yet I beg if there be any Power favourable to *Cilius*, let it set within my swords reach this *Virgilius*, this King of Men, This *Sicilian* scourge, that makes us kneel and kiss our Afflictions; Then, then, *Teresius*, thou shalt see, how with this sword Ile hunt his pale Soul to her last home.

*Capt*. 'Tis a Gallant Youth, how his Spirit boyles, to be in Action. [aside.]

*Cilius*. If I be chose Captain of our Band, by all our bondag'd Gods, in some disguise, Ile see that *Rome*, I will *Teresius*, and with a few wounds well dealt, gather a numerous Revenge; say, would not you obey, if I command, to joyn in such a Sacrifice, where, to fall, The Off'ring is as glorious, as to stand the Priest, and such attempts are becoming Sacrifice for Men, let Women incense burn, it is properer for us to expiate with wounds, then Prayer or Fasting, and had those we vainly dealt in Sacrifice been given upon our Enemies, our Heards had now been fair, and *Rome* Ashes.

*Capt*. May all thy thoughts prove Prophetick, and here I vow to obey what ere thou injoynest.—— Though it be not safe to let thee know the Reason, nor the Interest thou hast in thy Countries sufferings. [aside.] [Enter *Lient*.]

*Lient*. Sir, will you come to the Examination, The Prisoners are at the Quarters.

*Cilius*. What Prisoners?

*Capt*. The Romans.

*Cilius*. Why are they not stak'd?

*Lient*. There's a Woman amongst 'em.

*Capt*. You will not stake her, will you?

*Cilius*. No, I make no war with Women.

*Lient*. If she must die, I beg the staking of her.

*Cilius*. What is she?

*Lient*. More then young, and handsome, and one that talks unhappily; I know not——

*Cilius*. Ile go see her; Captain, Ile meet you at the Oak.

*Capt*. Ile to my Quarter, and attend you.

ACT.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Virgilius and Facertes.*

*Virgil.* O Let me stretch my self, and thus enlarg'd possess my Joyes; for know, my longing Soul made a Crown a Burthen, and with greater joy I have put off an Empire, then thou thy chaines; and now transported with my hopes, the Bird that from the Cage is flown, and broke that Prison, where she was wont to mourn, and sings all Tunes at once, That Bird, I say, cuts not the yielding Air with more joyful Freedom, then I, to find my self, and deliver'd from that imprisoning state.

*Facer.* Sir, Thus far I have obeyed your Commands, which enjoyned me to accompany you from *Gallia* hither: But what your design should be, that makes you thus, with Joy, quit your Command there, and be pleased to find your self unknown and hid in a disguise at *Naples*, I cannot guess, nor shall I be so rude to ask; for sure if it were fit I knew it, you, that dare trust your sleeping self in my power, would not hide it from me.

*Virg.* Doe's not my Friend guess, whither I am bound?

*Facert.* Not the particular; but I am certain 'tis some great design, to conquer which, you thus in ambush lay the great *Virgilius*.

*Virgil.* The Body was made the Souls slave, and now but serves her to advance my ends; nor is my Mind less, or thoughts more subject to fear, then when an Army compass'd me.

*Facert.* Sir, That you are alone makes you not less in my esteem; for it is not your power I admire, (the loss of mine own tells me, that's mortal) but your Mind; which, when *Virgilius* is nothing but what my Memory gives life to, will make me worship his Monument.

*Virg.* No more, Prince *Facertes*, my Friend, and to confirm him take a secret, by which Ile bind him to me for ever; for secrets have stronger ties then Love, or Vowes; for whilst thou hast Honour that binds thee, the other may by mistake or Passion (which Friendship's self is subject to) fall even to hate.

*Facertes.* Then, when I have honour, I shall know your design.

*Virg.* When thou hast! O *Facertes*, my friend, it was born with thee; and where it is not natural, swords cannot acquire it; Take therefore into thy heart all the secrets of mine, and in a word, all my hopes, and all my fears, *Cicilia*.

*Facert.* What of her, Sir?

*Virg.* She is all my hopes, all my wishes, and all my fears; and if she smile, I am fortunate: for know, my journey is to lay at her feet my self, and all that Conquest gave me. What thinks *Facertes*? will she accept it, and not destroy the destroyer? For nothing can be conquest, where she suffer'd, but height of Murther.

*Facert.* What, do I hear my prayers forestall'd, and those joys Our Country ought to sacrifice for, offer'd to us? I hope *Virgilius*



is not still pleas'd to triumph o'er our miseries, and throw a scorn upon that, which he thought worthy of his sword ?

*Virg.* Have you not yet forgiven what was my fate ? while these thoughts dwell in thee, I must not hope *Facertes* will joyn the power of a Brother to assist my wishes.

*Facert.* If you are real, you shall tread upon my neck, but if this be scorn, 'tis so unlike my friend, and so unbecoming the brave *Virgilius*, that I should not fear to call him enemy, nor despair his conquest.

*Virg.* Real, *Facertes* ! why when have I jest'd with my friend ? Real ? yes, as thy vows to *Sophia*. Never start, nor put on amazement, was I less worthy of a trust, because thou thought'st me worthy to have been thy enemy ? call me friend, and hide thy love ? Either thou hast not found the knowledge, or lost the value of thy friend : I tell Prince *Facertes*, she, whom he sacrificeth to, has greater ties upon me as Friend than Sister.

*Facert.* That I do love the divine *Sophia*, witness my part of heaven, which is all thou hast left me to swear by ; but if thou hast gain'd the knowledge of that secret, by jealous guesses, purchas'd treachery, or with thy power hast wrought upon her sex to betray her innocent affection, draw thy sword, for, by all our Gods, no distance, as enemy, nor nearness of Friendship shall divide us, or secure thee from my vengeance.

*Facertes  
draws his  
sword.*

*Virg.* I am innocent, and you are angry ; here read that, it will tell you, you have injur'd me.

*He gives Facertes a Letter.*

*Facert.* Can *Virgilius* pardon me, and still have patience to learn me how to conquer Nations first, and then my self, by his great Example ?

*Virg.* Your friendship I shall never decline ; and if *Sophia* be just, you have a warrant for you faith of mine. When I went for *Gallia* to take command of those Legions there, at parting, we fell into discourse of you, and the never-enough-admir'd *Cicilia*, whose beauties and vertues she always mention'd with admiration : I confest to her, that her former descriptions had engaged my affections to your Sisters fame so much, that I was resolv'd, in some disguise, to see her. O're-joyed with this news, she recommended you to me for a guide, And though I ever admir'd the honour I found in *Facertes*, yet I confess, I made a little stop ere I resolv'd to put my self in the power of one, whom I had tempted with such a ruine, as obeying my Fathers injunctions, had made me lay upon your suffering Country ; to remove which doubt she blusht out this secret ; I ask'd her then, why she suffer'd thee to be led in triumph ? she said, she pleaded against it, what she durst, and had she lov'd less, she could have said more, but seeing her own guilt, she fear'd it might have been trouble to all : Now if this truth can satisfy *Facertes*, that I have not wrong'd him, and now I beg, he'll give me leave to return his vows, to *Cicilia* ; and now I conjure thee by that power which thou hast given her, in *Sophia*'s name, here to bury all thy fears, all thy anger, all remembrance that I was a misfortune to thee, in return of which upon thy breast, the

Altar



Altar of friendship, I'll lay mine a sacrifice, and vow my self to fair *Cicilia*, and her Country, a constant friend.

*Facert.* Oh! Sir, The joys you load your slave with, I wish you may find, when you sigh under such a pleasing burthen, as the enjoying all your wishes brings. And if my prayers be prosperous, *Virgilius* will prove our Physitian, and the wounds he gave, but Prescriptions, and we have bled for our health only.

*Virg.* From hence then, I'll count my conquest over *Facertes*, and think I have brought more strength to our Empire, by his friendship, then his Country.

*Facert.* If you intend a sudden journey, give me leave to furnish you with a Galley, I have some acquaintance in the Town; I'll dispatch, and meet you presently upon the Mould: will you not send, to see whether your Sister be arriv'd at *Baio*?

*Virg.* Yes, and we'll touch there, as we go.

*Facert.* When I kiss'd her hands, to go for *Gallia*, she said, she was immediately to retire to *Baio*.

*Virg.* We need not bid each other haste, since Love's our guide.

# ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Sophia and the Lieutenant.*

*Lieu.* **H**itherto, fair one, your beauty has preserved you; but let not your pride teach you, from success, to scorn a proffer'd love, that brings safety with it; for me, I confess I durst not enter where that beauty guarded; there was something in that Angel form that stroke me, and I boast a wound received from you, more then a conquest over another.

*Sophia.* This Act shews you truly valiant, and this fear, you pay the Gods, is courage: Fools and Cowards only dare their power, and you shall find success and conquest still await you, when you strike not against them; and my prayers shall invert the kind of this offering, and make a sacrifice of that which is duty: and you shall receive a reward for paying, as if you had given Hecatombs.

*Lieu.* Faith, pretty one, I am pleas'd with what you say, though I understand it not, Pray, what kind of place is yours, in heaven? By this band, I think she keeps the sweet-meats, or else, is woman Butler there.

*Soph.* Alas, Sir, I am so mortal, I am subject to you: for heaven, I know it not, but by faith, and that tells me, when I am injur'd, my curses wound, and when served, my prayers heal.

*Lieu.* Then you have nothing to shew, under the hands of those, what do ye call 'um? those Gods?

*Soph.* Nothing, but the examples of their justice; which, with punishment, visit the wicked.

*Lieu.* Now do I begin to find, I was a fool, and this wench a talker, By this hand I thought she had had some of the Gods in Li- *He offers to*  
veries, at her Elbow, and there's no such thing, all is but a dream; *kiss her.*  
but

but I'll be no longer fool'd by my fears. Faith, pretty one, let's try whether they be at leisure, or no ; or if they be, they cannot have the face to punish us for those faults they were so subject to themselves.

*Soph.* They are in a sad condition, that instead of repentance, seek examples for their sins ; and the second is worse then the first ; as insolence, is worse then weakness : why do you lay such rude hands upon me, You will not destroy what you have built ?

*Cil.* Wait without.

[*Enter Cilius.*

*Cil. gazes upon her.*

*Lieu.* Are you there ? Then I am prevented, a Pox upon my tender nature, this it is to be ignorantly wicked, and subject to fits of conscience.

*Cil.* Lieutenant, is that the Prisoner, you spoke of ?

*Lieu.* Yes Sir.

*Cil.* Thou liest.

*Lieu.* Sir.

*Touches himself.*

*Cil.* I tell thee, its false, its here the Prisoner stands.

*Lieu.* That's she, I spoke of.

*Cil.* Leave us then.

*Soph.* Ye Gods, new miseries.

*Lieu.* Why so ; there's but three steps to a womans bed, liking, alone, and consent. Two of them he has past already, if she consent, I would he might pay her : look how they gaze, This is Love, and I have bought wit, But if a long staff keep me from the next, let 'em geld me.

[*Exit Lieu.*

*Cil.* Fair one, what Country boasts these Beauties ?

*Soph.* Sir, I can answer for my self, But for those Beauties, you speak of, let them find a friend, I have misfortunes enough to busie my time, and I find it business enough to make it appear fit to live: The thoughts of beauty, are fit for those that have fortunes like their faces, and if mine be like my fortune, (as a friend I counsel you) not to let your eyes dwell longer here, for its a dangerous habitation, Not safe to me, that am native there, and I should mourn more for your dangers, then mine own, for I know how to be just, but I could never find, how to be fortunate.

*He kneels to her.*

*Cil.* A Curse find him, and all pass'd Plagues be but stor'd for him, that would seek to deface that Temple, and what ere your modesty can urge.----Thus I'll pay my duty, for I know, such a worship can be no new thing to the Deity, that's shrowded in their eyes.

*She kneels likewise.*

*Soph.* If you kneel, I must kneel too, for the guilt is no less to take a worship where it is not due, then to pay it.

*Cil.* But if the guilt be equal, pray refuse not to receive an unfeigned one.

*They both rise.*

*Soph.* I dare not rise, while you kneel ; for although the fault be equal, yet civility makes this fitter.

*Cil.* I'll not dispute ; for know, should you command, through sin, I'd serve you ; and therefore you may be confident, I'll obey you, when you command me shun it ; and here, with shame, I confess, I came prepar'd with lust, hungry with sin, and look'd to have



have met a sacrifice to me.---But I have found the power, and now return as from the Altar, struck with holy despairs, and shall feed on what I have already fed my eyes and ears with.

*Soph.* Sir, I find there's honour in your breast, but I fear that safety dwells not every where; for the Souldier that you found with me, repents him of the good that saved me.

*Cil.* He dares as soon suck in a Pestilence, as breathe on that air, I frown in; he is my slave, and to my will his fate is tied, if he dares breathe ought but obedience, 'tis his own sentence; say, fairest, shall he live, By our Gods (but to serve you) he should not. What, ho! Lieutenant, Sirrah, what was it you said, to disturb this calm.

[*Enter Lieu. and two Souldiers.*]

*Lieu.* Faith little Sir, something that tended to the use of handsome women.

*Cil.* Slave, didst thou look upon her, and not kneel? by her self, I swear (purer than which our Temples shew nothing) if any act or word of thine shall henceforth pay less reverence here, then at the Altar, thou art Earth; mark me; this shall wound the into

*He lays hand  
on his sword.*

*Lieu.* Sir it shall, and I'll call it justice, death has taken fix I think, and is drunk with her beauty, a pox upon me: I must be praising her forsooth.

*Soph.* Sir, you need not threaten, the reward is not worth the hazard, and I am safe.

*Cil.* The reward! oh, that it were to be purchas'd at the rate of Kingdoms, then the sword might gather those Beauties! but they are neither within the compass of conquering, nor dying for, else I durst say, after all my wounds and triumphs, see your slave; but now I am lost in my despairs.

*Soph.* Sir, Truth has such affinity with truth, that I can scarce hide one from you, which I fear will be displeasing.

*Cil.* To serve you, is the first thoughts of my heart, and since I cannot, my self be happy, let me contribute my Power to make you so; dare you tell me who you are?

*Soph.* A vow forbids me.

[*Enter a Souldier.*]

*Sould.* Sir, the Captain expects you.

*Cil.* Me? I'll wait him presently: Lieutenant, see you cheerish your first act, and with honour treat this Lady, and you shall command me; your pardon, fair one, our Captain commands me hence, but you shall be safe from all dangers, but what your sadness brings, and I shall be proud to be call'd yours, though despis'd.

*Soph.* Witness heaven, all that honour can spare me is yours; And therefore I beg you will not injure me, to say I despise you: When we have not, we cannot pay, and I shall mourn to think I must dye your Debtor.

*Cil.* Madam, But I can admire and sacrifice in thoughts, pray command me to do something for you, oh! that these five tedious days were wasted, that, without a treachery, I might say, you are free, but if you can find a strength to resist these miseries, till then, By our Gods, you are as free as they, and as readily I'll obey you.

*Soph.*



*Sophia.* Sir, your first bounties make me happy; and since I have your protection for my Honour, all the rest, when they are blown over, bring but a pleasure in the relation.

*Cilius.* I must go——There is a necessity that forces me to obey, I cannot else command your safety.——Lieutenant.

*Lieut.* Sir.

*Cilius.* Need I say again, Protect this Lady?

*Lieut.* No Sir, By this hand, he hath gelt me with a look, Madam, will it please you to walk? [Exit Cilius.]

*Sophia.* Yes Sir, I'll follow you, and I hope I shall not be ashamed to follow my *Facertes*, whose Soul, I think, holds Intelligence with this Souldier; and were it not that I been accustomed to see such Virtue, this would start me. [Exeunt omnes.]

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Nigro wounded, and Cicilia holding him by the Arm.*

*A noise of fighting within.*

*Nigro.* Fly, oh fly, and save your self, Madam, This Piety will give wings to your Innocence; for it is just, ye Powers, by Miracle, to save that Miracle.

*Cicilia.* No Father, The fears and nicities of our Sex I have long since banish'd hence; and so many have been my dayes of mourning, that I thought not to have shed a tear for any new misery; But this is a loss I could not foresee, and by surprize this grief has got into my heart, look, if I have not tears left.——Oh! ye Heavens, Where is that Justice and Mercy we sacrifice to? Why were you absent when his sword strooke in your own cause? He faints. Wounds, and Age! There is a kind of Sacrilege in this Murther, and I could be wicked in my anger, to see his faithful youth preserv'd thus to a punishment, and, instead of a reward, see him pursu'd like the wicked, and his Age set in Blood.

*A noise within.*

*Nigro.* O excellent Maid! let not my ruine beget faults in thee; nor do thou thus repine at the last and greatest of my Honours; is it not better to sink thus, Then blushing say I surfeited, or go shaking out with an Ague, like a Coward School-Boy, to my Grave! Fairest, I have been bred a Souldier; and had it been as noble to yield as conquer, I could have died as easily, as kil'd.——Your Hand, Madam, for I find I faint, Why should I grieve to die, that have this to lay me in the Earth! O weep not, By this last smile I conjure you, weep not; But let your sadness die, and my Memory live; For witness that power, to whom I am now offering my self, as my last Sacrifice, I have all that dying *Nigro* could wish; am I not blest with my Countries cause to die in, while a Princess mourns at my Funeral, and an Angel Virgin is sent to close mine Eyes.

*He swoonds. She looks sadly upon him. They seize Cicilia.*

*Cicilia.* He's dead.——{Enter the Vice-Roy and Souldiers, the Vice-roy is wounded and taken; he falls.

1. *Sould.* Hands off, This is my Prisoner.

2. *Sould.*

2. *Sould.* She's finely built, I think she was furnished for the Mart.

*Crabb.* Ile have her Cloathes, I spy'd them first.

1. *Sould.* Ile have her; and let whose will take the rest; I desire but to be lost in the wood with her, for a night, and let him take her that finds her in the morning.

2. *Sould.* He were a bold fellow, that would come after thee.

*Crabb.* Come, leave this squabbling, lest the Lieutenant come, and then you get not a bit.

1. *Sould.* Faith, and thou art in the right, and I confess I would be glad to find a way to be revenged for the last he took from us.

3. *Sould.* I could tell you how to do it, and profitably too, if you would all take my counsel.

2. *Sould.* Propose, propose.

3. *Sould.* Then quit your thoughts of this dainty bit, and lets away with her, and the rest, to *Naples*, and sell 'em, This fine thing shall yield Money, that will buy Wine, and Wenches, that bring no fears along with 'em; This gay thing, should we touch her forbidden fruit, we were damn'd; and we are sure, our Lieutenant will pursue us with fire and sword.

*All.* Agreed, Agreed.

3. *Sould.* Thus rigg'd then, lets away, But we had best leave one to tell our Captain we are put to Sea, in pursuit of a Galley that bore the Roman Eagle, that will take off suspicion while we are absent; then we may return, and say, they out sail'd us.

2. *Sould.* Ile stay, but remember my share.

3. *Sould.* What, dost thou think we are Thieves amongst our selves? Come, help draw these dead Bodies into the Wood, we'll bury them when we return.

1. *Sould.* Bring her away too, and take care of her, lest she spoil her self, and undo our Market.

3. *Sould.* Come, pretty one.—Nay, you must part.

*Cicilia.* Fools, you pull on your Fates, and labour to steal that Vengeance that would find you were you hidden in the Earth; and my Prophetick Soul tells me, I go but to see you punished.

1. *Sould.* What saies she?

2. *Sould.* I know not what she saies, but I hope she lies; do you hear, what kind of Women are your Witches?

1. *Sould.* A pox, they are old, Come Mistres, Dangers and handsome Women dwell not together; if they do, let me fall into them. —

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Captain, and Crabb.*

*Captain.* **W**Hat were those Romans, that fell to my share?

*Crabb.* They were taken when the pretty Wench was taken, that *Cilius* would have had.

C

*Capt.*



*Capt.* Did you deliver 'em to the Lieutenant, and bid him come hither with his Accompt?

*Crabb.* I left 'em there, and bid him come to your Worship, but I found him a little troubled, he had been at the Souldiers; but the fellow is wilfull.

*Capt.* But I have taken an order to bring him to Reason.

*Enter Lieutenant drunk and angry.*

*Lient.* Whorson Clown, refuse to pledge me or die; Rascal, neither drink, nor die. Umh.

*Capt.* How now, Lieutenant, what passion's this?

*Lien.* Rogue, refuse to dye, or drink my Captains health, at my suit, and yet confess a Beer-glass would kill him.

*Capt.* Oh! is that the cause?

*Crabb.* I'll swear, he is very unreasonable.

*Capt.* And ought to be put to death, for refusing a health.

*Lien.* That was spoke like my Captain, and I'll kiss his foot, nay, nay, do not hold me, let me go, let me go, I say, that I may kneel, and wish thou maist live, till I refuse a Beer-glass.

*Capt.* What hast thou there?

*He has a little bottle in his hand.*

*Lien.* A Julip.

*Capt.* What are the ingredients?

*Lien.* Simple *Aqua-fortis*, to warm his stomach. Dog, offer to live, when wine is a poyson to him?

*Capt.* You shall not poyson him.

*Lien.* No, I'll get his Doctor to prescribe it, and then 'tis Physick.

*Capt.* No, no poyson.

*Lien.* Then he'll live.

*Capt.* No I have prevented his living, for I was afraid thou wouldst not succeed. Thou hast no Oratory, thou canst not perswade, Then, thou art so subject to choller; Did you mark the old woman you met at my Quarter? it was his wife. In six words, I made a price with her, to kill him, without any of the difficulties you found in perswading him.

*Lien.* Captain, you are weak, Captain; I not Eloquent? your Argument is weak; Death, do you think 'tis no more to perswade one to dye, then to hire another to kill him.

*Capt.* No.

*Lien.* Stand fair, and I'll confute you. *Crabb.*

*Crabb.* Lieutenant.

*Lien.* What wilt thou give me to kill him.

*Capt.* Come, leave your fooling, and give me your Accompt.

*Lien. offers to draw his sword.*

*Lien.* Am I Eloquent then?

*The Lieu. pulls out a piece of dirty paper, and gives it him.*

*Capt.* Yes, yes, give me your Accompt, and I'll believe you Eloquent, what's this?

*Lien.* Your Accompt.

*Capt.* My Accompt?

*Lien.* Yes, and an Eloquent Accompt.

*Capt.*



*Capt.* What's here? paid, lent, given, and rests due; faith it's an Eloquent accompt indeed: But Lieutenant, is this all?

*Lieu.* All? why would you have more?

*Capt.* Kind Lieutenant, I would have an Accompt.

*Lieu.* Why have you not an Accompt? All is but this over and over; but if you'll give it me again, you shall have a longer Bill.

*Capt.* But Lieutenant, Eloquent Lieutenant, is this all that's left of my four thousand *sestertia*.

*Lieu.* Why, what accompt should I make you? would you not pay what you owe? and lend a good fellow that drinks fair; or is your Charity dead to pretty sinners in their necessity, and militant in the world?

*Capt.* But grant these uses, what is the sum? what paid, what lent?

*Lieu.* Why, what you will.

*Capt.* Very good. But what means this, Rests due, of whom must I enquire for that?

*Lieu.* Of me *Torrafuco*, lodging at the sign of the Lieutenant.

*Capt.* *Crabb*, knock, and if the Party be within, tell him, I would speak with him, and require an Accompt of certain living creatures that were given to his trust, Women and Children.

*Crabb.* They, Sir, are encreas'd, the Moore has a Calf running by her side, of his own getting, the other Barbary is with Fole to; and she that you sent to day had like to have been leap'd in his Collar.

[*Enter a Souldier.*]

*Sould.* The Alarm, Sir, is given, from the shore, and the Lyon is in chase of a Galley that bears the Roman Eagle, and *Cilius* waits directions at your Quarter.

*Capt.* Tell him, we come, and, do you hear, get the Leopards Gang ready; what will my careful Steward do, visit the sick? Pray, let the Prisoners be bath'd first, and well fed, against the Mart.

*Lieu.* *Crabb*.

*Crabb.* Here, noble Lieutenant, I am always ready to serve.---- When he is in this humour I cleanse his Pockets, and that's my *Aside.* Revenue.

*Lieu.* *Crabb*, talking is not good for me when this fit is upon me; for I find, I am subject to grow angry, weak and drowsie.

*Crabb.* Therefore you must master your passion, at first, ere it grow upon you; but there is no speaking to you when you are in an Argument.

*Lieu.* I find thee an able man, and therefore I'll lean upon thee: what's that, *Crabb*?

*Crabb.* What's what, Sir?

*Lieu.* I felt a live thing in my Pocket, *Crabb*.

*Crabb.* It may be your worships breeches are torn.

*Lieu.* I will reward thy faith with a Trust, *Crabb*, here, to let thee see, how dear thou art to me, keep my Tobacco-box.

*Crabb.* Noble Lieutenant.

*Lieu.* No thanks, but help to lay me down behind some tree, in the shade.

[*Exeunt both behind the Curtains.*]

*Crabb, picks his pocket as he leans on him, he finds his hand in his pocket.*

*Crabb.* Your worships head is full. ----- I could have gelt him,  
the slave has drunk himself stiff. [*Enter Crabb again with his*

*Lien. as he  
lies holds up  
the Curtain,  
and calls  
Crabb.*

*Lien. Crabb, Crabb.*

*money in his hat.*

*Crabb.* Here, here.

*Lien.* Prethee stick a bough for a mark, that thou maist find  
me again, lest I be lost in my thoughts.

*Crabb.* I shall, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Enter at one Door the Souldiers, with Cicilia and the rest of the  
Prisoners, to be sold ; at the other Door a Pimp, and a  
she Band.*

*Band.* Captain, a word with you, I have view'd your ware; but  
is there any special piece amongst 'em ?

*Sould.* As you see ; they are young, and sound.

*Band.* Will you give a trial ?

*Sould.* With the eye, and the tongue, question, or search them,  
nothing else.

*Band.* Not a little freedom alone ? you were not wont to be  
thus hard.

*Sould.* Faith, we have had no luck of late, Mistress, this is the  
first Mart we have made this moneth.

*Band.* And you come to our house, it shall cost you nothing.

*Pimp.* At what price do you hold that fine thing ?

*Sould.* That ? it is the cream of our Mart, she will cost two  
thousand *sestertia*.

*Pimp.* Is she a maid ?

*Sould.* I'll warrant that, if I sell her.

*Pimp.* Come, a thousand is fair, and take you the profit of the  
first night.

*Sould.* No, altogether, or nothing, view her, she is worth the  
money naked.

*She speaks to  
one of the  
slaves.*

*Band.* But, my friend, I hope you have try'd your self, ere now ?  
are you fruitful ?

*Slave.* Yes, Mistress, and if you agree upon the price, you shall  
find me a faithful servant ; and for the sport, if I raise you not a  
Crop from the Common, geld me.

*Band.* Geld thee ? Marry God forbid man ; I'll lame thee first,  
art found too ? else I may live to curse your doings.

*The slave  
bugs her.*

*Slave.* Sound as a Bell, and as ever you hope to be satisfied,  
buy me.

*He kisses her.*

*Band.* Away, away, y'are a wag, is your breath sweet, let me  
finell, you are very forward, pray turn, and let's see your price,  
here Souldier, take your money.

*Sould.* Thank you, may his back never fail you.

*Pimp.* Faith, you are too dear.----- Stay, here comes the Prince  
*Bragadine*, the Viceroys Son. [*Enter Bragadine and a servant.*

*Bragad.*



*Bragad.* How now, Souldier, what famous Prize is that ?

*I Sould.* A Greek Sir, a Virgin.

*Bragad.* What's her price ?

*I Sould.* Two thousand Sestertia.

*Bragad.* It's dear, and yet its a proper Wench.

*Enter Virgilius and his man.*

*Virg.* My Sister not arrived yet at *Baio* ? its strange.

*Serv.* No Sir, not yet, but she has been expected these ten dayes.

*Virg.* What crowd is that ?

*Serv.* The slave-mart is held to day.

*Bragad.* What stranger is that ?

*Virg.* Was that fellow drunk ?

*Serv.* Either drunk or worfe.

*Virg.* Is that excellent piece to be sold ?

*Serv.* Yes Sir.

*Virg.* She is not, who can buy her ? or who dares set a price upon that Beauty ? Fairest, what Country is (at this time ) cursed with your absence, for sure 'tis perpetual night when you are thence.

*Cicilia.* Greece, Sir, is my Country, more particulars I must not tell.

*Virg.* Fools that we are, to call our selves Conquerours of Greece, when one slave, one handfull of that Earth, has power to conquer me, and lead me bound, even in my own Country.

*Cicilia.* It is not becoming your youth, nor fortune (how great so ever) to make a scorn of those miseries which chance throwes upon the Innocent.

*Virg.* A strange curse find me when I scorn you ; dare you not tell me what you were before this ruine ?

*Cicilia.* I must not, Sir.

*Virg.* And are there no statues fix'd in the Temples, or History, that preserves your Story ? must all but your Beauty sink with this ruine ?

*Sould.* Sir, if you will buy her, take her upon her price ; if not, give others leave to bid.

*Virg.* Fool, thou canst not sell her, for thou know'st not how to value her, yet cozen thy self ; what dost thou ask ?

*Sould.* Two thousand Sestertia.

*Virg.* Is that all ?

*Sould.* All ! yes.

*Virg.* And is she free when that is paid ?

*Sould.* Yes, if you please.

*Virg.* Madam, not to call you mine, but to have a power to appear yours, give me leave, with the loss of mine own, to find your Freedom. Go fetch two thousand Sestertia.——unbind her.

*Cicilia.* What mean you, Sir ?

*[Exit Servant.* *Virgilius* puts her chaines upon *Virg.* his arm,

*As Virgilius comes in, he meets Bragadine going out, they jostle, and look scurvily at one another.*

*Virgilius spies Cicilia, and falls in Love with her.*

*The Souldier interrupts him.*



*Virg.* They are proper here ; and I beg you will not refuse (when Honour consents) to release me.

*Cicilia.* I hope my miseries will not beget Ingratitude in me, for I confess, 'tis some Joy in the midst of these troubles, to find that Honour that shines throughout this act ; and though my bonds be as new and strange to me as your self, yet let me say, if there be a faulty thought that bids you hope to find a slaves heart here, you are deceived ; for I would sooner sell my self to slavery, or, by a wound seek a freedom.

*Virg.* By thy self, by thy Angel self, I approach thee with thoughts as pure and as constant as those our Vestals wait on the holy flame with ; and but that I know you would scorn a Sacrifice that's offer'd by prophane hands, those Attributes are given to the Gods I'd kneel and pay to you. [Enter the Princes Servant.

*Serv.* Souldier, the Prince would speak with you.

*Paul.* Which is that fine thing you spoke of?

*Baud.* That that the stranger stands by.

*Paul.* That stranger, knowest thou that stranger?

*Baud.* No, not I.

*Paul.* Now by the sins of my youth, 'tis a God-like form! —

*Above in the window appears Paulina and the Baud.*

*The Souldier returns, and layes hold on Cicilia.* Why do they pull the Woman so?

*Virg.* How now, unhand her Villain, is she not free?

*Sould.* You have not pay'd your money, and I must not lose my Market you talk'd, and another ha's gon through with the bargain.

*Virg.* Another, what other?

*Sould.* One that will find the way to her Sex, before you'll come to kissing her hand: take her away.

*Virg.* Slave, dost thou glory in thy Villanies? — There, now let him that dares claim her follow me and take her.

*Cicilia.* What have you done, Sir?

*Virg.* Fairest, begun a Justice I hope the Gods will finish.

*Bragad.* How, kill'd! whose act is this? [Enter Bragadine.

*Virg.* Mine, and I'll answer it ; some one that knew him follow me, and take the money for this Lady.

*Bragad.* That Woman I have paid for, and I will not quit my purchase ; either yield her, or I shall force her.

*Virg.* I know what 'tis command, but never yet heard that voice (unless an Oracle) that I would have obeyed when the Speaker frowned, and thou lookst not like him whose voice is thunder.

*Paul.* Gallant Youth.

*Bragad.* I cannot talk, Sir, but I shall take my own.

*Virg.* Touch her not, yet I have patience, let her alone. — Nay, if you will be insolent, I'll punish it if I can.

*Bragad.* Kill the Dog.

*Paul.* Hold Sir, as you have any sense of Honour, hold for shame, betray not thy Fame so poorly as to let a slave share in thy Revenge ; this base odds calls thee Coward, though thou conquerest.

*Bragad.* Who made you a Judge of mine Honour?

*Paul.* So, I fear you'll find your Treachery no guard.

*Sould.* This way, this way he is gone, seize her and secure her to the Princes house, whilst we follow him.

ACT.

*Virgilius stabs him.*

*The rest of the Souldiers draw and call for help. Murther.*

*He layes hold of her.*

*He strikes him and draws.*

*Bragadine and the Souldiers draw.*

*They fight.*

*Enter Souldiers arm'd.*

*Exeunt mnes.*

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

*Enter Virgilius, and the Souldiers after him.*

*Virg.* Villains, whither tends your Rage?  
*Sould.* To revenge : yield, or thou art dead.

*Paulina above.* Slaves, leave to pursue that stranger, or I'll send those shall shake your wretched souls out of their Cases.

*2 Sould.* What's she?

*Virg.* What ere you are that thus have lent your pity to a stranger, in distress, may you never know what 'tis to want a pity.

*[Enter Virgilius's Servant with Facertes.]*

*Facert.* To buy a slave?

*3 Sould.* Upon him, alive or dead, we'll have him.

*Facert.* Ha! the Prince engag'd, draw.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Bragadine and Souldiers.*

*Bragad.* HELL upon you all, where were your Mercenary swords when they should assist? S'death, to let a single stranger, in mine own door, brave me, and none by, to kill the dog? who now is escaped, to brag that he snatched from *Bragadine* a slave that he bought and paid for.

*Sould.* Sir, we could not Prophecie, your Highness would go out; and none call'd us; But for the slave, she is at home, and safe, The Sailers brought her, and are now in pursuit of the stranger.

*Bragad.* If she be safe, let's lose no time, but follow them, lest he escape, with his glories, which which way went they?

*Sould.* This way, Sir.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Enter Virgilius, Facertes, and Minetes in rage, for the loss of Cicilia.*

*Facert.* HOW do you, Sir?

*Virg.* Not well.

*Facert.* What accident was this?

*Virg.* Oh! *Facertes*, I have seen my Fate, and I conjure thee by all our friendship, not to call me weak, nor dispute with my passion, but obey thy friend, and suddenly, or I am lost for ever; for her innocence, I fear, will be no guard against their power; and without impiety I may mistrust the Gods, for they already have slept, and let her fall into misery; oh, *Facertes*, I am a slave to a slave



slave, and to hers my Fate is bound. And Temples, not chains are due to her; and when thou seest her thou wilt forgive me this change, for she has a Beauty against which thy honour must arm, else thy love will be no more a guard then was my resolution.

*Facert.* All this for a slave!

*Virg.* Oh! do not revile her; for when thou meet'st her, thy wonder and repentance will make but one thought, and like me thou wilt be lost in a maze.

*Facert.* This is strange.

*Virg.* I confess it; yet when the world was innocent before the bloody sword taught her pride by conquest, and learn'd the thirsty wooll to drink the purple dye, till it grew enrich'd with the far-fetch'd stains, such innocence and beauty as waits on her might any where have claim'd a sacrifice.

*Facert.* Sir, though I grant all these beauties, yet to me they bring like miseries to those the swift lightning leaves the wretched husband-man; who instead of full joys, reaps from those wounding fires nought but weighty griefs; yet I'll obey you, though in this chance I foresee my own despairs, to the little hopes I had of happiness. Farewell.

*Virg.* Why do you conclude so? must you of necessity be miserable, if I be happy? are my friends joys the less, 'cause mine are full?

*Facert.* Pardon me, Sir, if you find me troubled to see all my hopes wither'd, and those wounds you gave my suffering Country now despairing of a cure.

*Virg.* O friend! friend! has that word no power?

*Facert.* Yes, and that makes me sleight my interest; for I am so accustomed to misfortune, 'tis almost natural to me: But when I think on whom you throw your fortune, youth and fame, I find a greater trouble as your friend, then as I am the lost *Facertes*; for you know not what she is; your love hunts thus in the dark, A slave, a thing set at sale for lust.

*Virg. offers  
to go away.*

*Virg.* That, that, *Facertes* makes me rage; and again by all that's powerful I conjure thee fly with me to her rescue, before such a ruine find her.

*Facert.* *Virgilius*, Sir, *Virgilius* stay; I must obey him, or he's lost.

*Virg.* Draw thy sword then, and let me see thee plead with that against her enemies, as thou didst against me at *Siracusa*, and I'll conclude all hopes from that powerful Argument.

*Facert.* Sir, I never us'd my Arguments to spare my sword; nor was my tongue now drawn, because I meant that should sleep: See 'tis drawn, but in vain you hope a service from it, as your self; and therefore stay here, while I fit you with a disguise.

*Virg.* Be speedy then.

*Facert.* I shall, but pray retire a little, this place is too publick, I'll return immediately.

*Virg.* I'll stay at the corner. -----

[Exit *Facert.*

[Enter *Baud.*

*Baud.*

*As Virg. and  
Minetes are  
going out they  
meet the  
Baud, Olym-  
pia.*



*Baud.* May I be bold ?

*Virg.* With whom ?

*Baud.* With you, Sir.

*Virg.* No.

*Baud.* Sir, your pardon.

*Virg.* For what ? I forgive thee.

*Baud.* Sir, I would beg.

*Virg.* Here, I'll prevent thee, if thou wilt let me go. -----

*Baud.* No, Sir, my business is no money ; 'tis your self must satisfy me.

*Virg.* Thou art mistaken sure, thy business was to my man.

*Baud.* No, Sir, I go upon no such Errands. Did you not fight for a slave even now ?

*Virg.* Yes, what of her ?

*Baud.* Are you he ?

*Virg.* Yes, I tell thee.

*Baud.* Farewell then, till you are at leisure.

*Virg.* Prethee stay.

*Baud.* No, Sir, your man is busie.

*Virg.* Prethee excuse my trouble, which gave not ear to thee at first.

*Paulina above.* That's he, why stays she so long to deliver her Message ? she is angry.

*Baud.* For once I excuse; you and look hereafter you entertain a woman with more : But to the business ; the slave you wot of ----- (oh ! that eye of yours) there lies a wag in't that will make a world of mischief,) you know not who it hath struck, pray heaven I get not a wound.

*Virg.* Nay, to your story, good Mother, and leave this wandring.

*Baud.* Mother ? whose Mother, good-man boy ? I am a Maid.

*Virg.* You mistake me, I meant, Mother of my joys, and so you will be if you can lay by this youthful fire that makes you thus subject to choler, and proceed with your story.

*Baud.* Yes, yes, do you jeer me ?

*Paul.* I can endure no longer; Sir, what ere you are, take my faith for your safety, and make this house your sanctuary ; something concerning that slave I would deliver to you.

*Baud.* Are you there, Hell and mischief find you.

*Virg.* Madam, who ere you are that offers this charity to a stranger ; know, I dare enter though I saw my ruine in the door. For fear I never found his pale den yet, though I have oft trod those paths that led both to dangers and to death ; and I should scorn my self, could I apprehend him now, where beauty has the guard. Which way do your commands guide me ?

*Paul.* That door. [*Ex. Virg. and his man, and Paul from above.*]

*Baud.* Now a publique Pox go with thee, that thy face may serve thee in no stead ; malicious Villain, to call up my dead fears that had wont to tell me I had lost my time ; proud scurvey fellow, to put me thus in despair ; and if he had any good nature, he would have offer'd me a kindness, in courtesie to have com-

*He offers to go away, but she takes hold of him. He offers her money.*

forted me; I shall not eat to day; had he but call'd me Whore, yet it had been tolerable, for that carries youth with it. But old Mother? Rascal, none of thy Mother. But I'll be reveng'd.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*The Lieutenant appears under the Hanging, and Nigro by him groaning.*

*Lieu.* *Crabb, Crabb.*

*Nig.* Oh!

*Lieu.* *Crabb*, what's that groans?

*Nig.* Help, help for charity, more wounds, or remedy.

*Lieu.* Ha! what's that? help, where am I? 'tis a man making his will, I'll be his heir, ha! what's here? a man wounded? this is that Rogue, *Crabb*; he has robb'd him, and laid him here to make me accessory.

*Nig.* Help, if you have charity.

*Lieu.* With all my heart, and prethee, do me the favour to live till we come to my Quarter.

*Nig.* If I do, I shall discover something pleasing to you.

*Lieu.* Marry, I'll carry thee, for thy testimony, there is nothing else in this case can save me.-----You are no Rogue, *Crabb*! Who did this?

[*Enter Crabb.*

*Nig.* Not he.

*Crabb.* That's good evidence for me.

*Lieu.* Nor I, by this hand, you must quit me, while you can speak.

*Nig.* I acquit you both.

*Lieu.* Witness, witness, *Crabb.*

*Crabb.* Where did you find him?

*Lieu.* Find him? by this hand, he found me and lay down by me, as I was asleep.

*Crabb.* Why, faith he is going a long journey, and came to take you with him; Thou art good company; but to leave this discourse, take my business: Our Captain would have you go visit the sick party, and see whether he will be perswaded yet or no to dye.

*Lieu.* I hate to see the Rogue; I have such battels in my head, since morning, yet I'll go, while I am neer him, and take you charge of this old man in the mean time, and see him carefully drest.

[*Exit Lieu.*

*Crabb.* So, lean upon me, what Rogues were these to use an old man thus?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT.



ACT. III. SCEN. III.

*Enter the Lieutenant, he knocks.*

*Souldier* **W**Ho's there?

*within* *Lieu.* Where is this old fellow, is he alive still?

*Sould.* Yes, Sir.

*Lieu.* Bring him out, to take a little fresh air.

*Tull.* Is he come again? why did you let him in? he'll be a lasting a tedious affliction to me. [*Enter Tullius on his Bed.*]

*Lieu.* How now? how is't, how is't man?

*Tull.* Neither live nor die in peace?

*Lieu.* Yes, dye in as much peace as you can.

*Tull.* When my time comes; but I hope a man may have leave to live out his days; my Physitian says, I may escape yet.

*Lieu.* Your Physitian's an Ass, and you give him too great Fees.

*Tull.* He tells me I may escape this fit, if I can recover mine enemies; for he assures me, my greatest danger is my heir.

*Lieu.* Doe's he say so? I cry him mercy then, he is a knowing man, I believe so too: and you may, perhaps, at a great charge, recover; but, in my opinion, you had better dye, and take our prayers with you; for to recover would but incense the Captain, and lose your friends.

*Tull.* Sure my Captain would be loath to lose me; he ever loved me.

*Lieu.* Why I; and yet you refuse him to dye, and think much to hasten your journey a day or two, for his sake.

*Tull.* Alas, I would be glad to serve my Captain in any thing that lies in my power, I'll pray for him, and I hope he will excuse me for desiring to live, and serve him.

*Lieu.* You may flatter your self, but I'll assure you, he takes it very ill at your hands, that you, of all his company, should refuse him such a kindness, nay, not to appear willing to do it, if it were in your power; But thus, with an unnecessary charge, endeavour to live, crossing the disease that would befriend him.

*Tull.* Alas, I do nothing to cross it, I do but suffer.

*Lieu.* Will you promise me that, and let the disease alone, it will be some satisfaction to him, and to us that are your friends, to see that you endeavour to satisfy him.

*Tull.* That I'll promise you: and from henceforth I'll seek no remedy, but put my self into the hand of his friend, as you call'd it.

*Lieu.* Then you shall see how carefully we'll provide for you; for I hope you do not think, that we or he desires this, because he is loth you should live two or three days; for what were that to him, but that he is to go out then; and the next Captain will be your heir.

*Tull.* Alas, Sir, how can I help it? 'tis against my will, if any body be my heir.



*Lien.* Well, look you keep Covenants, and endeavour to dye finely; banish your Physitian and gelly-broth, I'll provide noises to keep you waking. *Crabb,* provide two Drums to beat here their watch a piece; and do you hear, beware of a good diet.

*Tull.* As you have charity, let me rest, those Drums are Daggers to me.

*Lien.* Nay, you'll be unreasonable again, I see it.

*Tull.* Oh misery of wealth!

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Paulina and Virgilius.*

*Paul.* I Confess, my first thoughts were like my self, faulty: but now I have gained by losing a desire, and I shall serve you faithfully in your love.

*Virg.* All my fears are, that he will violate her.

*Paul.* He dares not do it, I have conjur'd him from it, and when it may serve you, I'll boast my power, though purchas'd with a fault; and though your virtue secur'd you from that power, yet where sin has interest, mine never wanted a Command; and I know he dares not stand those frowns which your goodness melted into tears.

*Virg.* No more, when we have sigh'd for our faults, they vanish with the same air; yet I fear him, though I believe your power great; for he that dares be a coward will stop at no wickedness within his reach.

*Paul.* I made him ashamed of that base act, and vow not to pursue you; yet I counsel you not to stay long in this Town after you have her.

*Virg.* What time did he appoint to bring her?

*Paul.* He parted hence just as you entred, with a promise immediately to return; and if he should find you here, I am afraid it would prejudice my power to serve you; else I should rejoyce to be seen where so much honour dwells.

*Virg.* Your civilities and mercies, Madam, shewed to me, a stranger, I shall with a grateful mention acknowledge through the world; pray, what time will your commands enjoin my return?

*Paul.* It will not be safe, Sir, to come at all; But pray be pleas'd to send a friend after dinner, and you shall have notice of his first departure, what time that will be; yet I know not, for I am so miserable, I cannot now be good, but with a wicked pretence, There is another door leads into a street less frequented than that you entred at.

*Virg.* Which way must I take to find it?

*Paul.* I'll guide you, Sir.

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Enter Baud alone.

*Baud.* **I**T is well, happy discovery; now I shall be reveng'd at full; was it not enough to have his pride throw a scorn upon me, but she must revile me too? Fool, in scorn thou call'd'st me Mother, and thou shalt find the Malice of an old Woman here, that in her years, not desires, is aged; one that has lost that Mercy-kindling fire which should plead for thee, and prevent that youthful Malice, whose fruitful mischiefs shall make thee old in miseries; nor shall Religion, nor beauties of thy youth, protect thee from that dangerous hate thy scornes have bred, till thy despaires have taught thee how killing a Malice hot Lust in cold Limbs pursues.--- The plot is here; Jealousie, 'tis thou must work my ends, with that I'll assault the Prince, and from the wounds it brings, reap my Revenge; for Jealousie, though it leave no scars behind, yet with desperate wounds it assailes the Mind.

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

Enter Facertes.

*Facer.* **T**HIS, by the description of the house, should be the place that holds my miseries: from what a second height of happiness am I fallen? *Virgilius* is young, and I fear, the guilt of having so many wayes ruin'd me will make him hate me for being innocent; But I am resolv'd, and will rather fall by misfortunes then faults; and, for the excellent *Sophia's* sake, will serve him till he blush to command me. And when his passion is over, he shall confess, I can bear a loss better then he rule a victory. But what are these? I must stand close. 'Tis he, and that (by her habit) the slave our Fortunes bow to: Gods! was it not enough we fell a sacrifice to the *Julian* Deity, and fill'd the Triumph of that Monarchy, that thus your rage pursues us? must all our Fortunes be slav'd to a slave, and bound with chaines to chaines.--- Ye Gods! What do I see? *Cicilia* my Sister?

*Cicilia.* What said he?

*Facer.* It is she. Bless'd chance. Ye powers of *Sicily*, your hands are visible in this; forgive *Facertes* that confesses, Men may the metal bring, but the form of our happiness the Gods appoint us still.

*[Exit. Facertes all the way, till she goes off. Exeunt all but Facertes.]*

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.



## ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

*Enter the Captain, Lieutenant, Crabb, and Cilius.*

*Lient.* Faith, Sir, hanging of 'em will be but a hindrance to your self; 'tis true they are Rogues, and have no Conscience, yet, at the worst, they are so much horse.

*Capt.* I say, hang 'em.

*Lient.* I say so to, if hanging were a punishment, but to them 'tis freedom.

*Capt.* No more dispute, but hang 'em slaves, to rob me now when I am quitting my Command.

*Lient.* Well, they shall be hang'd, but they shall stay till they be hungry, and have digested their full Cups; if if you hang 'em now they're full and drunk, they'll think they have but swallowed a-wry or surfeited; and instead of being punished, the Rogues will go out like Senators.

*Cilius.* The old Souldier confesses they were of *Sicily*, and of Quality, and now sent for a Present to the Emperour, and that was the *Vice-Roy* that was slain, he would have yielded good money.

*Capt.* And one of the slaves confess'd the Woman was of such a Beauty, and so ravishing, that they fought who should purchase her.

*Lient.* There had been a fellow for your Bird at home, two such fleas would suck a Man to death.

*Capt.* Come, talk no more on't now, there's no remedy, Go prepare those others for the Mart, and see the slaves hang'd: What? how do they look? is't a handsome freight?

*Lient.* Yes faith, Sir, there will be a jolly number with the Boys; and I would advise you, Sir, not to shew the Women and the Boys together, for they'll spoil the sale of the Wenches.

*Capt.* Why then we'll sell the Women first.

*Cilius.* Who these *Sicilians* should be, troubles me; if we made haste we might hear some news of her at *Naples*, for there they were fold.

*Capt.* To morrow we'll provide for the journey; *Lieutenant*, see every thing in readiness.

*Cilius.* Something I'll do, to give one of them her Freedom, as sure as you count her, though you refuse to sell it me.

*Capt.* Is the old fellow dead?

*Lient.* No. But I have prevail'd with him to quit his Physick; and I am certain, he hath neither eat, nor drank, nor slept since.

*Capt.* Let's go see him.

*Lient.* *Cilius* is melancholly for the Wench.

*Capt.* No matter, I'd rather he were angry then lost; for though he know not his own value, I know it, Come let's leave him.

*Cilius.* 'Tis not Treachery to save the Innocent. I'll do it.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT.



ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

*Enter Virgilius solus.*

*Virg.* I'll sacrifice to Fortune, she shall henceforth be the Power I'll worship, to whom I owe this unexpected Joy, she has tam'd Lust, till it was Love, and lent onely so much sin to the wicked as served me; and I that could not stand safe among the Innocent, find a security among the wicked.---*Facertes?* [*Enter Facer.*

*Facer.* Look here, ere I speak my news, Doe's not *Virgilius* see a Joy break like a Glory round about my Brow, to distinguish this my first happy hour?

*Virg.* It is thy Friendship that sympathizes mine. Oh *Facertes*, such an accident hath hapned since thou left'st me, that I must wink, rub mine eyes, and call all my Reason to secure me I do not dream.

*Facer.* What e're your Joyes are, they must give place to mine; for they are yours and mine, not as we are barely friends, but from the assurance that we shall ever be so.

*Virg.* I confess thy Joyes bring to me a greater Comfort then mine own, prithee give them a Name.

*Facer.* Do you believe a second view of her you have seen will not render her common to your eye? or, to possess those Beauties make them cheap in your Opinion? if not, I am happier then you, and when ever you enjoy your wishes I reap mine.

*Virg.* By our Friendship I beg this blessing from you, yet this is not strange where Friendship is not strange.

*Facer.* The slave is my Sister but by what accident fallen to this misery I know not.

*Virg.* Who? the fam'd *Cicilia*?

*Facer.* She. Never free till now, and this fall was but to raise her to a greater height.

*Virg.* Then I mistrust my Joyes; they grow too near a height to continue.

*Facer.* Are you sorry, Sir, it is she? Then it was not Chance changed our first design; is she less worthy of your Love now then before? I should be sorry to find your ignorance of what you valued preferred before your knowledge; or is there some second face you have met hath blotted out this too?

*Virg.* O *Facertes*, why art thou so subject to mistake thy Friend?

*Facer.* If I mistake, why are you so sad? I found you full of joy.

*Virg.* Not that 'tis she makes me sad; for, witness Heaven, I have no wish beyond her; Her Eye circles my Heaven, and till I have place in her esteem I am in Hell.

*Facer.* Why should that suspicion make you sad, considering you are, and what you have done for her? Besides, am not I here with a Brother and a Friends interest?

*Virg.*

*Virg.* Who I am, That, *Facertes*, begets my despairs; for that 'tis I is all Arguments against me; will she not, when she sees me, call to mind a Father (whose piety the Gods spared) fallen, to satisfy the lust of Empire? are not yet the wounds bleeding, and the yoke still laid upon her suffering Country? Now judge what can be said of hope, when this pleads against me. Oh *Facertes*, thou hast not read thy Sister, thou look'st with a Brothers eye, This fate I prophesie from one sight; and let me tell thee, if she be worthy of *Virgilius* she must hate *Virgilius*.

*Facert.* Sir, I confess my friendship made me oversee what I was reconcil'd to, and now I begin to fear; yet when she shall know how I have been obliged, That mercy I found from the fair *Sophia*, her honour will guide her to return *Virgilius*; for though it makes her to resent your injuries, yet she must be just to her, and then her gratitude secures you; for though she has honour, yet she has woman too, and mercy is as great an attribute as justice, and she cannot be always angry.

*Virg.* Against any thing but her frown I could arm, and this night be happy. For by a strange chance I have found a way (if she consent) to release her.

*Facert.* By what accident came you to that power? have you seen her since?

*Virg.* No, but this place is too publick; let's retire, and you shall know all; and when I would my Sister know, I'll read her through thy observations; but here let thy interest give way to my love.

*Facert.* I shall obey, Sir.

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

*Enter Sophia sola.*

*Soph.* MY thoughts can find no rest; Love, wilt thou not quit me in Prison? art thou covetous of my chains too? Fool! hast thou not miseries enough of thine own? And yet I ought not to revile him; for he that hath fill'd my heart is full of honour, and could he guess my fate, I know he would quit a Crown, as a burthen, and seek a freedom in these chains. The Gods are just, to let me fall into these miseries, that we may taste what 'tis our ambition imposes upon others, guilty only as I was, by being too weak. ----- Whose that? come in; Prisoners keep no doors.

*One knocks.*

[*Enter Cilius.*

*Cil.* Madam, I come to tell you, our Captain has refused to sell me your freedom, and to morrow is the Mart at *Naples*; But if you dare trust him, whose misfortunes have made him appear your enemy, I'll gage a life to save your honour, and give you freedom. The plot is already laid, and those that were taken with you I have already acquainted with it.

*Soph.* Sir, I shall willingly obey any directions, without a thought of fear, for sure there's no condition below this. *Cil.*



*Cil.* I will not now dispute this misfortune, but remedy it if I can; know, to morrow (lest the accident surprize you ere we put to sea) I have so ordered, that all the slaves that row in the Galley shall be loose, the Captain is my creature, and my self will still wait upon you, and be your guard; but be pleased to sit still when the word is given, and let us work your fate; But once free, command *Cilius* where you please, your friends too shall privately be arm'd.

*Soph.* Sir, what to say in return of this, I know not, and if you that can be thus gallant, thus good, cannot likewise from that honour that directs you now, find a reward, I fear you will lose this good deed.

*Cil.* It is a debt all honest men owe your virtue; and I but obey my genius, for I know not what it is, but something whispers to my soul, and bids me serve you, and when my life can purchase you a good, you shall not need command it; I beseech you no reply, a Souldiers prayers (that seldom importunes heaven) I hope will protect you.-- [*Enter Lien. and meets them as they are going out.*]

*Cil.* How now, what's the news?

*Lien.* I should speak with you, Sir.

*Cil.* Madam, I'll wait upon you straight.-----Are they all ready?  
[*Exit Sophia.*]

*Lien.* I have done it, they are all resolv'd, I gave them their lives for it; and let him swear when he sees them there, 'tis no matter: they are all loose and arm'd, their chains are but for shew.

*Cil.* No matter for his rage, let him storm; once aboard, we are masters, for he's but one, and what's a General without obedience? his power we give, and if a multitude knew their own strength, who can command that beast?

*Lien.* I'll away, and send the other Gallies off before, lest they assist him.

*Cil.* Be faithful, and I'll make thee fortunate.

*Lien.* Sir, never fear it, I have said it, and I'll do it; he that refuses to be a knave for a handsome woman, may he dye honest, and be executed for a knave.  
[*Enter Capt. and Crabb.*]

*Capt.* Where's the Lieutenant?

*Lien.* Here, Sir, I have waited this hour for you.

*Capt.* Come, shall we go see the sick man?

*Lien.* I'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

# ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Tullius, sick in his Bed, a Souldier with him, and Drums beating.*

*Tull.* NO rest! no ease! O miserable, miserable riches! some drink, O, some drink, ere this thirsty flame hath licked up all my life, meat, any thing to satisfy this wolf here.

*Sould.* Have patience, it cannot last above a day or two, about which time I hope to see you quit of all the troubles of this world.

*Tull.* Let me sleep then, quiet those Drums, that I may dream of meat and drink ; is there nothing to eat, no drink ? oh misery of miseries ! ---- Who's there ?

*One knocks.* *Sould.* The Captain, Sir, and Lieutenant are come to see you.

*Tull.* Is it they ? not a word then that I am hungry or thirsty, I'll buy thy silence at any rate. [*Enter Capt. Lieu. and Crabb.*]

*Capt.* How now, how is this sick man, where is he ?

*Sould.* He has vomited such stuff, since the Lieutenant went ; sure, that your worship gave him was good against an Impostume.

*Lieu.* By this good day, the same water that eat *Crabb's* knife ; what shall we do with this Rogue ? a hole in his side, big enough to creep in at, will not kill him.

*Capt.* Let's speak with him.

*Tull.* Who's there ? my noble Captain, and kind Lieutenant ; thank you for this visit ; truly, it joys me to see you both here, and specially my noble Captain ; And I am pretty lusty on the sudden ; and I'll do what I do not use to do, I'll begin a health to my noble Captain, that he may see he is welcome ; do'st hear honest friend, fetch a bottle of Sack, I'll even drink it, come what will after it,

*He takes the Capt. by the hand. He sits up in his Bed.* and my friend there shall pledge me ; and do'st hear, reach me one of the Gammons of Bacon out of the Chimney, it may be my Captain has a stomach, ---- If he has not, I'm sure I have. [*aside.*]

*They sit down by his Bed-side.* *Capt.* I am glad to find you thus merry, and so resolv'd ; 'tis the part of a good man to prepare and dye cheerfully.

*Lieu.* I told you, you would find him well prepar'd ; and what think you, is not Sack and Bacon better then Barley-water and soak'd Chickens ?

*Tull.* I confess, I was a fool then, but now I'll pledge you all the Sack I refus'd then ; and to let my Captain see I resolve to dye, and serve him, look you but on, and I'll eat all the Gammon alone, but you must not tell the Physician.

*Enter the Souldier with the Wine, Bacon, a great Bottle, a Napkin and Bread.*

*Tull. sings.* *Tull.* Give me a knife and some Bread, fill, fill a bowl of Sack, and bring it hither. Lord ! Captain, you would not think how it rejoyses me to see all this good company here.

*Capt.* I am beholding to you ; fill, fill the sack.

*They offer to give him the Sack.* *Tull.* Help to set me up.

*Lieu.* Hold, give me the Cup ; I'll begin a health to the sick man.

*Tull.* No, pray give me leave to begin my noble Captain's ? pray, pray let me begin it.

*Lieu.* No faith, I'll begin.

*He sings again.* *Tull.* Pray drink to me then.

*Capt.* Why, you are very merry.

*Tull.* A Flincher, ---- Two draughts to one Cup ?

*Lieu.* This wine was musty, taste it.

*Tull.* Let me taste it, it may be 'twas an ill bottle, the wine's good



good wine, admirable wine.

*Capt.* Give me a bowl, I'll pledge it with a better will, because I see you do not desire it should succeed.

*Tull.* Alas! I desire to live but till I have drunk your health; To me good Captain, I'll pledge it with all my heart.

*Capt.* I hope so, I should take it ill to have you refuse me, for any nice scruple of your health.

*Lieu.* As you did me, and cry, a Beer-grafs would kill you.

*Tull.* Alas, I was a fool then, but now I am very desirous to redeem that fault; To me good Captain, your wine cools.

*Lieu.* Your hat Captain.

*Capt.* Oh! it's true.

*Tull.* Nay, pray drink, and spare your Complement.

*Capt.* Prithee give me a bit of that Gammon, to taste my Wine with.

*Tul.* Pray help him and me too, I would fain taste whether it be as good as the last was.

*Capt.* Yes faith, 'tis good, here *Crab*.

*Tul.* Nay pray let me drink to *Crab*.

*Capt.* No, by my faith, it shall go round.

*Tul.* Let me taste, was not your Wine musty too?

*Capt.* Here's none.

*Tul.* Fill, fill *Crab*, and drink to me, for I long to do thee reason, and begin my Captains.

*Lient.* It's an excellent Gammon, taste.

*Tul.* Some more, pray, to taste.

*Lient.* Where shall I carve you?

*Tul.* Any where, any where.

*Crab.* Sir, here's your Wine; will you pledge your health?

*Tul.* So, so, now I am happy; Noble Captain, a thousand times I thank you, and with all my heart I'll pledge you.

*Lient.* Hold, a pox take you, *Crab*, for a couzening Rogue; you have put water in't.

*Crab.* No, by this hand.

*Tul.* No, by my life.

*Lient.* Let me taste, I'll not trust you.

*Tul.* Why taste, Noble Lieutenant; oblige me so far, as to let me drink my own health; nay Lieutenant, Noble Lieutenant.

*Crab.* Now, was it not pure?

*Lient.* Hup! by my Faith it was pure indeed; here fill it again, give him a Brimmer.

*Tul.* I pray never spare me, Lieutenant, you were somewhat harsh the last time you were here, but I'll drink to you.

*Lient.* I was angry then, because you refus'd to pledge me; but now you'll drink, I am your Friend.

*Tul.* The Wine, where's the Wine?

*Crab.* Here's none left Sir, shall I fetch another bottle?

*Tul.* Is all gone?

*Crab.* Yes, Sir.

*Tul.* All gone?

*He drinks.*

*As the Capt. goes to drink, the Lieu. stops him.*

*Turns the Cup.*

*He gives Tullius a piece.*

*Crab gives Tullius the Cup. As he goes to drink, the Lieutenant takes hold of the Cup.*

*The Lieutenant takes the Cup and drinks up all.*

*Capt.* Go fetch another, for he shall pledge me, this trick shall not serve's turn.

*Tul.* Pledge me, alas, Sir, rather then my life I de pledge you.

*Lient.* No, no, thou shalt not ; faith Captain he's now good natur'd, spare him ; it will but make him sick, and troth he's an honest fellow when he is himself.

*Capt.* He shall pledge me.

*Lient.* Alas, Sir, when we are sick, the best of us are unreasonable sometimes.

*Tul.* Lieutenant, Noble Friend.

*Lient.* I warrant thee, pray Sir let me excuse him for this time, he shall kiss the Cup onely.

*Tul.* I swear I'll drink it, not pledge my Captain, and 'twere present death I'de do it, fetch some Wine?

*Capt.* Nay, then I'll pardon you ; for since I find you willing, I'll excuse your weakness.

*Lient.* Let the Wine alone, *Crab.*

*Tul.* Lieutenant.

*They offer to go away.*

*Lient.* Spare your thanks.

*Tul.* Lieutenant.

*Lient.* You know the Captain loves no Compliments.

*Capt.* Farewell. Thank you for my Wine.

*Tul.* Captain.

*Lient.* Farewell, Farewell.

*Tul.* Captain, one word before you go.

*Capt.* What's the news?

*Tul.* Pray let me drink ; for the truth is, I must either eat and drink or die.

*Capt.* How's that? and would you drink and live?

*Lient.* Why thou impudent Rogue ; yesterday it was, if I drink I die, now some drink or you are dead.

*Capt.* Nay then he shall not drink, is this your professions?

*Tul.* Well Gentlemen, I see you'r resolv'd I must die ; let me but have my fill, and I'll die to morrow.

*Lient.* Why, faith, it is but abstaining till to morrow, and then you are sure of it.

*Tul.* And is it not all one how I die, so I be dead to morrow? if it be alike to you, pray let me choose ; for if Surfeit or Famine can but kill, pray let me surfeit.

*Capt.* I am indifferent how, so it be done.

*Tul.* Call me spade if it be not.

*Lient.* And look we have no Equivocation, but see you be dead to morrow.

*Capt.* I fear he will prove a Rogue.

*Tul.* I hope you would not desire that I should lay violent hands upon my self.

*Lient.* Marry the Gods forbid, lay violent hands upon thy self; no, no, now you have consented, I'll get one shall do it for you.

*Tul.* Give me some drink, and do what you will with me afterwards.

*Lient.*



*Lient.* Set the Vessel by him.

*Tul.* But is it Sack, Lieutenant? is it Sack? excuse me if I be punctual too?

*Capt.* Give him a Bowl.

*Tul.* Give me another, give me a third.

*Tullius drinks.*

*Lient.* Farewell, Farewell, look you be dead to morrow, or by these hilts I'll apply my Dagger to thy side, and that will be a certain cure; come, Sir, will you please to go?

*Tul.* Captain, Captain, stay a little and see me die, give me another Cup.

*Tullius is drunk.*

*Cap.* By this light, the Rogue is drunk.

*Tul.* Now do I not see any Reason, why I should die.

*Lient.* But I shall give you a Reason to morrow.

*Tul.* To die with all this Sack about me! No, I am immortal, let those die that are dry.---Hum, give me my sword.

*Capt.* Come leave him, he is drunk.

*Lient.* How now, what would'st you have?

*Tul.* You'll give me leave to wait on my Captain down?

*Capt.* No Ceremony, good *Tullius*, no Ceremony.

*Tul.* It shall be yours Captain, indeed it shall be yours.

*Lient.* Alas, Sir, give him leave to take cold.

*Capt.* Nay, if it must be so, I obey.

*Tul.* Nay, why Lieutenant, what do you take me for? how do you think I have been bred?

[Exit Captain.

*Lient.* Remember to morrow.

*Tul.* Remember to morrow, let to morrow remember me.

*As they go away, he rises out of his bed and reels after them to the door.*

# ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

*Enter Facertes solus.*

*Facer.* **T**His is the Place, Love be thou propitious, and let my fears prove false; hereabout should be the door. [Exit.

*Enter Paulina and Cicilia.*

*Paul.* It is true, I have promis'd him, when he comes, to deliver you; but he has vow'd to use you with Honour, do you not know him?

*Cicilia.* No Madam, this is the first time I ever saw him.

*Paul.* Pray what Country claimes your Birth?

*Cicilia.* Greece, Madam.

*Paul.* Pray grow not in Love with your griefs, but give some part of 'em to me, that now but begin to be sad.

*Cicilia.* Why should you be sad, that know no grief of Mind? have you lost Friends? or forfeited Freedom?

*Paul.* Fair one, I am more a slave then you; for I am bound by faults, and none can set me free; your miseries are but for a time, and I can release 'em, and yet cannot command my own Fate.

*Cicil.*

*Cicilia.* What strange misery can you apprehend? do you love unfortunately?

*Paul.* No, I love happily, but I have fallen unfortunately, and no length of dayes can set a period to my misery; I love, but cannot hope a return, for I should hate him I love if he could love me; yet, as his Honour forbids him that, and me all hopes to enjoy him, so if he be a perfect Man he hath Mercy too, and he may pity and forgive, though not love *Paulina*.

*Cicilia.* I would ask another Question, but that I am afraid it would search too near your griefs; dare you trust me with the knowledge who it is you love? can I serve you?

*Paul.* You must not, and therefore cannot, for it is the stranger that fought for you. When first my Eye met his, it shot a flame in here, and the nobleness of that Act (which was sacrific'd to you) shook me, and waked my sleeping Honour, and I began to find desires that till then were strangers here, for they had more of love  
*One knocks.* then blood in them.——What's the business? [*Enter Baud.*]

*Baud.* There's a young fellow without desires to speak with you.

*Paul.* Your pardon. [*Exit Paulina.*]

*Baud.* I have spoil'd your sport if all hit right.

## ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Facertes and Paulina.*

*Facert.* **M**Adam, I come from that stranger that this morning your Charity preserv'd, what directions do you command me in his affairs of Love!

*Paul.* Sir, you are welcome, and from him all is so; This night I would desire him meet in the garden, where he shall receive her.

*Facert.* I must beg the favour to speak with that Lady, I have a message to impart to her. [*Enter Cicilia.*]

*Paul.* You shall command any thing my power can serve you in, there she comes, and I'll wait upon you straight. [*Exit Paulina.*]

*Facert.* What shall I say to her? my joys have rob'd me of my Tongue.

*Cicil.* It is he that this morning nam'd me in the street. ----- Sir, have you any commands for me?

*Facert.* No Madam, I come to serve, if you'll please to enjoyn; and though a poor *Sicilian*, yet I know what duty all that wretched Nation owes your Excellence.

*Cicil.* Me Sir! sure you mistake.

*Facert.* No, Madam, I cannot mistake, nor can any miseries so cloud your Beauties, but through all the Innocency and Majesty of such a Princess will appear; sure you will not deny the name of *Cicilia*?

*Cicil.* To you, Sir, I will not, yet I conjure you to conceal me, and let me know to whom I stand indebted for this Civil opinion.

*Facert.* My name is not worth your knowledge, but my fortunes

*She looks  
about her.*



tunes I boast of, for I had the honour to be a Souldier, and a Prisoner with your Princely Brother, and fell with him the same day when we lost the battel at *Siracusa*.

*Cicil.* Who, *Facertes*? where is he, at *Rome*! Oh, tell me how do's he bear the Insolence of that unworthy Conquerour? It is many years since I saw that beloved Brother, did he never speak of me?

*Facert.* Yes, Madam, I have often heard him mention you with Tears, and like a Brother give your Character to the fair *Sophia*, sister to *Virgilius*, who saved his Life when he was doom'd to the hook.

*Cicil.* The Hook? Oh, ye powers, why do you let this wicked Tyrant thus triumph o're our miseries? But for *Virgilius*, that false seed of the old Tyrant, that's young and false, and cruel in his youth, let him find some curse, strange as his wickedness.

*Facert.* Madam, upon my life, you injure him; for, my soul to pawn, he loves your Brother: and had no share in that guilty Triumph, for he was then in *Gallia*.

*Cicil.* Oh, thou art deceiv'd, he envies my Brother, and cannot love; and when he could not by force conquer him, by falshood he sought his ruine.

*Facert.* I perceive, Madam, you are a stranger to the Prince's affairs at *Rome*.

*Cicil.* What are they? new miseries?

*Facert.* Have you not heard how, at the Triumph, the fair *Sophia* and he, in a look, chang'd hearts, and that now he has his freedom?

*Cicil.* No, this is the first time that I heard of it.

*Facert.* Madam, I saw him free; and (by his friendship with *Virgilius*) 'tis hoped he shall marry the Princess *Sophia*: But this is a secret I dare not give to any ear but your own.

*Cicil.* My Brother and *Virgilius* friends? 'tis false, it must be false, I know he is too much my Brother to make a Friendship there.

*Facert.* His Love to the Sister, and her merits, who has a virtue equal to her Beauty, made him forget the injuries which *Virgilius* (in ambitious honour, not malice) threw upon him; besides, it will be a guard for *Sicily* hereafter, and *Facertes* gains his ends upon them.

*Cicil.* Pray no more of this discourse; I hope my Brother has no ends beyond his Honour; it cannot be he should forget mine and his own injuries, or so bury a Brothers and a Fathers loss; but if absence can do all this, yet his Honour is with him, and that may tell him how glorious, in story, a Slave appears, whilst he keeps his Honour; and how mean and poor that Prince is that sells it for his passion.

*Facertes, aside,* Excellent Maid ----- Madam, I am sorry my discourse displeas'd you.

*Cicil.* I would I were with him, or I would I could but write to him.

*Facert.* Madam, if you'll please to write, I'll deliver it him.

*Cicil.* No, Sir, that would be too great a trouble, for I believe, those

those Occasions which drew you hither are of more consideration than a letter.

*Facert.* None of such importance as to serve my Prince; 'Tis true, I have a Comrade, a Prince that has disguis'd himself into that condition, and is resolved, under that private habit, to see the world; a scurvy Accident befel him to day, upon the Mole, at the Slaves Mart, where he 'scaped hardly with his life; some wounds he has too, which will retard him, I fear, till my return.

*Cicil.* Was it not this morning? a young man, brown-hair'd?

*Facert.* Yes, it was about a slave he saw, and fell in love with; and while he stay'd for money to redeem her, another bought her; I was not at the beginning, but, I thank my fate, I came time enough to his Rescue.

*Cicil.* Is he safe then?

*Facert.* Yes, Madam, but so impatient, for fear some violence should be offer'd to her, I am now going in search of her; for I know he'll find no Peace, till he has gain'd her freedom.

*Cicil.* Is he a Prince, say you, and in love with that Slave?

*Facert.* Yes, Madam, and now his soul labours in pain, to know what condition she is of; but I hope his flame is made of young mens fire, such as will not last.

*Cicil.* Why do you hope so?

*Facert.* Because I have the honour to be his friend; and though I serve his passion, yet I should be loath to see him continue his Love for a Slave, that has nothing but miseries for his Honour to work upon.

*Cicil.* A Prince! then all my Prayers fall not to the Earth, nor lose their way 'twixt heaven and my miseries.

*Facert.* Your prayers, Madam? how, under pardon, are you concern'd in his love or birth?

*Cicil.* You are a Souldier, and by your honour I conjure you; you are a *Sicilian*, and now Ile take the power you gave, and command you; or by my Brother and his friendship I enjoin you.

*Facert.* What, Madam?

*She stops  
and turns  
from him.*

*Cicil.* Nothing, nothing; ye gods! whither am I falling? down, down Woman; All the pleadings of my Sex be gone, I will not be a slave to my Passion.

*Facert.* Nor will I be so rude as to press a Secret from you; yet your Brother, Madam, should not serve you more faithfully, nor more willingly, than I.

*Cicil.* I must not, no, I will not; yet I durst tell you, but 'tis not like *Cicilia*, nor the Laws that she has ever followed.

*Facert.* Madam, your name has given Laws, and *Cicilia's* Acts have ever stood Examples, as unquestioned as unimitable: and by your self, I beg this trust.

*Cicil.* Then, as you are a Souldier, take it, and protect it, (I know no guilt,) why should I fear? I was that slave he fought for; and I rejoyce, the man I honour is so favoured of the Gods.

*Facert.* O Madam, this is a blessing beyond my hopes; dare you trust me to discover who you are? I'll first sound whether his Love  
aim



aim with honour, and by degrees work upon him till I have found the secrets of his heart; he shall despair too, and in fear spend some days; But at length dare you not let him know there is a hope? pray leave it to me, I'll see all the Laws of Love observ'd; he shall doubt, and hope, and you shall defer his Joys; But still I'll wish your Love may increase too, for I know he'll deserve it.

*She walks  
and looks  
down: he  
follows her.*

*Cicil.* Sir, I have not said I love, nor will not, till I hear him say so first; I confess I hope he loves, and what that hope can be call'd I acknowledge.

*Facert.* Then all my Joys are full ----- Nay, my Sister, you must not turn away.

*Cicil.* Sister?

*Facert.* Did I say Sister?

*Cicil.* Yes, and if my Ears abuse me not, this morning you call'd me sister.

*Facert.* Then I'll hide my self no longer from thee; and since you could confess to a stranger you hop'd he loved, I claim so much trust as to confess you love; will this satisfy you who I am? I mean to give it to the Prince.

*He pulls off a  
patch from  
his eye.*

*Cicil.* Oh, my Brother, why did you hide your self from me? is it true you told of your self? are you in love? shall not I know your story, that I may rejoice in your joys?

*He shows her  
a Ring.*

*Facert.* Thou shalt know all, but let me not now defer the Prince's joy, who waits without and suffers in the doubts which longing love brings.

*Cicil.* The Prince without? is that a truth? pardon me, for since you have deceiv'd me once, it is lawful to suspect.

*Facert.* Yes, and there is another truth which I durst not discover till thy love warranted it me: But now know the man thou hated'st is the man thou lovest; for *Virgilius* is that Prince; but when thou hast made an acquaintance with him thou wilt confess thy ignorance only could hate him.

*Cicil.* *Virgilius*, then I am miserable!

*Facert.* Do not say so, but take a Brothers knowledge of him, I have tryed him, friend and enemy, and by both find him pure; and I conjure you, give me your griefs, and believe my love before your hate of the man you love.

*Cicil.* Is it *Virgilius* then?

*Facert.* By thy self, it is he.

*Cicil.* Swear not, unworthy; witness the Gods, that saw and pitied not my griefs, with what pain I lost thee; yet that was nothing, compar'd to this affliction, that finds thee thus; Go boast to thy friend, what success thy treachery, assisted by a Brothers interest, has gain'd upon a Sister, o'come with misery.

*Facert.* Why do you accuse me thus? have I injur'd you? is it a fault, to tell you your opinion wrongs a gallant man?

*Cicil.* Were he a God, and his friendship of so sovereign a nature, it would protect us against their rods, when with a plague they make a curious search amongst men: were he this, yet, in thee and me 'twere sin to sacrifice to him; and I would sooner oppose that

plague which only wounds my mortal part, then meet *Virgilius* as a friend.

*Facert.* Why do you conclude me so unworthy, as to call him friend without a satisfaction ?

*Cicil.* Thou art not *Facertes* ; he knows there can be no satisfaction : did he not ruine our Country ? fell not my aged Father under a Roman sword ? is not *Lucius*, our Brother, lost ? and his Ghost still wandring for want of Funeral Rites : But if thou art *Facertes*, remember how his falshood let thee adorn a triumph ; but these are past. Am not I this day sold a slave ? do's not our Country still bleed ; and whil'st we talk, the licens'd lust of the common Souldier add new crimes ? oh ! my Brother, let me not have reason to repent that neerfulness, but learn to hate him ; and while he is in our power take a brave revenge ; that he would do something to redeem these faults is no Argument to prefer him before your Country ; and though it be gallant in him to love, yet in thee or me a low mean sin.

*Facert.* Had he not said all this, had he not condemn'd himself, I had done it ; but when I see his youth soul-sick with love, and full of despairs, ready to sacrifice himself to redeem the misfortunes of a conquest (which he was but a servant in) I must tell *Cicilia*, when he leaves thus to be an enemy, I must be a friend, for I scorn to hate what loves me ; but he loves thee, and to destroy him now is murder, and not revenge.

*Cicil.* That he loves I owe him nothing, for it was chance and fate ; and that I love him will be no guard : if I did not love him, 'twere easie to destroy the thing I hate ; but it shall be my glory, through my love and loss of peace, to find revenge.

*Facert.* But his love was no chance ; this journey we design'd by the counsel of his Sister, whose interest pleads here, and we were bound for *Sicily*, and his intents were to heal, by marriage, the wounds you thus lament in our Country ; and if now you destroy this means of peace, you have ruin'd it ; *Cicilia* has destroy'd her Country, and to obey her passion wilfully sacrificed our freedom.

*Cicil.* Still thou blowest new fires ; were your designs for *Sicily* and me ? what has rendred me so cheap to my Brothers thought, as to believe I would receive such a visit from a vain sworn Conqueror, promising to himself success ? But he shall find I dare, and can scorn him ; and now if I had all the passions that our sex ever yet sunk under, I'de forbid him to my self ; and he and you shall find *Cicilia's* mind not subject to his conquest. [Exit *Cicilia*.

*Facert.* Women, when they have said they are angry are half revenged ; and friends, when they have avowed a quarrel. I know her soul full of softness, however her fortune makes this war betwixt her nature and her justice,-----Sir, you have heard, I fear, the little hope she gives ; yet she loves, let that secure you.



*Enter Virgilius.*

*Virg.* Will you take my opinion of your Sister hereafter ? This I forefaw. *He appears very sad and pensive.*

*Facert.* What shall we do ?

*Virg.* Something I will do, pray, let me serve her in some disguise, till she be freed from this place while I have an interest here.

*Facert.* If I can, I'll perswade her to escape this night.

*Virg.* I would I had spoke with her; I would fain say something to her before I dye.

*Facert.* Dye, Sir ?

*Virg.* Yes dye, *Facertes*, now when I would fainest live ; for why should I linger here when that which makes her excellent must render me miserable ? for had she forgiven me, I could not have forgiven her ; for she has justice, and I despair ; farewell *Facertes*, I'll meet thee at the Galley.

*Facert.* Pray stay, Sir, you shall speak with her, and it may be she cannot find that strength against you.

*Virg.* If you'll gain me the liberty of speaking with her, I shall gladly do it ; and then what I will do shall ask no long time to consider.

*Facert.* Pray, Sir, follow me.

*Virg.* I dare not press in there ; I that have forced a passage through the world dare not enter there where love onely has the guard.

## ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Bragadine, and the Band.*

*Band.* **T**HEY are now there ; she is false, and you abus'd ; she threatned me with wotnds, unless I would obey her, and invite him to her bed, and the slave would scarce be won to come.

*Bragad.* But has she given the slave to him that I presented to her to day ?

*Band.* She has given him all, and to lay the greater scorn upon you, to your enemy, she is one who loves the slave, and wants the common excuse of being woo'd.

*Bragad.* Was this the reason she commanded me not to pursue my revenge ? Fool, it shall now fall on you both.

*Band.* You must be speedy then ; for this night they are gone, and the garden is the appointed place to receive the slave in ; but if you'll obey my counsel, they shall find their graves there ; and then the old woman will laugh at the young Rascals.

*Bragad.* But how shall I come to this opportunity of revenge ?

*Band.* Go arm your self, and take such to your assistance, whose

faith you have tryed, and bring'em in the evening to our garden, where I'll place you so, that you shall have a full view of them, and take your revenge safely.

*Bragad.* The Moon will assist us, for she shines early this night.  
*He offers her money.* — This in earnest.

*Baud.* Sir, I expect no money, I have said, I love you.

*Bragad.* O, excuse me till to morrow. [Exit Bragadine.

*Baud.* I thank you, Sir, ----- How all these young things are subject to oversee a woman when she is stricken a little in years ! and this Fool too, whom I chuse, because I thought all had been alike to fools, and yet see how hardly he is drawn on; as I live, but that there is one young man that I love, I would make him kill'em both, and take the wench ; Ah ! farewell the memory of my dear *Britain, Gorgianus* ; well did he deserve to be their Patron, he never refus'd an old woman, but they knew his virtue, and while he was young call'd him home. O happy Island, that has one young man in it that will be charitable to the old woman : Every one strives to feed the young till their bellies burst again, while we praise and beg, and can scarce get'em to sell us their ware.---- How now, what have we here ? oh is it you ? I'll retire. [Exit Baud.

*Enter Facertes and Cicilia.*

*Cicil.* If thou hast not lost all thine honour, By the memory of thy Fathers ashes, By that chaste Mother, whose memory thou so oft hast worshipped, give me leave to retreat to my strength, and while I have power preserve my honour, lest there be none left in our family, for thou hast thrown off thine, as if it had been a burthen to thee.

*Facert.* Dare you not hear him speak ? if you have no Argument to deny what he said, why do you accuse me of weakness, when I was conquered ?

*Cicil.* I dare not longer hear him speak ? for all the weakness that our sex or nature is subject to plead against me, and I have only honour to defend me ; yet I can give you powerful Reasons that can destroy all his hopes. [Enter Virg.

*Facert.* No, no, give 'em him when you see him.

[Exit Facertes, and pulls to the door.

*Virg.* 'Tis just you fly me, 'tis just you scorn me, and here I stand mine own judge, my own accuser and executioner too, if you frown, and bid me strike.

*Cicil.* Sir, you mistake me, if you think I scorn you ; there are other ways, and just ones, to be revenged without a fault.

*Virg.* *Facertes*, you do not covet a revenge more then I thirst to give it ; and now I know what you desire, with wings I'll haste to serve you.

*Cicil.* You cannot, her fruits are seldom sweet, unless we pluck them our selves.

*Virg.* Let me beg you will not pay such a rate as your innocence for it ; can you not forgive ? Is there nothing can expiate what



what my fate was only guilty in ? for I was never faulty to you.

*Cicil.* Nothing ; my honour tells me I must not find a peace,---  
But my heart tells me I belie it.

*Virg.* Oh, do not frown ; can you not be just but you must be angry too ? The Judge that speaks the Malefactors fate, and tells him to morrow thou shalt dye, he do's it because it is just, not that he is pleas'd with the wretches misery. Oh, be you but so merciful ; let my doom come but as a necessity from you, and not appear to affect my miseries.

*Cicil.* Brother *Facertes*, what shall I say ? *Cicilia*, be thy self, or thou hast lost the glory of thy revenge.

*Virg.* No, divinest, do not wrong me so, as to think I plead for life ; 'tis for your pity onely that I beg ; do not you destroy me, command some one that the act but addes to his guilt ; stain not with blood that innocence, nor with cruelty punish cruelty.

*Cicil.* No, Sir, I know your friend has said enough to secure you I cannot be cruel ; but since such a fullen fate attends me that my passion will rob me of the revenge I hop'd to have had on you, I'll take it on my self ; and if thou lovest through my own wounds, strike thy false heart which I see, yet have no power to punish.

*Virg.* False ? oh, do not say so, any thing, but false.

*Cicil.* Did'st thou not plead thus, till thy Arguments prevail'd with my Brother, that Brother under whose Sword thou fell'st, and found'st protection, though his enemy ? did'st thou not vow there he should not be led in triumph, who else would not have lived ? for he defended himself only to let thy pride see thou could'st not overcome him ; and when he had taught thee with his sword that he could conquer, he yielded to let thee see he durst dye.

*Virg.* Dare you be judg'd by that Brother ?

*Cicil.* Yes, when he is himself ; but these injuries are silent, when I call to mind that barbarous rage that did not spare the aged snow of my honoured Father. What glory could his death add to your conquest, whose heart had not blood enough to stain the sacrilegious weapon.

*Virg.* Oh ! Madam, for these misfortunes which call me their head, I plead the duty I owed a Father, whose Battel I fought ; and it became me to obey mine, as it do's you to mourn yours.

*Cicil.* Then, to these add the vanity of this journey, promising your self a victory over our hearts too ; and because your sword is forbid in this war, alone you undertook the journey ; as if *Virgilius* name were enough to slave the world.

*Virg.* Madam, witness *Facertes*, how full of despairs I obeyed my fate, and your misfortunes will quit me of vanity ; for when they had set a rate upon your beauty, when there was a price made for the excellent *Cicilia*, yet then I durst not hope a purchase. Vain, false and cruel ! think me any thing but such a monster.

*Cicil.* Oh Brother ! cruel Brother ! Sir, if I have injur'd you, I shall teach you to forgive by forgiving greater faults : my faith,  
and

and my faith, alas, that can neither advantage me, nor prejudice  
*Virgilius.*

*He kneels.*

*Virgil.* Do not say so; 'tis the saving balm; 'tis mercy it self; and your faith of me must save me here, as mine hereafter; Oh, Divinest, stop not your mercy, but let it fall here; your eyes are full of pity; let that precious dew drop upon my thirsty heart, and save me, ere despair hath licked all my life thence; Turn not away, but look upon me as I appear in repentance, in the whiteness of my tears, in their Innocency, in my Souls Love to *Cicilia*, strewed upon the Earth in submission. Behold me, and view me, not as I stand stained with thy miseries, but speak to me, and speak mercy, Mercy whose figure thy fair self wears, and adorns; O let her softness guide thy tongue, and let my Souls bleeding sadness make thy fathers wounds dumb.

*Cicilia.* Oh, ye gods, why did not ye make him Innocent? pray Sir, Why do you kneel?

*He rises.*

*Virgil.* For mercy, is there no mercy? your tears should be friendly; can you weep when you are Angry? (*He rises.*)

*Cicil.* No, Sir, my tears have Prophetique misery, and so much weakness in them, they deserve your pity.

*Virgil.* Oh, Madam, do not call it weakness, This is Charity, and her Alms yields a double benefit, and adorns as well as saves; Oh, my fate, would you had made me any thing that's most scorn'd, rather than an Enemy here.

*Cicil.* That had been too great a Blessing; for know, Sir, you do not, more than I, wish your Innocence, or with sadder thoughts mourn your guilt. [*Enter Facertes.*]

*Facert.* She must not see this Passion; Sir, pray let your love give way a little to Our safety; *Paulina* is coming, and 'twill be dangerous, by the discovery of yours, to put her Love to a despair; Sister, I hope your Reason has found a way to be reconcil'd to this Prince, whose misfortunes I know cannot deserve your hate; when your Justice guides; pray let her not see you here.

*Cicil.* I can forgive him, and you; But I can ne're forgive my self; and something I'll do shall save my honour. [*Exit Cicilia.*]

*Facert.* Pray, Sir, put off this sadness, and sollicit *Paulina* to deliver her this Night; is she as unsensible of your Love as she appear'd to be?

*Virgil.* She is all honour, all her self; All thy Sister, and I happy onely to be more miserable.

*Facert.* Pray retire, before *Paulina* comes.

*Virgil.* I'll follow you.

*Facert.* This way we shall meet her, courage Sir; After Parly Womans wars give Quarter still, and she cannot long be cruel.



ACT. IV. SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Bragadine and Bravo's.*

*Bragad.* Are you all provided?

*Barv.* Yes, Sir, how many are they?

*Bragad.* Three is the most; give me a Pistol, 'tis about the time she appointed, stay here, and whistle, if she comes; I'll look out. [*Ex.*

1. *Brav.* This wench has every day a Quarrel; I kil'd two for her, the last Olympick.

2. *Brav.* Marry, the gods send her many Quarrels, peace Brings us no harvest; Who comes here? [*Enter Baud.*

*Baud.* The Moon is up, and he not come. They are upon departure; This Coward will fail me, and they will escape, and the Rascal will scorn me to death.

1. *Brav.* Who's there?

*Baud.* 'Tis I, whose that? the Prince?

1. *Brav.* No, Madam, but one of his Creatures.

*Baud.* Who's that? *Ennius*? why, where have you been many a day?

1. *Brav.* Faith, I durst not be seen till last night.

*Baud.* You promis'd me a visit once, but you broke your word.

1. *Brav.* Lets retire, and call my Lord; I'll pay it now.

*Baud.* Follow me then, is my Lord this way?

1. *Brav.* Yes, let me guide you.

[*Enter Bragadine.*

*Bragad.* Who's that pass'd by?

2. *Brav.* It's the old Woman, that serves *Paulina*.

*Enter Baud and Bravo again.*

*Baud.* O, are you ready, Sir, you have stay'd the utmost time; she expects him with longing thoughts, they are all provided, and a Gally lies ready at the Mole, to convey them away; but if your hearts be true, we will stay their Journey.

*Bragad.* We are all ready, and resolute.

*Baud.* Follow me then, I'll see you plac'd where they must pass by.

*Bragad.* Lead the way.

ACT. IV. SCEN. IX.

*Enter Cicilia and Paulina.*

*Cicilia.* What return to make you, for this good Act, I know not; But I shall ever admire you for daring (in so wicked a Place) to be so singly good.

*Paul.* I, that durst be wicked, ought not to dispute now; but with shame to look upon my faults, and offer this, as my first sacrifice,

crifice, to witness I repent ; and may my wishes prove fortunate, and make you happy in that Love that makes me miserable.

*Aside.*

*Cicil.* You cannot be so miserable as I, ----- That must love my Enemy. [Enter Baud.

*Baud.* Madam, are you ready, they stay at the Garden gate, shall I let them in ?

*Paul.* Yes, yes, and see the gates shut that lead to the street.

*Baud.* All is safe, pray make haste.

*Paul.* Wee'll meet you, call at my window. [Exeunt omnes.

# A C T. IV. S C E N. X.

*Enter Virgilius and Facertes.*

*Facert.* **T**His Moon is friendly, come, pray let not this cloudy sadness hang upon our Joys ; you see she consented to put her self into your protection ; her tears too are your warrant, for all Womens storms are past when those showers fall.

*Virgil.* I do not now grieve for fear she should be angry, but that I am so unlucky as to deserve it ; and my Friends can witness my heart never sinned against her, yet something lies heavy upon it I cannot remove ; for my fears tell me shee'll take some Revenge upon her self ; for you saw it was her Passion, not her reason, that forgave me.

*Facert.* I know her Religion will protect her against her self, and she has too much honour, to wish health, and put poyson in the Cup ; and though she threatned revenge, yet she scorns to take it when she is reconcil'd.

*Virgil.* Oh, she is too Excellent to be false ; Peace. Whose there ? [Enter Baud.

*Baud.* Is the Galley ready, they Expect you.

*Facert.* All's ready, lead the way.

*Baud.* Follow me.

[Exeunt omnes.

*Bragad. within.* Stand close, I hear 'em come.

*Enter Virgil, Facertes, and Baud again.*

*Baud.* Stay here, while I return, with the Key.

*Facert.* This is the Garden.

*Virgil.* Oh ! This may be just : but whether it be fair, or no, Heaven, thou see'st.

*Facert.* How do you, Sir ?

*Virgil.* Why well, *Facertes* ; The Bullet but glanced.

*Facert.* Oh my sister, If thou hast a hand in this Treachery, may Plagues suddain and lasting find and sink thee with despairs, when mercy flies thee as thou hast done thy honour ; nor shall all the tyes of love, or nature, prove thy guard, nor the mercies due to thy weeping penitence ; No, thy sex shall not protect thee from the Justice of my sworn rage, which with sword, and words (that wound more) shall afflict thee.

*Virgil.*

*Bragadine shoots,  
Virgil puts his  
hand to his eye,  
with a bloody  
sponge and the  
blood runs down.  
Facertes draws  
his sword, and  
takes him in his  
Arms.*

*Virgil, is still  
in Facertes  
Arms.*



*Virg.* Why dost thou rage and curse her, still mistaking that excellent Maid? Upon my Soul, she has no hand in't, she is too full of Honour, to take so base a way to her Revenge, or seek by Treachery a life that's onely worn to serve her; and when she frownes, may command me put it off.

*Facer.* Draw your sword then, and take my counsel, if your strength fail not, and fall, as if their malice had been more prosperous, perchance the Villain, Author of this deed, lurks here about, and expects such a sign ere he dare discover himself. — Pray, Sir, let me bear you home. *He speaks softly to him.*

*Virg.* No, *Facertes*, let me die here.

*Facer.* Unfortunate Youth, Murther. Villaines, where are you, you accursed Actors of this black deed? do you hide already Cowards? dare you not look on your Act? *Virgilius draws his sword and lies down.*

*Cicilia.* It was my Brothers voice that cry'd Murther. *Cicilia and Paulina above.*

*Paul.* I heard a Pistoll, where's *Olympia*?

*Enter Bragadine, Baud, and Bravoos.*

*Cicilia.* Heark, there's some body comes.

*Facer.* Villaines, dare you not yet appear?

*Bragad.* Yes, fool, we dare, and laugh upon your miseries.

*Baud.* Yes, an old Woman will laugh; fool, thou had'st better have destroy'd thy Mother, then with scorn have awaked my Malice, now where is all your young wits? am not I prov'd a Mother of your Joyes? fool, I am reveng'd now.

*Cicilia.* What cry was that?

*Bragad.* How now, what ailes you?

*Baud.* Oh me, oh me, I am dead. *Virgilius as he lies, runs his sword into the Baud, and kills her, she squeakes*

*Facer.* Then, though our miseries be great, they are not so ill as I fear'd; what moved thee, Villain, to this base Act?

*Bragad.* Revenge, fool; thought'st thou, I could forgive a wound, and such an Injury as to have her I call mine possess'd by another?

*Facer.* Villain, thou shalt dearly pay for this base Act; Rise, Sir, the Truth is now at large discovered. *Virgilius rises, and kills one of the Bravoos.*

*Brav.* Oh!

*Bragad.* Ha, alive?

*Virg.* Yes, and I hope shall find so much Mercy as to punish thy Treachery.

*Bragad.* Draw, *Ennius*, we have yet as many swords as they. *They fight. Virgilius and Bragadine. Facertes and Ennius.*

*Ennius.* I warrant you, Sir, and as good hearts.

*Virg.* Traitor, thou want'st the cause.

*Cicilia above.* It is they, they are set upon, I hear their swords too; let's haste, our presence may bring some aid; for Heavens sake, let us not look on and see them murdered. *They are all wounded, Bragad. faints and falls. Kills him.*

*Bragad.* Hold, as thou hast Mercy, hold; and as thou hast faults, shew Mercy. *Facertes and Ennius struggle on the ground, Facertes kills him.*

*Virg.* Yes, in this Justice, for Justice is ever merciful.

*Facer.* There, Villain, There's thy treacheries first reward; thou art going for thy last. *Enter Dies,*

*Enter Cicilia and Paulina ; whilst they are fighting upon the ground, Cicilia runs to Facertes.*

*Cicilia.* Ha ! upon the ground, *Facertes* , what accident is this ?

*Facer.* Where's the Prince ?

*Virg.* Here, how fares *Facertes* ?

*Facer.* Well, onely a little scratch'd.

*Paul.* Sir, I hope you believe I had no hand in this Treachery.

*Virg.* No Madam, we know the unworthy cause.

*Cicilia.* What was it ?

*Facer.* All our Joyes (within this minute) had a cloud on them; and I confefs, I was afraid it had hid my Sisters faults, whilst I fear'd a mistake of Justice had betray'd thee to a Murther; yet then in his wounds the Prince was himself, and collected; I chid my mistrust; see, he bleeds still, do's not that expiate? This is twice he has shed it in sacrificing to thy liberty; and now to be angry is wilfull and humor, not honour.

*Cicilia.* Do you command, *Cicilia* shall obey; for I confefs, the Prince is Master of that honour I but talked of; will you mediate a pardon for the Injuries my Passion threw upon him? and I shall joy to find I was mistaken.

*Virg.* O Madam, do not speak of pardon, for your Innocence knows not the way to that Injury I could not forgive; But I will not talk; for I should hate my self, if I had words to express this Joy.

*Paul.* Ha ! The Prince slain, and *Olympia* dead? as you love your safety haste hence; he whom your Justice has found is the *Vice-Roy's* Son, and its present death if you be taken.

*Facer.* No distraction; The Galley is ready, and waits us at the *Mole*, thither we'll immediately; Sister, dare you yet put your self into the Princes Protection?

*Cicilia.* Yes, but not now; when I am free I will; and as I refus'd at first, because it was early, so now, 'cause it is forced, and looks like giving upon the Death-bed; and I would be loath to become the Princes Legacy.

*Virg.* I beseech you, let not a nicity interrupt my Joyes; but trust me with your protection, till I have made good my vows to your Brother, whose Joyes my Affairs have deferr'd: But when you see him possessed of his Country, then I'll kneel for a Blessing in the fair *Cicilia*; dare you bid me hope?

*Cicilia.* I promise to do what honour shall warrant me; and when these wounds are heal'd, I shall not call it weakness that makes me yield to my passion.

*Facer.* This Cloud is blown over by Fate; and now I'll smile and prophecy, through all our wounds and tears, a joyfull issue.

*Virg.* We'll for *Sicily* first, the *Vice-Roy* being dead they dare not refuse my Authority; besides, if they do, the Army is mine, and that shall secure *Facertes*. Madam, what Commands have you to enjoin me, that I may return this favour?

*Paul.*



*Paul.* When you appear'd a private Man and compass'd with dangers you had a power here, which now is turn'd to duty ; and I beg a protection in your company, for the Prince was known to have an Interest here ; and to be found dead in my Garden will bring a certain ruine upon me ; For that I am Innocent will be no guard, but I shall fall now to expiate my other faults ; and I confess, I would fain live now, for I am certain I repent, and shall ever sacrifice to the Prince *Virgilius* as my good Genius.

*Cicilia.* Sure we shall not deny you a safety, to whom we owe all ours.

*Facer.* No Complement, but this way through the Garden to the Galley, the wind is somewhat high.

*Virg.* The Clouds are black, we'll keep under the shore, that if need be, we may put in upon the Coast of *Calabria*.

*Facer.* Not I, as I live.

*Virg.* Let me beg that Olive branch sign of Peace ; and witness *He refuses to all, I joy more to be thus bound, then to have conquer'd Sicily.* *lead his*  
[*Exeunt omnes.* *Sister.*]

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Enter Cilius solus.*

*Cilius.* **T**He Captain has refused to give me the freedom of her I Love, but if the *Lieutenant* keep his word, I shall make him repent it at as sad a rate as I bear my misery ; 'tis not Love, sure, that afflicts my Heart, for I have heard 'em say, That it is a soft and gentle Passion, which strokes and courts the Mind, and his service perfect freedom, for Love is both the Famine and the Food, none of these chains afflicts them ; I have seen Women and Boyes play with this Power : 'Tis the sport of Virgins, and yet their Hearts last Ages ; Nay, they can be false too, and yet not lose one Grace, nor one Beauty falls ; Even the perjur'd Lovers weare their quiet Minds and fair Faces still, whilst I pine and wither under these two dayes misery. I cannot eat nor sleep since I saw her, and my frinds are irksome to me, I love loannes, and hunt Corners, and prize a thought of being her slave, more then a Conquest over the world ; Yet I stammer still, and cannot speak sence when my griefs would tell her, the story of what I ail. I have lost my Courage too of late ; for, by all our Gods, I start and tremble when I see her ; Nay, I am a Dog if I do not weep when I behold her ; no Boy at School has his tears readier then I, I could weep like froward Children. This makes me mad, to find myself abandoned by all the Gods, whose ends I cannot guess, nor why they send me this new way to misery. *[Enter Lieut.]*

*Cilius lies down.*

*Lieut.* How, Sir, upon the ground ? up, Sir, the Souldiers are prepared, and expect your presence only to finish the work ; The slaves too are loose and privately arm'd ; and when he is once aboard, give but the sign, and be Master both of him and her. — Fie, Sir,

*He helps  
him up.*

*He leans  
upon him.*

what means this dejection ? up, for shame.

*Cilius.* See Lieutenant, I am grown the obedient'st thing that ever sigh'd himself away ; O Lieutenant, kind old Friend, if we miscarry in this design, I am lost for ever ; for I am become the wretched'st thing thy heart can fancy.---Prithee pray.---

*Lient. Bondue,* pray ? you have found your Man indeed.

*Cilius.* The Angry Gods to send Men and bold wounds, not cowardly thoughts and Women when they will, call *Cilius* to the Earth again.

*Lient.* Death ! what ayle you, Sir ?

*Cilius.* Oh Friend ! this trouble of my Mind is sent like some new disease to scourge thy Friend, and act what sword and sickness could not do ; and my despair will throw me upon some horrid Crime, against which 'tis in vain to oppose or Armes or Virtue ; The Tyrant-Boy Lords it o're my Heart, and now he has wounded me will make me kiss the Dart.

*Lient.* Oh ! is this it you complain of ? Let me know Man or boy that dares wrong you ; By this hilt, I will send him on a cold Errand.

*Cilius.* Thy threats are vain, for my griefs are a disease I never felt before ; The remedy too is hid from Gods and Men, the Maid, the lovely Maid thou gav'st me.

*Lient.* A pox on her, the Wench, is she the cause ? was she not found, Sir ?

*Cilius.* Sound !

*Lient.* I, found, by this hand for all that I know she was ; I am a Dog if I touched her ; and but for a kiss or two you had her as pure as I found her.

*Cilius.* Peace, Beast.

*Lient.* By this Light, Sir, I am in earnest, and unless 'twere *Crab* had a touch,---for no body else was alone with her, 'tis that old Rogue has spoild her.

*Cilius.* Villain, Slave.

*Lient.* Why, in passion, Sir ? you are not the first ; why this, what a pox, a Clap is no such dishonour to a Souldier.

*Cilius.* Peace, wretch.

*Lient.* He is modest ; a Plague upon her for a dissembling prating Whore : By this hand I would ha' ventur'd my life she had been found.

*Strike him.*

*Cilius.* Dog, dost thou know her whom thou thus profan'st ?

*Lient.* Know her ? mischiefs know her and the whole sex, they are nothing but dissimulation : why do you strike me ? you beg of me to be your *Baud*, and are angry for a mischance, thank yourself ; you were never quiet till you had a bout with her.

*Cilius.* He will mistake me still.

*Lient.* Mistake you ? 'Tis you mistake yourself ; can I help it if you have a Clap ; if you will tell me what you ail, there are wayes and easie cures enough for such chances, without the sword ; you have but one remedy for all diseases, that damn'd sword, you think, can cure all.

*Cilius,*



*Cilius.* Fool, thou hast prophan'd a Maid with thy base thoughts purer than thy Prayers.

*Lient.* I understand not your Raptures; if she has given you a touch, I'll help you to a Chirurgeon, and my self to another; if you'll be modest and lick your self whole you may.

*Cilius.* How natural 'tis for him to apprehend such dangers as he has found. Fool, thou hast mistaken me all this while, and would'st thou have been silent I had told thee; 'tis her Eyes that have wounded me, and my disease is Love, desperate Love; if I can judge of that strange Passions; for 'tis Love for her that dies for another; hast thou a remedy for such a wound in the Mind?

*Lient.* Love, is that your disease? I am glad 'tis no worse; by my troth, Sir, if you will starve with meat before you, I will bury you, but I will never pity you; Love and Marriage are the only two mischiefs that belong to the Sex which I have not had, and therefore can onely prescribe you Wine and Women for a remedy.

*Cilius.* Prithee no more and if thou lov'st me, let thy kindness excuse my Passion, without making Mirth of my misery.

*Lient.* Now cannot I be angry with him though I bleed; Sir, I would fain serve you if I knew how. Can you tell what 'tis your Love would have? what does the blind Child cry for, would he lie with the Wench? by this hand I will fetch her to you once more, if I thought that would cure your disease.

No more as you are a Souldier, by your Honour no more; your Honesty in other things excuses your Ignorance in this; no more I say. Alone I will find my remedy; and this sword, as I said before, has a Cure for all my miseries; for he that dares die may defie the worst of Fates.

*Lient.* Faith, Sir, but he that dies for a Woman in *Italy* is but a small friend to the Sex and *Lachrymæ*, and by my consent should be buried in a feather-bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Enter the Lieutenant, and Souldiers chain'd.*

*Lient.* **W**Hat, are you all resolv'd?

*All.* Yes, Sir, release us and we'll do it.

*Lient.* Or must I make an Oration to perswade you to this Geer?

*All.* No, Sir, we need no perswasions.

*Lien.* Methinks you should not, considering I humbly desire you not to be hang'd, and shall take it for an obligation, if you will throw away your cold water, and pledge me in Greek wine, and entreat your worships to quit these iron Jewels, and hard benches, for Gold-chains and pretty Wenches.

1 *Sould.*

*1 sould.* Sir, we hope you do not mean to abuse us, and shew us this heaven only in words.

*Lieu.* By this good day I am real, and you shall all be loose and arm'd ; and when he comes aboard, put off speedily, and then discover your selves ; if he resists, kill him, if not, only bind him ; by these hilts, I have order to hang you every man, and mine own safety tells me I were best to do it.

*All.* Oh ! Lieutenant, noble Lieutenant, you know we have been honest Rogues to you always.

*Lieu.* All but my friend that would cut my throat the other day, because I would not give him my Wench.

*2 sould.* 'Tis true, Lieutenant, I was faulty, and you may leave being a Lyon, and take revenge upon a Dog ; but you know you spoil a good fellows drinking when ever you hang me ; and it may be, you'll not find one to bear my part in your Catches when I am gone ; and then you'll wish you had not been so revengeful.

*Lieu.* No, you Rogues, you know I am of a most merciful nature, and that makes you so presumptuous ; and to confirm you, I'll have all joyn hands, and you shall see what a miracle I'll work ; so now, circle me about while I conjure up a spirit that shall tell me all your thoughts, and you mine.

Here they  
make a ring  
about him  
and sing a  
Catch.

### The Catch in three Parts.

I. All 3 **T**O Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,  
with wine and mirth let's conjure him.

- 1 By his Mothers eye
- 2 And his Fathers thigh,
- 3 By her God brought delight.
- 1 And his too glorious sight,
- 2 By Juno's deceit,
- 3 And thy sad retreat.
- 1 Appear, appear, appear
- 2 Kind God in Bottles, here.

Bacchus. Lo I appear, lo I appear.

II. All 3 To Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,  
with wine and mirth let's conjure him.

- 1 By Ariadne's wrongs,
- 2 And the false youth's harms,
- 3 By the rock in his breast.
- 1 That fled from the distrest
- 2 By the tempest in her mind,
- 3 Which ceas't when thou wert kind.
- 1 By those beauties that he fled,
- 2 And the pleasures of her bed.

All 3 Appear, appear, appear  
Kind God in Bottles here.

Bacchus. Drink and I will appear.  
Drink deep and I am here.

III. All



III. All 3 To Bacchus bow, to Bacchus sing,  
           'Tis wine and mirth that conjures him.

1 By this blood of the Vine,

2 Thus pour'd on thy shrine;

3 By this full glass

1 To the last kind lass,

2 'Twas a girle twice nine

3 That clasp'd like thy Vine.

1 By this and that appear, appear, appear

2 Kind and kinder God in Bottles here.

Bacchus, All 3 Lo I appear, one kind bottle more and I will dwell here.

I V. All 3 Then thus again we will conjure him  
           Because he has propitious been.

1 Hence this glass, a poor and single sacrifice,

2 A Hecatomb in this bottle dies,

3 By the men that thou hast won,

1 And the women thou hast undone.

2 By the friendships thou hast made,

3 And the secrets thou hast betray'd.

1 By this cure of our sorrow,

2 Thus charm'd till to-morrow.

3 Appear, appear, appear

All 3 Kind God in bottles here.

Bacchus, All 3 Lo I appear, lo I am here,  
           And there and there;  
           Lo, I am every where.

1 Sould. Is Bacchus a Devil, Lieutenant, that he obeys your charm? I thought he had been a God.

Lieu. Faith, that is as he is used, and may be both; But I mean he shall play the Devil now; and therefore each man take into his hand one of these Familiars; and when he has sucked the secret from him, let him release the spirit into the Cellar again.

3 Sould. But what secret, Lieutenant?

Lieu. Converse with that spirit, and he will instruct thee: whisper to him thus.----Hup, and thou shalt find liberty slip down thy throat.

*He drinks,  
they all  
drink.*

1 Sould. Hast thou met him yet?

3 Sould. Not yet, but I believe he's hard by, for I met his baggage; I could be angry to think he should have so many fine Wenches and we none.

Lieu. He's in the right, anger and lust, liberty is hard by, I warrant it; but she is in the last drop, and have at her; will you take my word hereafter?

*They all  
drink again.  
They throw  
all the bottles  
in at a hole  
upon the  
Stage, and  
cry liberty,  
Enter liberty.*

1 Sould. Yes, but good Lieutenant, call to the devil for one Bottle more, and let it be burnt sack.

Lieu. It is too late, yonder comes our chief, The brave Cilius.

*Enter Cilius.*

2 *Sould.* Chief, Lieutenant? We have no Chief, Lieutenant, but liberty.

*Cil.* How now, Lieutenant, what noise is this?

*Lieu.* We have been consulting, Sir, about this business; I, and my fellow Souldiers here,-----I have ground the Rogues to such an edge they will cut iron; and being perswaded they are free, you may command them like Dogs. [*aside.*]

*Cil.* Haste then to the Galley, I'll stay the Captain and his company till you are aboard; and honest friends when this is done, command your own and my power to serve you.

*All.* Long live *Cilius*, long live *Cilius*.

*Cil.* Thanks to all, did the storm last night do no mischief amongst the Gallies?

*Lieu.* I had taken fix when I lay down, and it did but rock me.

*Cil.* Pray lose no time, but haste aboard; for I must wait upon the Captain. [*Exit Cilius.*]

*Lieu.* Fear not us; how now, who have we here? [*Ent. Tull.*]

*Tull.* Gentlemen, and my fellow Souldiers, I have an humble suit to you.

*All.* What is't, what is't?

*Tull.* That I may have leave to live.

*All.* Live? why not?

*Tull.* You must ask my Lieutenant that, he knows the reason better then I; for he has a bill of my hand, to be dead to morrow.

*Lieu.* Thou art a fool, here's nothing but liberty; and he that dares drink shall never dye.

*Tull.* Nay, I'll drink, so I may live.

1 *Sould.* Hum! Fellow *Tullius*, no covenants, no conditions for drinking while you live, drink freely.

*Lieu.* Joyn hands, and sing aboard, there's liberty.

[*Exeunt omnes singing.*]

### ACT. V. SCEN. III.

*Enter Cilius and Sophia, with some of those Romans were taken Prisoners with her.*

*Cil.* **M**Adam, be confident, for it shall not be in his power to wrong you, my self will be your guard.

*Soph.* Sir, last night (but that I threatned, not to out-live his injury) he had forc'd me.

1 *Roman.* We appear'd upon her call, and with our cries made him suspect the noise might have given notice to the Souldiers.

*Cil.* Force you? he dares not do it, by our Laws he dies, or any that forces a Virgin after she is in our publick Treasury, which you are now; for your price, Madam, if you were sold, is to be divided; 'tis true, if he will marry you, that priviledge he has as Captain;



tain ; he pays our shares, and takes you , but from all those dangers, my life and honour to pawn, I'll secure you.

*Soph.* The gods, Sir, I hope, will reward this goodness, and joy with you to protect our Innocence.

2. *Roman.* Will it be long, Sir, ere we go to the Galley ?

*Cilius.* No, he is now coming with the rest of the Slaves ; I beseech you be not sad, it looks prophetickly, and 'tis a kind of ill Omen ; The Souldiers are all firm for you , I dare not stay ; for to be seen with you might breed Suspicion. ----- I kiss your hand.

[*Exit Cilius*]

1. *Roman.* Be not dejected, Madam, you see by what strange means your stars have rais'd you a power among your Enemies. This gallant youth will not be so false as to deceive your trust ; and once in *Italy* *Sophia's* name is guard enough. [*Enter Capt. and Nig.*]

*Capt.* Sir, had you nam'd your self, or Countrey, The fam'd *Nigro* had found no Enemies here ; for we are all a part of that unfortunate Island, that are thus forc'd to live by spoil of them that have destroyed us ; and I am sad to think of the misfortune of Our Princess, especially this last Accident, wherein the vertuous *Cicilia* suffer'd ; But for those slaves whose falsehood were the Authors of her Misery, This day the Dogs shall, upon the hook, find a Justice.

*Nig.* Sir, I have no joy now left ; for I have seen all my Masters family ruin'd ; and Our Countrey sold to slavery , yet if we make haste, we may again redeem the unfortunate *Cicilia* ; for being sold at Naples, 'tis not likely they will so suddenly remove her.

*Capt.* We are this morning bound thither , the Slaves Mart is held there to day.

*Soph.* What do I hear ? *Nigro* nam'd, was not that he my Brother saved in the *Siracusan* battel ?

1. *Roman.* Yes, Madam, and that was he that saved the Prince *Facertes* in that battel where his Father fell.

*Soph.* And the Princess *Cicilia* was she that Prisoner that the slaves stole ? Oh, my *Facertes*, then thy hopes and mine are sunk.

1. *Roman.* Have patience , Madam, lest you discover who you are ; these new griefs of their lost Princess may bring a certain ruine upon us, should they know how near a relation you have to the cause.

*Nig.* I am instructed Sir, what are they that stand bound ?

*Capt. Roman* Prisoners, slaves for the Mart.

*They appear'd  
busie before*

*Nig.* Though their Tyrannies have made them odious ; yet when I see them miserable it finds a pity.

[*Enter Cilius.*]

*Cilius.* Are you ready, Sir, all stays ; The wind is fair too.

*Capt.* Did the storm do no harm, last night ? it was very violent for the time.

*Cilius.* Not much, the Gallies were well moored , onely the Lyon drove.

*Capt.* Come Sir, We have now a double Occasion ; and I hope we shall in *Naples* find our last hope ; *Cilius*, bring off the Slaves, and follow.

[*Exeunt Captain and Nigro.*]

*Cilius.* I shall follow, to your pain , Come Madam, now let  
H your

your prayers strengthen our designs ; for where they side , the party cannot lose. [ *Exeunt omnes.*

## ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Virgilius, Facertes, Cicilia, Paulina, after the storm.*

*Virg.* **M**Adam, the unfriendly winds have forced us to an unfrequented place, and brought new troubles ; but I hope your vertue can arm against them.

*Cicil.* I am so used ; Sir, to misery, that this is a common chance, and here onely the Gods war with us.

*Facert.* Pray let me serve you, your charity deserves a greater care then this.

*Virgil.* Madam, the unruliness of the weather made you lose the benefit of last nights sleep ; pray repose here while we watch, lest some rude passengers interrupt you.

*Cicil.* I cannot sleep, Sir, I have too many cares, and waking thoughts upon me, Brother ; how do's our Friend do ?

*Facert.* She will not rest neither, she seems to be less able to bear troubles then you ; pray give Example, and try to sleep, lest sickness find you, and add a heavy accident to your other misfortunes.

*Lies down,  
She and Vir-  
gilius kneel-  
ing by her.*

*Cicil.* If the Prince will sleep too, I will try to betray my thoughts ; for truly I am weary.

*Virgil.* Till you are safe I cannot ; but I'll kneel by you ; are you not afraid of me ? for 'tis my fortune and cross fate that brings you all these troubles ; and where I am you cannot be happy ; say Divinest, am not I troublesome to you ?

*Cicil.* Oh, Sir, do not make me blush, to say you are welcome ; for I grieve more, that you are so unfortunate as to have a share in my miseries, then that I was unfortunate ; for I have now no wish, but that the Prince *Virgilius* had no Interest in the cause.

*Facert.* No more of sadness now ; but pray try if you can take some rest.

*Cicil.* 'Tis not sadness now ; there is a Joy in this grief ; and when we are happy, 'tis a pleasure to recount our pass'd miseries.

*Virgil.* What noise is that ?

*Facert.* It draws nearer.

*The Lieu-  
tenant and  
Souldiers  
singing the  
Catch.*

*Virgil.* Some *Bacchanale*, by their Song, ---- whether tends this noise, turn back again, there's no way this way.

*Enter singing, first the Souldiers, then the Lieutenant,  
the Catch of, To Bacchus bow.*

2. *Sould.* Sir, we have seen strange things, and therefore let us go.

*Lieu.* How now, my Friend, who would you speak with ?

*Virgil.* With none of you ; pray turn, and take another Path.

*Lieu.* Turn, no not we ; and I advise you not to stop us, for we have a world of Sack about us, and our way lies this way.

1. *Sould.* Lieutenant, by these hilts, 'tis he that kil'd our Corporal, he that fought for the Slave at Naples.

*Lieu.*



*Lien.* Is it so? Look about, it may be, she is here too.

*Facert.* What do you stare at? *He points to*

*Lien.* I look for a thing that troubles you; Oh, there it lies; *Cicilia.*  
come fellows; we'll help 'em to carry it.

*Virgil.* Away, be gone, or I'll make thee curse the time thy erring feet strayed this way.

*Lien.* Draw, Mates, Sir, we dare fight; you shall not brave us *He winds a*  
at home, though you did at *Naples.* *Horn.*

*Virgil.* Draw, *Facertes*, these are the same Pirates we charg'd when  
thy fair Sister was sold at *Naples.*

*Lien.* Yes, yes, these are they, and we will sell your worships there. *Lieutenant*

*Facert.* Lose no time, for that Horn was a Call; and I fear *winds a*  
some aid. *Horn again.* *[Exeunt Fighting.]*

*They all fight, Virgilius wounds the Lieutenant, Facertes kills a*  
*Souldier. Enter the Captain, Virgilius charges him, he retires,*  
*and Virgilius follows him off the Stage. Enter Cilius and Soul-*  
*diers, Facertes and he fight. They take Facertes, Cicilia, and*  
*Paulina Prisoners.*

*Cicil.* Though courage be a vertue, and beauteous conquest  
courted amongst men, yet murder has no share in either; and  
those that be disarm'd cannot be call'd enemies, nor their death  
conquest; and if ever you knew what it was to want it, you'll find  
mercy, and hear me, a kneeling Virgin that never bowed to any  
(but the Gods) before, and save my Brother.

*Cil.* And save thy Brother?

*Cicil.* If there be any thing that's dear to thee, by that I conjure  
thee; save him.

*Cil.* Fair one, I have already unfortunately struck against one who  
now commands my fate; and know, I do not use to war with mi-  
series; or if I could, who durst destroy what your prayers protect?  
or what desperate fool hope a safety, when your prayers have  
call'd down his ruine? ----- Take his life, unbind him, and bind  
me, if you cannot forgive; for know, there is one in Beauty, Inno-  
cence and Miseries so like you, that I glory to serve you; for 'tis  
a kind of sacrifice to her; for whose dear sake had you interpos'd  
those eyes, you had divided us more then seas; and would I were  
able to say too that she were free as well as safe; and something, it  
may be, I shall do for that liberty too.

*Cicil.* May your Prayers, your Sword, nor your Love never find  
a stop, but such as addes glory to the conquest, for being thus good,  
thus merciful.

*Cil.* Madam, I cannot talk. ----- Souldiers, carry these to the  
Captains Quarter, and with your lives protect them from all inso-  
lence; let them be apart with the Romans, and stay with them  
till I come. Your pardon, Madam, I must hence, lest this accident  
discover a Plot, whose good success may make me capable to serve  
you; if it miss, it brings a ruine where I must love, and cannot hope  
return. Sir, you that know so well how to deal wounds, I am cer-  
tain will forgive them.

*Facert.* Sir, I never hated the person of mine enemy, much less you that have proved a friend.

*Cil.* I dare not stay ; your pardon. Be careful of your charge ; and do you hear, be speedy, and meet me at the Captains Quarter ; my peace dwell for ever here. [Exit Cilius.]

*Enter Captain wounded, leaning on a Souldier.*

*Capt.* I am paid, how the slave has notch'd me !  
*Sould.* How do you, Sir ?

*Capt.* How do I ? why thou seest I am spoil'd : a douzen of Surgeons will scarce repair me ; how now, what are those ?

*Sould.* Prisoners, Sir.

*Capt.* There's some comfort in that, come, bring'em away, bring'em away, set half a douzen of Surgeons to work.

*Cicil.* Oh *Facertes*, I fear the Prince is lost. [Exeunt omnes.]

## ACT. V. SCEN. V.

*Enter Virgilius wounded.*

*Virg.* **H**A! gone, fool that I was, whither did my rage guide me ? I have fought and conquer'd to my ruine, as rashly and unreasonably as beasts, forgetting the cause for which I fought ; they are gone, which way shall I take ? Love, either guide me to her rescue, or to my grave. [Exit Virg.]

*Enter Lieutenant wounded.*

*He crys hup,  
and holds his  
breath.*

*Lien.* I am pay'd ; what a case I am in ---- The Bottle is whole, that's some comfort still ; I live now by the Spirit of sack, for all my blood's gone. ----- H'as lam'd my drinking hand too : How shall I stop a Pipe ? I leak apace, and reel as if I were drunk ; how I stumble ? dying is a kind of being drunk ; It grows night by my eyes ; I shall faint ere I get to my Quarter. A pox take him that set me abroach, he has quite spoil'd my skin, a Tanner will not give a groat for it, ----- This is the first time that I remember I ever fell when I was sober ; if I die alone, I shall be as Melancholy, as a lame man in a ditch, Oh ! for a Beer Glas of Sack, or Crab, and a Catch, to prepare for the Melancholy, and a cold grave. [Enter Tullius wounded.]

*He stumbles  
and falls.*

*Tull.* This was my Lieutenants plot, All the world is my Enemy ; how they have hack'd me, it is a scurvy trade, this fighting it wears out ones cloaths, worse then drinking ; I will hide me in this Wood till the storm is over ; and if I get safe to *Naples*, *Celia* and I will live out my few days merrily, and spoil my Captains plot ; I will spend all, and die mine own heir.

*Tullius lies  
down in the  
Wood.*

*Lien.* Sure I heard *Tullius* his voyce ; who's there ?

*Tull.* I am pursu'd, yet if I can counterfeit dead well, I may live ; My fear will betray me ; O that I were valiant enough but to lie still ; I never found the use of courage till now : Lord, how I shake !

*Lien.*



*Lien.* 'Tis his voice ; *Tullius, Tullius*, prithee stay a little.

*Tull.* 'Tis my *Lieutenant* ; if he should take this opportunity now, and kill me, and say the *Enemy* did it, and share with my Captain in all I have; Oh, the misery of Wealth ! men can neither be happy with it, nor without it ; I dare not look towards him, I'll creep backward, and run away.

*Lien.* The ill-natur'd Rogue is gone, and left me ; I shall bleed to death before any Friend finds me ; Now the Rogue is reveng'd upon me for the frights I put him in to day.

*Tull.* Hum ! say you so, bleed to death ---- His wounds have heal'd mine ---- Now do I grow strong, and valiant ---- *Lieutenant* He goes to the Lieutenant.

*Lien.* Faith, quite spoil'd, I fear the Rogues have made lanes quite through me ; prithee help me to my Quarter, for I am faint.

*Tull.* Has been something uncivil with your Breeches, I smell it, ---- How fell you out ? did he refuse my Captains health ? Tull. smells to him.

*Lien.* No, no, there was no wine in the business, yet there was a Wench, the other half of mans mischief ; but 'tis no time now for to talk, for unless thou help'st me to a Surgeon, thou wilt find me a mortal Lieutenant. ---- Give me thy hand good *Tullius*, oh ! what hast thou done. Tull. shakes him by the hand, and instead of helping him up lets him fall.

*Tull.* Alas ! farewell, noble Lieutenant, We must all dye ; there is a tall man, and a fair drinker, gone ; I will say that for thee.

*Lien.* Why *Tullius*, thou wilt not leave me in this misery ? I have not fingers enough to stop the holes ; get a Surgeon, or I shall dye.

*Tull.* 'Tis sack, pure sack, and 'tis pity it should leak thus ; but that I will not hinder our Captain the occasion of being your heir, when you die so conveniently now, just upon his going out. Tull. put his finger to the Lieut. side and smells.

*Lien.* A pox o'this fooling, 'tis unseasonable ; be but kind to me, and thou shalt be my heir.

*Tull.* How ! your heir ? By this light, and 'tis well consider'd, now I think on't ; I will be thy heir, or at least a careful steward for my Captain ; let me see, this sword has a good guard, this hat and feather how fits it ?

*Lien.* What do'st thou mean ?

*Tull.* This Buff-coat will not be amiss neither ----

*Lien.* Villain, unhand me. He begins to strip him.

*Tull.* Nay, nay, you must part.

*Lien.* Dog. ---- Kicks him as he lies.

*Tull.* And these Breeches too, and this Doublet, I'll wear them for your sake ; nay, no resisting.

*Lien.* Slave, Villain.

*Tull.* See how impatient you are, come, come, you are going to another world (as you say) quit the thoughts of these transitory things now, and prepare to dye finely like a fine gentleman, and a Lieutenant.

*Lien.* Hell take thee, slave.

*Tull.* 'Tis more then ever I got by a Legacy before ; by my faith, 'tis a fair Coat ; a pox take 'em that cut it thus : Now for the Breeches.

*Lien.*

*Lien.* Why, thou wilt not murder me?

*Tull.* No, no, only borrow your Breeches; for look, Sir, what need you such gay things as these now, when you are going to lie alone in the dark?

*Lien.* Oh! misery of miseries!

*Tull.* Ha, ha, this revenge is better then long life.

*A noise within.*

*Lien.* O inhumane slave!

*Tull.* What noise is that?

*Lien.* 'Tis vengeance, slave; I will make thee curse thy self.

*He draws his Dagger.*

*Tull.* Silence, my small friend, or else I have a Plaister of cold iron, hight a Dagger; By this hilt, I will apply the point to your side, if you breathe one loud syllable more; marry, if you will, curse inwardly; 'twas my own case once, and I forgive it.

*Lien.* Patience, oh patience.

*He pulls him by the heels off the Stage.*

*Tull.* I, I, come when she will, you will have use of her; this noise draws this way, I must pluck him into the wood, and then I'll cut his throat; you had best bethink you of some odd prayer, for it must be so.

*Lien.* Murther, Villain, Dog.

*Tull.* Come, come along, Sir; why should you grudge to dye when I am to be your heir?

*Lien.* Oh misery, misery of miseries, is there no revenge?

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Sophia and Romans.*

*Soph.* **W**Hence grew this sudden Alarm?

*Rom.* I fear, from the discovery of the Plot; if it be so, we are lost for ever.

*Enter Captain and Nigro, after them Facertes, Cicilia and Paulina.*

*Capt.* Lead them in and bind 'em, and some one run for a Surgeon.

*Nig.* What are these, Sir?

*Capt.* I know not; pray heaven they be worth the purchase: We have paid dear for 'em; prethee help me off.

[*Exeunt Capt. and Nigro.*]

*Soph.* *Facertes!* 'tis he, and women in his company; I will not suspect him she that is jealous; sets a cheap rate upon her self; for if he be worthy of such a pain as jealousy, he cannot be so faulty as to deserve it.

*Facert.* I am amaz'd, 'tis the Princess *Sophia*.

*Cicil.* *Sophia?*

*Facert.* What miseries do I see, Madam, to add to mine own afflictions; I never thought I should have liv'd to see the day wherein



wherein I should have grieved to have met the fair *Sophia*.

*Soph.* Why are you afflicted to meet me now?

*Facert.* Oh! Madam, my love begets my sorrows; for what shall I think? my thoughts are divided, to meet your Highness, where license sows, and sin reaps; here, where rage fetches her fire, and murder bathes his bloody hands; and unsensibly recounts in security the treacherous stabs.

*Soph.* Say this guilt be here, must I be subject to the infection?

*Facert.* I do not think you are guilty, yet my fears tells me, where tir'd lust retires to pant, such beauties as adore the fair *Sophia* must kindle fresh fires.

*Soph.* Why do you wound me thus with your suspicion, and rob me of the joy I had to see you? 'tis not kindly done to add such a pain to my misfortune; had you fall'n into the power of our sex, though sold to sin; like these, I could have dy'd sooner then have injur'd you so as to think you would out-live your honour; and when you are just to me, you will not believe I prize mine so little as to sell it for a sham'd life.

*Facert.* Oh! divinest, pardon my love, whose fears still apprehend the worst.

*Cicil.* Madam, let the impatiency that begets this rudeness excuse it while I profess my self, by all ties, yours; for though, till now, a stranger to you; yet I am one that owes your civil mentions a life, which your mercy lent this unfortunate Brother.

*Soph.* Speak, *Facertes*, is this the Princess, *Cicilia*?

*Facert.* This was; but what she is now the Gods only know.

*They embrace  
and weep.*

*Soph.* Oh! Madam, in love and miseries we are become one; and my whole stock of tears I would waste here, could that wash off my Countries crime, or remove the stain.

*Cicil.* I have forgot my part of them; so new and so strange are the favours you and your gallant Brother have loaded us with, that his dangers now are all my fears.

*Soph.* My Brother! where is he? have you seen him?

*Cicil.* Yes, Madam; and I fear he is at this instant hunting, with certain danger, our uncertain safety.

*Enter Nigro, Captain, and a Souldier.*

*Capt.* Ha! the same Prisoners that were stole, and sold at *Naples*.

*Sould.* Upon my life, Sir, 'tis true.

*Nig.* 'Tis, 'tis she, and the Prince *Facertes* too.

*Facert.* The honour'd *Nigro*?

*Nig. kneels,  
and they em-  
brace him.*

*Cicil.* Alive? oh ye Gods! This day is full of your hands; and all is like you (wonder.)

*Facert.* Rise, why do you kneel? oh, lay that aged head here; where are we? what strange place is this the Sicilian Deity is run to hide her self in?

*Capt.* Though I do not know thy face; yet to *Facertes* name, here kneels a subject, and one of those your dead Father call'd faithful, my name *Terresius*.

*Nig.*

*Nig. Terresius?*

*Capt.* Yes *Terresius*, *Nigro*, that with him from the same battle, when you fled with this gallant Prince, bore away the hopeful *Lucius*; we have run strange fortunes since; but I durst not tell him what he was, lest his fiery nature should have pull'd on a certain ruine.

*Facert.* My Brother *Lucius* living?

*Capt.* Yes, Sir; and that, I hope, will expiate the fault my ignorance this day committed.

*Cicil.* Where is he, Sir?

*Capt.* I left him pursuing the victory, but I'll haste and tell him this news it will stay his rage, which else may pursue his own ruine upon his friends.

*Cicil.* For heavens sake haste, lest he and the Prince *Virgilius* meet; for either of their conquests brings my ruine.

*Facert.* Let me accompany you.

*Capt.* I dare not, Sir, for yet the Souldiers know you not; and their mistake of duty to me may bring on a sad consequence.

*Nig.* For heavens sake lose no time, but haste to prevent this danger.

*Capt.* I'll send an Officer, Sir, to guard you; and then with safety you may come but till then; I beseech you stir not. [*Exit Capt.*]

*Soph.* Pray, Madam, what blest chance brought my Brother to have the power to serve you.

*Facert.* Defer that story till a fitter time, and haste now to the saving of your Brother.

*Cicil.* Pray lead the way, lest our ceremony hinder our charity.

*Soph.* If you'll give me leave to command, I'll obey; you must not refuse me your hand; oh! that the Gods had made our Countries joyn thus in peace. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Virgilius solus.*

*Virg.* **T**hey cannot escape; I have fir'd their Galley, and mine lies loose, in wait for any that shall come to their aid. Miserable *Virgilius*! unfortunate that I am, preserved onely to a greater loss; this way a Souldier (whose dying words could only guide me) said they took; I'll hunt them to their den but I'll find the monsters. [*Exit.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Cilius and a Souldier.*

*Cil.* **T**he Galley fir'd, and the Lieutenant slain; Hell upon him, he has cross'd all my designs; Fate thou art Fate still,



still, but whither just or no thus to strike against the intentions of the honest, the Gods be Judge ; All my hopes are sunk ; that excellent Maid is lost too , and I shall appear guilty and treacherous to her ; But if I find the cursed Incendiary, with his hateful Blood I'll quench the flame : Take that path, if you find him, call.

*Sould.* Sir, this is he.

*Virg.* This, by description, should be him I seek.

*Cilius.* What art thou, that walk'st with such confidence in these forbidden Woods ? Know, thou hast kindled a fire nothing but thy Blood shall extinguish.

*Virg.* Unless thou wilt fall too, and make one in that ruine, I counsell thee immediately to deliver (without repetition) those whom thy treacherous odds have ravished hence.

*Cilius.* I will not revile thee, because I mean to fight with thee ; Yet I would gladly know whence thou art, that hopest with thy threats to wash off this glorious colour, and shake those fruits that Conquest gave a growth to here.

*Virg.* Rome claimes my Birth.

*Cilius.* So it do'es of him I hate more then the loath'd Issues of the Earth.

*Virg.* What art thou, that dar'st avow such a hatred of a *Roman* to a *Roman's* face ?

*Cilius.* I am of *Sicily*, the unfortunate subject of your Rage.

*Virg.* So is she I prefer equal with the Gods ; yet her interest in the Nation shall not protect thee that art so base as to make spoil of thine own nest.

*Cilius.* You'll find words of no force here, and thou lookest as if thou would'st not yield upon intreaty.

*Virg.* Nor canst thou conquer me, when I fight in her cause, though thou tak'st the odds of his sword.

*Cilius.* His ? he dares not strike, where he sees my sword drawn upon a single opposite.

*Virg.* You will not deliver these Ladies then ?

*Cilius.* I'll give thee all my glory first ; yet I know thou art the Author of all those miseries that shall succeed ; for had'st not thou burnt my Galley, I had decreed their safety, but now thou hast sold them to perpetual slavery.

*Virg.* The guilty never want excuses, but I shall punish both those falsehoods.

*Cilius.* Souldier, upon your life stir not a foot to my rescue, I scorn to live upon Charity.

*Virg.* I'll talk no longer, their freedoms or thy sword ; for my vowes are writ in Heaven, never to sheath this sword till I found them or a Grave.

*Cilius.* One of them I'll guide you to, or miss my aime. — Fortune, hast thou decreed that I shall blush to death ? Loose where my Love and Countries Genius both strike ? If thou bee'st a Deity save my Honour.

*As the Souldier goes on, he calls Virgilius.*

*They fight, and are both wounded. Cilius staggers.*

They fight,  
and in the  
close Vigili-  
us takes bold  
of Cilius  
sword.  
They strug-  
gle upon the  
ground,  
a noise  
within crying  
follow follow.  
Virgil. and  
Cilius rise  
together and  
part.

*Virg.* Will you yield, or try a farther Fate?

*Cilius.* No, *Roman*, we may be overcome, but we scorn to yield.

*Virg.* Ask thy life, or thou art dead.

*Cilius.* No, when thou canst give it, 'tis not worth asking.

*Virg.* Then 'tis not worth taking.

*Cilius.* What noise is that?

*Sould.* I know not, Sir.

*Cilius.* Draw, and kill any thing that offers to rescue me; for when

*Cilius* cannot stand alone in this cause, let him fall for ever.

*Virg.* I would thou had'st not deserv'd my sword.

*Enter Captain and Nigro.*

*Sould.* Stand, he that advances a step as Friend or Enemy, till they have done, shall kill or die.

They go to  
them.

*Capt.* How now, Sirrah? *Cilius*, if the name of *Facertes* or *Cicilia* have a power, you'll cease to be an Enemy there.

*Nigro.* Or if the brave *Virgilius* be satisf'd with shedding of *Scicilian* Blood, he will now spare the lost *Lucius*, and reconcile himself to that Brother Enemy.

*Virg.* Prince *Lucius*!

*Cilius.* *Virgilius*!

*Capt.* Yes, Sir, *Virgilius*, and there are coming those whose Interest in either will quickly clear this doubt.

*Enter Facertes, Cicilia, Sophia, Paulina, and Romans.*

*Facer.* Sir, by the name of Brother; I conjure you to defer this hate till you have heard us speak.

*Sophia.* And if I have a Sisters interest it will disarm *Virgilius*.

To Cicilia.

*Virg.* Sister? what strange accident brought thee hither? -----  
Madam, will you pardon that uncivil Joy that pass'd you to find a Sister?

*Cicilia.* Yes, Sir, if you'll help me find a friend to *Virgilius*, and a lost Brother to *Cicilia*.

*Cilius.* *Terresus*, unfold this Riddle, amazement yet with-holds my sword, and has almost bound my Reason; what means this shuffling of *Facertes*, *Cicilia*, *Virgilius* and *Lucius* together? Those names, and this dearness, what means it?

*Nigro.* Dare you trust me?

*Cilius.* The honour'd *Nigro*.

*Sophia.* Or me, whose faith you have bought; and give us leave to reconcile this wonder?

*Cilius.* Madam, I am all your slave, and when your hand deals it destruction shall fall on *Cilius* unresisted.

*Sophia.* Dare you shew your breast? 'tis all I beg.

*Cilius.* Yes, fair one, and every thought of it shall to you be visible.

*Nigro.* Here, here, 'tis a thousand witnesses to prove the lost *Lucius*.

*Capt.*



*Capt.* 'Tis so, and upon his knees *Tereſius* begs his pardon for keeping this ſecret ſo long from you ; But now it comes accompany'd with many bleſſings ; ſee here your Brother, the Prince *Facertes*, and the Excellent *Cicilia*, whoſe Loves have been by Fate appointed to reſtore our Country to her long-loſt liberty.

*Facer.* And if *Lucius* finds a part of this Joy, let him with friendly arms embrace *Virgilius*, who is now a Brother, and ever a Friend.

*Cicilia.* Dare you from my hand take him ?

*Cilius.* That I have been thus long ſilent, let the wonder you have begot plead for me ; And, Sir, that we durſt be Enemies ſhould *They embrace* be no ſtop to that faith, which confirms we dare be friends.

*Virg.* Sir, your laſt act aſſures *Virgilius*, who cannot believe he is ſafe till you embrace him ; for I know, ſuch an Enemy as Prince *Lucius* reconcil'd will prove a conquering friend.

*Sophia.* The Gods make this friendship as laſting as 'tis ſtrange.

*Cilius.* Madam, doth this change bring no hope to *Lucius* ? muſt *They embrace* he ſtill be the deſpairing *Cilius* ? dare you not yet tell me who you *again.* are ?

*Sophia.* Yes, my Name's *Sophia*.

*Cilius.* Ha, the Princeſs *Sophia* ?

*Facer.* Yes, *Lucius* : But why is my Brother ſad ? do's he mourn my Intereſt there ?

*Cilius.* No, Sir, I neither mourn yours there, nor the Excellent *Sophias* here ; but I am hunting out a way to bear my ſelf like *Lucius* in this great day ; your hand, Madam,-----Here *Facertes* from Fate receive this Jewel, 'tis a Wealth I cannot hope to poſſeſs, but by being unworthy of it ; and it ſhall be *Lucius* his glory to ſay, To keep his Fame, he gave that away.

*Nigro.* Let no replies defer the Joyes that attend this day.

*Cilius.* To the Temple then, while with healing ſacrifice *Virgilius* loads the Altars.

*Virg.* I ſhall follow, if *Lucius* will lead the way. Thus bleſt, and thus embraced, more a God than they.

Yet leſt we leave our Enemies behind,

Let's know how theſe our Judges ſtand enclind. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

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FINIS.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY  
VOL. I.  
BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY  
J. B. ALLEN, 1825.

1825.



THE  
Parsons Wedding,  
A  
COMEDY.

The Scene *L O N D O N*.

---

WRITTEN AT  
Basil in Switzerland:

BY  
*THOMAS KILLIGREW.*

---

DEDICATED  
TO THE  
*LADY URSULA BARTU,*  
WIDOW.

---



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*L O N D O N:*

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in  
the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.



## *Dramatis Personæ.*

*M<sup>r</sup> Careless*, A Gentleman, and a Wit.

*M<sup>r</sup> Wild*, A Gentleman, Nephew to the *Widow*.

*M<sup>r</sup> Jolly*, An Humorous Gentleman, and a Courtier.

*Captain*, A Leading Wit, full of Designs.

*Parson*, A Wit also, but over-reached by the *Captain*, and his *Wanton*.

*M<sup>r</sup> Constant*, } Two dull Suitors to the *Lady Widow*, and  
*M<sup>r</sup> Sadd*. } *M<sup>rs</sup> Pleasant*.

*Lady Wild*, A rich ( and somewhat youthful ) *Widow*.

*M<sup>rs</sup> Pleasant*, A Handsome young Gentlewoman, of a good Fortune.

*M<sup>r</sup> Secret*, Her ( Indifferent honest ) Woman.

*Lady Love-all*, An old Stallion Hunting *Widow*.

*Faithful*, Her ( errant honest ) Woman.

*M<sup>rs</sup> Wanton*, The *Captain's* Livery Punk, Married to the *Parson* by Confederacy.

*Band*.

*Servants*.

*Drawers*.

*Fidlers*.







THE  
Parsons Wedding  
A  
COMEDY.

---

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter the Captain in Choler, and Wanton.*

*Capt.* **N**O more, I'll sooner be reconcil'd to want, or sickness, then that Rascal; A thing, that my Charity made sociable; one, that when I smil'd would fawn upon me, and wag his stearn, like starved Dogs; so nasty, the Company cried foh upon him; He stunk so of *Poverty, Ale, and Bawdry*. So poor and despicable, when I relieved him, he could not avow his calling, for want of a Cassock, but stood at Corners of Streets, and whisper'd Gentlemen in the Ear, as they pass'd, and so deliver'd his Wants like a Message which being done, the Rogue vanished, and would dive at Westminster like a Dabchick, and rise again at Temple-gate; The ingenuity of the Rascal, his Wit being snuff'd by want, burnt cleer then, and furnish'd him with a bawdy Jest or two, to take the Company; But now the Rogue shall find he has lost a Patron.

*Want.* As I live, if I had thought you would have been in such a fury, you should never have known it.

*Capt.* Treacherous Rogue, he has always rayl'd against thee to me, as a danger his Friendship ought to give me warning of; and nightly cry'd, yet look back, and hunt not, with good Nature and the beauties of thy Youth, that false Woman; But hear thy Friend, that speaks from sad Experience.

*Want.* Did he say this?

*Capt.* Yes, and swears ye are as unsatiate as the Sea, as Covetous

tous, and as ungrateful : that you have your Tempest too ; and Calmes, more dangerous then it.

*Want.* Was the slave so Eloquent in his malice ?

*Capt.* Yes, faith, and urg'd, you ( for your part ) were never particular, and seldom found.

*Want.* Not found ? Why, he offer'd to marry me , and swore he thought I was chaste, I was so particular ; and prov'd it, that consent was full marriage, by the first Institution, and those that love, and lie together, and tell, have fulfill'd all Ceremonies now.

*Capt.* Did he offer to marry thee ?

*Want.* Yes, yes.

*Capt.* If ever then I deserv'd from thee, or if thou be'st deer to thy self, as thou hast any thing thou hop'st shall be safe or sound about thee, I conjure thee, take my Counsel ; Marry him, to afflict him.

*Want.* Marry him ?

*Capt.* If I have any power I shall prevaile ; thou know'st he has a fat Benefice, and leave me to plague him, till he give it me to be rid of thee.

*Want.* Will you not keep me then ?

*Capt.* I keep thee ? prithe, wilt thou keep me ? I know not why men are such Fools to pay ? We bring as much to the sport, as Women ; Keep thee ? I'de marry thee as soon ; Why ? *that's Wedding sin* ; No, no keeping I, that you are not your own, is all that prefers you before Wives.

*Want.* I hope this is not real.

*Capt.* Art thou such a stranger to my humor ? Why I tell thee, I should hate thee if I could call thee mine, for I loath all Women within my knowledge, and 'tis six to four if I knew thy sign I'de come there no more ; A strange Mistress makes every night a-new, and these are your pleasing sins ; I had as live be good, as sin by course.

*Want.* Then I am miserable.

*Capt.* Not so, if you'll be instructed, and let me pass like a stranger when you meet me.

*Want.* But have you these humors ?

*Capt.* Yes faith ; yet if you will observe them, though you Marry him, I may perchance be your Friend, But you must be sure to be coy ; for to me the hunting is more pleasure then the Quarry.

*Want.* But if I observe this, will you be my Friend hereafter ?

*The Parson  
calls within.*

*Capt.* Firm as the day ; Hark, I hear him ; I knew he would follow me, I gave him a small touch that waken'd his guilt ; Resolve to indear your self to him, which you may easily do, by taking his part when I have vex'd him ; No dispute, Resolve it, or as I live here I disclaim thee for ever.

*Want.* 'Tis well, something I'll do.

[Exit Wanton.

*Capt.* Open the door, I say, and let me in ; your favorite and his Tythes, shall come no more here.

[Enter Parson.

*Parf.* Yes, but he shall ; 'tis not you, nor your brac'd Drum, shall fright me hence, who can command the souls of men ; I have read  
Divine



Divine *Seneca* ; thou know'st nothing but the earthly part, and canst cry to that, Faces about.

*Capt.* Thou read *Seneca* ? thou steal his Cover, to clothe thee, naked and wicked, That for money wouldst sell thy share of the Twelve; and art allow'd by all that know thee, fitter to have been *Judas*, then *Judas* was for his treachery.

*Parf.* Rail, do Rail, my illiterate Captain, that can only abuse by memory ; and should I live thou couldst read my Sentence, I should never die.

*Capt.* No ingrateful, live till I destroy thee; and thankless Wretch, Did all my care of thee deserve nothing but thy malice, and treacherous speaking darkly still ? with thy fine, No, not he, when any malicious discourse was made of mee, and by thy false faint, No, Faith; Confess, in thy denials, whilst thy smiling Excuses stood a greater and more dangerous Evidence against me, then my Enemies Affidavits could have done.

*Parf.* I'll lie for never a lean Souldier of you all.

*Capt.* I have, for thee, slave, when I have been wondred at for keeping Company with such a face ; But they were such as know thee not ; all which thy looks deceiv'd, as they did me ; They are so simple they'd Couzen a Jury, and a Judge that had Wit would swear thou ly'dst, shouldst thou confess what I know to be true, and award Bedlam for thee ; 'tis so strange and so new a thing, to find so much Rogue lodge at the sign of the Fool.

*Parf.* Leave this injurious language, or I'll lay off my Cassock, for nothing shall privilege your Braggers tongue, to abuse me, a Gentleman, and a Souldier ancienter then thy self.

*Capt.* Yes, thou wer't so ; and now I think on't, I'll recount the Cause, which, it may be, thou hast forgot, through the variety of sins ; It was a Hue and Cry that follow'd thee a Scholar, and found thee a Souldier.

*Parf.* Thou ly'st ; thou, and scandal have but one tongue, hers dwells with thy Cowards teeth.

*Capt.* Oh ! do you rage ? nay, I'll put the cause in Print too, I am but a skirvy Poet, yet I'll make a Ballad shall tell how like a faithful disciple you follow'd your poor Whore, till her Martyrdom in the Suburbs.

*Parf.* I'll be reveng'd for this scandal.

*Capt.* Then shall succeed, thy flight from the University, disguis'd into Captain only the outside was worse Buff, and the inside more Atheist, then they furnish'd with an Insolent Faith, uncharitable heart, envious, as old Women, cruel and bloody as Cowards ; thus arm'd at all points, thou went'st out, Threatning God, and trembling at men.

*Parf.* I'll be reveng'd, thou poor man of War, I'll be reveng'd.

[Enter Wanton.

*Want.* And why so bitter ? whose house is this ? who dares tell this story ?

*Capt.* Why sweet ? hath he not treacherously broke into our Cabinet, and would have stol'n thee thence ? By these hilts, I'll

hang him ; and then I can conclude my Ballad with, *Take warning all Christian People by the same* : I will, you lean Slave ; I'll prosecute thee, till thou art fain to hide in a Servitors gown again , and live upon Crums with the Robin Red-breasts that haunt the Hall, your old Mefs-Mates; Do you snarle? I'll do't, I will , and put thee to fight with the Dogs for the Bones that but smell of meat ; those that your hungry Students have polish'd with their teeth.

*Want.* If you do this, good Captain, Lieutenant, and Company (for all your Command, I think, is within your reach) I say, if you dare do this, I shall sing a song of one that bad stand, and made a Carrier pay a dear Rent for a little ground, upon his Majesties high-way.

*Capt.* How now, Mistress *Wanton*? What's this? What's this?

*Parf.* This? 'Tis matter for a Jury, I'll swear, and positively, I'll hang thee, I'll do't, by this hand, let me alone to swear the Jury out of doubt.

*Capt.* But you are in Jest, Mistress *Wanton*, and will confess (I hope) this is no truth.

*Want.* Yes Sir, as great a truth, as that you are in your unpay'd-for Scarlet ; Fool ! didst think, I'de quit such a Friend, and his stay'd fortune, to rely upon thy dead pay , and hopes of a second Covenant?

*Capt.* His fortune? what is't? Th'Advowson of Tybourn Deanry?

*Parf.* No, nor Rents brought in by long staff-speeches, that asks Alms with frowns, till thy looks and speech have laid violent hands upon mens Charity.

*Want.* Let him alone, I'll warrant, hee'l never be indicted for drawing any thing but his tongue, against a man.

*Capt.* Very good.

*Parf.* Dear M<sup>rs</sup> *Wanton*, you have won my heart, and I shall live to dote upon you for abusing this impetuous *Captain* ; will you listen to my old suit? will you marry me, and vex him? say, dare you do't, without more dispute?

*Capt.* 'Twas a good Question ; she that dares marry thee dares do any thing; she may as safely lie with the great Bell upon her, and his Clapper is less dangerous then thine.

*Want.* Why, I pray?

*Capt.* What a miserable condition wilt thou come to? his wife cannot be an honest Woman ; and if thou should'st turn honest, would it not vex thee to be chaste and Paxat , a Saint without a Nose? what Kalender will admit thee, by an incurable slave that's made of Rogues flesh, consider that.

*Want.* Why, that's something yet ; Thou hast nothing but a few scars, and a little old Fame to trust to, and that scarce thatches your head.

*Capt.* Nay then I see thou'rt base , and this Plot (not Accident,) and now I doe not grudge him thee ; go together, 'tis pity to part you, Whore and Parson, as consonant.

*Want.* As Whore and Captain.

*Capt.*



*Capt.* Take her, I'll warrant her a breeder, I'll prophecy she shall lie with thy whole Congregation; and bring an Heir to thy Parish, one that thou maist enclose the Common by his Title, and recover it by Common Law.

*Parf.* That's more then thy dear Dam could do for thee, thou Son of a thousand Fathers, all poor Souldiers, Rogues, that ought mischiefs, no Midwives for their Birth; But I cry thee Mercy, my Patron has an Estate of old Iron by his side, with the Farm of old Ladies he scrapes a dirty living from.

*Want.* He earn from an old Lady? hang him, he's only wicked in his desires; and for Adultery he cannot be condemn'd, though he should have the vanity to betray himself; God forgive me for belying him so often as I have done; the weak-chin'd slave hir'd me once to say, I was with Child by him.

*Capt.* This is pretty, Farewell; and may the next Pig thou farrow't have a promising face, without the Dads fool or Gallows in't, that all may swear, at first sight, That's a Bastard; and it shall go hard but I'll have it call'd mine; I have the way, 'tis but praising thee, and swearing thou art honest before I am askt: You taught me the trick.

*Parf.* Next *Levy* I'll preach against thee, and tell them what a piece you are; your Drum and borrowed scarf shall not prevail, nor shall you win with Charmes half-ell-long, (hight ferret Rib-band) the youth of our Parish, as you have done.

*Capt.* No, lose no time, prithe study and learn to preach, and leave railing against the Surplice, now thou hast preach'd thy self into Linen; Adieu, *Abigail*, Adieu, Heir apparent to Sir *Oliver Marre-text*; To Church, go, I'll send a Beadle shall sing your *Epithalamium*.

*Parf.* Adieu, my Captain of a tame band; I'll tell your old Lady how you abused her breath, and swore you earn'd your money harder then those that dig in the Mines for't. *Exit Captain.* A fart, fill thy sail, Captain of a Gally Foyst. He's gone, come sweet, let's to Church immediatly, that I may go and take my Revéngé; I'll make him wear thin Breeches.

*Want.* But if you should be such a Man as he sayes you are, what would my Friends say, when they hear I have cast my self away?

*Parf.* He sayes? Hang him, lean, mercenary, provant Rogue; I knew his beginning when he made the stocks lowsie, and swarm'd so with vermin we were afraid he would have brought that Curse upon the County; He sayes? but what's matter what he sayes? a Rogue, by Sire and Damm; his Father was a broad fat Pedler, a what do you lack, Sir, that haunted good houses, and stole more then he bought; His Damm was a Gypsie, a pilfering canting Sibyll in her youth, and she suffered in her old age for a Witch; Poor *Sfróniwell*, the Rogue was a perpetual Burthen to her, she carried him longer at her back then in her belly; he dwelt there, till she lost him one night in the great Frost upon our Common, and there he was found in the morning candid in Ice: a pox of their

their Charity that thaw'd him; you might smell a Rogue then in the bud, he is now run away from his Wife.

*Want.* His Wife?

*Parf.* Yes, his Wife; Why, do you not know he's married according to the Rogues Liturgy? a Left-handed Bridegroom; I saw him take the Ring from a Tinkers Dowager.

*Want.* Is this possible?

*Parf.* Yes, most possible, and you shall see how I'll be reveng'd on him; I will immediatly go seek the Ordinance against Reformadoes.

*Want.* What Ordinance?

*Parf.* Why, they do so swarm about the Town, and are so destructive to Trade and all Civil Government, that the State has declared, No person shall keep above two Colonels and four Captains, (of what Trade soever) in his Family; For now the War is done, Broken breech, Wood-monger, Rag-man, Butcher, and Link-boy, (Comrades that made up the ragged Regiment in this holy War) think to return and be admitted to serve out their times again.

*Want.* Your Ordinance will not touch the Captain, for he is a known Souldier.

*Parf.* He a Captain? an Apochryphal Modern one, that went Convoy once to *Brainford* with those Troops that conducted the Contribution-Puddings in the late holy War, when the City ran mad after their Ruffet Levites, Apron-Rogues, with horn hands; Hang him, he's but the sign of a Souldier; and I hope to see him hang'd for that Commission, when the King comes to his Place again.

*Want.* You abuse him, now he's gone; But,---

*Parf.* Why? dost thou think I fear him? No Wench, I know him too well for a Cowardly slave, that dares as soon eat his Fox, as draw it in earnest; the slave's noted to make a Conscience of nothing but fighting.

*Want.* Well, if you be not a good Man, and a kind Husband---

*Parf.* Thou know'st the Proverb, as happy as the Parsons Wife, during her Husbands life.

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Mistress Pleasant, Widow Wild her Aunt, and Secret, her Woman; above in the Musick Room, as dressing her, with a Glass, a Table, and she in her night clothes.*

*Pleas.* *Secret*, give me the Glass, and see who knocks.

*Wid.* Niece, what, shut the Door? as I live this Musick was meant to you, I know my Nephews voice.

*Pleas.* Yes, but you think his friends has more Musick in't.

*Wid.* No Faith, I can laugh with him, or so, but he comes no nearer then my lace.

*Pleas.* You do well to keep your smock betwixt.

*Wid.*



*Wid.* Faith, Wench, so wilt thou and thou beest wife, from him and all of them, and be rul'd by me, we'll abuse all the Sex, till they put a true value upon us.

*Pleas.* But dare you forbid the travel'd Gentlemen, and abuse them and your servant, and swear, with me, not to marry in a twelve moneth, though a Lord bait the hook, and hang out the sign of a Court *Cupid*, whipt by a Country *Widow*; then I believe we may have mirth cheaper then at the price of our selves, and some sport with the wits that went to lose themselves in *France*.

*Wid.* Come, no dissembling, lest I tell your servant, when he returns, how much you're taken with the last new fashion.

*Secret.* Madam, 'tis almost Noon; will you not dress your self to day?

*Wid.* She speaks as if we were Boarders; Prethee, Wench, is not the dinner our own, sure my Cook shall lay by my own Roast till my stomach be up.

*Pleas.* But there may be Company, and they will say, we take too long time to trim. *Secret.* Give me the flowers my servant sent me, he sware 'twas the first the Wench made of the kind.

*Wid.* But when he shall hear you had Musick sent you to day, 'twill make him appear in his old cloathes.

*Pleas.* Marry, I would he would take exception, he should not want ill usage to rid me of his trouble; as I live, custom has made me so acquainted with him, that I now begin to think him not so displeasing, as at first; and if he fall not out with me, I must with him, to secure my self. - Sure (Aunt) he must find Sence and Reason absent, for when a Question knocks at his head, the Answer tells that there is no body at home; I ask'd him, th'other day, if he did not find a blemish in his understanding, and he sware a great Oath, Not he; I told him 'twas very strange, for Fool was so visible an eye-sore, that neither Birth nor Fortune could reconcile to me.

*Wid.* Faith, methinks his humour is good, and his purse will buy good company, and I can laugh and be merry with him sometimes.

*Pleas.* Why, pray, Aunt, take him to your self, and see how merry we will be; I can laugh at any bodies Fool, but mine own.

*Wid.* By my troth, but that I have married one Fool already, you should not have him. Consider, he asks no portion, and yet will make a great joynture; a Fool with these conveniences, a kind-loving Fool, and one that you may govern, makes no ill husband; Niece, there are other Arguments too, to bid a Fool welcome, which you will find without teaching; think of it, Niece; you may lay out your affection to purchase some dear wit, or judgement of the City, and repent, at leisure a good bargain, in this Fool.

*Pleas.* Faith, Aunt, Fools are cheap in the Butchery, and dear in the Kirchin; they are such unsavory insipid things that there goes more charge to the sauce then the Fool is worth, ere a woman can confidently serve him, either to her bed or board; then if he be a loving Fool, he troubles all the world a days, and me all night.

*Secret.*



*Secret.* Friendship-love, Madam, has a remedy for that.

*Pleas.* See if the air of this place has not enclin'd *Secret*, to be a Baud already. No, *Secret*, you get no Gowns that way, Upon my word; if I marry, it shall be a Gentleman that has wit and honour, though he has nothing but a sword by his side; such a one naked is better then a Fool with all his Trappings, Bells and Baubles.

*Wid.* Why, as I live, he's a handsome fellow, and merry; mine is such a sad soul, and tells me stories of Lovers that dy'd in despair, and of the lamentable end of their Mistresses (according to the Ballad) and thinks to win me by Example.

*Pleas.* Faith mine talks of nothing but how long he has lov'd me; and those that know me not, think I am old, and still finds new causes, (as he calls them) for his love; I ask'd him the other day if I chang'd so fast or no.

*Wid.* But what think'st thou, *Secret*; my Nephew dances well, and has a handsome house in the *Piazza*.

*Pleas.* Your Nephew? not I, As I live; he looks as if he would be woo'd; I'll warrant you, he'll never begin with a woman till he has lost the opinion of himself; But since you are so courteous, I'll speak to his friend, and let him know how you suffer for him.

*Wid.* Him! marry God bless all good women from him; why, he talks as if the Dairy-maid and all her Cows could not serve his turn; then they wear such bawdy-breeches, 'twould startle an honest woman to come in their company, for fear they should break, and put her to count from the fall of them; for I'll warrant, the year of the Lord would sooner out of her head then such a sight.

*Pleas.* I am not such an enemy now to his humour as to your Nephews, he rails against our sex, and thinks by beating down the price of women to make us despair of Merchants; But if I had his heart-strings tied on a True-lovers-knot, I would so firk him till he found physick in a Rope.

*Secret.* He's a scurvey tongu'd fellow, I'me sure of that; and if I could have got a staff, I had mark'd him.

*Wid.* What did he do to thee, *Secret*?

*Pleas.* Why, he swore, 'he had a better opinion of her then to think she had her Maiden-head; but if she were that Fool, and had preserv'd the toy, he swore he would not take the pains of fetching it, to have it; I confess, I would fain be reveng'd on them, because they are so blown up with opinion of their wit.

*Wid.* As I live, my Nephew travels still; the sober honest *Ned Wild* will not be at home this moneth.

*Pleas.* What say you? will you abuse them and all the rest, and stand to my first Proposition?

*Wid.* Yes, faith, if it be but to bury my servant, *Sadd*; for he cannot last above another Fall, and how, think you, will your servant take it?

*Pleas.* Mine! oh God help me, mine's a healthy Fool; I would he were subject to pine and take things unkindly; there were some hope to be rid of him; for I'll undertake to use him as ill as any body.

*Wid.*



*Wid.* As I live, I am easily resolv'd; for if I would marry, I know neither who nor what humour to chuse.

*Secret.* By my troth, Madam, you are hard to please; else the Courtier might have serv'd turn.

*Wid.* Serve turn! Prithee what haste, *Secret*? that I should put my self to bed with one I might make a shift with; when I marry, thou shalt cry, I, marry, Madam; this is a husband without blushing wench, and none of your so-so husbands; yet he might half overcome my aversion, I confess.

*Pleas.* Overcome! I think so, he might have won a City his way; for when he saw you were resolv'd he should not eat with you, he would set himself down as if he meant to besiege us, and had vow'd never to rise till he had taken us in; and because our sex forbad force, he meant to do it by famine; yet you may stay, and miss a better market; for hang me, I am of *Secrets* opinion; he had but two faults, a handsome fellow, and too soon deny'd.

*Wid.* 'Tis true, he was a handsome fellow, and a civil, that I shall report him; for as soon as it was given him to understand, I desir'd he would come no more, I never saw him since, but by chance.

*Pleas.* Why did you forbid him?

*Wid.* There were divers exceptions; But that which angred me then, was, he came with the Kings Letters Patents, as if he had been to take up a wife for his Majesties use.

*Pleas.* Alas! was that all? why, 'tis their way at Court, a common course among them, and was it not one the King had a great care of? when my mother was alive, I had such a packet from the Court directed unto me, I bid them pay the Post, and make the fellow drink, which he took as ill as I could wish, and has been ever since such a friendly enemy.

*Wid.* Nay, as I live, she was for the Captain too; his Scarfe and Feather won her heart.

*Secret.* Truly, Madam, never flatter your self; for the Gentleman did not like you so well as to put you to the trouble of saying, no.

*Pleas.* Lord, how I hated and dreaded that Scarfe and Buff-coat?

*Secret.* Why, Mistress *Pleasant*, a Captain is an honourable Charge.

*Wid.* Prithee, *Secret*, name them no more, Colonel and Captain, Commissioner, Free-quarters, Ordnance and Contribution; When Buff utters these words, I tremble and dread the sound; it frights me still when I do but think on them; Cuds body, they're twigs of the old Rod (Wench) that whipt us so lately.

*Pleas.* I, I, and they were happy dayes, Wench, when the Captain was a lean, poor, humble thing, and the Souldier tame, and durst not come within the City, for fear of a Constable and a Whipping-post; they know the penal Statutes give no Quarter; Then Buff was out of countenance, and sculk'd from Ale-house to Ale-house, and the City had no Militia but the Sheriffs-men; In those

those merry days, a Bailiff trode the streets with terror, when all the Chains in the City were rusty, but Mr. Sheriffs, when the people knew no evil but the Constable and his Watch ; Now every Committee has as much power, and as little manners, and examines with as much ignorance, impertinence and authority, as a Constable in the Kings key.

*People talking without.*

*Wid.* See, who's that so loud ?

*Secret.* The men you talk'd of, newly come to Town.----

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Jack Constant, Will. Sadd, Jolly, and a Footman, they comb their heads, and talk.*

*Joll.* Remember our covenants, get them that can, all friends ; and be sure to dispatch the Plot, to carry them into the Country, lest the brace of new-come Monfieurs get them.

*Const.* Those flesh-flies ? I'll warrant thee from them, yet 'twas foolishly done of me to put on this gravity ; I shall break out, and return to my self if you put me to a winters wooing.

*Sadd.* A little patience do's it ; and I am content to suffer any thing till they're out of Town : *Secret* says, they think my pale face proceeds from my love.

*Joll.* Do's she ? that shall be one hint to advance your designs, and my revenge ; for so she be couzen'd I care not who do's it, for scorning me, who (by this hand) lov'd her parlously.

*Footm.* Sir, what shall I do with the horses ?

*Sadd.* Carry them to *Brumsted*s.

*Footm.* What shall I do with your worships.

*Joll.* Mine ? take him, hamstring him, kill him, any thing to make him away, lest having such a conveniency I be betray'd to another journey into the Country. Gentlemen, you are all welcome to my Country-house ; *Charing-cross*, I am glad to see thee, with all my heart.

*Const.* What ? not reconcil'd to the Country yet ?

*Sadd.* He was not long enough there to see the pleasure of it.

*Joll.* Pleasure ? what is't call'd ? walking or hawking, or shooting at Butts ?

*Const.* You found other pleasures, or else the story of the Meadow is no Gospel.

*Joll.* Yes, a pox upon the necessity. Here I could as soon have taken the Cow, as such a Milk-maid.

*Sadd.* The wine and meat's good, and the company.

*Joll.* When, at a Tuesday-meeting the Country comes in to a match at two shillings Rubbers, where they conclude at dinner what shall be done this Parliament, railing against the Court and Pope, after the old *Elizabeth-way* of preaching, till they are drunk with zeal ; and then the old Knight of the Shire from the boards end, in his Coronation breeches, vies clinches with a silenc'd Minister,



ster, a Rogue that rail'd against the Reformation meerly to be eas'd of the trouble of preaching.

*Const.* Nay, As I live, now you are to blame, and wrong him, the man's a very able man.

*Joll.* You'll be able to say so, one day, upon your wives report; I would he were gelt, and all that hold his opinion: By this good day, they get more souls then they save.

*Sadd.* And what think you of the Knights Son? I hope he's a fine Gentleman, when his green Suit, and his blew stockings are on; and the welcomest thing alive to Mrs. *Abigail*, but *Tib* and *Tom* in the Stock.

*Joll.* Who, Mr. *Jeoffry*? *Hobinol* the second; By this life, 'tis a very Veal, and he licks his Nose like one of them; By his discourse you'd guess he had eaten nothing but Hay; I wonder he doth not go on all four too, and hold up his leg when he stales; he talks of nothing but the stable. The Coblers Black-bird at the corner has more discourse; he has not so much as the family-jest, which these Coridons use to inherit; I pos'd him in *Booker's* Prophecies, till he confest he had not master'd his Almanack yet.

*Const.* But what was that you whisper'd to him in the Hall?

*Joll.* Why, the Butler and I, by the intercession of *March* beer, had newly reconcil'd him to his Dads old Cod-piece Corflet, in the Hall; which, when his zeal was up, he would needs throw down, because it hung upon a Cross.

*Const.* But what think you of my neighbour? I hope her charity takes you.

*Joll.* Yes, and her old Waiting-womans devotion; she sigh'd in the Pew behind me; A Dutch Skipper belches not so loud, or so sower; my Ladies miserable sinner, with the white eyes, she do's so squeeze out her prayers; and so wring out, *Have mercy upon us*; I warrant her, she has a waiting-womans sting in her conscience; she looks like a dirty foul'd Baud.

*Const.* Who is this, my Lady *Freedom's* woman that he describes?

*Joll.* The same, the Independent Lady, I have promised to send her a Cripple or two by the next Carrier; her subject husband would needs shew me his house one morning; I never visited such an Hospital, it stunk like *Bedlam*, and all the servants were carrying Poultisses, Julips, and Glisters, and several Remedies for all Diseases, but his; The man sigh'd to see his Estate crumbling away; I counsell'd him either to give or take a ounce of *Rats-bane*, to cure his mind.

*Const.* She is my Cozen; but he made such a complaint to me, I thought he had married the Company of Surgeons Hall; for his directions to me for several things for his Wives use, were fitter for an apothecaries-shop then a Ladies Closet.

*Joll.* I advis'd him to settle no Joynture, but her old Stills, and a Box of Instruments upon her; she hates a man with all his Limbs; a Wooden-leg, a Crutch and *Fistula* in *Ano*, wins her heart; her Gentleman-usher broke his leg last Dog-days, meerly

to have the honour to have her set it, a foul rank Rogue, and so full of salt humours, that he posed a whole Colledge of old Women with a Gangrene; which spoil'd the jest, and his ambling before my Lady, by applying a hand-saw to his gartring place; and now the Rogue wears booted Bed-staves, and destroys all the young ashes to make him legs.

*Sadd.* I never saw such a nasty affection; she would ha done well in the incurable; a Hand-maid to have waited on the Cripples.

*Jolly.* She converses with naked men, and handles all their members though never so ill affected, and calls the Fornication Charity; all her discourse to me was flat bawdry, which I could not chide, but spoke as flat as she, till she rebuked me, calling mine beastliness, and hers, Natural Philosophy; By this day, if I were to marry, I would as soon have chosen a drawn whore out of mine own Hospital, and cure the sins of her youth, as marry a she-Chirurgeon; one that for her sins in her first Husbands dayes cures all the crimes of her Sex in my time. I would have him call her *Chiron*, the Centaur's own Daughter; a Chirurgeon by Sire and Damm, *Apollo's* own Colt, she's red-hair'd too, like that bonny beast with the golden Mane and flaming taile.

*Sadd.* You had a long discourse with her, *Jolly*; what wa'st about?

*Jolly.* I was advising her to be divorc'd, and marry the Man in the Almanack; 'twould be fine pastime for her to lick him whole.

*Sadd.* By this day, I never saw such a Mule as her Husband is, to bear with her madness; the house is a good house, and well furnished.

*Jolly.* Yes, but 'tis such a sight to see great French Bedds full of found Children, sons of Batchelors, Priests Heirs, Bridewell Orphans; there they lie by dozens in a Bed, like sucking Rabbits in a dish, or a row of pins; and then they keep a whole Dairy of milch Whores to suckle them.

*Sadd.* She is succesful, and that spoils her, and makes her deaf to counsel; I bad him poyson two or three, to disgrace her; for the Vanity and Pride of their remedies make those Women more diligent then their Charity.

*Jolly.* I asked him why he married her; and he confessed, if he had been found he had never had her.

*Const.* He confess'd, she cur'd him of three Claps before he married her.

*Jolly.* Yes, and I believe some other member (though then ill affected) pleaded more then his tongue; and the Rogue is like to find her business still, for he flies at all; My God, I owe thee thanks for many things; but 'tis not the least, I am not her Husband, nor a Country Gentleman, whither I believe you cannot easily seduce me again, unless you can perswade *London* to stand in the Country; To *Hide Park*, or so, I may venture upon your Lady-fair dayes, when the Filly Foales of fifteen come kicking in, with their Maines and tailes ty'd up in Ribbands, to see the

the



their eyes roule and neigh, when the Spring makes their blood prick them ; so far I am with you by the way of a Country Gentleman and a Beer-drinker.

*Sadd.* For all this dislike, Master *Jolly*; your greatest acquaintance lies amongst Country Gentlemen.

*Jolly.* I, at *London*, there your Country Gentlemen are good Company, where to be seen with them is a kind of credit ; I come to a Mercers shop in your Coach ; Boy, call your Master ; he comes bare, I whisper him, Do you know the *Constants* and the *Sadds* of *Norfolk* ? yes, yes, he replies, and strokes his beard ; they are good Men cry I, yes, yes ; No more, cut me off three futes of Sattin, he does it, and in the delivery whispers, Will these be bound ? pish, drive on Coachman, speak with me to morrow.

*Const.* And what then ?

*Jolly.* What then ? why, come again next day.

*Sadd.* And what if the Country Gentleman will not be bound ?

*Jolly.* Then he must fight.

*Sadd.* I would I had known that before I had sign'd your Bond, I would have set my sword sooner then my Seal to it.

*Jolly.* Why, if thou repent there's no harm done, fight rather then pay it.

*Sadd.* Why, do you think I dare not fight ?

*Jolly.* Yes, but I think thou hast more wit then to fight with me ; for if I kill thee, 'tis a fortune to me, and others will sign in fear ; and if thou should'st kill me, any body that knows us would swear 'twere very strange, and cry, there's Gods just judgement now upon that lewd youth, and thou procur'st his hang-mans place at the rate of thy Estate.

*Const.* By this hand, he is in the right ; and for mine I meant to pay when I sign'd ; hang it, never put good fellowes to say, prithee give me a hundred pounds.

*Sadd.* 'Tis true, 'tis a good ganty way of begging ; yet, for being kill'd, if I refuse it, would there were no more danger in the Widows unkindness, then in your fighting ; I would not mistrust my design.

*Jolly.* Why, I, there's a point now in nicity of Honour, I should kill you for her ; for, you know I pretended first ; and it may be if I had writ sad lines to her, and hid my self in my Cloak, and haunted her Coach, it may be in time she would have fought me ; not I, by this hand, I'll not trouble my self for a Wench, and married Wid-owes are but Customary authoriz'd Wenchies.

*Const.* Being of that Opinion, how can'st thou to think of marrying one ?

*Jolly.* Why, faith, I know not, I thought to rest me, for I was run out of breath with pleasure, and grew so acquainted with sin, I would have been good (for variety ;) in these thoughts, 'twas my fortune to meet with this Widow, handsome, and of a clear Fame.

*Const.* Did'st love her ?

*Jolly.* Yes, faith ? I had Love, but not to the disease that makes

men sick ; and I could have lov'd her still, but that I was angry to have her refuse me for a fault I told her of my self, so I went no more.

*Sadd.* Did she forbid you but once?

*Joll.* Faith, I think I slip't a fair Opportunity, a handsome wench, and three thousand pounds *per annum* in certainty, besides the possibility of being saved.

Widow and  
Pleasant  
looking out at  
a window.

*Const.* Which now you think desperate?

*Pleas.* That is you ; Cross or Pile, will you have him yet or no ?

*Wid.* Peace, observe them.

*Joll.* Faith no, I do not despair, but I cannot resolve.

*Enter Wild, Careless, and the Captain, going in haste,  
he comes in at the middle Door.*

*Wid.* Who are those ?

*Carel.* Captain, whither in such haste ? what defeated ? call you this a retreat, or a flight from your friends ?

*Pleas.* Your Nephew, and his Governour, and his Friend ! here will be a Scene, sit close, and we may know the secret of their hearts.

*Wid.* They have not met yet since they return'd, I shall love this bay window.

*Capt.* Prithce let me go, there's mischief a Boyling ; and if thou shak'st me once more thou wilt Jumble a lye together I have been hammering this hour.

*Carel.* A pox upon you, a studying lies ?

*Capt.* Why, then they are no lies, but something in the praise of an old Ladies Beauty, what do you call that ?

*Joll.* Who are those ?

*Sadd.* I't not the Captain, and my Friend ?

They spie  
each other.

*Jolly salutes them, then he goes to the Captain to embrace him,  
the Captain stands in a French posture, and slides from his  
old way of embracing.*

*Joll.* Ned Wild ? Tom Careless ? What ayl'st thou, dost thou scorn my embraces ?

*Capt.* I see you have never been abroad, els you would know how to put a value upon those whose careful observation brought home the most Exquisite Garb and Courtship that *Paris* could sell us.

*Joll.* A pox on this fooling, and leave off Ceremony.

They em-  
brace.

*Capt.* Why then agreed, off with our masks, and let's embrace like the old knot.

*Joll.* Faith, say, where have you spent these three years time ? in Our Neighbour *France* ? or have you ventur'd o're the *Alps*, to see the seat of the *Cæsars* ?

*Sadd.* And can tell us (Ignorant, doom'd to walk upon our own Land) how large a seat the Goddess fix'd her flying *Trojans* in.

*Const.*



*Const.* Yes, yes, and have seen, and drunk (perhaps) of *Tybers* famous stream.

*Jolly.* And have been where *Aeneas* buried his Trumpeter, and his Nurse; Tom looks as if he had suck'd the one, and had a Batrel sounded by the other, for Joy to see our Nation ambitious not to be understood or known when they come home.

*Capt.* So, now I'm welcome home, this is freedom, and these are Friends, and with these I can be merry; for Gentlemen, you must give me leave to be free to.

*Jolly.* So you will spare us miserable men, condemn'd to *London*, and the Company of a *Michelmass* Term, and never travel'd those Countries that set Mountains on fire a purpose to light us to our lodging.

*Wild.* Why this is better then to stay at home, and lie by hear-say, wearing out your selves and Fortunes like your cloathes, to see her that hates you for being so fine, then appearing at a Play drest like some part of it, while the Company admire the Mercers and the Taylors work, and swear they have done their parts to make you fine Gentlemen.

*Carl.* Then leap out of your Coach, and throw your Cloak over your shoulder, the Casting Nets to catch a Widow, while we have seen the world, and learn'd her Customs.

*Capt.* Yes, Sir, and return'd perfect Mounseurs.

*Sadd.* Yes, even to their diseases; I confess my Ignorance; I cannot amble, nor ride like *S. George* at *Waltham*.

*Jolly.* Yet, upon my Conscience, he may be as welcome with a trot, as the other with his pace; and faith, Jack, (to be a little free) tell me, dost thou not think thou hadst been as well to pass here, with that English Nose thou carryedst hence, as with the French tongue thou hast brought home?

*Capt.* It is an Accident, and to a Souldier 'tis but a scar; 'tis true, such a sign upon *Mr. Jolly's* face had been as ill as a *Red Cross*, and *Lord have mercy upon us*, at his lodging door, to have kept women out of Court.

*Jolly.* For ought you know of the Court.

*Capt.* I know the Court, and thee, and thy use, and how you serve but as the handsomest movables, a kind of Implement above stairs, and look much like one of the old Court Servants in the hangings.

*Wild.* But that they move, and look fresher, and your Apparel more Modern.

*Carl.* Yet, faith, their Office is the same, to adorn the Room, and be gaz'd on: Alas! hee's sad, Courage man, these riding cloaths will serve thee at the latter day.

*Capt.* Which is one of their grievances, for nothing troubles them more then to think they must appear in a foul winding sheet, and come undrest.

*Jolly.* Gentlemen, I am glad to find you know the Court; we know a Traveller too, especially when he is thus chang'd and Exchang'd, as your Worthips, both in Purse and Person, and have

*The Captain  
has a patch  
over his Nose.*

have brought home foreign visages and Inscriptions.

*Const.* Why that's their perfection, their ambition to have it said, there go those that have profitably observ'd the vices of other Countreys, and made them their own; and the faults of several Nations, at their return, are their Parts.

*Jolly.* Why there's *Jack Careless*, he carried out as good stable manners as any was in *Suffolk*, and now he is return'd with a shrug, and a trick to stand crooked, like a skirvy Bow unbent, and looks as if he would maintain Oyl and Sallads against a Chyne of Beef; I knew a great Beast of this kind, it haunted the Court much, and would scarcely allow us (fully reduc'd to Civility) for serving up Mutton in whole joyns.

*Const.* What, silent?

*Sadd.* Faith, the *Captain* is in a study.

*Jolly.* Do, do, Conn the Rivers and Towns perfectly, *Captain*; thou may'st become Intelligencer to the People, and lie thy two sheets a week in *Corrantoës* too.

*Const.* And could you not make Friends at Court, to get their Pictures cut ugly, in the Corner of a Map, like the old Navigators.

*Jolly.* Wee'le see, wee'le see. [*Enter Widow and Pleasant above.*]

*Wid.* I'll interrupt them; *Servant*, you're welcome to Town; how now, *Nephew*? what, dumb? where are all our travel'd tongues?

*Joll.* *Servant*! who doth she mean? By this hand, I disclaim the Title.

*Pleas.* *Captain*, *Secret* has taken Notes, and desires you would instruct her in what concerns a waiting Woman, and an Old Lady.

*Capt.* Very good, yet this shall not save your Dinner.

*Wid.* Nay, while you are in this humor I'll not sell your Companies; and though Master *Jolly* be incensed, I hope he will do me the favour to dine with me.

*Jolly.* Faith, Lady, you mistake me if you think I am afraid of a widow; for I would have the world know I dare meet her any where, but at Bed. [*Exit Jolly.*]

*Wild.* No more Aunt, wee'le come; and if you will give us good meat, weel bring good humors, and good stomacks.

*Widow shuts  
the Curtain.*

*Carel.* By this day I'll not dine there, they take a pleasure to raise a spirit that they will not lay, I'll to *Banks's*.

*Capt.* A Pox forbid it, you shall not break Company, now you know what we are to do after Dinner.

*Carel.* I will consent, upon condition you forbid the spiritual Non-sence the age calls *Platonick Love*.

*Capt.* I must away too; But I'll be there at Dinner, you will joyn in a Plot after dinner.

*Wild.* Any thing, Good, Bad, or Indifferent, for a Friend and Mirth. [*Exeunt all but the Captain.*]

*Capt.* I must go and prevent the Rogues mischief, with the Old Lady. *Exit Captain.*



ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Jolly, and the old Lady Love-all.*

*Love-all.* **A** Way, unworthy, false, ingrateful ; with what Brow dar'st thou come again into my sight, knowing how unworthy you have been, and how false to love ?

*Jolly.* No, 'tis you are unworthy, and deserve not those truths of Love I have pay'd here; else you would not believe ev'ry report that Envy brings, and condemn, without hearing me, whom you have so often try'd and found faithful.

*Love.* Yes, till I too credulous had pity on your tears; till I had mercy you durst not be false.

*Joll.* Nor am not yet.

*Love.* What dost thou call False? is there a treachery beyond what thou hast done; when I had given my Fame, my Fortune, my self, and my husbands honour, all in one Obligation, a sacrifice to that Passion; which thou seem'st to labour with despair of, to tell and Brag of a conquest o're a Woman, fool'd by her Passion, and lost in her love to thee, unworthy; ----*(she turns away her head.*

*Joll.* By this Day, 'tis as false as he that said it; hang him, son of a Batchelour; a slave that envying my Fortune in such a happiness as your love, and chaste embraces, took this way to ruine it; Come, dry your Eyes, and let the guilty weep; if I were guilty I durst as soon approach a Constable drunk, as come here; you know I am your slave.

*Love.* You swore so, and honour made me leave to triumph over your miseries.

*Joll.* Do you repent that I am happy? if you do, command my death.

*Love.* Nay, never weep, nor sit sadly, I am Friends, so you will onely talk and discourse; for 'tis your company I onely covet.

*Joll.* No, you cannot forgive, because you have injur'd me; 'tis right womans Justice; Accuse first, and harder to reconcile when they are guilty, then when they are Innocent, or else you would not turn from me thus.

*Love.* You know your youth hath a strong power over me; Turn those bewitching Eyes away; I cannot see them with safety of mine honour.

*Joll.* Come you shall not hide your Face, there's a Charm in it against those that come burnt with unchast fires; for let but your Eyes or Nose drop upon his heart it would burn it up, or quench it strait.

*Love.* No Cogging, you have injur'd me; and now though my Jolly kisses love plead, I must be deaf, my honour bids me; for you will not *her, and* fear again to prove unworthy when you find I am so easie to for- *she shoves* give ---- Why, you will not be uncivil. *him away*

*Joll.* So, the storm is lay'd, I must have those Pearls--- *she shov'd* me away with her mouth, I'll to her again. *mouth.*

*Love*

*Still as he offers to touch her, she starts as if he plucked up her coats.* Love. Where are you? what do you take me for? why you will not be uncivil?

Joll. Uncivil! By thy chaste self, I cannot, Chick; thou hast such a terror, such a guard in those eyes, I dare not approach thee, nor can I gaze upon so much fire; Prithee, Sirrah, let me hide me from their power here.

Love. You presume upon the weakness of our sex; what shall I say or do? Tyrant Love!

Joll. There's a charm in those Pearls; pull them off; if they have a Frost in them, let me wear them, and then we are both safe.

Love-all. I would you had taken them sooner, I had then been innocent, and might with whiteness have worn my love which I shall ne're out-live.

Joll. Dear, do not too fast pour in my joys, lest I too soon reach my heaven.

Love-all. Be gone then, lest we prove (having gain'd that height) this sad truth in Love; The first minute after noon is night.

Joll. Part now? The Gods forbid; take from me first this load of joys you have thrown upon me; for 'tis a burthen harder to bear than sadness; I was not born till now, this my first night in which I reap true bliss.

Love-all. No, no; I would it had been your first night, then your falsehood had not given argument for these tears; and I hate myself to think I should be such a foolish fly, thus again to approach your dangerous flame.

Joll. Come, divert these thoughts; I'll go see your Closet.

Love-all. No, no, I swear you shall not.

Joll. You know, I am going out of Town for two days.

Love-all. When you return, I'll shew it you; you will forget me else when you are gone, and at Court.

Joll. Can your love endure delays? or shall business thee from hence remove? these were your own Arguments; come, you shall shew it me.

Love-all. Nay, then I perceive what unworthy way your love would find; Ye Gods, are all men false?

*He pulls her Bodkin, that is tied in a piece of black Bobbin.* Joll. As I live, you shall stay; come, you ought to make me amends for standing of me; Hang me, if ever I told; and he that reports it is the damn'dst Rogue in a Country, Come, I say.----

*He pulls her, and says this.* Love-all. Ah! As I live, I will not, I have sworn; do not pull me, I will not be damn'd, I have sworn.----

Joll. As I live, I'll break your Bodkin then, a weeping Tyrant! Come; by this good day, you shall be merciful.

Love-all. Why, you will not be uncivil; you will not force me, will you? As I live, I will not.

*He pulls still.* Joll. Nay, and you be wilful, I can be stubborn too.

Love-all. Hang me, I'll call aloud, why Nan! nay, you may force me; But, As I live, I'll do nothing. [Exeunt ambo.]



ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Enter Captain.*

*Capt.* **A** Pox upon you, are you earth'd? The Rogue has got her Neck-lace of Pearl; but I hope he will leave the Rope to hang me in, how the pox came they so great? I must have some trick to break his neck, else the young Rogue will work me out; 'tis an excellent old Lady, but I dare not call her so; yet would she were young enough to bear, we might do some good for our heirs, by leaving such a charitable brood behind; she's a woman after the first kind; 'tis but going in to her and you may know her; then she'll oblige so readily, and gives with greater thanks than others receive, takes it so kindly to be courted. I am now to oblige her (as she calls it) by professing young *Wilds* love, and desiring an assurance; she's sensible of his sufferings, which though it be false, and beyond my Commission, yet the hopes of such a new young thing that has the vogue of the Town, for handsomest, 'twill so tickle her age, and so blow up her vanity, to have it said, He is in love with her, and so endear her to me for being the means that the Parsons malice will be able to take no root; ----- She comes, I must not be seen.----- [*Enter Love-all, and Jolly.*]

*Love-all.* Give me that Letter I'll swear, you shall not read it.

*Joll.* Take it, I'll away, What time shall I call you, in the evening? there's a Play at Court to night.

*Love-all.* I would willingly be there, but your Ladies are so censorious, and malicious to us young Ladies, in the Town, especially to me, because the Wits are pleas'd to afford me a visit, or so; I could be content else to be seen at Court; Pray what humour is the Queen of? the Captain of her Guard I know.

*Joll.* The Queen? Who's that knocks at the back-door.---- *The Captain*

*Love-all.* Smooth my Band, I know not, go down that way, and look you be not false; if you should be false, I'll swear, I should spoil my self with weeping. *Knocks.*

*Joll.* Farewell, in the evening I'll call you. [*Exit Jolly.*]

*Love-all.* Who's there? Captain? Where have you been all this while; I might sit alone, I see, for you, if I could not find conversation in Books.

*Capt.* Faith, Madam, friends newly come to Town engag'd me, and my stay was civility rather than desire, what Book's that? *She takes a book in her hand and sits down.*

*Love-all.* I'll swear he was a Witch that writ it; for he speaks my thoughts as if he had been within me; the Original, they say, was French.

*Capt.* Oh, I know it, 'tis the accomplish'd Woman, Your self, he means by this, while you are your self.

*Love-all.* Indeed, I confess, I am a great friend to conversation, if we could have it without suspicion; But the world's so apt to judge, that 'tis a prejudice to our honour now to salute a man.

*Capt.* Innocence, Madam, is above opinion, and your fame's too great to be shook with whispers.

*Love-all.* You are ever civil, and therefore welcome; pray, what news is there now in Town? for I am reclus'd here; unless it be yours, I receive no visits; and I'll swear, I charg'd the Wench to day not to let you in; I wonder she let you come.

*Capt.* Faith, Madam, if it had been my own business I should not have ventur'd so boldly; But the necessity that forces me to come concerns my friend, against whom if your mercy be now bounded with those strict ties of honour, and cold thoughts which I have ever found guard your heart, My friend, a young and handsome man, is lost, is lost in his prime, and falls like early blossoms; But methinks you should not prove the envious frost to destroy this young man, this delicate young man, that has whole bundles of Boys in his Breeches; yet if you be cruel, he and they dye, as useless as open Arses gathered green.

*She must be earnest in her looks all the time he speaks; desirous to know who he speaks of.*

*Love-all.* Good Captain, out with the particular, what way can my charity assist him; you know by experience I cannot be cruel, remember how I fetch'd you out of a swoond, and laid you in my own bed.

*Capt.* That act preserved a life, that has always been labour'd in your service; and I dare say, your charity here will find as fruitful a gratitude.

*Love-all.* But, I hope, he will not be so uncivil as you were; I'll swear, I could have hang'd you for that Rape, if I would have follow'd the Law; but I forgave you upon condition you would do so again; but what's this young man you speak of?

*Capt.* Such is my love to you and him, that I cannot prefer mine own particular before your contents; else I'de have poyson'd him ere I'de have brought him to your house.

*Love-all.* Why, I pray?

*Capt.* Because, he's young, handsome, and sound parts; that I'm sure will ruine me here.

*Love-all.* His love may make all these beauties, else I have an honour will defend me against him, were he as handsome as young Wild.

*Capt.* Why I, there it is; that one word has remov'd all my fears and jealousies with a despair; for that's the man whose Love, Life and Fortune, lies at your feet; and if you were single, by lawful ways he would hope to reach what now he despairs of.

*Love-all.* Let him not despair, Love is a powerful pleader, and youth and beauty will assist him; and if his love be noble I can meet it; for there's none that sacrifices more to friendship-love, then I.

*Capt.* My friends interest makes me rejoyce at this; dare you trust me to say this to him, though it be not usual, pray speak; Nay, you are so long still a resolving to be kind: Remember, charity is as great a virtue as chastity, and greater, if we will hear nature plead; for the one may make many Maids, the other can but preserve one: But I know you will be perswaded, let be my importunity



tunity that prevail'd, shall I bring him hither one evening?

*Love-all.* Why do you plead thus? pray be silent, and when you see him, tell him he has a seat here, and I ---

*She turns away.*

*Capt.* Out with it, what is't? shall he call you Mistress? and his Platonick?

*Love-all.* Away, away; Me?

*Capt.* No niceness, is't a match?

*Love-all.* Lord, would I were as worthy as willing (pray tell him so) he shall find me one of the humblest Mistresses that ever he was pleas'd to honour with his affections.

*Capt.* Dare you write this to him, and honour me with bearing it? I confess, I am such a friend to friendship-love too that I would even bring him on my back to a mid-nights meeting.

*Love-all.* If you will stay here, I'll go in and write it.---

*She's going out and he calls her.*

*Capt.* Madam, I forgot to ask your Ladiship one Question.

*Love-all.* What was't?

*Capt.* There hapn'd a business last night betwixt Mr. *Wild* and one *Jolly*, a Courtier that brags extreamly of your favour; I swear, if it had not been for friends that interpos'd themselves there had been mischief, for Mr. *Wild* was extream zealous in your cause.

*Love-all.* Such a Rascal I know; Villain, to bring my name upon the Stage, for a subject of his quarrels, I'll have him cudgeld.

*Capt.* And I'll swear, he deserv'd it; for the quarrel ended in a Bet of a Buck-hunting-nag, that sometime to day he would bring a Neck-lace and chain of Pearl of yours (not stoln, but freely given) to witness his power.

*Love-all.* Did the vain Rascal promise that?

*Capt.* Yes, but we laugh'd at it.

*Love-all.* So you might; and, as I live, if the Neck-lace were come from stringing I'de send them both to Mr. *Wild*, to wear as a favour, to assure him I am his, and to put the vain slave out of countenance.

*Capt.* I marry, such a timely favour were worth a dozen Letters, to assure him of your Love, and remove all the doubts the others discourse may put into his head; and faith I'de send him the chain now, and in my Letter promise him the Neck-lace, he'll deserve such a favour.

*Love-all.* I'll go in and fetch it immediately, will you favour me to deliver it?

*Capt.* I'll wait upon your Ladiship.

*Love-all.* I'll swear you shall not go in, you know I forswore being alone with you.

*She goes and he follow's her, she turns and bids him stay.*

*Capt.* Hang me, I'll go in; do's my Message deserve to wait an Answer at the Door?

*Love-all.* I, but you'll be naught.

*Capt.* O, ne're trust me if I break.

*Love-all.* If you break some such forfeit you'll lose; Well, come in for once.

*Capt.* You are so suspicious.

*Love-all.* I'll swear, I have reason for't, you are such another man.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. II. SCEN. III.

*Enter Wanton and Baud.*

*Want.* **I**s he gone?

*Baud.* Yes, he's gone to the old Ladies, high with mischief.

*She plays  
with a Wed-  
ding Ring  
upon her fin-  
ger.*

*Want.* Fare him well, easie Fool, how the Trout strove to be tickled, and how does this Ring become me? Ha! they are fine kind of things these Wedding Rings.

*Baud.* Besides the good custom of putting so much Gold in 'em, they bring such conveniencies along.

*Want.* Why I, now I have but one to please; and if I please him, who dares offend me? and that Wife's a fool that cannot make her Husband one.

*Baud.* Nay, I am absolutely of Opinion, it was fit for you to marry; but whether he be a good Husband or no.

*Want.* A pox of a good Husband, give me a wife one; they onely make the secure Cuckolds, the Cuckold in grain; for die a Husband that has wit but with an Opinion thou art honest, and see who dares wash the colour out; Now your fool changes with every drop, dotes with confidence in the Morning and at Night, jealous even to Murther, and his Love (Lord help us) fades like my Gredaline Petticote.

*Baud.* This is a new Doctrine.

*Want.* 'Tis a truth; Wench, I have gain'd from my own Observations, and the Paradox will be maintain'd. Take wise Men from Cuckolds, and fools to make them; for your wise Man draws eyes and suspicion with his visit, and begets jealous thoughts in the Husband, that his Wife may be overcome with his parts; when the fool is welcome to both, pleaseth both, laughs with the one, and lies with the other, and all without suspicion; I tell thee, a fool that has money is the Man. The wits and the we's, which is a distinct Parreal of Wit bound by it self, and to be sold at *Wit-hall*, or at the sign of the Kings-head in the Butchery; these wise things will make twenty jealous, ere one Man a Cuckold; when the family of fools will head a Parish ere they are suspected.

*Baud.* Well, I see one may live and learn; and if he be but as good at it now, you are his own; as he was, when he was your Friends Friend, (as they call it) you have got one of the best hid-ers of such a business in the Town; Lord, how he would Sister you at a Play!

*Want.* Faith, tis as he is us'd at first; if he get the bridle in's teeth he'll ride to the Devil; but if thou beest true, we'll make him amble ere we have done; the Plot is here, and if it thrive I'll alter the Proverb, The Parson gets the Children, to, the Parson Fathers them.

*Baud.*



*Band.* Any thing that may get Rule; I love to wear the Breeches.

*Want.* So do we all, Wench; Empire? 'tis all our aim; and I'll put my ranting Roger in a Cage but I'll tame him; he loves already, which is an excellent Ring in a fools nose, and thou shalt hear him sing.—

Happy onely is that Family, that shewes

A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows.

*Band.* Do this, I'll serve you for nothing; the impetuous slave had wont to taunt me for beating of my Husband, and would sing that song in mockery of me.

*Want.* In Revenge of which, thou (if thou wilt be faithful) shalt make him sing.

Happy is that Family that shewes

A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows. [Exeunt]

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Enter* Parson, Love-all, and Faithfull.

*Love-all.* **G**O, you are a naughty Man; do you come hither to rail against an honest Gentleman? I have heard how you fell out, you may be asham'd on't, a Man of your Coat.

*Parf.* What? to speak Truth and perform my Duty? the world cries out you are a scab'd sheep, and I come to tarri you, that is, give you notice how your Fame suffers ith' opinion of the world.

*Love-all.* My Fame, Sirrah? 'tis purer then thy Doctrine, get thee out of my house.

*Faithf.* You uncivil fellow, do you come hither to tell my Lady of her fault, as if her own Levite could not discern 'em?

*Love-all.* My own Levite? I hope he's better bred then to tell me of my faults.

*Faithf.* He finds work enough to correct his dearly beloved sinners.

*Parf.* And the Right Worshipfull my Lady, and your self, they mend at leasure.

*Love-all.* You are a saucy fellow, Sirrah, to call me Sinner in my own house; get you gone with----your Madam, I hear, and (Madam) I could advise, but I am loath to speak; take heed, the world talkes, and thus with dark sentences put my Innocence into a fright, with you know what you know good Mistrefs Faithfull; so do I, and the world shall know too thou hast married a Whore.

*Parf.* Madam, a Whore?

*Faith.* No, Sir, 'tis not so well as a Madam-whore, 'tis a poor Whore, a Captains cast Whore.

*Love-all.* Now blefs me, marry a Whore? I wonder any Man can endure those things, what kind of Creatures are they?

*Parf.* They'r like Ladies, but that they are handsomer; and though you take a priviledge to injure me, yet I would advise your Woman

man to tie up her Tongue, and not abuse my Wife.

*Love-all.* Fie, art thou not asham'd to call a Whore, Wife? Lord bless us; what will not these men do when God leaves them! But for a Man of your Coat to cast himself away upon a Whore, come Wench, let's go and leave him! I'll swear, 'tis strange, the State doth not provide to have all Whores hang'd or drown'd.

*Faithf.* I, and 'tis time they look into it, for they begin to spread so, that a man can scarce find an honest woman in a Country; they say, they're voted down now, 'twas mov'd by that charitable Member that got an Order to have it but five miles to *Croyden*, for ease of the Market-women.

*Love-all.* I, I, 'tis a blessed Parliament.

[*Exit Love-all and Faithful.*]

*Parf.* That I have plaid the fool, is visible; this comes of rashness; something I must do to set this right, or else she'll hate, and he'll laugh at me, I must not lose him, and my revenge too, something that's mischief, I am resolv'd to do.

[*Exit Parf.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. V.

*Enter Wild and Careless.*

*Wild.* NOW is the *Parsons* Wife so contemptible?

*Carel.* No, but I'm so full of that resolution to dislike the sex, that I will allow none honest, none handsome; I tell thee, we must beat down the price with our selves, court none of 'em; but let their Maiden-heads and their Faces lie upon their hands, till they're weary of the commodity, then they'll haunt us to find proper Chap-men to deal for their ware.

*Wild.* I like this, but 'twil be long a doing, and it may be ere they be forc'd to sell, our bank will be exhausted, and we shall not be able to purchase.

*Carel.* I, but we'll keep a credit, and at three six moneths, thou and the Captain shall be my Factors.

*Wild.* You had best have a partner, else such an undertaking would break a better back then yours.

*Carel.* No partners in such commodities, your Factor that takes up Maiden-heads, 'tis upon his own accompt still.

*Wild.* But what course will you take to purchase this trade with women?

*Carel.* I am resolv'd to put on their own silence and modesty, answer forsooth, swear nothing but Gods nigs, and hold Arguments of their own cold Tenents, as if I believ'd there were no true love below the line, then sigh when 'tis proper, and with forc'd studies betray the enemy, who seeing my eye fix'd on her, her vanity thinks I am lost in admiration, calls and shakes me ere I wake out of my design, and being collected, answer out of purpose. Love, divinest? yes, who is it that is mortal and do's not, or which amongst all the Senate of the Gods, can gaze upon those eyes,



eyes, and carry thence the power he brought ? This will start her.

*Wild.* Yes, and make her think thee mad.

*Carel.* Why that's my design ; for then I start too, and rub my eyes, as if I wak'd, then sigh and strangle a yawn, 'till I have wrung it into tears, with which I rise, as if o'ecome with grief ; then kiss her hands, and let fall those witnesses of faith and love, brib'd for my design. This takes ; for who would suspect such a Devil as Craft and Youth to live together ?

*Wild.* But what kind of women do you think this will take ?

*Carel.* All kind of women, those that think themselves handsome ; it being probable, concludes it real ; and those that are handsome in their opinion, that small number will believe it, because it agrees with their wishes.

*Wild.* And when you are gone, it may be they sigh, and their Love breaks out into Paper, and what then ?

*Carel.* What then ? why then I'll laugh, and shew thee their Letters, and teach the world how easie 'tis to win any woman.

*Wild.* This is the way, and be sure to dislike all, but her you design for ; be scarce civil to any of the sex besides.

*Carel.* That's my meaning, But to her that I mean my prey, all her slave ; she shall be my Deity ; and her opinion my religion.

*Wild.* And while you sad it thus to one, I'll talk freer then a privileged'd fool, and swear as unreasonably as losing Gamesters, and abuse thee for thinking to reclaim a woman by thy love, call them all bowls thrown that will run where they will run, and Lovers like fools run after them, Crying, Rub, and fly, for me ; I believe none fair, none handsome, none honest, but the kind.

*Carel.* We must make the Captain of our Plot, lest he betray us ; this will gain us some revenge upon the Lovers to whom I grudge the Wenches, not that I believe they're worth half the cost they pay for them ; and we may talk, but 'tis not our opinion can make them happier, or miserable.

[Enter Jolly.

*Wild.* Jolly, Will, where hast thou been ? We had such sport with the Parson of our Town, he's married this morning to Wanton.

*Joll.* Who ? the Captains Wench ? he's in a good humor then ; as you love mirth, let's find him, I have news to blow his rage with, and 'twill be mirth to us, to see him divided betwixt the several causes of his anger, and lose himself in his rage while he disputes, which is the greater ; your opinion, Gentlemen ; is this, or his Wench, the greater loss ?

*Carel.* What hast thou there ? Pearl ! they're false, I hope.

*Joll.* Why do you hope so ?

*Carel.* Because I am thy friend, and would be loath to have thee hang'd for stealing.

*Joll.* I will not swear they are honestly come by ; but I'll be sworn, there's neither force nor theft in't.

*Wild.* Prithee, speak out of Riddles, here's none but your ends.

*Joll.* Faith, take it, you have heard the Captain brag of an old Lady,

Here he pulls  
out the Pearl.

Lady, which he thinks he keeps close in a Box ; but I know where hangs a key can let a friend in, or so : From her, my brace of worthies, whose wits are dull'd with plenty, this morning, with three good words, and four good deeds, I earn'd this toy.

*Carel.* The mirth yet, we will all share ; I am in pain -till we find him, that we may vex his wit that he presumes so much on.

*Wild.* Let's go, let's go, I will desire him to let me see his Wench ; I will not understand him if he says she's gone.

*Carel.* I'll beg of him, for old acquaintance sake, to let me see his old Lady.

*Joll.* Heark, I hear his voice.-----

*Capt.* Which way ?

*Carel.* The Game plays it self ; begin with him, *Ned*, while we talk, as if we were busie, we'll take our Q.

*Wild.* When I put off my hat.

[Enter Capt.

*Capt.* 'sBlood, I thought you had been sunk, I have been hunting you these four hours. Death, you might ha left word where you went ; and not put me to hunt like *Tom Fool*, 'tis well you are at *London*, where you know the way home.

*Wild.* Why in choler ? We have been all this while searching you ; come, this is put on to divert me for claiming your promise, I must see the Wench.

*Capt.* You cannot a dad, a dad you cannot.

*Wild.* I did not think you would have refus'd such a kindness.

*Carel.* What's that ?

*Wild.* Nothing, a toy, he refuses to shew me his Wench.

*Carel.* The Devil he do's ; what have we been thus long Comrades, and had all things in common, and must we now come to have common Wenches particular ? I say, thou shalt see her, and lye with her too, if thou wilt.

*Joll.* What ? in thy dumps, Brother, call to thy aid thy two edged wit ; the Captain sad ? 'tis prophetick, I'de as live have dreamt of Pearl, or the loss of my teeth ; yet if he be musty, I'll warrant thee, *Ned*, I'll help thee to a bout ; I know his Cloak, his long Cloak that hides her ; I am acquainted with the Parson, he shall befriend thee.

*Capt.* 'Tis very well, Gentlemen ; but none of you have seen her yet ?

*Wild.* Yes, but we have, By thy self, by thy anger, which is now bigger then thou ; By chance we crost her, coming from Church, leading in her hand the Parson, to whom she swore she was this day married.

*Joll.* And our friendships were now guiding us to find thee out, to comfort thee after the treachery of thy Levite.

*Capt.* Come, bear it like a man, there are more Wenches, What hast thou spy'd ?----

*Wild.* His Pearl, I believe.

*Capt.* Gentlemen, I see you are merry ; I'll leave you ; I must go a little way, to enquire about a business.

*Wild.* Has got a fore-eye, I think.

*Capt.* I will only ask one Question, and return.

*Carel.*

He gives no answer, but peeps on Jollies hat.



Carel. No faith, stay, and be satisfy'd.

Joll. Do, good Brother, for I believe there is no question that you now would ask, but here's an Oracle can resolve you.

Capt. Are those Pearl true?

Joll. Yes?

Capt. And did not you steal them?

Joll. No.

Carel. Nor he did not buy them with ready money; But took them upon Mortgage of himself to an old Lady.

Joll. Dwelling at the sign of the Buck in *Broad-street*; are you satisfy'd, or must I play the Oracle still?

Capt. No, no, I am satisfied.

Joll. Like Jealous men, that take their wives at it, are you not?

Capt. Well, very well, 'tis visible, I am abus'd on all hands; But Gentlemen, why all against me?

Carl. To let you see your Wit's mortal, and not proof against all.

Wild. The *Parson* hath shot it through with a Jest.

Capt. Gentlemen, which of you, faith, had a hand in that?

Joll. Faith, none; onely a general Joy, to find the *Captain* overreach'd.

Capt. But do you go sharers in the Profit, as well as in the Jest?

Joll. No faith, the Toy's mine own.

Capt. They are very fine, and you may afford a good peny worth, will you sell them?

Joll. Sell them? I, where's a Chapman?

Capt. Here, I'll purchase them.

Joll. Thou? No, no, I have barr'd thee, By and Mayn, for I am resolv'd not to fight for them; that excludes thy purchase by the sword; and thy wench has prov'd such a loss, in thy last Adventure of Wit, that I'me afraid, it will spoil thy credit that way too.

Capt. Gentlemen, as a Friend, let me have the refusal, set your price.

Wild. Hee's serious.

Carel. Leave fooling.

Joll. Why, if thou could'st buy them, what would'st thou do with them.

Capt. They're very fair Ones, let me see them, me-thinks they should match very well with these.

Joll. These, which?

Omnes. Which?

Carel. They are true.

Capt. Yes, But not earn'd with a pair of stoln verses, of, I was not born till now, this my first night, and so forsooth; nor given as a Charm against lust.

Carl. What means all this?

Joll. What? why 'tis truth, and it means to shame the Divel; by this good day, he repeats the same words with which I gather'd these Pearls.

Wild. Why then we have two to laugh at.

*Carel.* And all Friends hereafter, let's fool altogether.

*Capt.* Gentlemen with the fine Wits, and my very good Friends do you, or you, or he think I'll keep you Company, to make you laugh, but that I draw my honey from you too?

*Carel.* Come, come, the *Captain's* in the right.

*He reads the Letter.*

*Capt.* Yes, yes, the *Captain* knows it, and dares tell you, your Wit, your Fortune, and his Face, are but my Ploughs; and I would have my fine Mounseieur know, who, in spite of my Counsel, will be finer then his Mistriss, and appears before her so curiously built she dares not play with him for fear of spoiling him; and to let him know the truth I speak, To his fair hands I present this letter, but withal give him to understand, the Contents belong to me.

*Wild.* The Pearl are sent to me.

*Capt.* I deny that, unless you prove you sent me; for the Letter begins, Sir, this noble Gentleman, the bearer, whom you are pleas'd to make the messenger of your love, and so forth; And now you should do well to enquire for that noble Gentleman, and take an Account of him how he has lay'd out your Love, and it may be he'll return you Pearl for it; and now Gentlemen, I dare propose a peace, at least a Cessation of Wit (but what is defensive) till such time as the Plot which is now in my head be effected, in which you have all your shares.

*Wild.* So she knows I have not the Pearl, I am content.

*Capt.* She'll quickly find that, when she see's you come not to night, according to my appointment, and hear's I have sold the Pearl.

*Joll.* Here then ceaseth our Offensive War.

*Capt.* I'll give you Counsel worth two Ropes of Pearl.

*Carel.* But the Wench, how came the *Parson* to get her?

*Capt.* Faith 'tis hard to say which labour'd most, he, or I, to make that Match; but the knave did well; There it is (if you assist) I mean to lay the Scene of your mirth to night, for I am not yet fully reveng'd upon the Rogue; for that I know him miserable is nothing, till he believe so too; *Wanton* and I have lay'd the Plot.

*Joll.* Do you hold Correspondence?

*Capt.* Correspondence? I tell thee the plots we lay'd to draw him on would make a Comedy, [Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* Sir, the Ladies stay Dinner.

*Joll.* And as we go I'll tell you all the story, and after Dinner, be free from all Engagements, as we promis'd thee; and follow but your directions, I'll warrant you mirth and a pretty Wench.

*Omnes.* Agreed, any thing that breeds mirth is welcome.

*Joll.* Not a word at the Widows, let them go on quietly, and steal their Wedding too.

*Capt.* I heard a Bird sing, as if it were concluded amongst the Couples.

*Wild.* They have been long about it; my Couze is a girl deserves more haste to her Bed, he has arriv'd there by Carriers Journeys.

*Carel.* But that I hate wooing; by this good day, I like your Aunt,



Aunt so well and her humour she should scarce be thrown away upon Pale-face, that has sigh'd her into a Wedding Ring, and will but double her Joynture.

*Capt.* Why I, thus it should be, pray let us make them the Seat of the war all Dinner, and continue united and true among ourselves, then we may defie all forreign danger.

*Joll.* And with full Bowles let us crown this peace, and sing,  
*Wit, without war, no Mirth doth bring.* *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Parson and Wanton.*

*Want.* **W**As she deaf to your report?

*Parf.* Yes, yes.

*Want.* And ugly, her *Abigail*, she had her say too?

*Parf.* Yes, yes.

*Want.* And do you walk here biting your Nayls: do you think I'll be fatisfy'd with such a way of righting me?

*Parf.* What would't have me do?

*Want.* Have you no Gall? be abus'd and laugh'd at by a dull Captain, that a strict Muster would turn Fool? you had Wit, and could rail, when I offended you, and none so suddain, none so terrible, none so sure in his Revenge, when I displease you.

*Parf.* Something I'll do.

*Want.* Do it then, or I shall curse that e're I saw you Death, let the sign of my Lady, an out of fashion whore, that has pay'd for sin, ever since yellow starch and wheel Fardingales were cry'd down, let her Abuse me, and say nothing? if this passles.

*Parf.* As Christ blefs me, but I did (sweet heart:) and if it were not Church livings are mortal, and they are always hitting me in the teeth with a man of your Coat, she should find I am no Church man within, nor Mr. *Parson* but in my Coat; Come to Dinner, and after Dinner I'll do something.

*Want.* I shall do something will vex some body. [*Enter Baud.*

*Baud.* Will you please to come to Dinner? the Company stays.

*Parf.* Come, let's go in.

*Want.* No, I must walk a little to digest this breakfast, the guests else will wonder to see I am troubled.

*Parf.* Come, let this day pass in Mirth, spight of mischief, for lucks sake. [*Exit Parson.*

*Want.* I'll follow you, and do what I can to be merry.

*Baud.* Why, he stands already.

*Want.* Peace, let me alone, I'll make him Jostle, like the Millers Mare, and stand like the Dun Cow, till thou may'st milk him.

*Baud.* Pray break him of his miserableness, it is one of the chief Exceptions I have against him; he reared a puppy once, till it was ten days old, with three hap'worth of milk, and then with his own Dagger slew it, and made me dress it: blest my self to see him eat

*The Parson  
walks trou-  
bled up and  
down.*

it, and he bid me beg the Litter, and swore it was sweeter and wholsomer then sucking Rabbets, or *London Pigs*, which he call'd *Belmens* issue.

*Parson calls within. Why sweet heart.* *Want.* Heark, he calls me, we must humour him a little, he'll rebell else.

## ACT. II. SCEN. VII.

*Enter (at the windowes) the Widow and Master Careless, Mistress Pleasant and Master Wild, Captain, Master Sad, Constant, Jolly, Secret, a Table and Knives ready for Oysters.*

*Wid.* **Y**ou're welcome all, but especially Master *Jolly*; no reply, with I thank your Ladyship.

*Pleas.* I beseech you, Sir, let us never be better acquainted.

*She speaks to Master Jolly* *Jolly.* I shall endeavour, Lady, and fail in nothing that is in my power to dis-oblige you; for there is none more ambitious of your ill Opinion then I.

*Pleas.* I rejoyce at it, for the less Love, the better welcome still.

*Wid.* And as ever you had an ounce of Love for the Widow, be not Friends among your selves.

*Wild.* Aunt, though we were at strife when we were alone, yet now we unite like a Politick State against the common Enemy.

*Pleas.* The common Enemy, what is that?

*Wild.* Women, and Lovers in general.

*Wid.* Nay, then we have a party Niece, claim; quickly, now is the time, according to the Proverb; Keep a thing seven years, and then if thou hast no use on't throw't away.

*Pleas.* Agreed, let's challenge our Servants; by the Love they have profes'd, they cannot in honour refuse to joyn with us; and see where they come.——

*Enter Sadd and Constant, and meet Secret, she whispers this to Sadd.*

*Secret.* Sir, tis done.

*Sadd.* Be secret and grave, I'll warrant our design will take as we can wish.

*Const.* Sweet Mistress *Pleasant*.

*Wid.* Servant *Sadd*.

*Sadd.* Madam.

*Wid.* We are threatened to have a War wag'd against us, will you not second us?

*Sadd.* With these youths we'll do enough, Madam.

*Widd.* I'll swear my Servant gave hit for hit this morning, as if he had been a Master in the Noble Science of Wit.

*Pleas.* Mine laid about him with spik and span new Arguments, not like the same Man, his old sayings and Presidents laid by.

*Wid.* Thus arm'd, then, we'll stand and desie them.

*Wild.* Where's your Points, sure Aunt, this should be your Wedding



Wedding day, for you have taken the Man for better for worse.

*Wid.* No, Nephew, this will not prove the day that we shall either give or take a Ring.

*Carel.* Hang me, if I know you can go back again with your Honour.

*Wild.* Or in Justice refuse him Liberty, that has serv'd out his time; either marry him or provide for him, for he is maim'd in your service.

*Wid.* Why Servant *Sadd*? you'll arm; my Nephew has thrown the first dart at you.

*Capt.* Haft hit, haft hit?

*Wild.* No, Captain, 'twas too wide.

*Capt.* Too wide? Marry he's an ill Marks-man that shoots wider then a Widow.

*Jolly.* We are both in one hole, Captain; but I was loath to venture my Opinion, lest her Ladyship should think I was angry; for I have a good mind to fall upon the Widow.

*Pleas.* You're a constant Man, Master *Jolly*; you have been in that mind this twelve-months day.

*Const.* You are in the right, Madam; she has it to shew under his hand, but she will not come in the List with him again; she threw him the last year.

*Wid.* Come, shall we eat Oysters? Who's there? call for some Wine, Master *Jolly*; you are not warm yet, pray be free, you are at home.

*Jolly.* Your Ladyship is merry.

*Wid.* You do not take it ill, to have me assure you you are at home here?

*Wild.* Such another invitation (though in jest) will take away Master *Sadd*'s stomach.

*Sad.* No, faith, *Ned*, though she should take him, it will not take away my stomach; my Love is so fix'd I may wish my wishes, but she shall never want them to wait upon hers.

*Oysters not brought in yet.*

*Pleas.* A Traytor, bind him, has pull'd down a side; profess your Love thus publick?

*Jolly.* I by my faith, continue Master *Sadd*, give it out you Love, and call it a new Love, a Love never seen before, we'll all come to it as your Friends.

*Sadd.* Gentlemen, still I Love; and if she to whom I thus sacrifice will not reward it, yet the worst Malice can say, is, I was unfortunate and misfortunate; not false made me so.

*Jolly.* In what Chapter shall we find this written, and what verse? you should preach with a Method, Master *Sadd*.

*Wid.* Gentlemen, if ever he spoke so much dangerous sence before (either of Love or Reason) hang me.

*Sad.* Madam, my Love is no news where you are; Know, your scorn has made it publick; and though it could gain no return from you; yet others have esteemed me for the Faith and Constancy I have pay'd here.

*Pleas.* Did not I foretell you of his Love? I foresaw this danger, shall

shall I never live to see Wit and Love dwell together ?

*Capt.* I am but a poor Souldier, and yet never reach'd to the Honour of being a Lover ; yet from my own observations, Master *Sadd*, take a Truth ; 'tis a folly to believe any Woman loves a Man for being constant to another, they dissemble their hearts onely ; and hate a Man in Love worse then a Wencher.

*Jolly.* And they have Reason ; for if they have the grace to be kind, he that loves the Sex may be theirs.

*Carel.* When your constant Lover, if a Woman have a mind to him, and be blest with so much grace to discover it ; He, out of the noble mistake of Honour hates her for it, and tells it perchance, and preaches Reason to her Passion, and cries, miserable Beauty, to be so unfortunate as to inhabit in so much frailty.

*Capt.* This counsel makes her hate him more then she lov'd before ; These are troubles, those that love are subject to, while we look on and laugh, to see both thus slav'd while we are free.

*Carl.* My prayers still shall be, Lord deliver me from Love.

*Capt.* 'Tis Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Sword, and sometimes sudden death.

*Sadd.* Yet I love, I must love, I will love, and I do love.

*Capt.* In the present tense.

*Wid.* No more of this Argument, for Loves sake.

*Capt.* By any means, Madam, give him leave to love, and you are resolv'd to walk tied up in your own Armes, with your Love as visible in your Face, as your Mistresses colours in your Hat ; that any Porter at *Charing-Cross* may take you like a Letter at the Carriers, and having read the superscription, deliver Master *Sadd* to the fair hands of Mistress or my Lady such a one, lying at the sign of the hard heart.

*Pleas.* And she, if she has wit (as I believe she hath) will scarce pay the Post for the Pacquet.

*Wid.* Treason, how now Niece, joyn with the Enemy ?

*They give the  
Captain  
Wine.*

*Capt.* A health, *Ned*, what shall I call it ?

*Carel.* To Master *Sadd*, he needs it that avowes himself a Lover.

*Sadd.* Gentlemen, you have the Advantage, the Time, the Place, the Company ; But we may meet when your wits shall not have such advantage as my Love.

*Pleas.* No more of Love, I am so sick on't.

*Const.* By your Pardon, Mistress, I must not leave Love thus unguarded, I vow my self his follower.

*Jolly.* Much good may Love do him, give me a Glas of Wine here ; *Will*, let them keep company with the blind Boy, give us his Mother, and let them preach again ; hear that will, he has good luck, perswades me 'tis an ugly sin to lie with a handsome Woman.

*Capt.* A pox upon my Nurse, she frighted me so when I was young with stories of the Devil, I was almost fourteen ere I could prevail with Reasons to unbind my Reason, it was so slav'd to Faith and Conscience ; she made me believe Wine was an evil spirit,



rit, and Fornication was like the Whore of *Babylon*, a fine face, but a Dragon under her Pety-coats; and that made me have a mind to peep under all I met since.

*Wid.* Fie, fie, for shame, do not talk so; are you not ashamed to glory in sin, as if variety of women were none.

*Joll.* Madam, we do not glory in Fornication; and yet I thank God, I cannot live without a woman.

*Capt.* Why, do's your Ladiship think it a sin to lye with variety of handsome women? if it be, would I were the wicked'st man in the company.

*Pleas.* You have been mark'd for an indifferent sinner; that way Captain.

*Capt.* Who I? No faith, I was a fool, but and I were to begin again, I would not do as I have done, I kept one; but if ever I keep another, Hang me; nor would I advise any friend of mine to do it.

*Joll.* Why, I am sure 'tis a provident and safe way; a man may always be provided and sound.

*Pleas.* Fie upon this discourse.

*Capt.* Those considerations betrayed me, A pox; it is a dull sin to travel, like a Carriers-horse, always one Road.

*Wid.* Fie, Captain, repent for shame, and Marry.

*Capt.* Your Ladiship would have said, Marry, and repent; No, though it be not the greatest pleasure, yet it is better then marrying; for when I am weary of her, my unconstancy is term'd vertue, and I shall be said to turn to grace. Beware of women, for better for worse; for our wicked nature, when her sport is lawful, cloyes straight; therefore, rather then Marry keep a Wench.

*Joll.* Faith, he is in the right, for 'tis the same thing in number and kind; and then the sport is quickned, and made poynant with sin.

*Capt.* Yet 'tis a fault, faith, and I'll perswade all my friends from it; especially here where any innovation is dangerous; 'twas the newness of the sin that made me suffer in the opinion of my friends; and I was condemned by all sorts of people; not that I sinn'd, but that I sinn'd no more.

*Carel.* Why I, hadst thou been wicked in fashion, and privily lain with ev'ry body, their guilt would have made them protect thee; so that to be more wicked is to be innocent at least safe; A wicked world, Lord help us.

*Capt.* But being particular to her, and not in love, nor subject to it, taking an Antidote ev'ry morning, before I venture into those infectious places where Love Beauty dwells; this enraged the Maiden Beauties of the Time, who thought it a prejudice to their Beauties to see me careless, and securely pass by their conquering eyes; my name being found amongst none of those that deckt their Triumphs. But from this 'tis easie to be safe, for their Pride will not let them love, nor my leisure me. Then the old Ladies that pay for their pleasures; they, upon the news, beheld me with their natural frowns, despairing when their money could not prevail;

vail ; and hated me when they heard that I for my pleasure would pay as large as they.

*Joll.* Gentlemen, take warning ; a Fee from ev'ry man ; For by this day, there's strange counsel in this confession.

*Wid.* Captain, you forget to pledge Mr. *Careless* ; here, will you not drink a cup of wine, who's there ? Bring the Oysters.

*Capt.* Yes, Madam, if you please.

*Wild.* Proceed, *Captain*.

*Pleas.* Fie, Mr. *Wild*, are you not asham'd to encourage him to this filthy discourse.

*Capt.* A glass of wine then ; and I'll drink to all the new married Wives that grieve to think, at what rate their Fathers purchase a little husband. These when they lie thirsting for the thing they paid so dear for. [Enter a Servant with Oysters.

*Carel.* These, methinks, should be thy friends, and point thee out as a man for them.

*Capt.* Yes, till the faithful Nurse cries ; Alas, Madam, he keeps such a one, he has enough at home ; then she swells with envy and rage against us both, calls my Mistress ugly, common, unsafe ; and me, a weak secure fool.

*Joll.* These are strange truths, Madam.

*Wid.* I, I, but these Oysters are a better jest.

*Capt.* But she's abus'd that will let such reason tame her desire, and a fool in Loves School ; else she would not be ignorant that variety is such a friend to love, that he which rises a sunk coward from the Ladies bed would find new fires at her Maids ; nor ever yet did the man want fire, if the woman would bring the fuel.

*Pleas.* For Gods sake, leave this discourse.

*Wid.* The Captain has a mind we should eat no Oysters.

*Wild.* Aunt, we came to be merry, and we will be merry, and you shall stay it out ; Proceed Captain.

*Wid.* Fie Captain, I'm asham'd to hear you talk thus : Marry, then you will have a better opinion of women.

*Capt.* Marry ! yes, this knowledge will invite me, it is a good encouragement, is it not think you ? What is your opinion ? were not these Marriages made in Heaven ? By this good day, all the world is mad, and makes haste to be fool'd, but we four : And I hope there's none of us believes there has any Marriages been made in Heaven, since *Adam*.

*Joll.* By my faith, 'tis thought the Devil gave the Ring there to.

*Wid.* Nephew, I'll swear I'll be gone.

He points to  
Sadd.

*Capt.* Hold her, *Ned*, she goes not yet ; there's a fourth kind of women that concerns her more than all the rest, *Ecce signum* ---- She is one of those who, cloathed in Purple, triumph over their dead husbands ; these will be caught at first sight, and at first sight must be caught ; 'tis a Bird that must be shot flying, for they never sit ; if a man delay they cool, and fall into considerations of Joynture, and friends opinion ; in which time, if she hears thou keep'st a Wenck, thou had'st better be a Beggar in her opinion ; for then her Pride, it may be, would betray her to the vanity of setting up a proper  
man



man; (as they call it) but for a Wencher no Argument prevails with your Widow; for she believes they have spent too much that way, to be able to pay her due benevolence.

*Wid.* As I live, I'll be gone if you speak one word more of this uncivil subject.

*Joll.* Captain, let me kiss thy cheek; for that Widow; you understand this, Widow? I say no more; Here Captain; here's to thee; as it goes down, A pox of care.

*Wid.* Jesus! Mr. *Jolly*, have you no observations of the Court, that are so affected with this of the Town?

*Const.* Faith, they say, there's good sport there, sometimes.

*Pleas.* Mr. *Jolly* is afraid to let us partake of his knowledge.

*Joll.* No faith, Madam.

*Capt.* By this drink, if he stay till I have eaten a few more, I'll describe it.

*Joll.* What should I say, 'tis certain the Court is the bravest place in the Kingdom, for sport, if it were well lookt to, and the Game preserved fair; But as 'tis, a man may sooner make a set in the *Strand*. And it will never be better, whilst your *divine Lovers* inhabit there.

*Carel.* Let the King make me Master of the Game.

*Capt.* And admit us Laiety-lovers.

*Joll.* I would he would; for as 'tis, there's no hopes amongst the Ladies; besides, 'tis such an example to see a King and Queen good, Husband and Wife, that to be kind will grow out of fashion.

*Capt.* Nay, that's not all, for the women grow malicious, because they are not courted; nay, they bred all the last mischiefs, and call'd the Kings chastity a neglect of them.

*Joll.* Thou art in the right; An *Edward*, or a *Harry*, with *seven Queens in Buckram*, that *Haught* among the men, and *Stroakt* the women, are the Monarchs they wish to bow to; they love no tame Princes, but *Lyons* in the Forest.

*Capt.* Why, and those were properly call'd the Fathers of their People, that were indeed akine to their Nobility; now they wear out their youth and beauty, without hope of a monumental Ballad, or Trophee of a Lie-bell that shall hereafter point at such a Lord, and cry that is the royal Son of such a one.

*Joll.* And these were the ways that made them powerful at home; for the City is a kind of tame Beast; you may lead her by the horns any whither, if you but tickle them in the ear sometimes. Queen *Beß*, of famous memory, had the trick on't; and I have heard them say, *In Eighty eighty*, er'e I was born, as well I can remember, she rode to *Tilbury* on that bonny Beast, the Mayor.

*Capt.* I would I might counsel him; I'de so reform the Court.

*Carel.* Never too soon; for now, when a stranger comes in, and spies a Covey of a Beauties, would make a Faulconer unhood, before he can draw his Leash he is warn'd that's a markt Partridge; and that, and ev'ry he, has by their example a particular she.

*Wild.* By this light, the six fair Maids stand like the Working-days in the Almanack; one with A scored upon her breast, that is

as much to say, I belong to such a Lord ; the next with B for an elder Brother ; C for such a Knight ; D posselt with melancholy, and at her breast you may knock an hour er'e you get an answer, and then she'l tell you there's no lodging there ; she has a constant fellow Courtier that has taken up all her heart to his own use : in short, All are dispos'd of, but the good Mother ; and she comes in like the Sabbath, at the weeks end, and I warrant her make any one rest that comes at her.

*Carel.* I marry ; but if she were like the Jews Sabbath, it were somewhat ; but this looks like a Broken Commandment, that has had more work done upon her, then all the week besides.

*Capt.* And what think you, is not this finely carryed ? you that are about the King, counsel him, if he will have his sport fair, he must let the Game be free, as it has been in former Ages ; then a stranger that has wit, good means, and handsome cloaths, no sooner enters the privy Chamber, and beat about with three graceful legs, but he spring a Mistress that danc'd as well as he, Sung better, as free as fair ; those at first sight could speak, for wit is always acquainted : These fools must be akin er'e they can speak ; and now the friends make the bargain, and they go to Bed er'e they know why.

*Joll.* Faith, he's in the right, you shall have a Buzzard now hover and beat after a pretty Wench, till she is so weary of him she's forc'd to take her Bed for covert, and find less danger in being truss'd then in flying.

*Capt.* And what becomes of all this pudder, after he has made them sport for one night, to see him towse the Quarry, he carries her into the Country, and there they two fly at one another till they are weary.

*Carel.* And all this mischief comes of Love and Constancy ; we shall never see better days till there be an Act of Parliament against it ; Enjoyning Husband not to Till their Wives, but change and lay them fallow.

*Joll.* A pox, the women will never consent to it ; they'l be till'd to death first.

*Wid.* Gentlemen, you are very bold with the sex.

*Capt.* Faith, Madam, it is our care of them ; why you see they are married at fourteen, yield a Crop and a half, and then dye, 'tis meerly their love that destroys'em ; for if they get a good husbandman, the poor things yield their very hearts.

*Pleas.* And do you blame their loves, Gentlemen ?

*Joll.* No, not their love, but their discretion ; let them love, and do, a Gods name ; but let them do with discretion.

*Wild.* But how will you amend this ?

*Joll.* Instead of two Beds and a Physitian ; I'de have the State prescribe two Wives and a Mistress.

*Wild.* Ho ! it will never be granted ; the State is made up of old men, and they find work enough with one.

*Joll.* We will petition the lower House, there are young men, and (if it were but to be factious) would pass it, if they thought the



the upper house would Cross it; Besides, they ought to do it, Death! they provide against cutting down Old Trees, and preserving high-ways and Post-horses, and let pretty Wenches run to decay?

*Carel.* Why may it not come within the Statute of Depopulation? As I live, the State ought to take care of those Pretty creatures; Be you Judge, Madam; Is't not a sad sight to see a rich young Beauty, with all her Innocence and Blossoms on, subject to some rough rude Fellow, that ploughs her; and esteems and uses her as a chattel, till she is so lean, a man may finde as good Grass upon the Common, where it may be shee'le sit coughing with sunk Eyes, so weak that a Boy (with a Dog) that can but whistle, may keep a score of them?

*Wid.* You are strangely charitable to Our Sex, on a sudden.

*Capt.* I know not what they are; but for my part, I'll be a Traytor ere I'll look on, and see Beauty go thus to wrack; it is enough, custom has made us suffer them to be enclos'd; I am sure, they were created common, and for the use of Man; and not intended to be subject to jealousy and choler, or to be bought or sold; or let for term of lives or years, as they are now, or else sold at Out-crys; Oh! Yes; who'le give most take her.

*Wid.* Why do not some of you, Excellent men, Marry, and mend all these Errours, by your good Example?

*Joll.* Because we want Fortunes, to buy rich wives, or keep poor ones, and be loath to get Beggars, or whores, as well as I love 'em.

*Pleas.* Why, are all their Children so that have no fortune think you?

*Joll.* No, not all; I have heard of *Whittington* and his Cat, and others, that have made Fortunes by strange means; But I scarce believe my Son would rise from Hope, a half peny, and a Lambs-skin; And the Wenches commonly having more Wit & Beauty then Money, foreseeing small Portions, grow sad, and read Romances, till their Wit spie some unfortunate merit like their own. without money too, and they two sigh after one another, till they grow mysterious in Colours, and become a Proverb for their constancy; and when their Love has worn out the cause, marry in the end a new Couple, then grown asham'd of the knowledge they so long hunted, at length part, by consent; and vanish into *Abigail* and Governour.

*Wid.* Well Gentlemen, Excuse me for this One time; and if ever I invite you to Dinner again, punish me with such another discourse, in the mean time let's go in and dine, meat stays for us. [*Exe. Omnes.*]

*Capt.* Faith Madam, we were resolved to be merry; We have not met these three years till to day, and at the Bear we meant to have din'd; and since your Ladyship would have Our Company, you must pardon Our humour; here Mistris *Sadd*, here's the Widows health to you.

## A C T. III. S C E N. I.

*Enter all from Dinner.*

*Wid.* Nephew, how do you dispose of your self this afternoon?

*Wild.* We have a design we must pursue, which will rid you of all this troublesome Company; and wee'l make no Excuse, because you peeped into our privacies to day.

*Carel.* Your humble servant, Ladies; Gentlemen, wee'l leave you to pursue your fortunes. [Exit Carel.]

*Joll.* Farewel Widow, may'st thou live unmarried till thou run'st away with thy self. [Exit Jolly.]

*Capt.* No, no, When that day comes, Command the humblest of your Servants. [Exit Captain.]

*Wild.* Farewel Aunt; sweet Mistris *Pleasant*, I wish you good fortune. [Exit Wild.]

*Wid.* Farewel, farewel Gentlemen; Niece, now if we could be rid of these troublesome Lovers too, we would go see a Play.

*She speaks  
aside.*

*Pleas.* Rid of them? Why, they are but now in season; as I live, I would do as little to give mine content as any she in Town, and yet I do not grudge him the happiness of carrying me to a Play.

*Wid.* I, but the world will talk, because they pretend; and then we shall be sure to meet my Nephew there, and his wil'd Company, and they will laugh to see us together.

*Pleas.* Who will you have? *Tym* the Butler, or *Formal* your Gentleman Usher? I would take *Philip* the foreman of the shop assoon.

*Wid.* Let's mask our selves, and take *Secret*, and go alone by water.

*Pleas.* Yes, and follow her like one of my Aunts of the Suburbs; it is a good way to know what you may yield in a Market; for I'll undertake, there are those shall bid for you before the play will be done.

*Secret.* As I live, Madam, Mistris *Pleasant* is in the right; I had such a kindness offer'd me once, and I came to a price with him in knavery; and hang me, if the Rogue was not putting the earnest of his affection into my hand.

*Wid.* Let's go to the Glas-house then.

*Pleas.* I'll go to a Play with my Servant, and so shall you; hang Opinion, and wee'll go to the Glas-house afterwards, it is too hot to Sup early.

*Secret.* Pray Madam go, they say 'tis a fine Play, and a Knight writ it.

*Pleas.* Pray let *Secret* prevail, I'll propose it to the Lovers; in the mean time go you, and bid the Coachman make ready the Coach.

*(Secret whispers Sodd, 'twill take.)*

*Secret.* Alas, Madam, hee's sick, poor fellow, and gone to bed, he could not wait at Dinner.

*Wid.* Sick?

*Pleas.*



*Pleas.* Why, see how all things work for the young men, either their Coach, or a Foot; Mr. *Constant*, what think you of seeing a Play this afternoon? is it not too hot to venture, this Infectious time?

*Const.* Fie, Madam, there's no danger, the Bill decreas'd Twenty last week.

*Sad.* I swear, they say, 'tis a very good Play to day.

*Wid.* Shall we go, Niece?

*Pleas.* Faith 'tis hot, and there's no body but we.

*Sadd.* Do's that hinder? pray Madam, grudge us not the favour of venturing your self in Our company.

*Wid.* Come, leave this Ceremony, I'll go in, and put on my Mask; *Secret* shall bring you yours;

*Pleas.* No, I'll go, and put it on within. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*Enter Wild, Careless, Captain and Jolly.*

*Carel.* BY this day, you have netled the Widow.

*Wild.* The *Captain* neglected his dinner for his mirth, as if he had forgot to eat.

*Joll.* When did he see his drinking so?

*Capt.* Gentlemen, it is my fortune to make your worships Merry.

*Wild.* As I like you, *Captain*, I subscribe, and am content to hold my wit as Tenant to you; and to night I'll invite you to Supper, where it shall be lawful to speak till thou has victual'd thy Man of War.

*Capt.* Shall we be merry? what shall we have?

*Wild.* Here are more dishes of meat, choose them your self.

*Capt.* Please me then the Chines fry'd, and the Salmon Calver'd, a Caper and black sawce, Red-Deer in the blood, and an Assemblage of Woodcocks, and Jack-snipes, so far you would think they have winding Sheets on; And upon these, as their Pages, let me wait your Sufflex Wheat-Ear, with a Feather in his Cap; and all which let our Countrey-man, General Chyne of Beef, command: I hate your French pottage, that looks as the Cook had more hand in it then the Cook.

*Wild.* I'll promise you all this.

And let me alone to Cook the Fish.

You Cook it? No; no, I left an honest fellow in Town, went into *Italy*, Signiour *Ricardo Ligones*, one of the ancient of the Armenian Ambassadors; if he be alive he shall be your Cook.

*Wild.* Is he so Excellent at it?

*Capt.* Excellent? You shall try, you shall try; Why, I tell you, I him once dress a shooing-horn, and a Joyners apron, that the company left Pheasant for it.

*Wild.* A Shooing-horn?

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Yes, a shooin-horn; marry, there was Garlick in the Sawce.

*Wild.* Is this all you would have?

*Capt.* This, and a Bird of Paradise, to entertain the rest of the night, and let me alone to Cook her.

*Wild.* A Bird of Paradise, what's that?

*Capt.* A Girl of Fifteen, smooth as Satten, White as her Sunday Apron, Plump, and of the first down: I'll take her with her guts in her Belly, and warm her with a Countrey dance or two, then pluck her, and lay her dry betwixt a couple of sheets; There pour into her so much oyl of Wit as will make her turn to a man, & stick into her heart three corns of whole love, to make her taste of what she is doing, then having strewed a man all over her, shut the door, and leave us, wee'll work our selves into such a Sauce as you can never surfeit on, so Poynant and yet no Hogough; Take heed of a hogough, your Onion and woman make the worst sawce; This shook together by an English Cook (for your French seasoning spoils many a woman) and there's a Dish for a King.

*Wild.* For the first Part, I'll undertake.

*Capt.* But this for Supper; *Capt.* No more of this now; This afternoon, as you are true to the Pettycoat, observe your Instructions, and meet at *Neds* house in the Evening.

*Omnes.* We will not fail.

*Capt.* I must write to *Wanton*, to know how things stand at home, and to acquaint her how we have thrived with the Old Lady to day.

*Wild.* Whither will you go to write?

*Capt.* To thy house, 'tis hard by, there's the Fle ece.

*Joll.* Do, and in the mean time I'll go home and dispatch a little business, and meet you.

*Wild.* Make haste then.

*Joll.* Where shall I meet you?

*Wild.* Whither shall we go till it be time to attend to the design.

*Carel.* Let's go to Court for an hour.

*Joll.* Do, I'll meet you at the Queens side.

*Wild.* No, prithee, we are the Mounseurs new come Over; and if we go fine they will laugh at Us, and think we believe Our selves so; if not, then they will abuse our cloaths, and swear we went into France onely to have our cloaks cut shorter.

*Carel.* Will you go see a Play?

*Capt.* Do, and thither I'll come to you, if it be none of our Gentlemen Poets, that excuse their writings with a Prologue that professes they are no Schölar.

*Joll.* On my word this is held the best penn'd of the time, and he has writ a very good Play; By this Day, it was extreemly applauded.

*Capt.* Do's he write Plays by the day; Indeed a man would ha judged him a labouring Poet.

*Joll.* A Labouring Poet? by this hand hee's a Knight; upon my recommendation venture to see it; hang me if you be not extreemly well satisfied.

*Carel.*



*Carel.* A Knight and write Playes? it may be, but 'tis strange to us; so they say there are other Gentlemen Poets without Land or Latine; this was not ordinary; prithee when was he knighted?

*Jolly.* In the North; the last great knighting, when 'twas Gods great Mercy we were not all Knights.

*Wild.* I'll swear, they say, there are Poets that have more Men in Liveries, then Books in their studies.

*Capt.* And what think you, Gentlemen, are not these things to start a Man? I believe 'tis the first time you have found them lie at the sign of the Page, Foot-men and gilded Coaches; They were wont to lodge at the thin Cloak, they and their Muses made up the Family; And thence sent Scenes to their Patrons, like Boyes in at windowes, and one would return with a Dublett, another with a pair of Breeches, a third with a little ready Money; which, together with their credit with a company, in three Tearms you rarely saw a Poet repaired.

*Jolly.* This truth no body denies.

*Wild.* Prithee let us resolve what we shall do, lest we meet with some of them: for it seemes they swarm, and I fear nothing like a Dedication, though it be but of himself; For I must hear him say more then either I deserve or he believes; I hate that in a Poet, they must be dull, or all upon all Subjects; so that they can oblige none but their Muse.

*Jolly.* I perceive by this you will not see the Play; what think you of going to *Sims*, to *Bowles*, till I come?

*Carel.* Yes, if you will go to see that Comedy; but there is no reason we should pay for our coming in, and Act too; like some whose interest in the Timber robs them of their Reason, and they run as if they had stolne a Byass.

*Wild.* Resolve what you will do, I am contented.

*Carel.* Let's go walk in the Spring-garden.

*Wild.* I'll do it for Company, but I had as live be rid in the Horse-market, as walk in that fools faire; where neither wit nor money is, nor sure to take up a Wench; there's none but honest Women.

*Capt.* A pox on't, what should we do there? let's go and cross the Field to *Pikes*, her kitching is cool Winter and Summer.

*Carel.* I like that motion well, but we have no time, and I hate to do that business by halfe; after Supper, if you will, we'll go and make a night on't.

*Capt.* Well, I must go write, therefore resolve of somewhat; shall I propose an indifferent place where 'tis probable we shall all meet.

*Omnes.* Yes.

*Capt.* Go you before to the Devil, and I'll make haste after.

*Carel.* Agreed, we shall be sure of good Wine there and in *Fresco*, for he is never without *Patent snow*.

*Wild.* Patent snow, what doth that project hold?

*Jolly.* Yes, faith, and now there is a Commission appointed for Toasts against the next Winter.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Marry, they are wise, and fore-saw the Parliament, and were resolv'd their Monopolies should be no grievance to the People.

*Capt.* Farewell, you will be sure to meet.

*Omnes.* Yes, yes.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. III.

*Enter Wanton and her Maid, with her lap full of things.*

*Wwant.* **B**Id them ply him close and flatter him, and rail upon the Bold Lady and the Captain; and, do you hear, give him some hints to begin the story of his life, do it handsomely, and you shall see how the Sack will clip his tongue.

*Maid.* I warrant you, I'll fit him.

*Wwant.* When he is in his discourse, leave him and come down into the Parlour, and steal away his box with the false Rings that stands by his bed-side; I have all his little Plate here already.

*Maid.* Make you haste, I'll warrant you I'll dress him. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Enter the Captain with a Letter in his hand, and his Boy to him with a Candle, his going to write the superscription.*

*Boy.* **S**IR, the Lady *Love-all* passed by even now.

*Capt.* The Lady *Love-all*? which way went she.

*Boy.* To the rich Lady the Widow, where your Worship dined.

*Capt.* 'Tis no matter; here, carry this Letter, and bring an answer to the Devil quickly; and tell her we'll stay there till the time be fit for the design. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. V.

*Enter Careless, Wild, and a Drawer, at the Devil.*

*Careless.* **J**ack, How goes the world? Bring us some bottles of the best Wine.

*Drawer.* You shall, Sir; your Worship is welcome into England.

*Carel.* Why look you, who says a *Drawer* can say nothing, but anan, anan, Sir? score a quart of Sack in the half-moon.

*Draw.* Your Worship is merry; but I'll fetch you that, Sir, shal speak Greek, and make your Worship prophecy, you drank none such in your journey.

*Gives him an Angel.*

*Wild.* Do it then, and make a hole in this Angell thou maist creep through; who is't that peepes, a Fidler? Bring him by the Ears. [*Enter the Taylor that pipes.*]

*Taylor.* A Taylor, an't like your Worship.

*Carel.*



*Carel.* A Taylor ? hast thou a stout Faith ?

*Taylor.* I have had , an't like your Worship ; But now I am in despair.

*Carl.* Why then thou art damn'd ; go, go home, and throw thy self into thine own Hell, it is the next way to the other.

*Taylor.* I hope your Worship is not displeas'd.

*Carel.* What dost do here ? a *Taylor* without faith, dost come to take measure of ours ?

*Taylor.* No, I come to speak with one Master *Jolly*, a Courtier, a very fine spoken Gentleman , and a just Compter, but one of the worst pay-masters in the world.

*Vvild.* As thou lov'st me, let's keep him here till he comes, and make him valiant with Sack that he may urge him till he beates him ; we shall have the sport, and be reveng'd upon the Rogue for dunning a Gentleman in a Tavern. *Aside.*

*Carel.* I'll charge him : Here drink, poor fellow, and stay in the next room till he comes.

*Taylor.* I thank your Worship, but I am fasting ; and if it please your Worship to call for a dozen of Manchets that I may eat a crust first, then I'll make bold with a glass of your Sack.

*Vvild.* Here, here, drink in the mean time, fetch him some bread.

*Taylor.* Will your Worship have me drink all this vessel of Sack ?

*Carel.* Yes, yes, off with't, 'twill do you no harm.

*Vvild.* Why do you not take some Order with that *Jolly* to make him pay thee ? *The Taylor drinks.*

*Taylor.* I have petition'd him often, but can do no good.

*Carel.* A pox upon him, petition him, his heart is hardned to ill, threaten to arrest him ; nothing but Serjeant can touch his Conscience.

*Taylor.* Truly, Gentlemen, I have reason to be angry, for he uses me ill , when I ask him for my money. *Jolly speaks within.*

*Jolly.* Where is Master *Vvild*, and Master *Careless* ?

*Taylor.* I hear his voice.

*Jolly.* Let the Coach stay. How now, who would he speak with ? *[Enter Jolly.]*

*Vvild.* Do not you know ?

*Jolly.* Yes, and be you Judge if the Rogue does not suffer deservedly ; I have bid him any time this twelve moneth but send his wife, and I'll pay her, and the Rogue replies, no body shall lie with his wife but himself.

*Carel.* Nay, if you be such a one.

*Taylor.* No more they shall not, I am but a poor man.

*Jolly.* By this hand, he's drunk.

*Taylor.* Nay then, I arrest you in mine own Name at his Majesties Suit.

*Vvild.* As I live, thou shalt not beat him.

*Jolly.* Beat him ? I'll kiss him, I'll pay him, and carry him about with me, and be at the charge of Sack to keep him in the humour.

*Taylor.* Help, rescue, I'll have his body, no Bayle shall serve. *He hugs the quart pot.*

*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, yonder is a Gentleman would speak with you ; I do not like his followers.

*Joll.* What are they, Bailiffs ?

*Drawer.* Little better.

*Joll.* Send him up alone, and stand you ready at the Stairs feet.

*Carel.* How can that be ?

*Joll.* It is the Scrivener at the Corner, pick a Quarrel with him for coming into our Company ; the Drawers will be armed behind them, and we will so rout the Rascals ; take your swords, and let him sleep.

*Carel.* What Scrivener ?

*Joll.* *Cropp* the Brownist, he that the Ballad was made on.

*Carel.* What Ballad ?

*Joll.* Have not you heard of the Scriveners Wife that brought the Black-moore from the holy Land, and made him a Brownist ; and in pure charity lay with him, and was deliver'd of a Mag-Pie ; a pied Prophet ; which when the elect saw, they prophesied, if it liv'd, 'twould prove a great enemy to their Sect ; for the Mid-wife cri'd out, 'twas born a Bishop, with Tippet and white-sleeves ; at which the zealous Mother cri'd, Down with the Idoll ; so the Mid-wife and she in pure devotion kill'd it.

*Wild.* Kill'd it ? what became of them ?

*Joll.* Why, they were taken and condemn'd, and suffer'd under a Catholick Sheriff, that afflicted them with the Letany all the way from *New-gate* to the Gallows, which in Rog'ry he made to be set up Altar-wise too, and hang'd them without a Psalm.

*Wild.* But how took they that breach of Priviledge ?

*Joll.* I know not, *Gregory* turn'd them off, and so they descended, and became Brown-martyrs.

*Wild.* And is the husband at door now ?

*Joll.* Yes, yes, but he's married again to a rich Widow at *Wapping*, a Wench of another temper, one that you cannot please better then by abusing him ; I always pick quarrels with him, that she may reconcile us, the peace is always worth a dinner, at least. Hark, I hear him. ----- Save you Mr. *Cropp*, you are come in the nick to pledge a health.

*Crop.* No, Sir, I have other business, shall I be paid my money, or no ?

*Jolly drinks.* *Joll.* Yes.

*Crop.* Sir ?

*Joll.* You asked whether you should be paid your money, or no, and I said, Yes.

*Crop.* Pray, Sir, be plain.

*Carel.* And be you so, Sir ; how durst you come into this Room, and company, without leave ?

*Crop.* Sir, I have come into good Lords company, er'e now.

*Carel.* It may be so, but you shall either fall upon your knees, and



and pledge this health, or you come no more into Lords companies, no, By these hilts.

*Crop.* 'Tis Idolatry ; Do, martyr me, I will not kneel, nor joyn in sin with the wicked. *They tug him and make him kneel.*

*Joll.* Either kneel, or I'll tear thy Cloak, which by the age and looks, may be that which was writ for in the time of the Primitive Church.

*Crop.* Pay me, and I'll wear a better ; it would be honestlier done, then to abuse this, and prophane the Text ; a Text that shews your Bishops in those days wore no Lawn-sleeves ; and you may be asham'd to protect him that will not pay his debts ; The cries of the Widow will come against you for it.

*Joll.* Remember, Sirrah, the dinners and suppers, fat Venison and good words, I was fain to give you, Christning your Children still, by the way of Brokadge ; count that charge, and how often I have kept you from fining for Sheriff, and thou art in my debt ; then I am damn'd for speaking well of thee so often against my conscience, which you never consider.

*Crop.* I am an honest man, Sir.

*Joll.* Then ushering your wife, and Mistrefs *Ugly* her daughter, to Plays and Masques at Court ; you think these courtesies deserve nothing in the hundred ; 'tis true, they made room for themselves with their dagger Elbows ; and when *Spider* your daughter laid about her with her breath, the Devil would not have sat neer her.

*Crop.* You did not borrow my money with this language.

*Joll.* No, Sirrah ; then I was fain to flatter you, and endure the familiarity of your family, and hear (nay fain sometimes to joyn in) the lying praises of the holy Sister that expir'd at *Tyburn*.

*Crop.* Do, abuse her, and be curst ; 'tis well known she dy'd a martyr ; and her blood will be upon some of you, 'tis her Orphans money I require ; and this is the last time I'll ask it, I'll find a way to get it. *He offers to go, and Jolly stays him.*

*Joll.* Ar't serious ? By that light, I'll consent, and take it for an infinite Obligation if thou wilt teach the rest of my Creditors that trick ; 'twill save me a world of labour ; For, hang me if I know how to do't.

*Crop.* Well, Sir, since I see your resolution, I shall make it my business.

*Carel.* Prithee, let's be rid of this fool.

*Crop.* Fool ? let him pay the fool his money, and he'l be gone.

*Joll.* No, Sir, not a farthing ; 'twas my business to borrow it, and it shall be yours to get it in again ; nay, By this hand, I'll be feasted too, and have good words ; nay, thou shalt lend me more ere thou get'st this again.

*Crop.* I'll lay my Action upon you.

*Joll.* Your Action you Rogue, lay two.

*Carel.* Lay three for Battery ; What have we here ? a she Creditor too ? who would she speak with ? *They kick him and thrust him out the room.*

*Enter Faithful, Wild and Careless return and meet her.*

*Wild.* She looks as if she had trusted in her time.

*Carel.* Would you speak with any here, old Gentlewoman?

*Faithf.* My business is to Mr. *Jolly*.

*Carel.* From your self, or are you but a Messenger?

*Faithf.* My business, Sir, is from a Lady.

*Carel.* From a Lady? from what Lady, pray? Why so coy?

*Faithf.* From a Lady in the Town.

*Carel.* Hoh! hoh! from a Lady in the Town; Is it possible I should have guest you came from a Lady in the Suburbs, or some Country-madam, by your riding face? *[Enter Jolly again.]*

*Joll.* I think we have routed the Rascals. *Faithful?* what makes thy gravity in a Tavern?

*Faithf.* Sport, it seems, for your saucy companions.

*Joll.* Ho, ho, Mull, ho; No Fury, *Faithful*.

*Faithf.* 'Tis well, Sir; my Lady presents her service to you, and hath sent you a Letter, there's my business.

*Carel.* Prithee, who is her Lady?

*Joll.* The Lady Love-all.

*Carel.* Oh, oh, do's she serve that old Lady? God help her.

*Faithf.* God help her: Pray for your self, Sir, my Lady scorns your prayers.

*Joll.* *Faithful*, come hither; Prithee is thy Lady drunk?

*Faithf.* Drunk, Sir?

*Joll.* I, drunk, or mad, she'd never writ this else; she requires me, here, to send back by you the Pearl she gave me this morning; which sure she'd never do if she were sober; for you know, I earn'd them hard.

*Faithf.* I know? What do I know? you will not defame my Lady, will you?

*Carel.* By no means, this is by way of counsel; fie, give a thing, and take a thing; if he did not perform, he shall come at night, and pay his scores.

*Faithf.* 'Tis well, Sir; is this your return for my Ladies Favours? shall I have the Pearl, Sir?

*Joll.* No; and tell her 'tis the opinion of us all, he that opens her stinking Oyster is worthy of the Pearl.

*Faithf.* You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, Sirrah; and I shall live to see you load a Gallows, when my Lady shall find the way to her own again.

*Joll.* If she miss, there are divers can direct her, you know; adieu, *Faithful*, do you hear? steal privately down by the back-door, lest some knavish Boy spie thee, and call thine age, Baud.

*[Exit Faithful.]*

*Carel.* Prithee, who is this thing?

*Joll.* 'Tis my Ladies Waiting-woman, her Baud, her she Confessor, her self at second hand; her beginning was simple and below stairs, till her Lady finding her to be a likely promising Baud; secret



cret as the Key at her Girdle, obedient as her thoughts, those virtues rais'd her from the flat Peti-coat, and Kercher, to the Gotget and Bum-roll ; and I remember 'twas good ; sport at first, to see the Wench perplext with her Metamorphosis ; she since has been in love with all the Family, and now sighs after the Levite ; and if he forsake her too, I prophesie, a Waiting-womans curse will fall upon her, to dye old, despis'd, poor, and out of fashion. [Enter Capt.

*Capt.* Why do you not hang out a painted cloath ? and take two pence a piece, and let in all the tame fools at door, those sons of wonder that now gape, and think you mad.

*Carel.* 'Tis no matter what they think ; madness is proper here ; are not Taverns *Bacchus* his Temples, the place of madness, Do's not the sign of madness hang out at the door ?

*Joll.* While we within possess our joys and cups, as full of pleasure as weeping *Niobe's* afflicted eyes were swell'd with grief and tears ; Blessing on the cause that made our joys thus compleat ; for see *Plutus* in our Pockets, *Mars* by our sides, *Bacchus* in our head, self-love in our hearts, and change of Virgins in our Arms, Beauties whose eyes and hearts speak love and welcome ; No rigid thinkers, no niggard beauties that maliciously rake up their fire in green sickness to preserve a spark that shall flame only in some dull day of Marriage ; let such swear and forswear, till (of the whole Parish) they love each other least, whilst we wisely set out our cobwebs in the most perspicuous places to catch these foolish flies.

*Carel.* He's in the right ; do'st think we retreated hither to beat a bargain for a score of Sheep, or dispute the legality of Votes, and weigh the power of Prerogative and Parliament, and club for concluding Sack, or read the Fathers here, till we grow costive, like those that have worn their suffering Elbows bare, to find a knowledge to perplex'em ? A pox on such brain-breaking thoughts ; avoid them, and take with me into thy hand a glass of eternal Sack, and prophesie the restauration of senses and, the fall of a Lover from grace, which our dear friend, Mr. *Jolly*, will prove to whom the Lady *Love-all* (by *Faithful* lately departed) sent for the Pearl you wot of.

*Capt.* But, I hope, he had the grace to keep them.

*Joll.* No, no ; I'm a fool, I.

*Capt.* Was not my Boy here ?

*Joll.* No, we saw him not.

*Capt.* A pox of the Rogue, he's grown so lasie.

*Wild.* Your Boy is come in just now, and call'd for the key of the back-door, there's women with him.

*Capt.* Oh ! that's well, 'tis *Wanton* ; I sent for her, to laugh over the story of the old Lady and her Pearl ; where have you been all this while, Sirrah ? [Enter Boy.

*Boy.* I could overtake the Coach, Sir, no sooner.

*Capt.* The Coach ? what Coach ?

*Boy.* The Lady *Love-alls*.

*Capt.* The Lady *Love-alls* ? why what had you to do with her Coach ?

*Boy.*

*Boy.* I went to give her the Letter your worship sent her.

*Capt.* The Letter ? what Letter ?

*Boy.* That your worship gave me.

*Capt.* That I writ, at *Neds* house, to *Wanton* ?

*Boy.* The Letter you gave me, Sir, was directed to the Lady *Love-all*, and she storm'd like a mad-woman at the reading of it.

*Carel.* Why, thou wilt not beat the Boy for thy own fault ? what Letter was it ?

*Capt.* 'Twas enough, only a relation of the Pearl, wherein she finds her self sufficiently abus'd to *Wanton*.

*Joll.* Now, Gentlemen, you have two to laugh at.

*Capt.* A pox of fooling, let's resolve what to do, there's no denying, for she has all the particulars under my hand.

*Boy.* You must resolve of something, for she's coming, and stay'd only till the back-door was open'd.

*Capt.* How did she know I was here ?

*Boy.* Your worship bad me tell her, you would stay here for her.

*Carel.* How came this mistake ?

*Capt.* Why, the Devil ought us a shame it seems. You know I went home to give *Wanton* an accompt how we advanc'd in our design ; and when I was writing the superscription, I remember the Boy came in and told me the Lady *Love-all* pass'd by.

*Joll.* And so, it seems, you in pure mistake directed your Letter to her.

*Carel.* Well, resolve what you'll do with her, when she comes.

*Capt.* Faith, bear it like men, 'tis but an old Lady lost ; lets resolve to desie her, we are sure of our Pearl ; but lest we prolong the war, take the first occasion you can all to avoid the room ; when she's alone, I'll try whether she'll listen to a composition.

*Joll.* Have you no friends in the close Committee ?

*Capt.* Yes, yes, I am an *Essex* man.

*Carel.* Then get some of them to move, it may be voted no Letter.

*Joll.* I, I ; and after 'tis voted no Letter, then vote it false, scandalous and illegal, and that is in it ; they have a president for it in the Danish packet, which they took from a foolish fellow, who presuming upon the Law of Nations, came upon an Embassie to the King without an Order, or Pass from both houses.

*Capt.* Hearn, I hear her coming. [Enter *Love-all* and *Faithf.*

*Love.* Sir, I received a Letter, but by what accident I know not ; for I believe it was not intended me, though the contents concern me.

*Capt.* Madam, 'tis too late to deny it ; is it peace or war you bring ? without dispute, if war, I hang out my defiance ; if peace, I yield my weapon into your hands.

*Love.* Are you all unworthy ? your whole sex falshood ? is it not possible to oblige a man to be loyal ? this is such a treachery no age can match ; apply your self with youth and wit to gain a Ladies love and friendship only to betray it ? was it not enough  
you



you commanded my fortune, but you must wrack my honour too, and instead of being grateful for that charity which still assisted your wants, strive to pay men with injuries, and attempt to make the world believe I pay to lose my fame? and then make me the scorn'd subject of your Whores mirth; Base and unworthy, do you smile, false one? I shall find a time for you too, and my vengeance shall find you all. *He smiles.*

*Faithf.* Yea, Sir; and you that had such a ready wit to proclaim my Lady, Whore and me Baud, I hope to see you load a Gallows for it.

*Capt.* Once again, is it peace or war?

*Love.* Peace? I'll have thy blood first, Dog; where's my Pearl?  
----You ought to right me, Sir, in this particular; it was to you I sent them. *She speaks to Wild.*

*Wild.* Madam, I sent not for them.

*Capt.* No more words; I have them, I earn'd them, and you paid them.

*Faithf.* You are a foul-mouth'd fellow, Sirrah.

*Love.* Peace, Wench, I scorn their slander, it cannot shake my honour; 'tis too weighty and too fixt for their calumny.

*Joll.* I'll be sworn for my part on't, I think it is a great honour; I am sure I had as much as I could carry away in ten nights, and yet there was no mis on't.

*Capt.* You? I think so; there's no mark of my work, you see, and yet I came after thee, and brought away loads would have sunk a Sedan-man.

*Wild.* By this relation she should be a woman of a great fame.

*Carel.* Let that consideration, with her condition, and her age, move some reverence, at least to what she was; Madam, I am sorry I cannot serve you in this particular. *[Exe. Joll. and Carel.]*

*Love.* I see all your mean-baseness, pursue your scorn; Come, let's go, Wench, I shall find some to right my fame; and though I have lost my opinion, I have gain'd a knowledge how to distinguish of Love hereafter; and I shall scorn you and all your Sex, that have not Soul enough to value a noble Friendship.

*Wild.* Pray, Madam, let me speak with you.

*Capt.* We'll have no whispering; I said it, and I'll maintain it with my sword. *[Enter Drawer.]*

*Drawer.* Sir, there's one without would speak with you?

*Capt.* With me?

*Drawer.* No, Sir, with Master Wild.

*Wild.* Madam, I'll wait upon you presently. *[Exit Wild.]*

*Capt.* Madam, I know my Company is displeasing to you, therefore I'll take my leave; *Drawer,* shew me another Room?

*Love-all.* Oh Faithfull, Faithfull; I am most miserably abus'd, and can find no way to my Revenge. *[Exit Captain. The Capt. makes a turn or two, they look at each other, then he goes out.]*

*Faithf.* Madam, I'll give them Rats-bane, and speedily too, ere they can tell; for that Rascall the Captain has a Tongue else, will proclaim you, and undoe your Fame for ever.

*Love-all.*

*Love-all.* I, I, my Fame, my Fame, *Faithfull* ; and if it were not for mine Honour, (which I have kept unstained to this minute) I would not care.

*Faithf.* This it is ; you will still set your affection upon every young thing ; I could but tell you on't.

*Love-all.* Who could have suspected they would have been so false in their Loves to me that have been so faithfull to them. -----  
*Honest Friend*, where is Master *Wild* ? [Enter *Drawer*.

*Drawer.* The other Gentlemen carried him away with them ?

*Love-all.* Are they all gone then ?

*Aside.*

*Drawer.* Yes, by this hand ; These Gentlemen are quickly fatisf'd ; what an ugly Whore they have got ! how she states it !

*Love-all.* Come, let's go Wench.

*She offers to go.*

*Drawer.* Mistress, who payes the reckoning ?

*Love-all.* What saies he ?

*Faithf.* He askes me, who payes the reckoning ?

*Love-all.* Who payes the reckoning ? why, what have we to do with the reckoning ?

*Drawer.* Shut the door, *Dick*, we'll have the reckoning before you go.

*Faithf.* Why, good-man sawce-box, you will not make my Lady pay for their reckoning, will you ?

*Drawer.* My Lady ? a pox of her Title, she'd need of something to make her pass.

*Faithf.* What do you say, Sirrah ?

*Drawer.* I say, the Gentlemen paid well for their sport ; and I know no reason why we should lose our reckoning.

*Love-all.* What do you take me for, my Friend ?

*Drawer.* In troth, I take you for nothing ; but I would be loath to take you for that use I think they made shift with you for.

*Faithf.* Madam, this is that Rascally Captains plot.

*Love-all.* Patience, Patience, oh for a bite at the slaves heart. Friend, mistake me not, my name is *Love-all*, a Lady ; send one along with me and you shall have your money.

*Drawer.* You must pardon me, Madam, I am but a Servant ; if you be a Lady pray sit in an Inner Room, and send home your Woman for the money ; The sum is six pounds, and be pleased to remember the Waiters.

*Love-all.* Go *Faithfull*, go fetch the money ; Oh Revenge, Revenge : shall I lose my Honour, and have no Revenge. [Exeunt omnes.]

## ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

*Enter Wanton, Captain, Careless and Wild.*

*Want.* **B**Y all that a longing Bride hopes for, which I am not, I am better pleas'd with this Revenge than mine own plot, which takes as I could wish ; I have so anointed my high Priests with Sack, that he would have confuted *Baal's* Priest ; and now he do's  
so



so slumber in his Ale, and calls to bed already, sweares the Sun is set.

*Capt.* Faith, Wench, her abusing of me made me leave her for the Reckoning.

*Carel.* Yes, faith, they have treated her upsey Whore lain with her, told, and then pawn'd her.

*Want.* Yes, yes, you are fine things; I wonder Women, can endure you; for me, I expect you worse, and am arm'd for't.

*Wild.* Faith let's send and release her, the jest is gone far enough; as I live, I pity her.

*Want.* Pity her? hang her, and rid the Country of her, she is a thing weares out her limbs as fast as her cloathes, one that never goes to bed at all, nor sleeps in a whole skin, but is taken to pieces like a Motion, as if she were too long; she should be hang'd for offering to be a Whore.

*Capt.* As I live, she is in the right; I peep'd once to see what she did before she went to bed; By this light, her Maids were dissecting her; and when they had done, they brought some of her to bed, and the rest they either pin'd or hung up, and so she lay dismembred till Morning; in which time, her Chamber was strew'd all over, like an Anatomy School.

*Want.* And when she travels any where she is transported with as great a care, and fear of spoiling, as a Juglers Motion, when he removes from Faire to Faire.

*Carel.* She is a right broken Gamester, who, though she lacks wherewithall to play, yet loves to be looking on.

*Enter Wantons Maid.*

*Baud.* He is awake, and calls for you impatiently, he would fain be in Bed, the Company is all gone.

*Want.* Are you instructed?

*Baud.* Let me alone, I'll warrant you for my part.

*Want.* Farewell then, you are all ready; who playes Master Constable?

*Capt.* I, I; and Ned Jolly the sumner.

*Want.* Farewell, farewell then.

*Exit Wanton and Baud.*

*Wild.* It is a delicate wench.

*Carel.* She has excellent flesh, and a fine face; by this light, we must depose the Captain from his reign here. *They whisper this.*

*Wild.* I like her shrewdly; I hate a wench that is all Whore and no Company; This is a Comedy all day, and a Faire at night.

*Carel.* I hope to exalt the Parsons horn here.

*Capt.* And what think you? is it not a sweet sin, this lying with another mans Wife?

*Want.* Is Jolly come

*Wanton above.*

*Capt.*

*Capt.* No, but he'll be here instantly.

*Wild.* Is he a bed?

*Want.* Yes, yes, and he sleeps as if he had been put to bed by his Sexton, with dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.

*Capt.* And we'll wake him with that shall be as terrible to him as the latter day.

*Want.* Let him sleep a while that he may be fresh, else the Jest is spoil'd; for it is his sense of his disgrace must work my Ends.

*Wild.* I'll go home then, and get supper ready, and expect you. [Enter Jolly.]

*Capt.* Do, Our Scene lies here; Who's there, Jolly?

*Joll.* Yes.

*Capt.* Are you fitted?

*Joll.* Yes, I have got the *Black-fryers* Musick; I was fain to stay till the last Act; and who do you think I saw there?

*Wild.* I know not.

*Joll.* Guess.

*Wild.* Prithee, I cannot guess.

*Joll.* Your Aunt and Mistriss *Pleasant*, and trusty *Secret*.

*Wild.* What man?

*Joll.* The Lovers onely, so close in a Box!

*Capt.* It will be a match, and there's an End; prithee let them go to't; what is't to Us, let's mind our busines now, and think on them hereafter.

*Want.* A pox upon them for a couple of Stauk-hounds; have they killed at last? Why, this is Fools fortune; it would be long enough ere one that has wit got such a wife.

*Capt.* No more of this now; have you borrowed the watchmens Coats?

*Joll.* Yes, and Bills, Beards, and Constables staff, and Lanthorn; and let me alone to fit him, for the Summer; But when this is done I expect my Fee, a Tythe Night at least; *Wanton*, I will lie with thee for thy Roguery; what are you dumb, you will not refuse me, I hope?

*Want.* Not, if I thought thou desiredst it; but I hate to have it desired indifferently, and but so so done neither when 'tis done.

*Joll.* I hope you will not disgrace my work, will you?

*Want.* Faith, they say thy pleasure lies in thy Tongue; and therefore, Though I do not give thee leave to lie with me, yet I will give thee as good a thing that will please thee as well.

*Joll.* Some Roguery I expected.

*Want.* No Faith, I am serious; and because I will please you both, Master *Wild* shall lie here, and you shall have leave to say you do, which will please you as well.

*Joll.* Faith, and my part is some pleasure, else, I have loved, enjoyed, and told, is mistook.

*Want.* I, but never to love, seldom enjoy, and always tell? Faugh, it stinks, and stains worse then *Shoreditch* durt, and women hate and dread men for't; Why, I that am a whore profess'd cannot see you, he digest it, though it be my Profit and Interest. For



to be a private whore in this Town starves in the nest like young Birds when the old one's kil'd.

*Carel.* Excellent Girl, 'tis too true *Jolly*; your tongue has kept, many a woman honest.

*Want.* Faith, 'tis a truth, this I shall say, you may all better your pleasures by, if you will observe it; I dare say, the fear of telling keeps more women honest than *Bridewell* Hemp; And were you wise men, and true Lovers of liberty, now were the time to bring wenching to that perfection no age could ever have hoped; now you may sow such seed of pleasure, you may be prayed for hereafter; Now, in this Age of zeal and Ignorance, would I have you four, in old cloathes, and demure looks, present a Petition to both Houses, and say, you are men touched in Conscience for your share in that wickedness which is known to their worships by the pleasure of Adultery, and desire it may be death, and that a Law may be pass'd to that purpose; How the women will pray for you, and at their own charges rear Statu's in memory of their Benefactors; the young and kind would then haunt your Chambers, Pray, and present you, and Court the Sanguine youth, for the sweet sin secur'd by such a Law; None would lose an Occasion, nor churlishly oppose kind Nature, nor refuse to listen to her summons, when youth and Passion calls for those forbidden sweets; when such security as your lives are at stake, who would fear to trust; with this Law all Oaths and Protestations are cancell'd; Letters and Bawdes would grow useles too; By instinct the Kind will find the Kind; and having one nature become of one mind; Now we lose an Age, to observe and know a mans humour, ere we dare trust him; But get this Law, then 'tis, like and enjoy; and whereas now, with expence of time and Fortune, you may glean some one Mistress amongst your neighbours wives, you shall reap women whole Armfulls as in the Common field; there is one small Town, wise onely in this Law; and I have heard them say, that know it well, There has been but one Execution this hundred years; yet the same party searched seven years, and could not find an honest woman in the Town.

*Carel.* An Excellent Plot, let us about it; Inke and Paper, dear *Wanton*, we will draw the Petition presently.

*Want.* Will Master *Jolly* consent too? You must not then, as soon as a handsome woman is named, smile, and stroak your Beard, tell him that is next you, you have layen with her; such a lie is as dangerous as a truth, and 'twere but Justice to have thee hang'd for a sin thou never committedst, for having defam'd so many women.

*Joll.* If all those Lyars were hang'd, I believe the scale would weigh down the guilty.

*Want.* One Rogue hang'd, for Example, would make a thousand kind Girls: If it take it shall be called my Law, *Wanton's* Law; Then we may go in Pettycoats again, for women grew imperious and wore the Breeches, only to fright the poor cuckolds, & make the Fools digest their Horns--- Are you all ready, shall I open the door?

*30* Capt. Yes.

Wild. I'll expect you at my house. [*Exit Wild one way, and the Omnes. Wee'l come, wee'l come. rest of the Company another.*]

*They knock within, and the Parson discover'd in his Bed and the Baud with him.*

Capt. So, knock lowder.

Parf. Who's there? what would you have?

Capt. Here's his Majesties Watch, and Master Constables Worship must come in; We have a warrant from the Lords to search for a Delinquent.

Parf. You come not here, I'll answer your warrant to morrow.

Joll. Break open the door.

Parf. I would you durst.

Baud. Lord! Dear what shall we do?

Parf. Why, sweet, I'll warrant you, art thou not my wife, my Rib, bone of my bone? I'll suffer any thing ere one hair of thee shall be touch'd.

Baud. Hearn, they break open the door.

Parf. They dare not; why dost thou tremble so? alas, sweet Innocence, how it shakes?

Capt. Break open the door.

Parf. I'll complain to the Bishop of this Insolence.

Baud. They come, they come, Lamb.

*\*He delivers the Warrant.*

Parf. No matter sweet; They dare not touch thee; what would you have Mr. Constable? you are very rude.

Capt. Read our Warrant, and our business will excuse us? do you know any such person as you find there?

Parf. Yes, Sir, but not by this name; such a woman is my wife, and no Lindabrides; we were married to day, and I'll justify her my wife the next Court day; you have your answer, and may be gone.

Joll. We must take no notice of such Excuses now; if she be your wife, make it appear in Court, and she will be delivered unto you.

Parf. If she be my wife Sir? I have wedded her and Bedded her, what other Ceremonies would you have? Be not afraid, sweet heart.

Joll. Sir, We can do no less then Execute our Warrant; we are but Servants; And, Master Constable, I charge you in the Kings Name to do your Duty; behold the body of the Delinquent.

*He takes his Dagger. Here they strive to take her out.*

Parf. Touch her that dares; I'll put my Dagger in him, fear nothing, sweet heart; Master Constable you'll repent this Insolence offerd to a man of my Coat.

Baud. Help, my dearest, will you let me be hal'd thus?

Parf. Villains, what will you do? Murther, Rape.

Capt. Yes, yes, 'tis likely; I look like a Ravisher.

Joll. Hold him, and wee'll do well enough with her.

Capt. What have we here, an old woman?

Parf. Let me go, slaves and Murtherers.

Capt. Let him go.

*As they go to pull her out of the Bed, they discover the Baud. When they let him go he turns to her, and holds her in his Arms.*

Joll. Do any of you know this woman? this is not she we look'd for.

Parf.



Parf. No? Rascal, that mistake shall not excuse you.

Joll. It is old Goodman what d'ye call him? his wife.

Capt. Hold the Candle, and let's see her face.

*When they hold the Candle, she lies in his bosom and his Arms about her; She must be as nastily dress'd as they can dress her; when he sees her he falls into a maze, and shoves her from him.*

Joll. What have were here, Adultery? take them both, here will be new matter.

Parf. Master Constable, a little Argument will perswade you to believe I am grossly abus'd; sure this do's not look like a piece that a man would sin to enjoy, let that then move your Pity, and care of my Reputation; consider my calling, and do not bring me to a publick shame for what you're sure I am not guilty of, but by plot of some Villains.

Baud. Dear, will you disclaim me now?

Parf. Oh, Impudence!

Joll. Master Constable, do your duty; take them both away, as you will answer it.

Capt. Give him his Cassock, to cover him.

Parf. Why Gentlemen, whither will you carry me?

Capt. To the next Justice, I think it is Master Wild, he is newly come from travel, it will be a good way, Neighbours, to express our Respects to him.

*They put on his Cassock, and her coat, and lead them away.*

Parf. No faith, Gentlemen, e'ne go the next way to Tybourn, and dispatch the business without Ceremony, for yee'll utterly disgrace me; this is that damn'd Captain; My wife is abroad too, I fear she is of the Plot.

Joll. Come, away with 'em.

Baud. Whither will they lead us, Dear?

Parf. Oh, oh, Impudence! Gentlemen, do not lead us together I beseech you.

Capt. Come, come, lead them together, no Ceremony's; your faults are both alike.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

A C T. IV. S C E N. II.

*Enter Wanton and Wild.*

Want. **Y**OU had best brag now, and use me like my Lady what'st ye call; But if you do I care not.

Wild. Come, y'are a Fool, I'll be a faithful Friend, and make good conditions for thee before thy husband be quit.

Want. You must do it now or never.

Wild. Hearn, heark, I hear them --- What's the news?

*Wild sits down with Wanton in his Lap.*

*Enter Captain, Jolly, Watch, Baud and Parson.*

Capt. We have brought a Couple of Delinquents before your Worship, they have committed a very foul fault.

Joll.

*Joll.* And we have brought the fault along too, that your Worship may see it, you will be the better able to judge of the offenders.

*Parf.* Ha ! What do I see ? my wife in Master Justices Lap ?

*Want.* What has the poor fellow done ?

*Capt.* Why Madam, he has been taken a Bed with this woman, anothers mans wife.

*Want.* In bed with her ? and do you raise him to punish him ? Master Constable, if you would afflict him, Command them to lie together again ; Is not the man mad ?

*Parf.* This is fine Roguery, I find who rules the roast.

*Wild.* Well, to the business ; you say, he was taken in bed with another mans wife.

*Capt.* Yes, and't like your Worship.

*Wild.* Make his Mittimus to the Hole at New-gate.

*Want.* Sure I have seen this Fellows face.---- Friend, have I never seen your face before ?

*Parf.* If I mistake not, I have seen one very like your Ladyships too, she was a *Captains* cast-whore in the Town. I shall have a time to be reveng'd.

*Wild.* How now, Sirrah ? are you threatning ? away with him.

*Capt.* I'll fetch a stronger Watch, Sir, and return presently.

*Wild.* Do, Master Constable, and give the poor Woman something, and set her free ; for I dare say 'twas his wickedness, she lookes like one that ne're thought on such a thing.

*Band.* God bless your Worship, I am innocent ; he never left making Love till I consented. [*Enter Captain in his own shape.*]

*Parf.* Oh miserable ! miserable !

*Capt.* How now, what's the news here ? my honoured Friend, and Master *Parson*, what makes you here at this time of night ? Why I should have thought this a time to have envy'd you for your fair Brides embraces, do you give these favours ? are these your Bride-laces ? It's a new way.

*Plays with  
the cord that  
bindes his  
Armes.*

*Parf.* Is it new to you ?

*Want.* How now Captain ?

*Capt.* *Wanton*, is this your plot to endear your Husband to you ?

*Parf.* No, 'tis thy plot, poor beaten *Captain*, but I shall be reveng'd.

*Capt.* Yes, faith, it was my plot, and I glory in't, to undermine my *Machiavell*, which so greedily swallowed that sweet bait that had this hook.

*Parf.* 'Tis well.

*Capt.* But my anger ends not here. Remember the base language you gave me, Son of a thousand Fathers, Captain of a tame band, and one that got my living by the long staffe-speeches ; for which, and thy former Treacheries, I'll ruine thee, Slave ; I'll have no more Mercy on thee, then old women on blind puppies ; I'll bring you to your Commendations in Latine Epistles again, nor leave thee any thing to live on, no, not Bread, but what thou earn'st by raking Gentlewomens names in Anagrams ; and Master Justice, if ever you'll oblige me, stand to me now, that I may procure the whipping of him from the Reverend Bench.

*Parf.*



*Parf.* I am undone.

*Wild.* I can do nothing but Justice, you must excuse me; I shall onely make it appear how fit it is to punish this kind of sin in that Coat in time, and to crush such serpents in the shels.

*Parf.* Mercy! Oh Mercy!

*They pull him away.*

*Wild.* Officers, away with him.

*Parf.* No Mercy?

*Want.* Yes, upon Conditions there may be some Mercy.

*The Parson looks very dejected.*

*Wild.* And these they are----let the watch stay in the r'other Roome----First, your Wife shall have her liberty, and you yours, as she reports of you; and when you bring her with you, you shall be welcome; then you shall not be jealous, that's another point.

[Exit Watch.]

*Capt.* That he shall have a Cure for----

*Want.* Yes, yes, I'll apply something to his Eyes shall cure him of his doubt.

*Wild.* Then you shall ask the *Captain* pardon and your Wife; to him you shall allow half your Parsonage to maintain her; The Deedes are ready within; if you'll sign them, and deliver your Wife to our use, she shall discharge you.

*Parf.* I submit, Sir, But I hope your Worship will desire no witness to the use of my Wife; The *Sumner* and the Watch too; I hope your Worship will enjoyn them silence.

*Want.* You shall not need to fear, I'll have a Care of your Credit; call in the Watch; Do you know these Faces? *She discovers them.*

*Parf.* Ha! abus'd?

*Jolly.* Nay, no flinching, if you do, I betake me to Master *Sumner* again.

*Capt.* And I become severe Master Constable in a trice.

*Parf.* No, no, I submit, and I hope we are all Friends; I'm sure I have the hardest part, to forgive.

*Want.* And I, before all this Company, promise to forget and forgive thee, and am content to take thee again for my dear and mortal Husband, now you are tame; but you must see you do so no more, and give your self to be blind; when it is not fit for you to see; and practise to be deaf; and learn to sleep in time, and find business to call you away when Gentlemen come that would be private.

*Capt.* Why so, now things are as they should be; and when you will obey, you shall command: But when you would be imperious, then I betake me to my Constables Staff 'till you subscribe. *Cedunt Armis Togæ*; and if it be false Latine, *Parson*, you must pardon that too.

*Jolly.* By this hand, I must have my Tythe-night with thee; thou art such a wag; say, when? when wilt thou give me leave? ha!

*Want.* Never.

*Jolly.* Never?

*Want.* No, never.

*Jolly.* D' ye hear, I am none of them that work for Charity; either resolve to pay, or I kick down all my Milk again.

*Want.*

*VVant.* What would you have?

*Jolly.* Give me leave to lie with you.

*VVant.* No indeed.

*Jolly.* No?

*VVant.* No; but rather then quarrell, as I said before, I will give you leave to say you have lain with me.

*Wild.* I am of opinion she owes you nothing now, so *Mistress Wanton*, take your Husband; and to remove all doubts, this night I'll be at the charge of a Wedding supper.

*Parf.* This is better then *Newgate* hole yet, *Bridewell* Hemp, brown bread and whip-cord. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

*Enter the Widow and Mistress Pleasant, Master Sad, and Master Constant.*

*VVid.* BY my troth, is was a good Play.

*Pleas.* And I am glad I am come home, for I am en'e as weary with this walking; For Gods sake whereabouts do's the pleasure of walking lie? I swear, I have often sought it till I was weary, and yet I could ne're find it.

*A watch at  
the Widows  
door.*

*Sadd.* What do these Halberds at your door?

*Wid.* Halberds, where?

*Sadd.* There, at your Lodging.

*Const.* Friend, what would those Watch-men have?

*VVatchm.* The house is shut up for the sickness this afternoon.

*Pleas.* The sickness?

*VVatchm.* Yes forsooth, there's a Coach-man dead full of the Tokens.

*Sadd.* Where is the Officer?

*VVatchm.* He is gone to seek the Lady of the House, and some other Company that din'd here yesterday, to bring her in, or carry her to the Pest-house.

*VVid.* Ha! What shall we do, Niece?

*Sadd.* If you please to command our Lodging.

*Pleas.* It will be too much trouble.

*VVid.* Let's go to *Love-all's*.

*Pleas.* Not I, by my Faith; it is scarce for our Credits to let her come to us.

*VVid.* Why? is she naught?

*Const.* Faith, Madam, her Reputation is not good.

*VVid.* But what shall we do then?

*Const.* Dare you adventure to oblige us?

*Wid.* Thank you Sir, We'll go to my Nephews at *Covent-Garden*; he may shift among his acquaintance.

*Pleas.* It was well thought on, the *Piazza* is hard by too.

*VVid.* We'll borrow your Coach thither, and we'll send it you back again fraite.

*Const.* We'll wait upon you, Madam.

*VVid.* This accident troubles me; I am heartily sorry for the poor Fellow. *Pleas.*



*Pleas.* I am forry too; but pray, Aunt, let us not forget our selves in our grief; I am not ambitious of a Red-cross upon the door.

*Const.* Mistress *Pleasant* is in the right; for if you stay the Officers will put you in.

*Wid.* We shall trouble you, Sir, for your Coach. [*Exe.omnes.*]

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

*Enter* Parson, Captain, Wild, Wanton, Careless and Jolly.

*Parf.* I Am reconcil'd; and will no longer be an uncharitable Church-man; I think this sack is a cooler.

*Capt.* What? do's it make you to see your error?

*Parf.* Yes, and consider my man of war; nor will I again dispute his Letters of Mart, nor call them Passes for Pyrates; I am free.

*Capt.* And welcome, any thing but anger is sufferable, and all is jest when you laugh; and I will hug thee for abusing me with thy eyes in their scabbards; but when you rail with drawn eyes, red and naked, threatening a Levites second revenge to all that touches your Concubine, then I betake me to a dark-lanthorn, and a Constables-staff, and by help of these Fathers whom I cite I prove my Text, women that are kind ought to be free.

*Parf.* But Captain, is it not lawful for us Shepherds to reclaim them?

*Capt.* A meer mistake; for sin like the Sea may be turned out, but will ne're grow less; and though you should drain this Mistress *Doll*, yet the Whore will find a place, and perhaps overflow some Maid, till then honest; and so you prove the author of a new sin, and the defiler of a pure Temple; therefore I say, while you live, let the Whore alone till she wears out; nor is it safe to vamp them, as you shall find, read *Ball* the first and the second.

*Wild.* No more discourse. Strike up Fidlers.

*Capt.* See, who's that knocks?

A Country-dance. { *When they are merry, singing Catches and drinking healths, the Wid. Mrs. Pleas. and the two Lovers knock at the door.*

*Serv.* Sir, 'tis Mistress *Pleasant*, and the two Gentlemen that din'd there to day.

*Wild.* My Aunt, and Mistress *Pleasant*.

*Joll.* What a pox makes them abroad at this time of night?

*Capt.* It may be, they have been a wenching.

*Serv.* Sir, they were upon alighting out of the Coach when I came up.

*Wild.* Quickly, Mrs. *Wanton*, you and your husband to bed, there's the Key; Mr. *Parson*, you know the way to the old Chamber, and to it quickly, all is friends now.

*Parf.* Sweet heart, we'll steal away.

*Want.* The Devil on them, they have spoyld our mirth.

[*Exit* Parson.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Jack, get you and your company down the back-way in-  
to the Kitchin, and stay there till we see what this Visit means.

[*Exeunt Fidlers.*]

*Capt.* Means ! What should it mean ? it is nothing but the mis-  
chievous Nature all honest Women are endu'd with, and natu-  
rally given to spoyle sport ; I wonder what Fart blew them hither  
to night.

*Wild.* Nay, have a little patience, Captain ; you and Mr. *Jolly*  
must sit quietly awhile within, till we know the cause.

*Capt.* It is but deferring our mirth for an hour, or so.

*Servant.* Sir, here's my Lady.

*Wild.* Quickly remove those things there : Captain ; step in  
there.---

[*Enter Widow, Pleasant, Sad and Constant.*]

*Wid.* Nephew, do you not wonder to see me here, at this time  
of night ?

*Wild.* I know it is not ordinary, therefore I believe 'tis some de-  
signe : what is it, Mrs. *Pleasant* ? Shall I make one ?

*Pleasant.* As I live, Sir, pure necessity ; neither mirth nor kind-  
ness hath beget this Visit.

*Carless.* What, is your Coach broke ?

*Widow.* Faith, Nephew, the truth is, the Sicknes is in my house,  
and my Coach-man dy'd since Dinner.

*Wild.* The Sicknes ?

*Pleasant.* I, as I live, we have been walking since the Play ;  
and when we came home we found the Watch at the door, and the  
house shut up.

*Sadd.* And a Constable gone in search of all those that dined  
there to day, with order to furnish us lodgings in the Pest-house.

*Wid.* Are you not afraid to receive us ?

*Wild.* As I live, the accident troubles me ; and I am sorry such  
a misfortune should beget me this favour ; and I could wish my  
self free from the honour, if the cause were removed too.

*Pleas.* As I live, Mr. *Wild*, I must have been forc'd to have lain  
with my servant to night, if you had not received me.

*Wild.* If I thought so, I would carry you out in my arms, I am so  
much Mr. *Constant*'s friend.

*Pleas.* But are you more his friend then mine, Mr. *Wild* ?

*Wild.* No, but I presume by this he has gain'd so much interest  
as he would not be very displeasing to you.

*Const.* Oh ! your humble servant, Sir.

*Pleas.* If I had had a mind to that lodging, I had ne're come hi-  
ther ; for when I have a mind to it, I'll marry without dispute ;  
for I fear no body so much as a husband ; and when I can conquer  
that doubt, I'll marry at a minutes warning.

*Wid.* No dispute now, can you furnish us with a couple of Beds ?

*Wild.* Yes, yes.

*Wid.* And have you er'e a woman in the house ?

*Wild.* My Sisters Maid is here.

*Carel.* Madam, if you resolve to do us this honour, you shall find  
clean linen, and your Beds quickly ready.

*Wid.*



*Wid.* But where will my Nephew and you, Sir, lie to night?

*Carel.* Oh, Madam, we have acquaintance enough in the Town.

*Wid.* Well, Sir, we'll accept this courtesie; and when you come into *Suffolk* you shall command my house.

*Wild.* Prithee call *Bess*, and bid her bring sheets to make the Bed; I'll go and fetch in a Pallet, 'tis as good a Bed as the other, and if you will stay the removing, we'll set up a Bed-stead.

*Pleas.* No, a Pallet, pray; but what shall we do for night cloathes, Aunt?

*Wild.* Why, what are those you bought my Sisters?

*Wid.* Is not that Linen gone yet?

*Carel.* No faith, Madam, his man forgot it, till the Carriers were gone last week.

*Wild.* Will that serve?

*Pleas.* Yes, yes; pray do us the favour to let us have it, 'tis but washing of't again.

*Wild.* Nay, if it will serve, discourse no more; I'll fetch the bundles; and prithee fetch the Combs and Looking-glasses I bought the other day; for other necessaries that want a name the wench shall furnish you with.

*Wid.* Nay, but where is she, Nephew?

*Wild.* I'll call her, if she be not gone to Bed; it is an ignorant young thing, I am to send her to my Sisters in the Country; I have had such ado to put her in the Fashion.

*Pleas.* What Country is she? Prithee, Mr. *Wild*, let's see her.

*Wild.* I'll call her down.

[Exit Wild.]

*Sadd.* Madam, now we see y<sup>e</sup> are safe we'll kiss your hands, and wait upon you to morrow.

*Wid.* It must be early then, Sir; for I shall borrow my Nephew's Coach, and be gone betimes into the Country to take a little fresh Air, and prevent the search.

*Const.* Pray, Madam, be pleased to command ours.

*Wid.* No, Sir, I humbly thank you; my Nephew's will hold our company.

*Const.* Your humble servant, Mistress *Pleasant*.

*Sadd.* Your servant, Madam.

*Pleas.* Good night, Mr. *Constant*.

*Wid.* Sir, you'll excuse us, we have no body here to light you down.

*Carel.* Madam, I am here your servant as much as those that wear your Livery; and this house holds no other; we can be civil, Madam, as well as extravagant.

*Wid.* Your humble servant, Mr. *Careless*.

*Carel.* Gentlemen, if you'll wait on my Lady to her Chamber, then I'll wait upon you down.

*Sadd.* You oblige us, Sir.

[Exeunt omnes.]

## ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

*Enter Wild, Captain, Wanton, Parson and Jolly.*

*Capt.* **T**He Plague?

*Wild.* The Plague; As I live, and all my relation is truth, every syllable; But, *Mrs. Wanton*, now must you play your master-piece; be sure to blush, and appear but simple enough, and all is well; thou wilt pass for as arrant a Chamber-maid as any is in the Parish.

*Parf.* Hum! new Plots?

*Capt.* Let me put on a Petti-coat and a Muffler, and I'll so Chamber-maid it, and be so diligent with the clean Smock and the Chamber-pot: now would I give all the Shooes in my Shop to lie with 'em both.

*Want.* Let me alone to fit them, I can make a scurvey Curt'sie naturally; remember, I am an *Essex* woman, if they ask.

*Wild.* Come, come quickly, take those Sweet-meats; bring the great Cake and Knife, and Napkins, for they have not supp'd; and Captain, make some *Lemonade*, and send it by the Boy to my Chamber; and do you hear, *Jolly*, you must stay till we come, for we must lie with you to night.

*Joll.* We'll stay, but make haste then.

*Capt.* And bring our Cloaks and Swords out with you.

*Wild.* I will, I will; but be quiet all.

*Parf.* Mr. *Wild*, I hope there is no Plot in this.

*Capt.* There's no jealousy, Mr. *Parson*; 'tis all serious upon my life.  
[*Exeunt omnes*, Come away with us.]

## ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

*The Tying-Room, Curtains drawn, and they discourse, his Chamber, two Beds, two Tables, Looking-glasses, Night-cloathes, Waste-coats, Sweet-bags, Sweet-meats and Wine, Wanton drest like a Chamber-maid; all above if the Scene can be so order'd.*

*Enter Widow and Mrs. Pleasant, Wild and Careless; the Widow and Mrs. Pleasant salute Wanton.*

*Wild.* **F**Aith, Aunt, 'tis the first time I have had the honour to see you in my house; and as a stranger I must salute you.

*Wid.* As I live, Nephew, I'me agham'd to put you to this trouble.

*Wild.* It is an obligation.---- *Mrs. Pleasant*, I know you have not supp'd; I pray you be pleas'd to taste these Sweet-meats, they are of *Salls* doing; but I understand not Sweet-meats, the wine I'll answer for; and, in a word, you are welcome: You are *Patrona*, and we your slaves.

*Carel.* Good rest, and a pleasing dream, your humble servant wishes you.  
*Wid.*



*Wid.* Good night, Nephew; good night, Mr. *Careless*.

*Pleas.* Good night, Mr. *Careless*; your humble servant, Mr. *Wild*.

[*Exeunt Wild and Careless.*]

*Wid.* Why I, here are men have some wit; By this good night, had we lain at my servants, we should have found the lac'd Cap and Slippers that have been entail'd upon the Family these five descents, advanc'd upon the Cup-boards-head instead of Plate.

*They sit down to undress them.*

*Pleas.* They are a couple of the readiest youths too; how they run and do all things with a thought! I love him for sending his Sister, a pretty wench.

*Wid.* Pray, let's go to bed; I am weary.

*Pleas.* You will not go to bed with all those windows open; sweet heart, prithee shut them, and bring me hither; ----- Dost understand me? As I live, 'tis a great while since I went to the Play.

*Wid.* It has been one of the longest days; a year of them would be an Age.

*Pleas.* Oh, do you grow weary; you'll break your Covenant ere the year go out.

*Wid.* Prithee, shut the windows, and come pin up my hair.

*The Curtains are closed.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Wild, Jolly, Careless, Captain and Parson, and Fiddlers, and one with a Torch, with their Cloaks and their Swords, putting them on. Enter Wilds man.*

*Wild.* SEE you wait diligently, and let them want nothing they call for; come shall we go? 'tis very late.

*Capt.* But how do's *Wanton* carry it?

*Wild.* They saluted her; and Mrs. *Pleasant* swore you might see the Country-simplicity in her Face.

*Parf.* A pox upon her, crafty Gypsie.

*Capt.* Why, art not thou glad to see she can be honest when she will?

*Parf.* I'll shew you all a Trick, for her, within these few days, or I'll miss my aim.

*Joll.* Come, let's go.

*They all offer to go.*

*Capt.* I have a mind to stay till *Wanton* comes.

*Wild.* Stay a little then, for 'twill not be long ere they be a Bed.

*Capt.* I hear *Wanton's* voice.

[*Enter Wanton.*]

*Wild.* Are they a Bed?

*Want.* Yes, and have so admir'd you, and Mr. *Careless*, and abus'd the Lovers; well, Gentlemen, you are the wits of the time; but if I might counsel, well they might lye alone this night; but it should go hard if I lay not with one of them within a moneth.

*Carel.* Were they so taken with their lodging?

*Want.* All that can be said they said, you are the friendliest men, the readiest men, the handsomest men that had wit; and could tell when to be civil, and when to be wild; and Mrs. (what's her name)

name) the *Younger*, asked why Mr. *Wild* did not go a wooing to some rich Heir ; upon her conscience, she said, you would speed.

*They offer to depart.*

*Carel.* Well, well, there's a time for all things ; come let's go.

*Wild.* Take a light.----Good night, *Wanton*.

*Capt.* D'ye hear, d'ye hear ; let me speak with you.

*They all come back again.*

*Wild.* What's the business ?

*Capt.* I cannot get hence this night : but your good angels hang at my heels ; and if I can prevail, you shall stay.

*Wild.* What to do ?

*Capt.* What to do ? why I'll be hang'd if all this Company do not gues.

*Joll.* Prithee, what should we stay for ?

*Capt.* For the widow, and her Neice ; are they worth the watching for a night ?

*Wild.* Yes, certainly.

*Capt.* Then take my counsel, and let me give it out y'are married, you have new cloaths come home this morning, and ther's that you spoke of I'll fetch from the Taylors, and here's a Parson shall rather give them his living, then stay for a License ; the Fiddlers too are ready to salute 'em.

*Carel.* But if they refuse ?

*Joll.* Which, upon my conscience, they will.

*Capt.* As you hope, else you are laugh'd at for missing the widow : *Ned*, follow my counsel, appear at her Chamber window in thy Shirt, and salute all that passes by ; let me alone to give it out, and invite Company and provide dinner ; then when the business is known, and I have presented all your friends at Court with Ribbands, she must consent, or her honour is lost, if you have but the grace to swear it, and keep your own counsel.

*Carel.* By this hand, he has reason ; and I'll undertake the widow.

*Wild.* It will incense them, and precipitate the business which is in a fair way now ; and if they have wit, they must hate us for such a treachery.

*Capt.* If they have wit they will love you ; beside, if it come to that, we two will swear we saw you married, and the Parson shall be sworn he did it :----Priest, will you not swear ?

*Parf.* Yes, any thing ; what is't, Captain ?

*Wild.* If this jest could do it, yet 'tis base to gain a wife so poorly ; she came hither too for sanctuary ; it would be an uncivil and an unhospitable thing, and look as if I had not merit enough to get a wife without stealing her from her self ; then, 'tis in mine own house.

*Capt.* The better ; nay, now I think on't, why came she hither ? how do you know the Plague is there ? all was well at dinner ; I'll be hang'd if it be not a Plot ; the Lovers too whom you abus'd at dinner, are joyn'd with them ; a trick, a meer trick of wit to abuse us ; and to morrow when the Birds are flown, they'll laugh at you, and say, Two Country Ladies put themselves naked into the hands of three travel'd City-wits, and they durst not lay hold on them.

*Carel.*



*Carel.* A pox upon these Niceties.

*Want.* If they have not some design upon you hang me, why did they talk so freely before me else?

*Carel.* Let's but try, we are not now to begin to make the world talk; nor is it a new thing to them to hear we are mad fellows.

*Capt.* If you get them, are they worth having?

*Wild.* Having? yes.

*Capt.* If you miss them the Jest is good; Prithee, *Ned*, let me prevail, 'tis but a mad trick.

*Wild.* If we would, how shall we get into the Chamber?

*Want.* Let me alone for that; I'll put on my country simplicity, and carry in a Chamber pot; then under Pretence of bolting the back door I'll open it, and yet I grudge them the sport so honestly; for you wenchers make the best husbands; after you are once married, one never sees you.

*Capt.* I warrant thee wench.

*Want.* No faith, I have observ'd it, they are still the doting'st husbands, and then retreat and become Justices of the Peace, and none so violent upon the Bench, as they, against us poor sinners; yet I'll do it, for upon my Conscience the young Gentlewoman will fall upon her back, and thank me. [Exit Wanton.]

*Capt.* Away, go then, and leave your fooling, and in the Morning, *Ned*, get in, and plead naked with your hands in the bed.

*Parf.* And if they cry, put your lips in their mouths, and stop them.

*Capt.* Why look you, you have the Authority of the Church too.

*Wild.* Well, I am now resolv'd; go you about your part, and make the Report strong.

*Carel.* And d'ye here? be sure you set the Cook at work, that if we miss we may have a good Dinner, and good wine, to drink down our grief.

*Capt.* Miss? I warrant thee thrive. [Exit Captain.]

*Carel.* Nay, if I knock not down the *Widow*, geld me, and come out to morrow compleat Uncle, and salute the Company, with, you are well-come Gentlemen, and good morrow Nephew *Ned*.

*Wild.* Uncle *Tom*, good morrow, Uncle *Tom*. [Enter Wanton.]

*Want.* All's done, the door is open, and they're as still as Childrens thoughts; 'tis time you made you ready, which is, to put off your breeches, for 'tis almost day; and take my Council, be sure to offer force enough; the less reason will serve; Especially you, Master *Wild*, do not put a may'd to the pain of saying, I.

*Wild.* I warrant thee, wench; let me alone.

*Carel.* Wee'll in, and undress us, and come again; for we must go in at the back door.

*Wild.* I'll meet you, is the Captain gone? [Exe. Wild and Carel.]

*Want.* Yes, yes, hee's gone.

*Joll.* Come Master *Parson*, let us see the Cook in Readiness, where are the Fiddlers? what will become of our Plot? for the Coach

Coach-man; Master *sadd* and his friend will stink of their jest if this thrive.

*Parf.* They have slept all night, on purpose, to play all day.

*Joll.* When the Ribbands and Poynts come from the Exchange, pray see the Fidlers have some, the Rogues will play so out of tune all day else, they will spoil the dancing if the plot do take.

*Enter Wild, and Careless, in their Shirts, with drawers under; Night-gowns on, and in Slippers.*

*Want.* Let's see them in the Chamber first, and then I shall go with some heart about the business; so, so, creep close and quietly; you know the way, the widow lies in the high bed, and the Pallet is next the door.

*They kneel  
at the door  
to go in.  
She shakes  
her Coats  
over 'em.*

*Wild.* Must we creep?

*Want.* Yes, Yes, down upon your knees, always, till you get a woman, and then stand up for the Cause; stay let me shake my smock over you for luck sake.

*Joll.* Why so, I warrant you thrive.

*Parf.* A pox take you, I'll pare your nails when I get you from this place once.

*Want.* Sweet heart, sweet heart, off with your shooe.

*Parf.* I, with all my heart, there's an old shooe after you; would I gave all in my shop the rest were furnish'd with wives too.

*Joll.* *Parson*, the Sun is rising, go send in the Fidlers, and set the Cook on work, let him chap soundly.

*Parf.* I have a tythe Pig at home, I'll e'ne sacrifice it to the Wedding. [Exit *Parson*.]

*Want.* They will find them in good Posture, they may take Privy marks if they please; for they said it was so hot they could endure no cloathes, and my simplicity was so diligent to lay them naked, and with such 'twists and turns fastned them to the feet, I'll answer for't, they finde not the way into them in an hour. [Enter a Servant and *Parson*.]

*Joll.* Why then they may pull up their Smocks, and hide their faces?

*Serv.* Master *Jolly*, there was one without would speak with you.

*Joll.* Who was it?

*Serv.* It is the Lady that talks so well.

*Joll.* They say indeed she has an Excellent Tongue, I would she had chang'd it for a face; 'tis she that has been handsome.

*Parf.* Who? not the Poetess we met at Master *sadd*'s?

*Joll.* Yes, the same.

*Parf.* Sure shee's mad.

*Joll.* Prithee tell her I am gone to bed.

*Serv.* I have done as well Sir; I told her Mistress *Wanton* was here, at which discreetly, being touch'd with the guilt of her Face, she threw out a Curse or two and retreated.

*Want.* Who is this you speak of, I will know who 'tis.

*Parf.* Why 'tis she that married the Genoway Merchant; they conzen'd one another. *Want.*



*Want.* Who? Pegg Driver, Bewgle Eyes?

*Foll.* The same, the same.

*Want.* Why she is ugly now?

*Parf.* Yes, but I have known her, by this hand, as fine a wench as ever sinn'd in Town or Suburbs; when I knew her first, she was the Original of all the wayn-Scote Chambermaids, with Brooms, and barefoot Madams, you see sold at Temple-Bar, and the Exchange.

*Want.* Ah! th'art a Divel; how could'st thou find in thy heart to abuse her so? Thou lov'st Antiquities too; The very memory that she had been handsome should have pleaded something.

*Foll.* Was handsome signifies nothing to me.

*Want.* But shee's a wit, and a wench of an Excellent Discourse.

*Parf.* And as good company as any's i'th Town.

*Foll.* Company? for whom? Leather-Ears, his Majesty of *Newgate* watch? There her story will do well, while they louse themselves.

*Parf.* Well, you are curious now, but the time was, when you have skipp'd for a kiss.

*Foll.* Prithee, *Parson*, no more of wit, and was handsome, but *He kisses* let us keep to this Text --- and with joy think upon thy little *Wanton* here, that's kind, soft, sweet and sound; These are Epithetes for a Mistis; Nor is there any Elegancy in a woman like it; give me such a naked Scence, to study Night and Day; I care not for her Tongue, so her face be good; A whore dres't in verse, and set speeches, tempts me no more to that sweet sin, then the Statute of whipping can keep me from it; This thing we talk'd on, which retains nothing but the name of what she was, is not onely Poetical in her discourse, but her Tears and her Love, her health, nay her Pleasure, were all Fictions, and had scarce any live-flesh about her till I administred.

*Parf.* Indeed 'tis time she sat out, and gave others leave to play; for a Reveren'd whore is an unseemly sight; besides it makes the sin malicious, which is but venial else.

*Want.* Sure, hee'll make a case of Conscience on't; you should do well (sweet heart) to recommend her Case to your Brethren that attend the Committee of Affection, that they may order her to be sound and young again, for the good of the Commonwealth.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Enter Fidlers, Jolly, and Wanton.*

*Folly.* **O**H, are you ready? are you ready?

*Fidlers.* Yes, and't like your worship.

*Foll.* And did you bid the Cook chop Lustily, and make a Noise?

*Fidlers.* Yes, Sir, hee's at it.

*Want.* I hear the Captain.

[Enter Captain.  
*Foll.*

*Joll.* Have you brought Clothes and Ribbands?

*Capt.* Yes, yes, all is ready; did you hear them squeak yet?

*Want.* No, by this light; I think, 'tis an appointment, and we have been all abus'd.

*Capt.* Give the Fiddlers their Ribbands, and carry the rest in; *Mistress Wanton*, you must play my Lady's Woman to day, and Mince it to all that come, and hold up your head finely when they kiss you, and take heed of swearing when you are angry, and pledging whole cups when they drink to you.

*Want.* I'll warrant you, for my part.

*Captain.* Go get you in then, and let your husband dip the *Rosemary*.

*Jolly.* Is all ready?

*Captain.* All, all, some of the Company are below already, I have so blown it about, one Porter is gone to the Exchange, to invite Master *Wild's* Merchant to his Wedding, and, by the way to bid two or three Fruiterers to send in Fruit for such a Wedding, another in my Ladies name to *Sall's*, for sweet meats; I swore at *Bradborn* in his Shop my self, that I wonder'd he would disappoint Master *Wild* for his Points, and having so long warning; He protested 'twas not his fault, but they were ready, and he would send *John* with them presently; One of the Watermen is gone to the Mellon Garden, the other to *Cooks* at the Bear, for some Bottles of his best Wine, and thence to *Gracious-street*, to the Poulterers, and all with directions to send in Provisions for Master *Wild's* Wedding; and who should I meet at Door, but *Apricock Tom*, and *Mary*, waiting to speak with her young Master; they came to beg that they might serve the Feast; I promis'd them they should, if they would cry it up and down the Town, to bring Company; for Master *Wild* was resolved to keep open house.

*Joll.* Why then here will be witnesses enough.

*Capt.* But who should I meet at the corner of the *Piazza*, but *Joseph Taylor*; he tells me, there's a new Play at the Fryers to day, and I have bespoke a Box for Master *Wild* and his Bride.

*Joll.* And did not he wonder to hear he was married?

*Capt.* Yes; but I told him, 'twas a Match his Aunt made for him, when he was abroad.

*Joll.* And I have spread it sufficiently at Court, by sending to borrow Plate for such a Wedding. [Enter a Servant.

*Serv.* There's half a dozen Coach fulls of Company lighted; they call for the Bride-Laces and Points.

*Capt.* Let the Fiddlers play then, and bid God give them joy, by the name of my Lady *Careless* and *Mistress Wild*.

*Fid.* Where shall we play, Sir?

*Joll.* Come with us, we'll shew you the window.

ACT.



ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*The Fiddlers play in the Tying Room, and the Stage Curtains are Drawn, and discover a Chamber, as it was, with two Beds and the Ladies asleep in them; Master Wild being at Mistris Pleasant's Bed-side, and Master Careless at the Widow's; The Musick awakes the Widow.*

Wid. Niece, Niece, Niece Pleasant.

Pleas. [ Ha! I hear you, I hear you, what would you have?

*She opens the Curtain and calls her, she is under a Canopy.*

Wid. Do you not hear the Fiddlers?

Pleas. Yes, yes, but you have wak'd me from the finest dream.

Wid. A dream, what was't? some knavery.

Pleas. Why, I know not, but 'twas merry, e'ne as pleasing as some fims; well, I'll lie no more in a mans bed, for fear I lose more then I get.

Wid. Hearn, that's a new Tune.

Pleas. Yes, and they play it well; This is your Jaunty Nephew; I would he had less of the Father in him, I'd venture to dream out my dream with him; In my conscience hee's worth a dozen of my dull Servant, that's such a troublesome visitant, without any kind of conveniency.

Wid. I, I, so are all of that kind; give me your Subject Lover; Those you call Servants are but troubles, I confess.

Pleas. What is the Difference, pray, betwixt a Subject, and a Servant Lover?

Wid. Why, one I have absolute Power over, the other's at large; Your Servant Lovers are those take Mistresses upon tryal, scarce give them a Quarters warning before they are gone.

Pleas. Why, what do your Subject Lovers do? I am so sleepy.

Wid. Do? All things for nothing; then they are the diligent'st and the humblest things a Woman can employ; Nay, I ha' seen of them tame, and run loose about a house; I had one once, by this light, he would fetch and Carry, go back, seek out, he would do any thing; I think some Faulconer bred him.

Pleas. By my Troth, I am of your mind.

Wid. He would come over, for all my Friends; but it was the dogged'st thing to my enemies, he would sit upon's tail before them, and frown, like John a Napes when the Pope is nam'd; he heard me once praise my little Spanniel Bitch Smut for waiting, and hang me if I stirr'd for seven years after, but I found him lying at my door.

Pleas. And what became of him?

Wid. Faith, when I married he forsook me; I was advis'd since, that if I would ha' spit in's mouth sometimes he would have stay'd.

Pleas. That was cheap, But 'tis no certain way; for 'tis a generall opinion, that marriage is one of the certain'st cures for Love that one can apply to a man that is sick of the sighings; yet if you were to live about this Town still, such a Fool would do you a

world of service ; I'm sure *Secret* will miss him, and 'would' alwayes take such a care of her ha's sav'd her a hundred walkes for Hoods and Masques.

*VVid.* Yes, and I was certain of the earliest Fruits and Flowers that the Spring afforded.

*Pleas.* By my troth, 'twas foolishly done to part with him ; a few crums of your affection would have satisfied him, poor thing.

*wid.* Thou art in the right ; in this Town there's no living without 'em ; they do more service in a house for nothing, then a pair of those, what d' ye call 'ems, those he waiting-women, Beasts, that Custome impose upon Ladies.

*Pleas.* Is there none of them to be had now, think you ? I'de feign get a tame one, to carry down into the Country.

*Wid.* Faith, I know but one breed of them about the Town that's right, and that's at the Court ; The Lady that has them brings 'em all up by hand ; she breeds some of them from very puppies ; there's another wit too in the Town that has of them ; but hers will not do so many tricks ; good fullen diligent waiters those are which she breeds, but not half so serviceable.

*Pleas.* How do's she do it ? is there not a trick in't ?

*VVid.* Onely patience, but she has a heavy hand with 'em (they say) at first, and many of them miscarry ; she governess them with signes, and by the Eye, as *Bank's* breeds his Horse ; there are some too that arrive at writing, and those are the right breed, for they commonly betake themselves to Poetry ; and if you could light on one of them, 'twere worth your money ; for 'tis but using of him ill, and praying his verses sometimes, and you are sure of him for ever.

*Pleas.* But do they never grow surly, Aunt ?

*VVid.* Not, if you keep them from raw flesh, for they are a kind of Lyon-lovers ; and if they once taste the sweet of it, they'll turn to their kind.

*Pleas.* Lord, Aunt, there will be no going without one this Summer into the Country ; pray let's enquire for one ; either a he one to entertain us, or a she one to tell us the story of her Love ; 'tis excellent to bed-ward, and makes one as drowsie as Prayers.

*VVid.* Faith, Niece, this Parliament has so destroy'd 'em, and the Platonick Humour, that 'tis uncertain whether we shall get one or no ; your leading Members in the lower House have so cow'd the Ladies, that they have no leisure to breed any of late ; Their whole endeavours are spent now in feasting, and winning close Committee-men, a rugged kind of fullen Fellows, with implacable stomachs and hard hearts, that make the gay things court and observe them, as much as the foolish Lovers use to do ; Yet I think I know one she-Lover, but she is smitten in years o'th wrong side of forty ; I am certain she is poor too ; and in this lean Age for Courtiers, she perhaps would be glad to run this Summer in our Park.

*Pleas.* Dear Aunt, let us have her ; has she been famous ? has she good Tales, think you, of Knights ? such as have been false or true to Love, no matter which.

*Wid.*



*Wid.* She cannot want cause to curse the Sex; handsome, witty, well born, and poor in Court, cannot want the experience how false young men can be; Her Beauty has had the highest fame; and those Eyes that weep now unpitied have had their Envy, and a dazzling Power.

*Pleas.* And that Tongue, I warrant you, which now growes hoarse with flattering the great Law-breakers, once gave Law to Princes; was it not so Aunt? Lord, shall I die without begetting one story?

*Wid.* *Penthesilea*, nor all the cloven Knights the Poets treat of, yclad in mightiest Petticoats, did her excell for gallant deeds; and, with her Honour, still preserv'd her Freedom; My Brother lov'd her; and I have heard him swear, *Minerva* might have own'd her Language; An Eye like *Pallas*, *Juno's* wrists, a *Venus* for shape, and a Mind chaste as *Diana*, but not so rough; never uncivilly Cruel, nor faulty kind to any; no vanity, that sees more then Lovers pay, nor blind to a gallant Passion; Her Maxim was, he that could Love, and tell her so handsomely, was better Company, but not a better Lover then a silent Man; Thus, all Passions found her Civility, and she a value from all her Lovers. But alas, Niece, this was (which is a sad word) was handsome, and was beloved, *The Fidlers* are abhorred sounds in Womens ears. *play again.*

*Pleas.* Hark, the Fidlers are merry still; will not *Secret* have the wit to find us this morning, think you?

*Fidlers.* God give you joy, Master *Careless*; God give your Ladyship joy, my Lady *Wid.*

*Wid.* What did the Fellow say? God give me joy?

*Pleas.* As I live, I think so.

*Fidlers.* God give you joy, Mistress *Pleasant Wild.*

*Wid.* This is my Nephew, I smell him in this knavery.

*Pleas.* Why did they give me joy by the name of Mistress *Wid.*? I shall pay dear for a nights lodging if that be so, especially lying alone; By this light, there is some knavery afoot. *All the company confused without, and bid God give them joy.*

*Jolly.* Rise, rise, for shame, the year's afore you.

*Capt.* Why, *Ned Wild*, why *Tom*, will you not rise and let's in? what, is it not enough to steal your wedding over night, but lock your selves up in the morning too? All your Friends stay for points here, and kisses from the Brides.

*Wild.* A little Patience, you'll give us leave to dress us?

*Carel.* Why, what's a Clock, Captain?

*Capt.* It's late.

*Carel.* Faith, so it was before we slept.

*Wid.* Why, Nephew, what means this rudeness? As I live, I'll fall out with you. This is no jest.

*Wild.* No, as I live, Aunt. We are in earnest; but my part lies here, and there's a Gentleman will do his best to satishe you; and sweet Mistress *Pleasant*, I know you have so much wit as to perceive this business cannot be remedied by denials; here we are, as you see, naked, and thus have saluted hundreds at the window that past by, and gave us joy this morning. *They catch the Women in their Armes.*

*Pleas.* Joy, of what? what do you mean?

*Care.*

Careless  
kisses the  
Widow.

*Carel.* Madam, this is visible, and you may coy it, and refuse to call me Husband; But I am resolved to call you Wife, and such proofs I'll bring as shall not be denied.

*Wid.* Promise your self that; see whether your fine wits can make it good; you will not be uncivil?

*Carel.* Not a hair but what you give, and that was in the Contract before we undertook it; for any Man may force a Womans Body, but we have laid we will force your Mind.

*Wild.* But that needs not, for we know by your discourse last night and this morning, we are Men you have no aversion to; and I believe, if we had taken time and wooed hard, this would have come a course; but we had rather win you by wit, because you desi'd us.

*VVid.* 'Tis very well, if it succeed.

*Carel.* And, for my part, but for the jest of winning you, and this way, not ten joynters should have made me marry?

*VVid.* This is a new way of wooing.

*Carel.* 'Tis so, Madam; but we have not laid our plot so weakly (though it were sudden) to leave it in any bodies power but our own to hinder it.

*Pleas.* Do you think so?

*Wild.* We are secure enough, if we can be true to our selves.

*Carel.* Yet we submit in the midst of our strength, and beg you will not wilfully spoile a good jest by refusing us. By this hand, we are both sound, and we'll be strangely honest, and never in ill humours, but live as merry as the Maids, and divide the year between the Town and the Country; What say you, is't a Match? Your bed is big enough for two, and my meat will not cost you much; I'll promise nothing but one heart, one purse betwixt us, and a whole dozen of boyes, is't a bargain?

*VVid.* Not, if I can hinder it, as I live.

*Wild.* Faith, Mistress *Pleasant*, he hath spoken nothing but reason, and I'll do my best to make it good; Come faith, teach my Aunt what to do, and let me strike the bargain upon your Lips.

*Pleas.* No, Sir, not to be half a Queen; if we should yield now your wit would dominere for ever; and still in all disputes (though never so much reason on our side) this shall be urged as an Argument of your Master wit to confute us; I am of your Aunts mind, Sir; and if I can hinder it, it shall be no match.

*Wild.* Why then know, it is not in your Powers to prevent it.

*Wid.* Why, we are not married yet.

*Carel.* No, 'tis true.

*Wid.* By this good light then I'll be dumb for ever hereafter, lest I light upon the words of Marriage by chance.

*Pleas.* 'Tis hard, when our own Acts cannot be in our own power, Gentlemen.

*Wild.* The plot is only known to four, the Minister and two that stood for Fathers, and a simple Country Maid that waited upon you last night, which playes your Chamber-maids part.

*Pleas.*



*Pleas.* And what will all these do?

*Wild.* Why, the two friends will swear, they gave you; the Parson will swear, he married you; and the wench will swear, she put us to bed.

*Wid.* Have you men to swear we are married?

*Pleas.* And a Parson to swear he did it?

*Both.* Yes.

*Wid.* And a wench that will swear, she put us to Bed?

*Both.* Yes, By this good light, and witness of reputation.

*Pleas.* Dare they or you look us in the face, and swear this?

*Carel.* Yes faith, and all but those four know no other but really it is so; and you may deny it, but I'll make Mr. Constable put you to bed, with this proof, at night.

*Wid.* Pray, let's see these witnesses.

*Wild.* Call in the four only.

[*Exit Careless.*

*Pleas.* Well, this shall be a warning to me; I say nothing, but if ever I lye from home again.

*Wild.* I'll lye with you.

*Pleas.* 'Tis well; I dare say, we are the first women (if this take) that ever were stolen against their wills.

*Wild.* I'll go call the Gentlemen.

[*Exit Wild.*

*Wild.* I that have refus'd a fellow that lov'd me these seven years, and would have put off his hat, and thanked me to come to bed, to be beaten with watch-mens staves into anothers; For by this good light, for ought that I perceive, there's no keeping these out at night.

*Pleas.* And unless we consent to be their wives, to day, M. Justice will make us their whores at night: oh, oh, what would not I give to come off! not that I dislike them, but I hate they should get us thus.

*Enter Wild, Jolly, Captain, Careless, Parson, Wanton, with Rose-mary in their hands, and Points in their Hats.*

*Carel.* Follow.---- Will not you two swear we were married last night?

*Joll. Capt.* Yes, By this light, will we.

*Wild.* Will not you swear you married us?

*Parf.* Yea, verily.

*Carel.* And come hither, pretty one, will not you swear you left us all a bed last night, and pleas'd?

*Want.* Yes forsooth; I'll swear any thing your worship shall appoint me.

*Wid.* But, Gentlemen, have you no shame, no conscience; will you swear false, for sport?

*Joll.* By this light, I'll swear, if it be but to vex you; Remember you refus'd me, [That is contrary to Covenants though with my brace of Lovers; what will they do with their Coach-mans plot? but 'tis no matter, I have my ends; and so they are couzen'd I care not who does it.] *Speaks these words, aside.*

*Capt.*

*Capt.* And, faith, Madam, I have sworn many times false, to no purpose; and I should take it ill, if it were mine own case, to have a friend refuse me an Oath upon such an occasion.

*Pleas.* And are you all of one mind?

*Parf.* Verily we will all swear.

*Pleas. laughs.* *Pleas.* Will you verily? what shall we do, Aunt?

*Wid.* Do you laugh? By this light, I am heartily angry.

*Pleas.* Why, As I live, let's marry them, Aunt, and be reveng'd.

*Wid.* Marry, where's the Parson?

*Capt.* Here, here, M. Parson, come and do your Office.

*Pleas.* That fellow? No, 'by my troth, let's be honestly joyn'd, for lucks sake, we know not how soon we may part.

*Wild.* What shall she do for a Parson? *Captain*, you must run and fetch one.

*Capt.* Yes, yes; but methinks this might serve turn; By this hand, he's a *Marshal*, and a *Case*, by Sire and Dam; pray try him, By this light, he comes of the best preaching kind in *Essex*.

*Wid.* Not I, As I live, that were a blessing in the Devils name.

*Parf.* Apox on your wedding; give me my wife and let me be gone.

*Capt.* Nay, nay, no choler, Parson; the Ladies do not like the colour of your Beard.

*Parf.* No, no, fetch another, and let them escape with that trick, then they'll jeer your beards blew, y'faith.

*Carel.* By this hand, he's in the right; either this Parson, or take one anothers words; to Bed now, and marry when we rise.

*Pleas.* As I live, you come not here till you are married; I have been no body's whore yet, and I will not begin with my husband.

*Wild.* Will you kiss upon the bargain, and promise before these witnesses not to spoil our jest, but rise and go to Church.

*Pleas.* And what will M. *Constant* and M. *Sadd* say?

*Capt.* Why, I'll run and invite them to the wedding; and you shall see them expire in their own Garters.

*Joll.* No, no, ne're fear't, their jest is only spoil'd.

*Capt.* Their jest, what jest?

*Joll.* Faith, now you shall know it, and the whole Plot: In the first place, your Coach-man is well, whose death, we, by the help of *Secret*, contriv'd, thinking by that trick to prevent this danger, and carry you out of Town.

*Capt.* But had they this Plot?

*Joll.* Yes faith, and see how it thrives; they'll fret like carted Bauds when they hear this news.

*Pleas.* Why, Aunt; would you have thought M. *Sadd* a Plotter? well, 'tis some comfort we have them to laugh at.

*Wid.* Nay faith, then, Gentlemen, give us leave to rise, and I'll take my venture; if it be but for a revenge on them.

*Carel.* Gentlemen, bear witness.

*Capt.* Come, come away, I'll get the points; I'm glad the Coach-man's well, the Rogue had like to have spoild our Comedy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT.



*The Parsons Wedding.*

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ACT. V. SCEN. III.

*Enter the Lady Love-all, Master Sadd, and Constant, undress'd  
and buttoning themselves as they go.*

*Sadd.* Married?

*Const.* And to them?

*Love.* I, married, if you prevent it not; catch'd with a trick, an old stale trick; I have seen a Ballad on't.

*Sadd.* We shall go neer to prevent 'em.----Boy, My Sword.

*Enter Captain.*

*Capt.* Whither so fast?

*Sadd.* You guess.

*Capt.* If you mean the wedding, you come too late.

*Const.* Why, are they married?

*Capt.* No, but lustily promised.

*Sadd.* We may come time enough to be reveng'd though.----

*Capt.* Upon whom? your selves, for you are only guilty: who carried them thither last night? who laid the Plot for the Coachman?

*Sadd.* Why, do they know it?

*Love.* Well, you'll find the Poet a Rogue, 'tis he that has betray'd you; and if you'll take my counsel, be reveng'd upon him.

*Const.* Nay, we were told he did not love us.

*Capt.* By my life, you wrong him; upon my knowledge the Poet meant you should have them.

*Sadd.* Why, who had the power to hinder then?

*Capt.* I know not where the fault lies directly; they say, the wits of the Town would not consent to't, they claim a right in the Ladies, as Orphan-wits.

*Const.* The wits! hang 'em in their strong lines.

*Capt.* Why I, such a clinch as that has undone you; and upon my knowledge 'twere enough to hinder your next match.

*Sadd.* Why, what have they to do with us?

*Capt.* I know not what you have done to disoblige them; but they crost it; there was amongst 'em too a pair of she-wits, something stricken in years; they grew in fury at the mention of it, and concluded you both with an authority out of a modern Author; besides 'tis said, you run naturally into the six-peny Room and steal sayings, and a discourse more then your peny-worth of jests, every Term; why, just now, you spit out one jest stolen from a poor Play, that has but two more in five Acts; what conscience is there in't, knowing how dear we pay Poets for our Plays?

*Const.* 'Twas, Madam, with the ill face, one of those whom you refus'd to salute the other day, at *Chipp's* house; a Chees-cake had sav'd all this.

*Love.* Why do you not make haste about your busines, but lose time with this Babler?

T

*Sadd.*

*Sadd.* Madam, will you give us leave to make use of your Coach?

*Love.* You may command it, Sir; when you have done, send him to the Exchange, where I'll dispatch a little business, and be with you immediately. [*Exeunt all but the Captain.*]

*Capt.* So, this fire's kindled; put it out that can. What would not I give for a Peepers place at the meeting; I'll make haste, and it shall go hard but I'll bear my part of the mirth too. [*Exit.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Widow, Pleasant, Careless, Wild, Parson, Jolly, Wanton and Secret: the Fiddlers play as they come in.*

*Parf.* **M**After *Jolly*, I find I am naturally inclin'd to mirth this day, and methinks my Corns ache more then my Horns; and to a man that has read *Seneca* a Cuckold ought to be no grief; especially in this Parish where I see such droves of *St. Lukes* cloathing; there's little *Secret* too, th'allay of waiting-woman, makes me hope, she may prove metal of the Parsons standard. Find a way to rid me of *Wanton*, and I'll put in to be Chaplain to this merry family; if I did not enveigle formal *Secret*, you should hang me; I know the trick on't; 'tis but praying too, and preaching of the waiting-woman, then carefully seeing her cushion laid, with her book and leaf turn'd down, do's it, with a few Anagrams, Acrosticks, and her name in the Register of my Bible: these charm the soft-soul'd sinner; then sometimes to read a piece of my Sermon, and tell her, a Saturday, where my Text shall be, spells that work more then Philtres.

*Joll.* If you can be serious, we'll think of this at leisure. ----- See how they eye *Wanton*.

*Carel.* What? consulting Parson? let us be judges betwixt you; d'ye hear, *Jack*, if he offers ready money, I counsel, as a friend, take it; for, By this light, if you refuse it, your wife will not; d'ye see those gay Petti-coats?

*Parf.* Yes, if you mean my wives.

*Carel.* You know th'are his, and she only wears 'em for his pleasure; and 'tis dangerous to have a wife under another mans Petti-coats; what if you should find his breeches upon hers?

*Parf.* Are not you married too? take care that yours do's not wear the Breeches, another kind of danger, but as troublesome as that, or sore-eyes; and if she get but a trick of taking as readily as she's perswaded to give, you may find a horn at home; I have seen a Cuckold of your complexion; if he had had as much hoof as horn, you might have hunted the beast by his flat.

*Pleas.* How fine she is! and, By this light, a handsome wench, *Mr. Jolly*, I am easier perswaded to be reconcil'd to your fault, then any mans; I have seen, of this kind; her eyes have more Arguments in 'em then a thousand of those that seduce the world; hang me if those Quivers be not full of Darts; I could kiss that mouth,

my



my self, is this she my Aunt quarrel'd with you for?

*Joll.* The same, self-same. And by this hand, I was barbarous to her, for your Aunts sake; and had I not scap'd that mischief of matrimony, By this light, I had had never seen her again; but I was resolv'd not to quit her, till I was sure of a wife, for fear of what has follow'd; had I been such an Ass as to have left her upon the Aiery hopes of a widows Oaths; what a case had I been in now? You see, your Aunt's provided of a man. Bless him, and send him patience, 'twould have been fine to have seen me walking, and sighing upon cold hunting, seeking my whore again, or forc'd to make use of some common mercenary thing that sells sin and diseases, crimes, penance and sad repentance together; here's consolation and satisfaction, in *Wanton*, though a man lose his meal with the widow. And, faith, be free, how do you like my Girle; rid thee of her; what do's she want now, pray, but a joynture, to satisfy any honest man? speak your conscience; Ladies don't you think a little repentance, hereafter, will serve, for all the small sins that good nature can act with such a sinner?

*Parf.* Pray, Sir, remember she's my wife; and be so civil to us both, as to forget these things.

*Joll.* For that, *Jack*, we'll understand hereafter, 'tis but a trick of youth, man, and her jest ill make us both merry, I warrant thee.

*Parf.* Pray, Sir, no more of your jestes, nor your Jack; remember my Coat and Calling. This familiarity, both with my wife and my self, is not decent; your Clergy with Christen names are scarce held good Christians. [Enter Wid.]

*Wid.* I wonder at nothing so much<sup>a</sup> as M. *Jollies* mirth, to day; where lies his part of the jest? couzen'd or refus'd by all, not a fish that stays in's Net.

*Joll.* No, what's this? shew me a fairer in all your streams; nor is this my single joy, who am pleas'd to find you may be couzen'd; rejoyce to see you may be brought to lie with a man for a jest; let me alone to fit you with a trick too. *Joll. bugs Wanton.*

*Carel.* Faith, it must be some new trick; for thou art so beaten at the old one, 'twill neither please thee nor her; besides, I mean to teach her that my self.

*Pleas.* I shall never be perfectly quiet in my mind, till I see somebody as angry as my self; yet I have some consolation when I think on the wise plot that kill'd the Coach-man, how the Plague, Red-cross and Halberd has cut their fingers that design'd it, their anger will be perfect. *Secret* says they are coming, and that the Lady *Love-all* has given 'em the Alarm. [Enter Sadd and Const.]

*Wild.* And see where the parties come, ---- Storms and tempests in their minds, their looks are Daggers.

*Pleas.* Servant, what? you'r melancholy and full of wonder; I see you have met the news.

*Sadd.* Yes Madam, we have heard a report that will concern both your judgement and your honour.

*Pleas.* Alas, Sir, w're innocent; 'tis meer predestination.

*Const.* All weddings, Mr. *Sadd*, you know goe by chance, like hanging.

*Pleas.* And, I thank my Stars, I have scap'd hanging; to ha' been his Bride had been both.

*Const.* This is not like the promise you made us yesterday.

*Wid.* Why truly, Servant, I scarce know what I do yet; the fright of the Plague had so possess'd my mind with fear that I could think and dream of nothing, last night, but of a tall black man, that came and kiss'd me in my sleep, and slap'd his whip in mine Ears, 'twas a sawcy Ghost, (not unlike my Coach-man that's dead) and accus'd you of having a hand in his murder, and vow'd to haunt me till I was married, I told my niece the dream.

*Pleas.* Nay, the Ghost sigh'd, and accus'd *Secret* and Master *Sadd*; of making him away confess, faith, had you a hand in that bloody jest?

*Wid.* Fie, *Servant*; could you be so cruel as to joyn with my woman against me?

*Const.* 'Tis well, Ladys; why a Pox do you look at me, this was your subtil plot; a Pox on your Clarks wit; you said the jest would beget a Comedy when 'twas known, and so I believe 'twill.

*Sad.* Madam, I find you have discover'd our design, whose chief end was, to prevent this mischief which I doubt not, but you'll both live to repent your share of, before you have done travelling to the Epfams, Burbons, and the Spawes, to cure those travell'd diseases these Knights errant have, with Curiosity, sought out for you; 'Tis true, th' are mischiefs that dwell in pleasant Countries, yet those Roses have their thorns; and I doubt not, but these gentlemens wit may sting as well as please, sometime; and you may find it harder to satisfie their travail'd Experience, then to have suffer'd our home-bred ignorance.

*Carel.* Hearn, if he be not fallen into a fit of his Cozen; These names of Places he has stollen out of her Receipt-book; amongst all whose diseases, find me any so dangerous, troublesome or incurable, as a fool, a lean, pale, sighing, coughing fool, that's rich and poor both, being born to an estate, without a mind or heart capable to use it, of a nature so miserable he grudges himself meat; nay, they say, he eats his meals twice, a fellow whose breath sinells of yesterdays dinner, and stinks as if he had eat all our Suppers over again; I would advise you Mr. *Sadd* to sleep with your mouth open, to air it, or get the Brewer to Ton it; Faugh, an empty Justice, that stinks of the Lees and Casks, and belches *Littleton* and *Ploydens* Cafes; dost thou think any woman that has wit, or honour, would kiss that Bung-hole; by this light, his head and belly look as blew and lank as French Rabbits, or stale Poultry; Alas, Sir, my Lady would have a husband to rejoyce with, no green-tail'd Lecturer, to stand Centry at his beds side, while his nasty soul scoures through him, sneaking out at the back door. ---- These, Sir, are diseases which neither the Spaw, or Bath, can cure your Garters and Willow are a more certain remedy.

*Constant.* Well, Sir, I find our plot's betray'd, and we have patience left; 'Tis that damn'd Captain has inform'd.

*Sadd.* Yet 'tis one comfort, Madam, that you have mis'd that man



man of war, that Knight of Finsbury ; His Dowager, with Ale and Switches, would ha' bred a Ballad.

*Pleas.* Faith, Sir, you see what a difficulty it is, in this Age, for a woman to live honest, though she have a proper man to her husband ; therefore it behoves us to consider, who we choose.

*Joll.* The Lady has Reason ; for being allow'd but one, who would choose such weazel's as we see daily mary'd, that are all head and Tail, crooked, dirty, sold Vermin, predestin'd for Cuckolds, painted Snails, with houses on their backs, and horns as big as *Dutch Cows* ; would any woman marry such ? nay, can any woman be honest, that lets such Hod-man-dods crawl o're her Virgin breast, and Belly, or suffer 'em to leave their slimy paths upon their bodies onely for Joyntures ? Out, 'tis Mercenary and base ; The generous heart has onely the Laws of Nature and kindness in her view ; and when she will oblige, Friend is all the ties that nature seeks, who can both bear and excuse those kind crimes ; And I believe, one as poor as the despis'd *Captain*, and neglected Courtier, may make a woman as happy in a Friendship as Master *Sadd*, who has as many faults as we have debts ; one, whose Father had no more credit with Nature, then ours had with Fortune ; whose soul wears Rags as well as the *Captains* body.

*Sadd.* Nay then, I'll laugh ; for I perceive, y'are angrier then we ; Alas, has lost both ventures, *Wanton*, and the *Widow*.

*Joll.* Both, and neither so unlucky as to be thy wife ; thy face is hang'd with blacks already, we may see the Bells toll in thy Eyes ; A Bride and a Wedding Shirt ? a Sexton and a winding sheet ? a Scrivener to draw up Joyntures ? A Parson to make thy will, man ; by this light hee's as Chap-fallen as if he had layen under the Table all night.

*Carel.* Faith, Master *Sadd*, hee's parlously in the right ; ne're think of marrying in this dull clime, wedlock's a trade you'll ne're go through with ; wives draw-bills upon sight, and't will not be for your credit to protest 'em ; rather follow my counsel, and Marry *la Venetiano* for a night and away ; a Pistol Joynture do's it ; then 'tis but repenting in the morning, and leave your woman, and the sin both, i'th Bed ; But if you play the fool, like your friends, and Marry in serious earnest, you may repent it too, as they do ; but wher's the remedy ?

*Wid.* What was't you said, Sir, do you repent ?

*Carel.* By this hand, *Widow*, I don't know ; but we have pursu'd a jest a great way. *Parson*, are you sure w'are married.

*Parf.* Yes, I warrant you, for their escaping.

*Carel.* Their escaping ? fool, thou mistak'st me, ther's no fear of that ; but I would fain know, if there be no way for me to get out of this Nooze ; No hole to hide a mans head in from this Wedlock ?

*Parf.* Not any, but what I presume shee'll shew you anon.

*Carel.* Hum ! Now do I feel all my fears flowing in upon me ; *Wanton* and Mistriss *Pleasant* both grow dangerously handsome, a Thousand Graces in each, I never observed before, now, just now ; when

when I must not taste, I begin to long for some of their Plums.

*Wid.* Is this serious, Sir?

*Carel.* Yes truly, *Widow*, sadly serious; Is there no way to get three or four mouthfulls of Kisses from the *Parsons* wife?

*Wid.* This is sad, Sir, upon my Wedding day, to despise me, for such a Common thing.

*Sadd.* As sad, as I could wish; This is a jest makes me laugh. --- Common? no Madam, that's two bitter, she's forrest only, where the Royal Chace is as free as Fair.

*Want.* Were not you a Widow to day?

*Sadd.* Yes faith, Girl, and as foolish a one as ever Coach jumbled out of joynt.

*Want.* Stay then till to morrow, and tell me the difference betwixt us.

*Sadd.* I hope, thou'lt prove a She-prophet; could I live to see thee turn honest wife, and she the *Wanton Widow*.

*Want.* I cannot but laugh, to see how easie it is, to lose or win the opinion of the world; a little custom heals all, or else what's the difference betwixt a Married Widow and one of us? can any woman be pure, or worth the serious sighing of a Generous heart, that has had above one hand lay'd upon her? is there place to write above one Lovers name, with honour, in her heart; 'tis indeed for one a Royal Palace; but if it admits of more, an Hospitall, or an Inne, at best, as well as ours; only off from the Road, and less frequented.

*Pleas.* Shrewdly urg'd.

*Want.* And though the sins of my Family threw me into want, and made me subject to the treachery of that broken faith, to whose perjury I owe all my Crimes, yet still I can distinguish betwixt that folly and this honour, which must tell you; *He or she that would be thought twice so, was never once a Lover.*

*Const.* Parson, thou art fitted; A whore, and Apothegms! what sport will she make us under a Tree, with a Sallad, and sayings, in the Summer?

*Wild.* Come, *Wanton*, no fury; you see my Aunts angry.

*Want.* So am I, Sir, and yet can calmly reason this truth; Married Widows, though chaste to the Law and Custom, yet their second Hymens make that which was but dying in the first husbands Bed, a stain in the second sheets, where all their kindness and repeated embraces want their value, because they're sully'd and have lost their Lustre.

*Sadd.* By this light, I'll go to School to *Wanton*, she has open'd my Eyes, and I begin to believe I have escap'd miraculously; By this hand, wench, I was within an inch of being married to this Danger; for what can we call these second submissions, but a tolerated lawful Mercenaryness, which though it be a rude and harsh expression, yet your Carriage deserves it.

*Pleas.* Fy, Master *Sadd*, pray leave being witty; I fear, 'tis a mortal sin, to begin in the fifth Act of your Days upon an old subject too, abusing of Widows, because they despise you.

*Wid.*



*Wid.* Alas, Niece, let him alone, he may come in, for his share ; the *Parson*, that has so oft receiv'd 'em, will not refuse him Tythes, there, in Charity.

*Want.* That, or Conveniency, Interest, or Importunity, may, by your Example prevail ; But 'tis not fair play, Madam, to turn your Lover to the Common, as you call it, now hee's rid lean in your service ; take heed, Mr. *Careless*, and warning Mr. *Sadd* ; you see how fit for the Scavengers team your Lady leaves her Lovers.

*Carel.* Such a Lecture before I had Marry'd would ha' made me have considered of this matter. D'ost thou hear *Wanton*, let us forgive one another, being Marry'd, for that folly has made us guilty alike.

*Want.* And I would fain know the difference betwixt ours, and a wedding crime, which is worst ; to let love, youth and good humor betray us to a kindness, or to be gravely seduc'd by some aunt or uncle, without consideration of the disparity of Age, Birth, or Persons, to lie down before a Joyniture ; Ladies, you may flatter your selves, but the ingenuous part of the world cannot deny, but such minds, had they been born where our faults are not only tolerated but protected, would have listned to the same things, Interest counsels thereto.

*Carel. Parson*, what Boot betwixt Our Wives ? either come to a Price, or draw off your Doxy.

*Parf.* Propose, propose, here will be mirth anon.

*Sad.* Yes, yes, propose, while I break it to your Lady ; Madam, you see, here's a proper man to be had, and money to boot -- what, dumb ?

*Want.* No, shee's onely thinking ; faith, Madam, try 'em both to Night, and choose to morrow.

*Wild.* Come, no more of this ; Aunt, take my word for your husband, that have had more experience of him then all these ; 'tis true, he will long for these Girles, as children do for plums ; and when h'as done, make a meal upon cheese ; and you must not wonder, nor quarrel at what he says in his humor, but Judge him by his Actions ; and when he is in his fit, and raves most, put him into your bed, and sol'd him close in your Arms, Aunt ; if he do's not rise as kind and as good a husband as he that sings Psalms best, hang me ; why, you're a fool, aunt ; a widow, & dislike a longing Bridegroom ! I thought you had known better ; do you love a spur'd horse, rather then a Duker, that neighs, and scrapes ? I would not say this, but that I know him ; let him not go out of your sight, for hee's now in season, a Ripe mature husband ; No delays ; if you let him hang longer upon hope his fruit will fall alone.

*Wid.* You are merry, Sir ; But if I had known this humor.

*Wild.* You'd ha' kiss'd him first ; but being ignorant, let me make you blush ; come, a kiss, and all's Friends. how now, Sir, agen, agen, Aunt, look to your self.

*Carel.* Um ! By this light, sweet heart, and I thank thee ; Nay widow, there's no jesting with these things -- Nay, I am a Lyon, in my Love : Aware, Puss, if you flatter me, for I shall deceive you.

*Parf.* Since all are couzen'd, why should I be troubled at my fortune ; faith Gentlemen, what will you two give me for a wife, betwixt you ?

*Const.* Faith, they're mischiefs deare bought, though a man get 'em for nothing.

*She kisses Carl. and he kisses her twice*

*Kisses her again.*

*Parf.*

*Parf.* I'me almost of his mind ; and if other people find no more pleasure in a marri'd life then I, upon my wedding day, I'de pass my time in the *Piazza*, with the Mountebank, and let him practise upon my Teeth, and draw 'em too ere he perswades the words of matrimony out of my mouth again. I, I, *M. Constant*, you may laugh, you ha miss'd a wife ; would I were in your case, the world should see how chearfully I should bear such an affliction.

*Const. Jack*, I ha made my peace at home, and by seeing others ship-wrack'd will avoid the danger, and here resolve, never to sigh again for any woman ; th'are weeds grow in ev'ry hedge ; and transplanting of 'em thus to our Beds gives certain trouble, seldom pleasure, never profit. [Enter Capt.

*Parf.* See where the enemy comes ; now if you be wise, arm, and unite against him, as a common foe ; he's come from his old Lady, designing a réconciliation ; the Rogue's provident, and would fain have a Nest for his Age to rest in ; Buff and Feathers do well in the youth and heat of thirty ; but in the winter of old age, Captain at threescore, lame and lean, may lie with the Almanack out of date.

*Capt.* The Parson's grown witty, and prophecies upon the strength of Bride-Cake ; if I guess aright, thou'lt be hang'd ; for 'tis a truth, I have been endeavouring to make it appear, her fears were mistaken in me : but I find the witch more implacable then the Devil ; the waiting-woman is harder to forgive her part, then my Lady. *Faithful* will not be reconcil'd, the merciless Baud is all fire and sword, no quarter ; Bless me from an old waiting-woman's wrath ; she'l never forgive me the disappointing her of a promise when I was drunk ; her Lady and she are coming, but in such a fury, I would not have the storm find you in the street ; therefore I counsel you to avoid the boys, and take shelter in the next house.

*Wild.* No, let's home, and with all diligence get our dinner, to defend us ; and let the Porter dispute it at the wicket, till she signs Articles of peace.

*Omnes.* Agreed.----- Careless is kind to the Widow ; as he goes out, Wild and Pleasant go together, Jolly and the Parsons wife go together.

*Wild.* See how they pair now, 'tis not threescore year will part 'em now he has tasted a kiss or two.

*Joll.* Parson, I'll be your Bride-man.

*Parf.* 'Tis well, Sir, I shall ha my time too.

*Joll.* I by this hand ; nay, we'll share fairly.

*Capt.* That's but reason, *Wanton* ; and since he grows tame, use him kindly for my sake.

*Parf.* Can any of you digest Spunge and *Arsenick* ?

*Capt.* *Arsenick* ? what's that ?

*Parf.* An Italian Sallad, which I'll dress for you, By *Jove*, ere I'll walk in my Canonical-coat lin'd with horn ; Death, if I suffer this, we shall have that damn'd Courtier pluck on his shooes with the Parsons Musons ; fine y'faith, none but the small Levites brow

guidon to



to plant your shoeing-horn-feed in?----How now?

*Capt.* Prithee, Jack, stay, and say something to the Gentlemen by way of Epilogue. Thou art a piece of a scurvey Poet thy self; prithee oblige the Author, and give us a line or two in praise of his Play.

*As he is going off the Capt. stays him.*

*Parf.* I oblige him? hang him and all his friends, and hurt nobody; yes, I'm likely to speak for him; you see how I ha been us'd to day betwixt you, I shall find a time to be reveng'd; let go my cloak; I have a Province, within, of mine own to govern, let me go.

*Capt.* Who, thy wife? faith stay, and give them an opportunity; thy pain will be the sooner over: you see 'tis a thing resolv'd betwixt 'em, and now thou'rt satisfi'd in the matter, be wise and silent; who knows what good she may do thee another time; I dare say, if she had as many souls in her as she had men, she'd bring thee a cure of her self.

*Parf.* Let me go, or I shall be as troublesome as you are injurious, for all your Titles, Sir.

*Capt.* Lend me your cloak then, to appear more decent; you'd not ha me present Epilogue in Buff, whorson Duncè, with a red nose.

*Parf.* Sir, my business is praying, not Epilogues.

*Capt.* With that face? By this light, 'tis a scandal to see it flaming so neer the altar; thou look'st as if thou'dst cry tope, in the face of the Congregation, instead of Amen.

*Parf.* Thou'rt an Ass, 'tis proper there, 't has zeal and fervor in't, and burns before the Altar like the primitive Lamps.

*Capt.* I cry thee mercy; By this light, he'l make it sacriledge anon to steal his nose; thou'lt entitle the Altar to that Coal; was't not kindl'd *Ex voto*? nay, I will have your cloak.

*Parf.* Take it; would 'twere *Nessus* his shirt, for you and your Poets sake.

*Capt.* What, do's the Rogue with 'twere made of Nettles?

*[Exit Parson.]*

*Captain puts on his Cloak, and addresses himself to speak the Epilogue, and is interrupted by the Lady Love-all and Faithfull her woman, who in haste and full of anger pull him by the Cloak.*

*Love.* By your favour, Sir; did you see any company pass this way?

*Capt.* None, but the three Brides, and they are gone just before you.----Hark, the Musick will guide you.

*The Musick plays.*

*Love.* Is it certain then they're married?

*Capt.* Yes, Lady, I saw the Churches rights performed.

*Faithf.* Why do's your Ladiship lose time in talking with this fellow; don't you know him, Madam? 'tis the rascally Captain, hid in a black cloak; I know you, Sirrah.

*Love.* She has reason; now I mark him better, I should know that false face too; see *Faithful*, there are those treacherous eyes still.

*Capt.* Alas, you mistake me, Madam, I am Epilogue now ; the Captain's within ; and as a friend I counsel you, not to incense the Gentlemen against the Poet, for he knows all your story ; and if you anger him he'll put it in a Play ; but if you'll do friendly offices, I'll undertake, instead of your Pearl you lost, to help you to the Jewel, the Scotch Dictionary will tell you the value of it ; let them go alone, and fret not at their loss ; stay, and take my counsel, it shall be worth three revenges.

*Love.* Well, what is't, Sir ?

*Capt.* They say, you have a great power over the Parson ; if you can prevail with him to express his anger in some Satyrick Comedy (for the knave has wit, and they say his genius lies that way,) tell him, 'tis expected he should be revenged upon the illiterate Courtier that made this Play ; if you can bring this business about, I may find a way, as Epilogue, to be thankful, though the Captain abus'd you to day. Think on't, *Stephen* is as handsome, when the Play is done, as *Mr. Wild* was in the Scene.

*Love.* There's something of reason in what he says.-----But my friend, how shall one believe you ; you that were such a Rascal to day, in Buff, is it to be hoped you can be honest only with putting on a black cloak ? well, I'll venture once again ; and if I have any power, he shall sting the malicious Rascal ; and I think he is fit for such a business. I'm sure he has the worst tongue ; and a conscience that neither honour nor truth binds ; and therefore 'tis to be believed, if he will rail in publick he may be even with your Poet ; I will cloath and feed him and his Muse this seven years, but I will plague him ; *Secret* tells me, 'twas your Poet too that pawn'd me, to day, in the Tavern.

*Capt.* By my faith, did he ; nay 'twas he that told me of your friendship with *Jolly*.

*Love.* I wonder the Parson has been so long silent ; a man of his coat and parts, to be beaten with a pen, by one that speaks fence by rote, like Parots ; one that knows not why fence is fence, but by the sound ; one that can scarce read, nay, not his own hand ; well, remember your promise.

*Capt.* Leave it to me, he is yours ; and if our Plot take, you shall all have your shares in the mirth ; but not the profit of the Play ; and the Parson, more than his Tythe, a second day.

*Love.* We will discourse of this some other time ; and pray dispatch what 'tis you have to say to this noble company, that I may be gone ; for those Gentlemen will be in such fury, if I stay ; and think, because we are alone, God knows what.

*Capt.* 'Tis no matter what they think, 'tis not them we are to study now ; but these guests, to whom pray address your self civilly, and beg that they would please to become Fathers, and give those Brides within ; what say you, Gentlemen, will you lend your hands to joyn them ; the Match you see is made ; if you refuse, *Stephen* misses the Wench, and then you cannot justly blame the Poet. For you know, they say, that alone is enough to spoil the Play.



The Pilgrim.  
A  
TRAGEDY,

The Scene *MILLAIN*.

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Written in *PARIS*,

BY

*THOMAS KILLIGREW*:

1651.

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DEDICATED

TO THE

COUNTESSE

OF

*CARNARVAN*.

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LONDON:

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in  
the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

## The Names of the Actors.

*Alphonso*, Duke of *Millain*.

*Sforza*, His Son in Love with *Fidelia*.

*Julia*, Widow to the deceased Duke of *Pavia*, now Dutchess of *Millain*.

*Victoria*, Daughter to *Alphonso*, in Love with *Cosmo*.

*Cosmo*, Son to *Julia*, in Love with *Victoria*.

*Fidelia*, *Julia's* Daughter, in Love with *Sforza*.

*Matthias*, The deceased Duke of *Pavia* only mentioned.

*Martino*, A Lord of *Pavia*, Favorite to the deceased Duke and Dutchess, and now Favorite to *Alphonso*.

*Carlo*, Governour of the Castle of *Millain*, a Creature of *Julia's*, and Secretary.

*Baptista*, A Lord of *Pavia*, banished both States, in Love with *Fidelia*.

*Antonio*,

*Giovanni*,

*Richardo*,

*Ferdinando*,

} Friends to *Cosmo*

} Friends to *Sforza*

} All four Honest Men.

*Phillipine*, Page to *Victoria*.

*Pietro*, *Nicolett*, Banditoes.

*A Hermit*.

*Trivallin*, A Ferry-man over the *Poe*.

*Bertolin*, His Man.

*Argentin*, His Wife.

*Moretta*, His Maid.

*Attendants*, Such as the Scene requires.

*Angelica*,

*Maria*,

} Servants to the Princess.



# The Pilgrim.

## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Giovanni, Ferdinando, and two Officers  
of the Army.*

*Giovanni.*

**W**ere I worthy to counsell the Duke, he should know this removing of Generals breeds ill blood, and disaffects the Souldiers; whose kindness at this time is of more importance then his

security will give faith to.

*Ferdi.* That *Cosmo* was made General, though it seemed strange at first; yet those that know *Julia's* power with the old Duke, he being her Son, wonder not at it. But how he comes now to be disgraced, and yet she and *Martino* hold their Interest in Court, makes me suspect some foul play, some further designs then their Craft will let us discover.

*Giov.* He has won strangely upon the Souldiers by his Courage and Affability; for those that are his Enemies will yet allow Prince *Cosmo* a gallant and stout Souldier, else he would have found the hatred they bear his Mother would have clouded all his parts; his first Reception was so cold, we thought he looked dejected, as if he were ashamed to own his Mother.

*Ferdi.* Prithce talk no more of her; she is an evil the Nation ought to arm against; The sword (and that speedily bent against her) can onely prevent the ruine she and *Martino* threaten this State with. Prayers find too slow Remedies for such mischiefs as their power daily contrives.

*Giov.* Heaven had many Crimes to punish in *Millain*, when she and *Martino* were sent our scourges; Her own Subjects despis'd and scorn'd her, and deriding her victory, say, we fought for their diseases onely.

*Ferdi.* I wonder how Prince *Sforza* brooks this Familiarity of hers with *Martino*; for 'tis said, he passionately affects the Princess *Fidelia*, a Virgin of unquestion'd Virtue, and yet her Daughter.

*Giov.* She has indeed an unspotted Fame; and when I consider it, I am amazed to think Nature should send such Sovereign Fruit from so poysonous a Root; yet they say Prince *Sforza* but ill digested

gested his Fathers Marriage with the Mother, for all his Passion for the Daughter.

*Ferdi.* Can you blame him? Is it not a hard Condition to find his Enemy and his Captive become his Mother? Supplanting him in all the power and trust of his Father? yet his Piety makes him obedient, even to her weakness; and civil, even to his Fathers faults.

*Giov.* O 'tis a matchless Gallantry inhabits in him; his Princely breast is all compos'd of Honour; whether Enemy or Friend, he conquers still; so faithfull in his Promise, mild in Command, and gentle in Dispute, Constant and Resolute in dangers, never absent to himself, never transported when he overcomes, nor losing himself in disorder, nor amazed when he is worsted; I have seen him win and lose a battle, but with that evenness of Soul, as fair Gamesters use to meet their fortunes with.

*Ferdi.* Yet I heard him say, he thought it had been better for *Millain* to have lost the battle, then wonne *Pavia*; since his Fathers weakness had so far betray'd him as to marry *Julia*.

*Giov.* See if we were not fallen into the discourse of her again, that Curse; and our miseries are so large a Theam we cannot shun it, though we warn each other.

*Ferdi.* To divert you from that discourse, pray let me know your intention; are you for *Millain*, with the Generall, or will you stay here? I mean to wait upon him, and, by that Title, till I see some worthier then himself receive his Command, which they will scarce find in *Millain*.

*Giov.* Prithee, *Ferdinando*, think better of me, then to believe I will serve under any Man that Clouds Prince *Cosmo*; let us go find him at his Lodging.

*Ferdi.* He is gone abroad, I saw him and *Antonio* upon the workes; This way we shall meet them, see where they come.—

*Enter Cosmo, Antonio, and Carlo; Cosmo has a Letter open in his hand, which he reads with a troubled look.*

*Cosmo.* They need not be so hasty in repeating their Injuries from *Millain*; *Cosmo* has not so ill a Memory to forget the first, that they need not prompt him with a second;—*These are to Command you to quit the Army, and to attend us at Millain, to know our further pleasure. Alphonso the Duke may command, and 'tis just that I obey; And 'tis as great a truth, his Command ought to be just. What if I will not quit the Army? 'tis not this paper can force me, Carlo?*

Hereades.

*Giov.* Force! who dares think they can force hence the *Lombard* General, or, at least, publish that thought? Death! do not go, Sir; say to us, you are wrong'd, and you will have justice ere you stir; we will send a Messenger shall make *Millain* know she has her power from hence.

*Cos.* I thank you for your hearty affection; but I must not let you be faulty to serve me; my Lord, you may return, and say, I shall



shall obey ; My innocence dares go and meet the author of this injury, and then play *Cosmo's* part.

*Carl.* Sir, I am sorry 'twas my misfortune to bring this unwelcome news ; and 'twas one part of their design that wrought this mischief, to have me employed ; that it might wither my hopes in your Highness favour ; but this Letter, Sir, I hope, will acquit me ; 'tis from your Princely Mother.

*Ferd.* *Giovanni*, that is one of *Julia's* familiars ; would thou or I had the opening of his heart ; what a nest of Villains we should discover !

*Cos.* Womens counsels are like their actions ; let her practise her patience still ; though she can digest affronts and scorns, they shall find *Cosmo* will not ; I must be patient and suffer an affront, because Prince *Sforza* is to succeed in my Command.

*Car.* So it was reported, Sir ; but 'twas the wonder of all, why he of late should so labour your remove ; nor could we learn who were the means he wrought by, till the Dutchess suspecting your Sister *Fidelia* intercepted some of her Letters, by which she found the Prince and your Sister hold intelligence ; and 'twas her command, and Count *Martino* counsell'd, that your Highness should not build too much upon the seeming friendship of the Prince ; who but ill brooks the love and trust your Highness has in *Millain* ; and those that will strike at your honour thus, she says, would strike at Prince *Cosmo*, if they durst attempt him.

*Ferd.* Did not I tell you, that is a Villain.

*Cos.* I find him, and her practice too, fond Girl.

*Giov.* Ha ! 'tis Prince *Sforza* then that succeeds our General.

*Cos.* What if it be Prince *Sforza* ? what is that to me ; who has heard me question his merits ? or wish one glory from his growing greatness ? why then should he look with envious eyes on mine ? are honours so scarce in the Court of *Millain*, that they must rob a stranger, ere they can pay their Debts to their Prince ? let them build him Trophees of their Love, till his envied fame grows great as his mind ; I shall not repine at it, so I be not injur'd ; who ever heard *Cosmo* repeat the ruine he suffer'd in the war betwixt *Millain* and *Pavia*, because I was then their enemy ? and though I lost my Country, I kept my honour. But when they will call me friend, and injure me ; smile in my face, and stab me ; wish health to *Cosmo*, and put poyson in his cup ; the world must pardon me, if then my passion grows untame ; when I see they aim to make me the basis to build anothers greatness on ; which ere I will suffer, I'll raise a storm shall shake the proudest in their proudest thoughts. *Antonio*, follow me. *Exit Cosmo and Antonio.*

*Car.* This I look'd not for ; I must find him. *[Exit.]*

*Ferd.* This mischief I foresaw ; 'tis easie to read *Julia's* craft ; the malice of a bloody and an ambitious woman is clearly to be discovered. Oh, *Giovanni*, the ruine that threatens this State must have sudden, honest, and bold remedies ; and we must wear our swords ready for all occasions.

*Gio.* 'Tis apparent her design is to break the friendship between the two

two Princes; and I am confident, *Sforza* has no hand in this injury done to our General; therefore let us haste to *Pavia*, and acquaint Prince *Sforza* with what has past, whither I believe *Cosmo* is gone; his nature is too fiery to sleep upon such a conceived injury.

*Ferd.* Agreed: But let us pass by *Millain*, and observe what face the Court wears towards the Souldiers; that will instruct us how to proceed; for my fears apprehend some sudden mischief. [Exeunt.]

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Martino and a Servant.*

*Mart.* The Duke speechless, no sign of life, but warmth?

*Serv.* The Physitian bad me tell you, that he apprehends this relapse will be mortal. [aside.]

*Mart.* If he should die, 'twould cross all our designs; *Carlo* is absent too: this chance distracts me; saw you the Dutches?

*Serv.* No, Sir, but one was dispatch'd to call her. [Exit Serv.]

*Mart.* Haste to the Physitian, and the Guards; command them strictly to admit no visits, till I come. [Enter Julia.]

*Jul.* O *Martino*, we are lost, for ever lost, if suddenly we attempt not some brave rescue; and the plot we have so gloried in (our breaking the friendship betwixt my Son and *Sforza*) as 'twas then the way to compass our ends, if the Duke dies, it will be our utter ruine.

*Mart.* What says your Messenger, how did he leave him?

*Jul.* The Impostume brake, and he was almost strangled ere they found it; and he left him speechless, and void of reason; and he must find sudden ease, or death.

*Mart.* But why this distraction, Madam? think you I have not thought of all the remedies that either our power or craft can propose? thinks your Highness that *Martino* is so dull, as to sleep in this storm where you and *Cosmo* are threatn'd? No, Madam, I am too proud and kind to quit the Helm, which thus long your favour hath put in my hands.

*Jul.* What then do's thy soul prompt thee to? is there a hope left we may gain *Sforza* to our party?

*Mart.* No, no; that thought is vain and desperate; *Sforza* is not to be wrought upon; were he a coward I would fright him from the Throne; or were he a fool, I would flatter him till his heart were tame, and then rock him asleep, and insensibly rob him of a Crown. But these charms have no power upon him, his sullen nature's proof against them and lust: yet if *Fidelia* would joyn, that bait might engage his soul; for I know he loves her; and if she would be wise enough to listen to her own good, I would not doubt our success. Did you move it to her?

*Jul.* Yes, yes; But hell upon her, she's too cold, she was changed, sure, in the Cradle; No child of mine could be so unseasonably



bly vertuous; when I urged it to her with all the kindness and interest of a Mother; Shewed her that all her past glories, present honours and safety depended upon her consent; she urged conscience and the Gods, and a thousand strange examples of their judgments upon such actions. In short, I fear she is honest; and therefore neither to be trusted, nor tempted longer.

*Mart.* Hell take her and her froward conscience; let her live and dye a fool, and slave to *Sforza*, since she prefers a Maiden-head before a Crown. Secret is honesty enough for any woman; and since there is no other remedy, they both must dye; I have ordered to admit no visits; and if he dye, we must conceal it till *Sforza* be dead, which is the only counsel our extremity admits.

*She leans upon him.*

*Jul.* That was spoke like a friend to *Julia*; now I find my youth did not erre in her choice; nor do I grudge that bounty or love that purchas'd *Martino's* friendship,-----*Sforza* must dye, was it not so thou said'st?

*Mart.* Yes, Madam, he must dye, 'tis the only remedy; if he get the Crown, we are short lived.

*Jul.* *Sforza* get the Crown? has *Jul.* quitted all her peace, all her honour, and her God, to make her *Cosmo* great; and after that, shall she see him stoop to *Sforza*; I had rather those limbs were torn by a Hang-man.

*Mart.* Put off your fears, and calm this passion; 'tis resolv'd, *Sforza* shall dye, and your Highness laugh at his Tragedy, whose thoughts are big with hopes of our misery.

*Jul.* These words have given life to my dying hopes; and could I hear thee say *Sforza* was dead, *Julia* were then Mistress of all her wishes; and till I do hear that musick in thy voice, the fear that he should live master of *Cosmo* and thee, makes my joy faint; for know, I have set up my rest; and we will stand the greatest, or fall the wicked'st in *Millain*. O *Martino*, canst thou call to thy mind that sad day, when I kneel'd a petitioner at great *Matthia's* feet (thy dead Lord and mine) the private estate I then mourn'd, gather'd from his first looks ambitious hopes, which with such art I managed, that ere I had my story told with tears and youth, so cunningly I pleaded, that he left to be *Cesar*, and rather obeyed, then granted what I sought; but Love was my aid then, Love moved in these eyes; and so powerful were those tears, his heart was struck with the sad object; but these eyes had fire in them then, *Martino*, Fire, such as that misery could not cloud, such as those tears could not quench; But to his bed they lighted *Julia*, *Pavia's* Duke I ruled, and upon a cruell Brother took a deep Revenge; High was the Fame of *Julia's* Beauty then, when all bowed to *Julia*, and observ'd her rising, as if the day had broke from these Eyes to whose power all stoop'd; Yet then, *Martino*, my *Martino*, in midst of all these glories commanded *Julia*.

*Mart.* Why do you repeat this, Madam? Do you believe your Servant wants spurs? Are not our Interests equal? Is there any thing can attempt me to be ungrateful?

*Julia.* No, *Martino*; not that I fear thy gratitude, but to call to  
X thy

*She points to her face.* thy Memory thy dead friends ; That I was handsome 'is but a weak Argument ; and if thou shouldst prove forgetful, *Julia* would not frown upon thee, because she knowes 'tis vain and idle ; frownes and anger from decayed Beauty beget no terrour in Men ; 'tis like *Cæsar* in his Marble, which to none terrour beares.

*He embraces her.* *Mart.* Take heed how you encourage me to be false ; Men, when they fear no punishment, are seldome faithfull for Honours sake ; and if I should be false, what would you do ?

*They embrace* *Julia.* Mourn, and conjure thee to thy faith again, by all those past pleasures, by all those joyes which I have brought thee, by our stolne sweetes, and those envy'd embraces which we so often have expired in, and beg of thee not to add to the miseries of time ; Then would I shew thee that Heaven thou hast so often sworn by ; These stars too, which furnish'd thee with new matter for thy vowes ; And at last, sighing, name *Julia*, as thou wast wont to do ; when thou would'st swear by what in Heaven and Earth thou lov'd'st and feard'st most, *Julia* would then fall from thy Tongue, and tears from thy Eyes ; And, if in those dayes my kindness obliged a gallant man, thou wouldst again return to thy friend.

*Mart.* No more, Fate and *Martino* shall change together ; I am still your Highnesses ; command me and prove my faith, though it be to fix this Ponyard in *Sforza's* heart.

*Julia.* No, no, *Martino*, I will bear a part in all ; I require no single danger from you, but onely to joyn with me : For thou art one my thoughts labour to preserve rather then to hazard ; and when we can gain our ends safely, then I again conjure you to joyn with me to make our *Cosmo* great ; for to me he is dearer then all that the Earth shews, or the Sea hides ; Because he is the fruit of our Love ; 'tis for my dear *Cosmo*, thy *Cosmo*, 'tis for him I plead ; And by thy part of that pleasing sin, by that beloved fault which *Cosmo* is ; By that dear crime, which I cannot, nay will not repent, because 'twas thine, let us resolve to pursue our design : That we may leave our *Cosmo* great as our Loves, lest envious lookers on, in these dayes, should scorn our past greatness, and laughing say, *Julia* and *Martino's* glory was as mortal as her beauty, which is the common Fate of Women.

*They kiss.* *Mart.* No more, *Julia*, By this — and this, my *Julia* is to me still all Pleasure, all Beauty, all sweetness ; O thou excellently faithfull to a broken Faith, and diligent maintainer of thine own Laws.

*Julia.* Love and Ambition know no Laws ; a Mistress and a Crown have no certain way ; Election, Birth, Sword, all are good. Nothing was ever call'd Treason, when the Traytors stood ; Laws are fit to bind the people, Princes are above them, and the wisest make them their servants ; The sacrifice was the peoples expiation, and so sacred, they might not touch what they offered, yet what they offered was to the Priest but food.

*Mart.* Thou hast fired my Soul, and I long to see *Sforza* Earth. *Baptista* shall suddenly put in execution the plot we resolved on ; he'll this Evening be at my Lodging, and all things agree to make  
it



it hit; For *Sforza* is this day to set out from *Pavia*, which will give an occasion fit for our design; our doubt was, where to attempt him; 'twas my opinion in the wood, when he is past the River; But *Count Baptista* believes 'twill be safer, when he passes the Ferry; I have whetted him on with repeating of his Injuries; and *Carlo* hath so confirmed him, that his banishment was procured by *Sforza* (who is now his Rival in *Fidelia's* Love) that he is ready for any mischief, so she may be his reward, which we assured him, with a Restitution to all his Possessions when *Cosmo* reigned, which must be performed.

*Julia*. Yes, if there be no way to remove him when the work is done; for he is of too bold a Nature to be trusted with such a secret.

*Mart*. That is a danger not ill foreseen; for such men, if not rewarded as they desire, still cry, They gave the Crown, and think they are never paid till they have the gift again.

*Julia*. Sure I am greater then I was; this Faith in my Friend has renewed my years; if not in me, yet it has in thee, faithfull, kind *Martino*, who now appear'st lovely, as *Bacchus* in his Wine; when the well-natur'd God look'd kindly on the faults of the false *Theseus*; and I could wish all the forsaken Beauty of *Ariadne*, to add to what time has wither'd here, and thou that Gods desire, blown by his own fire, that *Julia* might meet thee again, and again overflow thy heart with Joy. [Enter Carlo.

*Mart*. What news begets this haste? where's *Cosmo*?

*Carlo*. He left the Camp enraged at the Letters, and threatens a Revenge against *Sforza*; and if not prevented, I fear, in his own Person he will attempt it; there is no body but *Antonio* with him.

*Julia*. Watch his coming to Court, and give me notice, that I may lay my command upon him, not to venture himself in such a danger.

*Mart*. That thought is vain; Pray take no notice of his intention, nor seem to intend his prevention, lest he suspect it and steal privately away; Leave the care to me, I will have the guard ready; and as soon as he enters the Court, we will seize him in the Dukes name, and make him a Prisoner at my Chamber, till *Sforza* be gone his long Journey.

*Carlo*. You must lose no time in that design neither; for 'tis certain, *Sforza* sets out this day; have you resolved where we shall set upon him?

*Mart*. Either in the Wood, or as he passes the *Poe*.

*Carlo*. You know, 'twas the *Count Baptista's* opinion, the River was best; for the Act once done, 'twas but sinking the Boat, and the waters being high, they may have time to escape to *Pavia*.

*Mart*. Prithee call him, he is now at my Chamber, and we will resolve.

*Carlo*. No, Sir, Pray let him not be seen in this publick place; his disguise is not proper for you to hold discourse with, it may beget

suspicion ; within he shall attend you.

*Julia.* I will to the Duke, to keep all visits from him but death, who could never have come unwelcome till now ; had he waited on *Sforza* first, we might then have lighted at his Funeral my *Martino's* Hymeneal Torch.

*Carlo.* Spoke like my great Mistress; and 'tis my glory that I serve such a Soul : But lose no time ; let *Baptista* be instructed, that is the hinge on which all this glorious work must move, and Crown Prince *Cosmo* ; which will make Divine-formed *Julia* great in Story.

*Mart.* Away *Carlo*, call *Baptista* to the Dutchess Cabinet, where we will expect you. [Exeunt omnes.

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Baptista alone, habited like a Beggar.*

*Bapt.* **H**Ateful Habit ! loathed form ! scorn'd fortune ! wretched *Baptista*, disgraced, banished, and despised by her I Love ! O Heaven ! Is there no way to conquest but through the miseries of the Innocent ? My crime to this State was my faith to my dead prince and kinsman ; which too well *Martino* and false *Julia* know ; if they had any gratitude for his memory, they might long since have dispersed this cloud, having absolute power in *Millain* ; But they are false as Cowards bred in blood and Lust together ; Yet now their dangers begin to approach they fawn upon *Baptista* ; and to gain their ends, promise more than Passengers in storms, or a prodigal to his Whore, when Beauty and high rough Seas plead in their Lusts and fears. And now I will dissemble too ; and be as blind as the Scene requires ; neither see nor hear ought but what they shew or tell ; Not that I will believe thee *Martino* ; but I have my ends too in *Sforza's* death ; 'Twas that proud Boy eclipsed all my glories, and left me thus a naked shrub ; 'twas he that like untimely frosts kil'd all my forward hopes in dear *Fidelia* ; for whose sake, Fate spins no thread so fine but I dare cut it ; and for her sake he shall die. ----- See where she comes ; This is all the joy I have, this sight makes me endure my misery.

*Enter Fidelia and her Maid.*

*Fidelia.* This disgrace of *Cosmo's* amazes me ; Prince *Sforza* too, is called home ; and the Duke fallen into a relapse ; When I consider these accidents, I am able to give my self so little satisfaction, that I cannot but fear there is some foul play intended ; for I know *Martino* cannot but apprehend the Prince in both, Oh ! this thought has fears which Heaven protect the Prince from.

*Bapt.* All blessings of mind and Fortune fall upon the Excellent *Fidelia*, till the abundance equal that Excess of beauty that strikes the world, for being so charitable to her daily Beads-man.

*Fidelia.*



*Fidelia.* I am not uncharitable ---- yet my heart affects not that fellow ; Heaven pardon me, if I judge amiss ; But me-thinks he deserves his Curse ; nor did I ever yet give him a willing Alms ; Yet *Maria*, give him something. What said he ?

[Exit Baptista. *She speaks aside.*

*Maria.* I know not, Madam.

[Enter Victoria. *aside.*

*Vict.* O sister, send off thy *Maid*, till I relate my fears ; *Martino* is a Villain, a bloody and a subtle Traytor ; and if not ptevented, will ruine all that is vertuous in this Court.

*Fidelia.* Oh my divining soul ! whence spring thy fears, Gentle *Victoria* ?

*Vict.* Passing through the Privy Gallery to my Fathers Chamber, which you know joyns upon your Mothers Cabinet, I heard some laugh, which made me curious to listen ; where I heard such light airy things as suit not with these times, nor our distracted fortunes ; and one (I will not name) with wicked mirth made mention of those dangers that now besiege my fathers life ; At which my anger made me look, to see who they were ; more amazed at the sight, then at the sound of those words : For the old beggar (we use to give our Alms to) was with them ; He stood upright, no age nor wrinkles in his Face, nor silver hair on head or beard ; he whisper'd something to the Dutcheß, at which she laugh'd ; and I could hear the Villain say, by to morrow Sun-set she should see no air of *Sforza* ; and to his horrid wish bloody *Martino* said, Amen. But that which most cuts my soul, was, to find the Dutcheß of this Councel.

*Fidelia.* Oh ! Madam : That Villain I have long trembled at, fearing his counsel would at last tend to some horrid mischief ; she is my mother, I shall therefore neither Judge nor revile her ; though my heart weeps for her ; let heaven speak to her, and tell her what Duty she owes to them, and give me piety enough to pay mine to her.

(*She weeps.*)

*Vict.* Dear sister, do not weep ; I came not to afflict you, but to Counsel, with you, how I might save the Innocent.

*Fidelia.* Oh Madam ! to what misery was I reserved ? when your noble Brother saved us, and gave his Charity to those that arm'd against him ; would I had died with my Father ; with that peace and Innocence I then enjoyed ; I shall live now till none will pity me ; None will mourn when I die, nor shed a tear for poor *Fidelia* ; In that day *Millain* will burn fires of joy ; no Funeral-torch shall light the sad mourners from my Obsequies.

*Vict.* Your griefs are now unreasonable ; pray defer them, and consider what is to be done to save my brother from their Malice ; Your commands are more powerful far then mine, I will not doubt a sisters Interest ; Let us write our fears, and assure him that there is a Plot laid for his life, and acquaint him with the relapse, and suddain danger that my father is fallen into ; he will then know how necessary his presence must be here ; but counsel him to come privately in some disguise, and we will expect him at your Chamber ; while you write this, I will call *Phillipine*, to whose care we will give it.

*Fidelia:*

*Fidelia.* I shall ; and 'tis one joy, I am not so lost in your Opinion but that your highness dares trust me with your fears, though my Mother be part of them ; If I keep that value with the Prince too, I shall not be so miserable as my fears would perswade me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

*Enter Cosmo, muffled in his Servants Cloak, observing his Sister, and the Princess as they go out.*

*Cosmo.* 'T' Was she, and the Princess *Victoria* ; I will observe till she goes to her own Chamber. I dare not see the Princess ; my love has too much folly and softness ; When I behold her she calls to my mind, 'tis her brother that has injur'd me ; and that thought distracts me ; Yet I must not tamely bear this Injury, nor rudely dispute it with her I love ; But for *Fidelia*, a Sister that I have loved above my Eyes ; that she should joyn in my disgrace, is a Return I could not have feared from any thing that I have valued like *Fidelia* ----- She comes, I will not be seen.

[*Enter Fidelia and Victoria.*]

*Vi&.* Till night, Madam, I will take my leave, lest our being together beget suspicion.

*As she goes  
out, Cosmo  
pulls Fidelia.*

*Cosmo.* *Fidelia*, Sister.

*Fidelia.* Brother ? well-come, What Accident calls you to *Millain* ?

*Cosmo.* My Injuries, which I hear you are no stranger to, *Fidelia*.

*Fidelia.* What was it you said, Sir ?

*Cosmo.* I am told you are no stranger to the affront that brings me hither ; for 'tis said, you love Prince *Sforza*, sister.

*Fidelia.* I heard you, Sir, at first ; But was loath to understand you ; and 'tis said, you hate Prince *Sforza*, brother.

*Cosmo.* Hate him ? Nay I scorn to hate him ; When I am angry I dare be reveng'd ; Nor will *Cosmo* think this anger away ; That I hate him is false.

*Fidelia.* And why may not I be scandal'd too ?

*Cosmo.* If 'twere false, why do you hold Correspondence with him has wrong'd your brother ?

*Fidelia.* I know he has not Injur'd you, and therefore I hold correspondence with him.

*Cosmo.* I know, he has : poorly, and by Whispers, wrought my disgrace in my absence ; and by detraction robbed me of that Faith his Father gave me ; 'Tis *Sforza* has made me suspected : But I shall prove my self honefter then he dares be.

*Fidelia.* Honefter then he ? I would thou couldst.

*Cosmo.* Yes, then he, or any that dares avow this disgrace done to *Cosmo*, and to their teeth tell them so ; and they dare as soon beard a Lyon, naked, as maintain their Injury.

*Fidelia.* He is the gallanter man ; Dare you maintain an Injury ?

*Cosmo.* I dare, as much as he.

*Fidelia.* And more ; for he dares not use a Sister thus ; Go tell him



him what you dare do ; you will find him your equall in Honour, and in Arms.

*Cosmo.* He is not.

*Fidelia.* Come, he is. Remember *Pavia*, and the life he gave you ; Remember me, and my honour, which he saved, When neither your sword nor passion could protect it.

*Cosmo.* You are angry, Sister.

*Fidelia.* No, Sir ; I never yet met that man so rude ; nor Injury so wild, could raise my Anger ; Yet I confess, I have so much share in *Cosmo's* faults, that they wound me ; Thou art abused, and when 'tis too late thou wilt find it ; and if my words had faith with *Cosmo*, I would tell thee thy Courage and all that is Gallant and Honourable in thee ( Those strengths given to defend thee ) are by the malice and Craft of those Traytors whom thou trustest, arm'd against thee ; And because they durst not attempt thee, they have raised *Cosmo* against himself, and this Civil-war will ruine thee.

*Cosmo.* I understand not this complement ; are you with me, or against me ?

*Fidelia.* In the Princes cause against the world ; for I know he is Innocent ; and if you were your self, I could clear all these doubts.

*Cosm.* My self ? what disorders are there in my words or actions, that makes your partial eyes find the Mad-man in a Brother ?

*Fidelia.* Unmanly ones, such as in Prince *Sforza* I should hate, but in *Cosmo* I pity them.

*Cosmo.* You are my Sister that sayes this.

*Fidelia.* Dost thou not blush to say so, with that cloudy brow ? would any gallant man look upon a Sister so, with such a storm in his Fore-head, and Eyes full of Anger ? Would any man see this Rage to a Sister, whose Sex can scarce modestly be angry ? But that, and all the Injuries thou canst do me, I can pardon ; because I know there is a Tempest in thy Heart, craftily raised by those that hate thee.

*Cosmo.* Oh *Fidelia* ! I am wronged, disgraced, my Country lost, and all the Credit I had with the Duke blasted ; my Command is taken from me by Prince *Sforza* and his Party.

*Fidelia.* Thou art deceived, *Cosmo* : Yet I know you are wronged, and my Heart has bled for it ; But why you should punish me for it, why accuse wretched *Fidelia*, that had no Joy left but in her Innocence, and *Cosmo's* Love ; Why pursue me, that never in thought wronged you or any man ; Me, a Virgin and a Sister, oppressed with miseries, and rudely thus throw your wild words at me ; And your self (a Brother) become the Author of a scandal that thy Honour should have engaged thee to tear from a strangers Heart ! But now since you have defamed me, who shall fear to blot *Fidelia's* Name, when *Cosmo* a Brother shall be known to revile her ? They say, you are in Love with Prince *Sforza*. Oh *Cosmo* ! when thou said'st it, thy Eyes were red, and thy Heart call'd me Whore ; And had not you expressed a want of value for your Sister, who durst have ventur'd the defaming of *Fidelia* so ! The man was never born durst venture to tell me *Cosmo* was a Coward ; And had



mine honour been as pretious to thee, thou wouldst have kill'd that poysoner of my fame ; yet, I here declare, the only glory of my heart, is, the friendship she has gained from Prince *Sforza*.

*Cof.* Oh, *Fidelia*, *Fidelia*! pardon thy unfortunate Brother, and let my distracted mind plead my peace with thee ; though the injuries I have received would force an Anchorite from his Cell, and with broken vows break all Laws of Gods or Men, rather then not find a revenge : Read that Letter, and be your self the Judge.

He walks,  
and she  
reads.

*Fid.* If this Letter find your faith, We are lost ; 'tis *Martino's* falshood. Oh, that Serpent, which but now begins to throw his venom out ! the Prince sue for your Command ? (did you desire the Government of *Pavia* ? )

*Cof.* *Fidelia*, I ask your counsel ; I am not now fit for your mirth.

*Fid.* Do you know this hand ? pray read it.

She gives  
him Prince  
*Sforza's* Let-  
ter, and  
walks.

*Cof.* I work underhand, to gain the Government of *Pavia*, as I did the Army of *Millain* ? 'tis false, false as Hell, both ; and through the earth I will hunt him with my sword, till I have taken revenge of him that dares accuse me of one treacherous thought.

*Fid.* Do you now perceive the mischief they aim at, that have made this remove in your Commands ? *Martino* and *Carlo* cannot gain their ends, while the Prince and you are friends. You have both too much honour, while you love each other, to listen to their mischiefs : but being once blinded with anger, their false pretences may find a faith, which you and all may live to repent. The Prince is as great a stranger to his being General, as you are to the Government of *Pavia* ; yet when 'twas labour'd to make him believe you were the cause of his remove ; his friendship would neither believe, nor suffer such a scandal to be laid on *Cosmo*.

*Cof.* Is this truth, *Fidelia* ? or feigned, only to keep me from taking my revenge where you have a friendship ?

*Fid.* No, *Cosmo* ; I will call no man friend that dares do a treacherous act, or fears to justifie his own innocence ; and if you think otherwise, Go to *Pavia*, find the Prince, and satisfie your doubts ; only thus much I beg ; for my sake be not hasty, nor injurious in your words, but clearly tell your griefs ; Courage and Reason should tread the same pathes ; else you may lose your way, though justice guide you.

*Cof.* I shall obey your counsel ; for I know him valiant, and full of honour ; and though we both love him, if he wrong me, I must not bear it, *Fidelia*.

*Fid.* Alas, Sir, I am none of that fond kind of women, that would save a Brother ingloriously ; nor have I said this, to bid thee not fight with any man that wrongs thee. For I know my Brother fortunate in fight ; nor do I fear, or doubt his sword against any single enemy ; and though I would bet upon his arm against the world ; yet I would counsel him to let honour guide him, and never to detract from any enemy : For it lessens thy triumph when thou art victor ; but if overcome, then a scorn follows the loss.----- See who comes here ; can that softness calm your heart, or will it  
swell



swell against her too?

[Enter Victoria.

*Cos.* She staggers all my resolution; I must not stay: I hope your Highness does not believe me guilty of the injuries I stand accused of to Prince *Sforza*.

*Vic.* I am so far, Sir, from believing; I am to blush for those my Brother is taxed for; but I hope you see from whence that malice takes its root; *Martino* is a villain.

*Cos.* 'Tis visible I am injur'd; and when I thought Prince *Sforza* did it, my anger then was just. But *Fidelia* has made me lay by that anger, till I have spoken with his Highness: And I know the Prince is so gallant, he will not love me the less for seeing me sensible of an affront; For nothing can confirme him better that I will do no injuries, then to see that I will take none; for to appear worthy of such a friendship, is, to let him know I am not afraid to be his enemy.

*Fid.* Why was he so harsh to me?----

[aside.

*Vic.* Sir, this is but civil anger; and I must not go till you promise me, not to be an enemy to my Brother.

*Cos.* By your self, I swear (to *Cosmo* of all Oaths that binds most powerful) never to be an enemy to Prince *Sforza* till he injures me; and then to be patient is neither the way to honour nor safety.

*Vic.* I am satisfied, so you will let some other, and not your own passion, be judge of those injuries.

*Cos.* Be your Highness always judge of them and me.

[Exeunt omnes.

# ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter Trevallin.

*Treval.* Fear *Argentin* is not so full of honour as my wife should

be: A drunken *Thebes-key*, one of those wandring *Tramontanes*, whose business in the world is Wine Whores and Horseflesh; one of these, at first sight, called her by her name, and talked of old stories, such as would make a jealous man smell of the horn; if she be one of those that cannot say no, what a Trade shall I drive, that have the carrying over mine own horns, by Boatloads; but if I find her trading, By St. John, I'll spade her;

[Enter to him Bertolin and Argentin.

That's a sly Rogue too; I durst not go to gather boughs for my Boats, for fear he should be plucking her forbidden fruit at home.

*Bert. and she*  
*play together*  
*while he*  
*talks.*

*Argen.* I, now you cog; but I have not forgot that you gave *Moretta* the shirt the Dutch-man left behind him.

*Bertol.* Will this jealous humour never wear out? Come, and if you be true steel, Mistress, let us in, and strike fire; and I will promise you a bundle of Dutch-mens shirts, the next that

*They fool to-*  
*gether, and*  
*Trevallin*  
*sees them.*

*Treval.* So, so; this will come to somewhat, shortly; I shall prefer you, *Bertolin*, the French-way; I shall; which is, fleay you, and send

send you to serve the Grand Duke, Sirrah ; I shall, if I catch you in this saucy fit again, of playing with my wife.

*Bert.* Alas, Sir, we were but talking of the Dutch-men, that knew my Mistress when she was a brave Girle ; he that dranke a pound of Candles to her health.

*Treval.* And whither is she gone now ? to find that fine Dutch-man.

*Bert.* No, Sir, she's gone to the wood,

*Treval.* I know her mind now ; and if I would consent to her Roguery, I might gain my own ends the better ; 'twere but giving her an occasion, and taking an opportunity my self, for *Moretta* is as willing as I am, and see where she comes,---Dispatch, and get the boughs ready. [Enter *Moretta*.]

*Bert.* I shall, Sir, and it shall go hard but I will make a Rod for your Tail, out of them. [Exit.]

*Moret.* My Mistress is so jealous of her Bauble, and so covetous of anothers, that poor *Moretta* starves for a little of either ; yet the Master or the Man are willing to relieve my hunger ; she is a woman would fain change, and keep her own too. Yonder is my Master, how handsome he appears, now there is none but he ! (thus brown bread is good when one has a stomach) she is vanished, and *Bertolin* gone ; now for a charm to try him.

*Treval.* *Moretta*.

*Moret.* Sir.

*Treval.* Quickly, and softly, a kiss, Wench.

*Moret.* O dear, Master, take ten, and ask them afterwards, every word would make a dozen.

*Treval.* Let us look where the old spy is.

*Moret.* She is gone to gather boughs.

*Treval.* Come Wench, a kiss, and in, lest we lose this minute.

[Exeunt both.]

## ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Bertolin.*

*Bert.* **W** E are the strangest unlucky, every body is willing, and yet none can meet ; we know each others minds too well ; now for a minute, I have a jobbe of work here, a minute would do it, and a design in my pate to cure all their jealousies, by giving them full satisfaction of their doubts. Here comes my Mistress, I must be kind to her ; and she comes on as easie as my old slippers. [Enter *Argentin*.]

*Argen.* There he stands, and we are alone ; if he should offer, how shall I do for a where withall to deny him ?

*Bert.* Mistress, there is an old suit depending ; I am poor *Bertolin* still, but a most sufficient able Lover, that has---

*Argen.* You staid for me here now.---I, I, dissemble, dissemble ; where is your Master ?

*Bert.* He is gone home.

*Argen.*

*He plays the  
Rogue with  
her.*



*Argen.* And what do you hanker for? I saw the boughs at the door; Prince *Sforza* will be past before you have trimmed or made clean the Boat.

*Bert.* I would that you would but step in with me, and help to set up the boughs; I have a trick, if you would but joyn, *Mistress*, would tickle you till you laugh again.

*Argen.* I thought 'twas such trick; why so, is this a time to fool away in tricks and kissing?

*He kisses her.*

*Bert.* Say you so? I would we were but on t'other side the water; if you will go, we will put the Boat a drift; and when the work is done we'll call for help.

*Argen.* I am willing to do thee a kindness, but I dare not be long absent; for I fear my husband should come home in the mean time, and fall aboard *Moretta*.

*Bertol.* That is a Whore in her heart; let me alone to watch her; we will be back before them. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT. II. SCEN. V.

*Enter Trevallin and Moretta.*

*Moret.* **T**Here is no safety here, 'tis my *Mistress* that watches us.

*Treval.* Whither shall we go then, to be private?

*Moret.* Send my *Mistress* to the wood, for boughs; and when *Bertolin* comes home, make him stay for his break-fast; step you to the Boat, and lie privately, I will come to you.

*Treval.* Thou wilt not fail.

*Moret.* This in earnest. Farewel, make haste, and send home *Bertolin*; see where he comes with his boughs.

*Enter Bertolin with his boughs at his back.*

*Treval.* Whither are you going?

*Bertol.* To the Boat with these boughs.

*Treval.* Where is your *Mistress*?

*Bertol.* In the wood, gathering more boughs.

*Treval.* More boughs, what to do? unless you were certain the Prince would come.

*Bertol.* A Gallant told me so, that knew my *Mistress* before you.

*Treval.* A pox of his knowledge, and memory too; there is neither of them honest.

*Bertol.* Pray, let me go; and if you were as well loaden as I am, you'de have little lust to talk under such a burthen; I have more upon my back then you are aware of.

*Treval.* Lay them down, and go break your fast, and then call home your *Mistress*; there is boughs enough, one would think.

*Bertol.* Boughs enough? why, 'tis none of your pains, to gather them; can't you let one make the Boat handsome when the Prince is to pass?

*Trev.* You are alwayes thus troublesome.

*Bertol.* Let me carry these aboard, and then I will call home my Mistrefs.

*Trev.* Leave your prating, and lay down your Boughes, and go now and call her home; for if I lace your Coat 'twill be less easier then your plain one.

*Bertol.* I will not go alone, where she is; you will be in your old jealous hnmour, and mistrust something, as you did t'other night.

*Trev.* Away, you are a fool; give me the Boughes, and make haste.

*Bertol.* I will not quit my Boughes; you do things so by halves still.

[*Enter Moretta.*

*Moret.* Your Break-fast is ready; why do you dispute thus with him, you know 'tis a wilfull fool, let him go, you lose time.

*Trev.* Well, Sirrah, make haste, and come down to Breakfast.

*Exeunt Trevallin and Moretta.*

*Bertol.* Mistrefs, Mistrefs, don't you stink for fear? I assure you I do.

*Argent.* *Bertolin*, dear *Bertolin*, quick, quick, quick, unbind, unbind, dispatch that I may run home, I would not endure such another fright for all the wealth in *Pavia*.

*Bertol.* Yes, and then you will be gone and laugh at *Bertolin*; no faith, you must even be patient, Mistrefs; I will not lose my labour and my longing too; 'tis an opportunity has cost me too dear to be thrown away.

*Argent.* Dear *Bertolin*, I can do nothing now; for the truth is, I am loose in my belly with the fright.

*Bertol.* Are you guilt, Mistrefs?

*Argent.* Dear *Bertolin*, another time command me.

*Bertol.* Courage, Mistrefs, 'tis a sign of good luck you know.

*Argent.* No, no, *Bertolin*, as thou lovest me let me go; unbind me or I will cry out.

*Bertol.* Do, and proclaim it, one loud syllable more and I am gone; and here I will leave you like a Bird in a bush, 'twill be a credit for you, I need onely swear I have not touched you, and vehemently swear we were honest; That is the new fashion way of telling, which the Gallants use of late.

*Argent.* I am undone, I am undone for ever.

*Bertol.* Not, if you will be quiet; for I am as secret as any boat-hook. [*Exit Bertolin, and draves off his Boughes and Mistrefs.*

*Enter Moretta.*

*Moret.* He is gone aboard, and when he comes back to Breakfast, my Master and I will be merry in the Arbor. [*Exit Moretta.*

*Argent.* If ever I trust you again, *Bertolin*.

*Enter*



*Enter Bertolin, and brings his Mistress in again in the Boughes.*

*Bertol.* You hope I will deceive you thus; why now you I am your faithfull *Bertolin*, for being a gracious Mistress endears me; we have nicked the jealous Rogue. *He begins to unbind the Cord.*

*Argent.* You had best tell him so; Prithee unbind, that I may get home; so, so, look out and see whether the coast be clear for I am afraid *Moretta* and he should meet, for she is a Jade——Was not that her voice?

*Bertol.* Yes, by this hand.

*Argent.* Look out, quick.

*Moretta within calls Bertolin.*

*Bertol.* 'Tis she coming this way, quickly, let me tie the cord and lie still till she be gone.

*Argent.* A pox upon her for a crafty Whore, she suspects something.

*Bertol.* Be quiet, and all will be well, I warrant you.

*Moret.* Why do you not come to Break-fast? my Master staves for you, what are you studying?

*Bertol.* 'Tis resolv'd I will do it, and then they are both at my devotion; they will fear me, and not dare accuse me, nor tell of each other.

*Moret.* Now I am alone with him, methinks, he is lovelier then my Master; Lord, how handsome any Man is, when a Woman is in my Case.

*Bertol.* *Moretta*, you understand me, else this occasion may prompt you; Prithee lay thy hand upon these Boughes. *Bertolin takes her in his Armes, and poynts to the Boughes.*

*Moret.* Why should I be coy? Here is an opportunity, and 'tis good to be sure of one; and in this case to take the Man is Wisdom, when the Master is uncertain.

*Bertol.* You are dumb now, there may be more Dutch-men, and more shirts; however, there are Trees and Ropes enough in *Pavia* to ease a Lovers Heart.

*Moret.* You do well to complain first, and judge by your self; Alas, I do not see my Mistress, I am blind.

*Bertol.* Mistress? where?

*Moret.* Where? you know where, in your Heart, dissembler.

*Bertol.* By this day, I had thought she had seen her. By this kiss, I am all thine, only I was angry and vexed to see thee cast Eyes upon my Master; But we will forgive each other, grow wise, from past follies take occasion by the lock, and laugh at the old Woman.

*Moret.* Till you are next alone, and then this Story shall entertain her.

*Bertol.* Dost thou take me for a Devil, false to my Love?

*Moret.* Hark, I hear my Masters voice. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Trevallin at the other Door.*

*Trev.* *Bertolin*, *Bertolin*, she staves long; If the Rogue should mowe

mowe her to my hand, I have carried my business finely, to make my self his Baud; I have no patience, I will to the Door and call him. [Exit.]

*Enter Bertolin and Moretta.*

*Moret.* So, you had best brag, and tell leather face, my Mistress, with her spiders breath, what I have done.

*Bertol.* Hearn, I heard my Masters voice.

*Moret.* Be gone, I will follow you.

*Bertolin.* Farewell, little Rogue, till another time, but I will watch your water; how my Mistress stormes: Now if my Master will take an opportunity, and imploy *Moretta* upon the Boughes, what a Comfort 'twill be to my Mistress, 'till cure both their Jealousies---he comes, and I am gone. [Enter Trevallin.]

*Trev.* Where is this idle Villain?

*Moret.* I know not, I found him talking in's sleep here to himself, laid all along upon the Boughes; But he is gone I think to call home my Mistress.

*Trev.* But is he gone? Peepe Wench, be sure, lest the Enemy surprize us.

*Moret.* But look you keep your promise now; You shall not have my Maiden-head till you swear not to suffer my Mistress to beat me any more, nor dominere over me though she be jealous.

*Trev.* Beat thee? By this light, I will sew up her tail like young Kites for spoile, if she but lift her Tongue against thee.

*Moret.* Will she not come, think you?

*Trev.* No, no, hang her old Trot; Come Wench, whither shall we go?

*Moret.* Help me pull in the Boughes, and then I will talk with you; but you must be very civil. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Bertolin.*

*Bertol.* 'Tis done; lucky mischief as I could wish; O the knavery and the sport of this Jest, besides, my Revenge on all three: Now *Bertolin* is Master, and can have which he will. O for a fine familiar Devil to tell my Mistress thoughts; would I had so much money as she would give to be revenged, or as I would refuse, rather then hold my tongue; I will steal off, and give them the Alarum. Cry only, my Mistress comes. [Exit Bertolin.]

*Enter Trevallin and Moretta.*

*Treval.* A Boy, or Girl, Wench, for a pair of Gloves.

*Moret.* Neither, for two pair, a pox on't; 'tis no marvel my Mistress is so jealous; By this light, he would press twenty women to death, ere he made one Quick.

*Treval.* What say'st thou, am not I a young man still? and a bountiful Lover, for a man of my hair.

*Moret.*



*Moret.* By my troth, Sir, if you took no more then you lay'd out I think there had been little spent to day.

*Treval.* A wag, a wag; But I shall see thy belly swell; if it prove a Boy, we will call him *Trevallin* the second.

*Moret.* These old men think the best of themselves, and they have reason; for if their faith were no stronger then their works they were damn'd.

*Treval.* A kiss, a kiss, Wench. ---- I am betray'd, undone, undone.

*While they are kind, Enter Bertolin and discovers himself.*

*Bertolin.* My Act, for my freedom, quickly, your Seal-Ring, and Reversion of the Ferry, all the ready money in the house, and *Moretta* for my wife; Or all goes to the Inquisitor, and my Mistris, he cannot cuckold me; I have both their words for it.

*Treval.* I am undone.

*Bertol.* Is it a Bargain? or I am gone.

*Moret.* Be rul'd, Sir, all is undone, I will consent rather then be dishonoured; But if I be not revenged on him when I am married.

*Treval.* But will you be faithful, and secret, when this is done? and not tell my wife!

*Bertol.* Hah! what house do you take me to be of? Is *Bertolin* of so little reputation in the world, as to proclaim my own horns my self? Hang her, Trot, she shall know nothing unless you tell her.

*Treval.* I tell her? the Devil I will.

*Bertol.* Sure, 'tis as probable you may have the vanity to say, you made my wife a whore, as I to tell it.

*Treval.* Be but secret, and all is agreed.

*Bertol.* Is it a match, *Moretta*?

*Moret.* Yes, by this kiss.

*Treval.* Make haste, and let us part before she comes, she will be so jealous else.

*Bertol.* No, no, stay you two here, and stick up the Boughes; I told her you were making ready the Boat; fetch out the boughes *Moretta*, and dispatch, I will return strait. [Exit Bertolin.]

*Treval.* This slave will tell her yet.

*Moret.* What will he tell? am not I his wife?

*Treval.* But shall not I be well-come still, when we can delude the old Woman. *Both of them pull in the Boughes.*

*Moret.* Yes, but we must be secret, for he is a sullen Rogue, I cannot these boughs out, he has bound them so fast together, pray lend me your knife to cut the string.

*Treval.* There, let me help thee. (*Bertolin peeps.*) *They set up some Boughes.*

*Moret.* Fetch me some more boughes.

*Treval.* Ha! what's here? my wife?

*Argent.* Yes, impudence; Oh, that I were loose? *Trevallin goes to pluck the Boughes, and findes his wife.* [Enter Bertol.]

*Bertol.* Did you call, Sir? my Mistris will be here presently.

*Treval.* I am abused, but I shall be revenged; This is your Villany, Sirrah.

*Moret.*

*Moret.* Ha ! my Mistris in the boughes ! she can tell fine stories then.

*Argen.* Yes, you double Whore ; oh, for a Rat to gnaw this Cord.

*Enter Baptista and the Banditoes.*

*Bapt.* Sieze them, and bind them ; so, strip those Fellows, and bring their Cloathes.

*The Banditti hold them.* *Bertol.* Alas, Sir ; my skin will never hold dressing ; if your worship has use of a skin, pray take my Masters ; he is a notable thick-skin'd knave, and so tough with the yellow, 'tis almost tann'd to your hand, Sir.

*Bapt.* Hah ! What have we here, a bird in a bush ? Away, gagg them ; and lay them in the hole, behind the Hermitage, and follow me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Enter Sforza and Richardo.*

*Sforza.* NO more, *Richardo.*

*Rich.* Sir, 'tis my Love and Duty that makes me urge it.

*Sforza.* I believe it ; but no more, I know you are abus'd.

*Rich.* Sir, I have letters here second yours, and from your best Friends, such whose affection, Faith, nor duty, ought to be suspected ; They are full of Amaze and Wonder, to finde your Highness will so tamely consent to lose a Countrey that cost so much blood to purchase ; Was not *Cosmo* born Prince of *Pavia* ? how think you, Sir, a man of his Spirit, and Title to the Place, should consent to hold his birth-right for another ? You are deceived, Sir ; Nor were *Cosmo* fit for your Friendship, if his Spirit could grow so tame and degenerate, as to set a Slave upon his Fathers Throne ; Come, Sir, 'tis Flattery and dissimulation, and they are all false ; this is the opinion of your best Friends.

*Sforza.* Take heed, *Richardo* ; yet your love pleads in this indiscretion ; but do not presume ; You know, I dare be angry, though it be long before a friend can finde it ; your faith shall priviledge you to as much freedom as any Subject can pretend with his Prince ; but impertinency and rudeness no discreet man will Commit. Hadst thou said, *Julia*, *Carlo*, and *Martino* had been false, thou hadst found my faith ; for I know they have wrought my disgrace, and 'tis their business to break the Friendship betwixt Prince *Cosmo* and my self ; and against those Traytors thy words would have raised a Tempest in my heart ; For against that Villain *Martino*, ( till my Revenge finds him ) even my soul makes War ; for I know him ungrateful, bloody, and all the several ills that make a Villain are met in that inhumane Wretch, and my very dreams arm against him ; But when thou sayest all are false, including the Princess *Fidelia* ; That Scandall questions the truth of that guilt which the rest are condemned for ; No, *Richardo*, she has no share in that Treachery, she is all softness ;



softness; piety and vertue are so natural to her that, for her sake, I can scarce be angry with the rest; For when her name but crosses my thought's, I can do nothing with Passion, save love *Fidelia*; Oh, Friend, thou dost not know that Noble mind; and when thou shalt be acquainted with her thou wilt confess; The Princess *Fidelia*'s vertues were given her, as Cordials, to defend us against the Poison of her Family; and if thou lovest *Sforza*, Honour and serve the Princess.

*Richard*. Since your Highness is sure of her faith I shall not fail to pay that respect and honour that is due to her; for my displeasure was onely grounded upon the thought she was ingrateful to your Highness; yet I see not how you can acquit *Cosmo*.

*Sforza*. Prithee, peace, he is her Brother; and I know he has Courage and honour, and such are onely guilty by chance; But suppose him as false as you believe him, I shall be more troubled that he can do an ill Action, (because I love him) then for any injury he dares do me; For I wear a sword, *Richardo*, which will heal all those injuries; and therefore let us not trouble our selves with much those lesser thoughts at *Millain*; we shall have time to inform our selves.

[*Exeunt*.

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*Enter Baptista, Pietro, Nicolet, and another Souldier, in the Ferrymans habit, but not quite dres't.*

*Bapt.* SO, dispatch; and some one look out, lest some call to pass; how the old whore beat the fellow?

*Pietro*. She had reason; for the slave made her husband lie with the Maid upon her back.

*Nicol*. Nay, he lay with her himself upon her back, after he had layen with his Mistris.

*Pietro*. 'Twas his trick, to get his Mistris into the boughs; and then the ill-natur'd Rogue left her, for her husband to find her.

*Bapt.* What a dog 'twas? But she has punish'd him.

*Nicol*. Hee'll be dead ere night, for I have bound them together, and left her hands loose.

*Bapt.* She will kill him then.

*Pietro*. No matter, hang him Rogue; tell when his Mistris do's him a Curtesie? I would all that do so were so served.

*Nicol*. That folly makes us pay dear; for, by this light, the fear of telling keeps more women honest, then fear of Purgatory; But 'tis time to be gone, I hear some body call.

*Enter Phillipine.*

*Phillip*. Ferryman, is the Boat on this side?

*Nicol*. Yes, Sir.

*Bapt.* Ha! *Phillipine* & *Victoria*'s Page, what business has he at *Pavia*? I must know; Some intelligence upon my life. Sir, if you will walk to the Boat; we will follow you.

*Phillip*. Make haste then; Is Prince *Sforza* past to day. [*Ex. Phil.*

*Bapt.* Not yet, but we Expect him. What, ho, where are these fellows;

*Aside.*

fellows; Do you here. ---- seize that youth, and blind him, make as if you would rob him, search his Pockets and his Cloathes well, for Papers; if you find any give them me.

*Pietro.* I warrant you, Sir, we will search him. [*Exit Pietro.*]

*Bapt.* What can his business be? The Duke perhaps is dead; it must be that, or the discovery of our design; Why should they be so impatient else? for they Expect him within these two hours.

*Enter the Banditoes, and bring in Phillipine blinded.*

*Pietro.* Nay, resist not, we must have money, Sir; we know the Courtiers want none.

*They search him and find a Letter.*

*Phillip.* And you will find so little 'twill scarce be worth your pains.

*Nicol.* What's that?

*Pietro.* A Letter, directed to no body.

*Nicol.* Open it, and see if there be never a token in it.

*Pietro.* A pox on't, heer's nothing but black and white.

*Nicol.* What says it?

*Pietro.* For that you must excuse me, for I scorn to read, or write; search, search his Doublet, let his papers be hanged.

*Baptista reads the Letter, throws it down, and goes out.  
When Baptista is gone, they unblin'd him.*

*Nicol.* A Pox upon you, you would be cudgeld, Sirrah, for offering to wear such Cloathes and carry no money in your Purse, onely to couzen good fellows; here are three of us put fairly for the Gallows, for a Pistol.

*Pietro.* Let us geld the slave, for hanging out such a bush, when he has no Wine in the Cellar.

*Phillip.* Alas, Sir, I must wear what is given me; I am but a Servant.

*Pietro.* We shall have you a prating too, when you are on to'ther side.

*He finds the Letter and takes it up.*

*Phillip.* No truly; give me but my paper, and I will go about my business, and do you no injury at all, O here it is, I am glad the Rogues could not read; This chance had like to have spoil'd all.

*Nicol.* Come, will you be gone, we will give you a Cast-ashoar, for your money; but we are no Ferry-men, my friend; onely we farm'd it, for an hour; and we shall leave you to take the possession, if you please, for our work is done.

*Piet.* If we had lighted upon nothing but your lean purse, what a purchase we had had? [*Enter Baptista.*]

*Bapt.* Dispatch, and away, the Prince is for certain coming; and if he find us here, we shall pay dear for this reckoning.

*Phillip.* I must trust them, till I am over. [*Exit Phillip.*]

*Bapt.* What miraculous accident was this! all our plot is discovered; but I have handled it so, that the mischief shall fall upon their own heads; 'twas *Fidelia's* hand, 'tis certain she loves *Sforza*,  
the



she could not else discover her mother and Family to him. No *Baptista*, 'tis visible *Sforza* had ruin'd thee; But if he obey thy counsel, *Fidelia*, I shall quickly have an Opportunity to take a full Revenge. [Exeunt.

Enter Carlo with a Letter.

*Carlo*. There is the Hermits Cell; now to finde *Baptista*; hereabout is a path that leads to the Ferry, where I am to expect him. [Exit Carlo.

Enter Baptista and Pietro.

*Bapt*. So, lie close till they call; that Letter will bring him were death in the way. [Enter Carlo.

*Carlo*. That must be he. *Baptista*?

*Bapt*. *Carlo*, what news?

*Carlo*. Read that letter, and 'twill instruct you.

[Carlo gives him a Letter. Baptista reads the Letter.

*Bapt*. 'Tis enough; but can you give me no directions how to know him, or guess when he will come, for we cannot long possess this place; The people that pass will miss the Ferry-man; But, for the other part of the Letter, there needs no Conjuratation.

*Carlo*. If they should meet, you know it must be fatal; They have both too much Courage to part without revenge; and if *Cosmo* should fall all our hopes must perish.

*Bapt*. If he come, I shall not faile of my part, either to perswade or force him to stay; But *Carlo*, I tell thee, there has hapned such a chance to day that makes me believe fortune will be kind to us; In short, all Our Resolutions and Designs are known.

*Carlo*. 'Tis not possible.

*Bapt*. Deceive not your self, 'tis known; and yet shall not be prevented: *Phillipine* past this Instant with a Letter from *Fidelia* to *Sforza*; wherein she assures him of all our intentions, and by all that is dear to him conjures him to come privately, in some disguise, this night, to her chamber; where she and his sister will expect him, and give him a full Relation.

*Carlo*. And where is the Villain and his Letter?

*Bapt*. Gone.

*Carlo*. Gone?

*Bapt*. Yes gon, and upon good grounds; for knowing *Phillipine* I made them blind him, and under the pretence of robbing him, Search'd for Letters, and found that; which having read they pretended Ignorance, I threw it upon the ground; he not suspecting the secret was discovered took it, and is gone in haste to *Sforza*. By which means we shall be sure to act our parts with more Convenience; for I am confident he will come, and alone.

*Carlo*. 'Twas done like one that knows how to take revenge; Wicked and foolish Girle! unnatural *Fidelia*! Betray thy Mother? This news will confirm thy hopes in her; for now the Dutchess will give her you, were it but to vex her, and cross her

He gives  
Bapt.a Ring. hopes in *sforza* : Remember *Julia*, and as soon as you have dispatched ; pray, give notice to the Count *Martino*, by some trusty messenger, with this Ring.

*Bapt.* I am instructed, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. III.

*Enter Cosmo in his Pilgrims Habit, and Antonio with him.*

*Cos.* I Confess, *Antonio*, this is the greatest streight that ever cross Fate threw me upon ; for I must now lose my value with *sforza*, and the world, or else break with the Princess *Victoria*, whom I love above the world ; and heaven and she know my soul has no other ambition but to deserve her favour : But that love must not make thy friend bear an injury that the world talks of, because she commands me to be silent ; if I do, her reason will hate ; and my honour will not suffer the world to wisper, *Cosmo* is a coward.

*Ant.* Sir, I find many Lovers complain of Love, and the heavy burthens he lays upon them ; yet few or none make haste to discharge themselves, but rather patiently lie down under their loads ; your Highness now complains of two hard Masters, Love and Honour, and you make a difficulty of obeying either ; Reason counsels you to prefer one, your Passion t'other ; and to me nothing appears easier then your part in both ; for your Idle thought of coward, *Cosmon* is know above it ; and if the Princess be all your aim, if her favour be your ambitious hope, as you say, What need you thus hunt your own dangers, and pursue her Brother, and your Prince, upon a most unreasonable jealousy ; unless you will give satisfaction to others, by disobliging her that you profess to love and value above the world.

*Cos.* Thou mistakest, *Antonio* ; 'tis *Cosmo* loves the Princess, 'tis not *Victoria* loves *Cosmo* ; and obeying her now is but serving my self only ; if she loved me, then for her sake would I put up this injury, because I would not hazard what she loves ; but 'tis not so ; no *Antonio*, 'tis *Cosmo* only that is a Lover ; and Love in a Lover is no obligation nor tye on a Mistress ; that is the great mistake which has so long misled the world ; every Lover pretending a reward from his Mistress, because he loves her ; which is most unreasonable ; unless he can say, I will love such a woman, which is impossible and false ; for know, *Antonio*, that Prince of the mind will not come when he is called, nor go when he is sent ; Love is a blind and stubborn Boy, and his will is his Law ; therefore no woman is obliged to any man for loving her. We owe the root no thanks, while it lies sleeping in the ground ; but when by the spring awakened, it sends forth its Clusters, then we cherish and admire the Vine, hoping to taste the rich Elixar. Love is that Root, and Love may bear such Fruit as may oblige a Mistress, by being diligent, finding and taking all occasions to serve her ; yet then the Lover but obeys his Master ; and to a Lover such an Act both



both makes and pays the debt; And this Consideration, *Antonio*, makes me pursue my first resolution; for since I can pretend nothing from the Princess but what is due to a person of honour, I must be careful to preserve that honour which is currant through the world; and till the Princess loves *Cosmo*, I must not let her kindness to a Brother make me unfit for the friendship or value of that Brother, by tamely suffering injuries.

*Ant.* Sir, I submit; but why should you go thus alone, more now then at other times? you have heretofore thought me worthy to take a part in your dangers; but 'twas when your Highness did not grudge me a part in the honour.

*Cos.* 'Tis true, the honour I shall gain from *Sforza* I will share with none; yet let me tell thee, 'tis not that which makes me leave *Antonio* now; for you must stay here, and always keep in readiness those Souldiers I spoke with last night, to execute any design my revenge requires; for I am resolved to hunt the Authors of this disgrace, though I find them priviledg'd by a Sister, or a Mother.

*Ant.* Sir, I am not curious to know more; and so I may serve you, I am indifferent in the kind or place.

*Cos.* Farewel, *Antonio*; prithee keep a watch about the Princess, and observe what she and my Sister do; and though you see me through my disguise, at any time, yet take no notice of me publicly.

*Ant.* I shall observe, Sir. [Exeunt.]

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Enter *Sforza*, *Phillipine*, and *Richardo*; (*Sforza is reading a Letter.*)

*Sfor.* Read there, *Richardo*, and blush for the ill opinion thou hadst of the most excellent *Fidelia*. *Richardo reads.*

*Richard.* Horrid villain! Sure the Dutches has a hand in this; but who it should be that dares undertake this black deed, I cannot guess; the Duke being dangerously sick is the cause that makes them thus sudden in their mischief.

*Sfor.* There is no dispute now; haste, and provide those habits I use to make the Round in; we will away this night, as she desires; only you and I; Oh *Richardo*, thou art yet a stranger to that excellent Maid, whose faith is sent by heaven to guard us from those wounds that her Mother threatens this State with.

*Richard.* Pray, Sir, let *Phillipine* stay here, as if he expected your Highness answer to his Letters, 'twill keep them at a Bay still, and make them uncertain what to resolve; and if any of your own family be their spy or traytor, his stay will deceive them.

*Phil.* And early to morrow I will take my time to follow your Highness.

*Sfor.* What were those that rob'd you? are they at the Ferry still?

*Phil.*

*Phil.* I believe not, Sir, they seem to be poor Rogues, some stragling Souldiers of the next Garison.

*Sfor.* Come, *Richardo*, let us away.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Cosmo in his Pilgrims habit alone.*

*He knocks at the Hermits.* *Cosf.* Sure I have lost my way ; 'tis late, I will knock at this Hermits Cell, and inform my self. [*The Hermit within says who's there.*]

*Cosf.* A friend ; pray, which is the way to the Ferry ?

*Hermit within.* Pray, come in, and afford your Charity ; and then I will guide you to the Ferry.

*Enter Cosmo, and brings forth the Hermit, and unbinds him.*

*Cosf.* What Impious villains were those that could so rudely bind those holy hands ?

*Hermit.* Speak softly, Son, they were Thieves, that have all this day robbed at the Ferry ; pray, come in, and let me shut the door, lest they espy us ; 'tis late, and they cannot stay long, the people are already alarm'd.

*Cosf.* But that I have other vows to pay, I would know who they are that thus boldly justify their villany.

*Herm.* For heavens sake, think not of going out, Son, 'tis late and dangerous.

*Cosf.* 'Tis late, and, I confess, I am hungry and weary.

*Herm.* Within I have some of yesterdays Charity left still, which I shall freely give you ; Come, Son, and put off those weeds, and rest upon my poor bed, it knows no care of earthly things ; and if you bring no troubles in your mind, you will find none there ; I will watch, and call you early if the danger be removed ; I am stiff with lying all day upon one side.

*Cosf.* Let me help you in ; Villains, to use an old Religious man thus !

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. V.

*Enter Sforza and Richardo, in their disguise.*

*Sfor.* 'T'Is late ; the Sun is upon the hill already, we shall scarce reach *Millain* to night.

*Richard.* We must ride the faster, Sir ; But once over the Ferry, the way is short.

*Sfor.* Call the Ferry-man.

*Richard.* The Boat is upon this side, I saw it from the hill.

*Baptista and his Company peeps and listen after 'em ; Baptista speaks to his Company, and then Enters.*

*Bapt.* 'Tis he, I know his voyce, as soon as the Boat is upon the other shore, draw upon him, and speed him any way.

*Richard.*



*Richard.* See, here is the Ferry-man. Honest friend, is the Boat on this side?

*Bapt.* Yes, Sir.

*Sfor.* What hour is it?

*Bapt.* Late, Sir; does not the Prince pass? we look'd for him to day.

*Sfor.* Not till to morrow.

*Bapt.* Our boughs will be wither'd by that time. [Exeunt.

*A noise of Weapons and fighting within; they set upon the Prince.*

*Enter Hermit.*

*Herm.* Ha! what noise is that? sure those villains have set upon some passengers.

*Enter to him the Pilgrim without his Coat, with his Staff in his hand.*

*Cos.* How now Father, what noise is that?

*Herm.* 'Twas the noise of swords, good Son, come in; those Banditoes I told you of, I fear they are now robbing some body; For heavens sake, come in, and let them not see you.

*Cos.* Heaven forbid it should ever be said, I stood and listned to the danger that threatens innocence, and hid my self for fear.

*Herm.* Hearn, they come; and they are so many you can but lose your self in that attempt, and bring no safety to them.

*Cos.* Who knows, since they are able to dispute it, but that my aid may save them?

*Herm.* See, 'tis they.

*Cos.* No matter,---Hold, villains, what do you mean?

*Bapt.* Upon them, kill them both.

*Enter Baptista and his party, four in all; Cosimo runs to them, and beats down Baptista's sword pursuing Sforza and Richardo; who after two or three passes, Richardo and one of the Souldiers fall, with their wounds; Cosimo pulls off the head, and discovers a sword-blade in his Staff; they fight and are all wounded: Baptista falls under Sforza, and the Souldiers are kill'd by Cosimo.*

*Bapt.* I am lost for ever; Hold your hand, till I tell you a story may save you from the malice of others, since heaven has preserved you thus miraculously against my designs.

*Sfor.* Speak quickly.---Sir, I hope your charity has found no sad accident, to make you repent this action; have you any wound that you apprehend dangerous? *He turns to Cos. and embraceth him.*

*Cos.* No, Sir, they are but scratches; pray, let us know what he would say.

*Sfor.* First, let me see my friend drest that lies bleeding here, *He goes toward Richardo.* is there no Surgeon neer?

*Cos.* The Hermit is famous for his skill, and fortunate in what he undertakes; and see where he comes. [Enter Hermit.

*Herm.* How fares my Son? is there any use of my skill, or is all desperate?

*Cos.* No, Father, heaven has been kind; and we must implore your

your aid, for their mischief is faln upon their own heads ; this is he on whom you must practise your skill and charity.

*Herm.* Help me to bear him to my Cell, and then return.---

[*Exit with Richard.*

*Enter Cosmo again.*

*Bapt.* Defer not to hear what I would say, it concerns your safety ; and I shall discover a treachery your honest heart will scarce give credit to.

*Sfor.* What made thee attempt my life ? thou seest I am poor, no hope of gain could tempt thee.

*Bapt.* Hide not your self, Prince *Sforza*, from him that knows you, and the cause why you are thus disguis'd.

*Cosmo aside.* Ha ! Prince *Sforza* ?

*Sfor.* Suppose I am *Sforza*, how came you by this knowledge ?

*Bapt.* From *Phillipine*, whom we pretended this day to rob ; and in his Pocket found the Princess *Fidelia*'s Letter, which gave you notice that your life was laid for ; and this is one of those designs which heaven has prevented : In short (for I find I am going to my grave) your life, Sir, is sold to me and others ; *Julia* and false *Martino* sold it ; and *Fidelia* should have been my reward, for killing you.

*Cosmo aside.* Ye powers, what do I hear ?----Sir, does he speak truth, in part, are you Prince *Sforza* ?

*Sfor.* From you I will not hide my self ; for since you durst protect me, as a private man ; I am confident, you will not quit me when you know I am your Prince.

*Bapt.* To confirm you in the belief of what I say, turn this way, and look upon this Face.-----*Baptista* pulls off his disguise, of a Beard and Perriwig.

*Sfor.* *Baptista* ?

*Cosmo aside.* O heavens ! 'tis he.

*Bapt.* Yes, *Baptista*, whom you so many ways have ruined :-----All which I could have forgot, all but my loss in the hopes of my divine *Fidelia*.

*Cos.* Knew she of this Plot ?

*Bapt.* She know of it ? No, nor could any but a fool or a devil ask that question ; would I had fought with thee, thou could'st never have overcome me that art master of so base a doubt.

*Cos.* Was Prince *Cosmo* at Court when you came thence, has he any knowledge of this design ?

*Bapt.* No, upon my soul, they are a pair of matchless virtues.

*Sfor.* Then I am happy ; for I confess, I could not but with pain of mind think Prince *Cosmo* less than I esteemed him. 'Tis a gallant and a faithful Prince ; and when you know him you will admire him ; there is nothing in him an enemy can accuse, or a friend with away, unless his choler may sometimes prevail : But that laid aside, he is Brother to *Fidelia*, which is all that can be said of excellent.

*Cos.*



*Cos.* I know the Prince, and was a Souldier under him; and I am glad to hear your Highness has this opinion of him; for we had a rumour in the Army, that your Highness wrought him out of his Command; believe me, Sir, he left the Camp, as we were told, upon it, highly unsatisfied with your Highness about it.

*Sfor.* The Prince, when he shall know me better, will not be perswaded I could be guilty of so low or mean a crime; and when I believe him not fit for such a charge or trust, I shall not fear to tell him so; for I yet never flatter'd a friend, nor injur'd my enemy; why then should I be so unreasonable as to wrong Prince *Cosmo*? yet their malice had like to have been prosperous in their design of breaking our friendship; for till this minute I suspected the Prince had (by his Mothers interest) procured my being called from my Government, here in *Pavia*; but I have now found their design; and their malice has but given a growth to that friendship they meant to have withered,---How do you, Sir?

*Cosmo.* Not well, I find I have lost more blood then I can spare.

*Sforza.* Father, pray lend us your help here.-----

*Cosmo.* I would fain know upon what ground this *Baptista* accused Count *Martino* and the Dutcheß.

*Hermit, and  
Cosmo lean  
upon Sforza.*

*Baptista.* Read that Letter, and 'twill satisfie your doubts.

*Sforza.* 'Tis *Martino's* hand.

*Baptista.* 'Tis so, and *Carlo* brought it this Evening.

*Sforza.* Heaven! thy hand is visible. Read, Sir, for I dare trust you with the secret of my Life; What course shall I take to prevent their malice?

*Baptista.* Hasten, Sir, to Court, before the Fame of this attempt come to their knowledge, shew this Letter to your Father, and seize *Martino*; But spare to name *Julia*, 'twill break the Prince's and *Fidelia's* Heart; for whose sake, if you love her, and her Noble Brother, you will hide her part of this fault: And *Martino* once removed, 'twill be easie to reclaim her Heart; for 'tis his ambitious Mind has wrought her easie Nature to this bloody design. Oh! I faint, and yet ere I die, as you have Charity, forgive *Baptista*; Then live and love at the rate I have adored the excellent *Fidelia*, and you will then deserve her Heart; *Fidelia* is all Angel, and *Baptista* too earthly to think so.----- Oh Father, your Charity, pray; that I may confess a sad Soul to you, and end better then I lived.

*Sforza.* Can you read that Letter?

*Cosmo.* Yes, Sir; but 'tis so sad a scene it makes my blood run backwards in my veins; lose no time, Sir, your Life is at stake; I will but dress these sleight wounds and follow you.

*Sforza.* I will leave a Horse for you.

*Cosmo.* Pray, Sir, quit not your disguise; 'tis better then a guard till you know whom you may trust.

*Sforza.* You have reason, and 'twas my own design. Farewel, Sir; at my Lodging I will expect you. [*Exeunt Hermit, Sfor. and Bapt.*]

*Cosmo.* That Villain, *Martino*, has ruin'd all our Family; but I will find him when his thoughts expects no such visit: I will in, and

discover my self to *Baptista*, and make him write a Letter to my Mother and *Martino*; wherein he shall onely mention the Prince is escaped, and conceal his own Condition; He shall write to them that they should trust me with any design, as one he knowes faithful and fit for their purpose. This recommendation will admit me to their Councells; he shall tell them too, that he has seized me according to their Order, and that I shall be private and safe in his custody till their Order require me; 'twill keep off the suspicion of who I am, or fear of my coming till they send for me. Thus I am resolved to return to *Millain*, in this Periwig and a Pilgrims Weed; and if that disguise can conceal me, I am resolved to undertake all their designs; by which means I may prevent their malice; But when the plot is ripe, if then I fall not with a sad Fate upon the wretch, till this fiery prompter has called to his Despairing thoughts all those bloody designs his barbarous Soul has plotted, and with fatal wounds laid the Traytor at my feet a sacrifice to our injur'd Family; Heaven curse me strangely. But for thee, O *Julia*, my unfortunate Mother; though I will not lift a hand against thee; yet I have words in store that shall wound thee deeper then a sword.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Victoria and Fidelia*

*Fide.* O *Cosmo*, *Cosmo*, cruel Brother! why hast thou robb'd me of the Joy I had in thee? He has broke his Faith, Madam, and is gone to be calmly wicked upon second thoughts, in cold blood: cruel! What wilt thou do, unworthy youth? Good Gods, would I have given Faith to him that should have told me *Cosmo* would have dissembled with *Fidelia*, and wept to a Sister when blood and revenge were in his Heart; water in his Eyes, and Murder in his Mind?

*Viſto.* Do not say so.

*Fide.* Do not defend him, Madam; he is not worth your Anger nor Pity, that could lie to you, you that he loved: And he that dares look his Mistress in the face, and tell a lie, neither Religion, Honour nor Virtue, can have any ties upon him.

*Viſto.* For my sake, do not revile him; he has some new reason, (I know he has) else I am certain he would have stay'd; for his Heart is full of Truth and Honour, and blest with all that is glorious in a Man; and though his Rage, sometimes, like a storm throwes those Virtues into disorder, yet when he is collected, his calm Mind is all divine.

*Fide.* This Opinion makes me hate him, that he can be so faulty to you that are thus noble. Pray hate him, pray do, that I may learn to do it by your example; For Heaven knowes, 'tis hard for me to leave loving him, though I hide till the day sets, for *Cosmo* is next to *Sforza* in my Heart. But this falshood has stagger'd all my hopes, for his Love was that I built upon; The Ambitious, Jealous,



Jealous, Angry, nay, the Lustful Man can Love, but the false dissembler can never be just to himself or others; and till I found him so, my patience bore the present miseries; my Heart still hoping *Cosmo's* Virtue would one day redeem our Family.

*Victo.* So he will, my Soul prophesies he will. But oh, the War I have within me, when I think my Brother and *Cosmo* are Enemies! Should they meet, 'twould kill *Victoria* ere she can resolve who should be victor.

*Fide.* Unhappy *Cosmo*! what would I have given to have saved thee Innocent, that it might not have been said, thy passion betray'd such a sweetness, whose Love is so far from being Angry, that she chides my Justice!

*Victo.* Pray be not thus passionate; when there is reason, I can be as angry as you.

*Fide.* Had you chid him I would not; and if you would have me defend him, let me see you angry; that may awaken the Sister in me, whose partial Mind may plead something for him; but now 'tis impossible while you are kind; had he been one that the world knew not, had he never given assurance of what he durst do; that bubble-vanity, and mens idoll, honour, might have pleaded his excuse; but for him that has to sundry battles given a name, and won in Warr a glorious Fame, on whom the Sun yet never set ungloriously, for him to break his Faith and Friendship to quarrel with his Friend? That Friend that gave him his greatest Honour, by having once been his Enemy. Who but a vain Man would aspire higher in Honour and Armes, then to have been, first, Enemy, then Friend to *Sforza*; and after all, not unwelcome to the divine *Victoria*?

*Victo.* Nay, then I conjure you by what is dearest to you, leave this discourse; and unless you despise the secrets we so late blushed for, you will cease to revile him.

*Enter her Maid.*

*Angelica.* Madam, there is a Souldier without who desires to speak with you, his business speaks haste.

*Fidelia.* Admit him, my Heart fore-tells some sad accident.

*Enter Sforza disguised.*

*Sforza.* My business is with the Princess *Fidelia*, yet your Highness may partake of it; but I shall beg some place more private to deliver it in, for 'tis of consequence.

*Fidelia.* In my Chamber, if you please, Madam, we may be private; follow us, Friend.

*Victoria.* Heaven avert what my fears would prompt me to believe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

*Enter the Hermit and Cosmo in his Pilgrims habit.*

*Cosmo.* I Must be gone, my business calls me hence; but to your care, Father, I must leave my Friend; you must be private in what has past to day; you know what persons are concern'd, Farewell. Your blessing, and be pleased to take this Charity to adorn your Altar.

*Hermit.* I am counsel'd, Heaven bless the Prince, and guide my Son; My prayers shall wait upon you; and when your Friend is able to travell, he shall come to Court; In the mean time, I will carry him to the Ferry-mans house, who, in return of your bounty to them, shall carefully attend him.

*Cosmo.* Pray let the *Count Baptista* be privately buried; for though he be of a Noble Family, it must not yet be known he is dead.----I could have wished he had lived; yet this Letter and this Ring will (I hope) be sufficient to compass my designs. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. III. SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Fidelia, Victoria, and Sforza.*

*Fide.* **W**Hat have I heard! My Mother accused of a Murther, and by Prince *Sforza*? Heaven sure has changed its course, he would not else have told me this. *Fidelia*, be thy self, and let not thy fond Affection tame thy Soul so, as to sit calmly down and bear this Injury.

*Sforza.* 'Twas my fear, Madam, that this truth would grieve your Heart; and had my Life been onely at stake, I should have died in silence: But when yours, my Fathers, and all our Families are thrown into the scale, Piety and Honour bid me warne the Innocent, that they may flie the slaughter; while a wilfull silence might make me not onely lament the misery, but guilty of that crime too. Yet, witness Heaven, 'tis a secret to all the world besides; And you can witness, when her Malice was most active and most prosperous, that she was *Fidelia's* Mother was all satisfaction; for whose sake I have still had a Patience as great as her Injuries.

*Fide.* Thinkes Prince *Sforza* I will justifie her follies? why else do's he stab me with a repetition of them? Do's your Highness think to heal my wounded Mind by telling me you have forgiven my Mother? Do's that take away her faults? No, but shewes her guilt, and his vanity greater, and urged but to upbraid me, and civilly tell me how much better he deserves then I. Yet, if I had not been mistaken, you would not have forgot, that I, to keep a spotless Friendship with Prince *Sforza*, have erred even against Nature, abandoning a Mothers and a Brothers Interest, in quitting all the world to justifie the value I had of him above it; and had

he



he loved *Fidelia* with half that kindness, he would have hid this fault from me, as if it had been his own Crime ; But all the world (Prince *Sforza* too) joyne to make *Fidelia* miserable.

*Sforza*. O ye Gods, then I am miserable. Come, *Martino*, I will now call thee Friend, if thou wilt finish what *Baptista* but begun, since my Friend can thus mistake her servant.

*Victo*. Gentle, Sister, why this passion ? what is there more in his words than you your self have feared ? had you rather we should all perish, then hear your danger from a Friend ? Had a third person told you, would not you have broke the glass that brought you poyson ? Good Heaven, I, without blushing, dare profess my self a Lover too, yet will not assume such a partial Dominion over his mind, as to prohibit him speaking what is just and honest ; and if it be a truth, what he has said, me-thinks you are much to blame.

*Fidelia*. If it be not, By all my hopes, I vow my self a Widowed Virgin, in some Holy-house, and bid farewell to *Sforza* and his Friendship, that could thus rashly accuse my Mother ; and if it be a truth, I am then unworthy of his thought or Love.

*Vict*. Why are you silent, Sir ; Why do you not acquit your self ?

*Sforza*. Treason, war, or sickness, bring no wounds but I can bear ; But the wounds of a friends unkindness strike the soul, it growes dumb, and the heart pale. But I have finished. Believe her Innocent, Madam ; so that Errour wounds none but me, you shall never find me busie to prevent a danger ; nor had I spoke now, but for your sake, and to preserve the Princess *Fidelia*. Read that Letter. ----- Nay, then I have lived too long ; That frown this Evening had saved *Baptista*, and malice had been prosperous, O for those wounds I gave him ; those would have cured this misery ; for when *Fidelia* frowns, why should *Sforza* live ? but I talk, and prevent what these would do ----- Bleed, and weep, *Fidelia's* lost.

*He offers her a Letter and she refuses it. He pulls his Playsters from his wounds.*

*Vict*. *Sforza*, brother, hold ; for Heavens sake, hold ; *Fidelia* bids you hold, *Sforza* ; O stay, what misery do you fly to ? your friend calls, and bids you stay.

[Exit Sforza.

*Fidelia*. You wrong me, Madam ; Those that can and will go, I scorn to hold.

*Victoria*. But those that obey you ought not to tread upon ; why did you refuse to read the Letter, which might have quitted him ?

*Fidelia*. Because I have miseries enough, and will not hunt that knowledge which will but distract my mind. I am now ready for my Grave, and will not go a step out of my way to avoid it, but here stand and well-come fate ; for since I have lived to see Prince *Sforza* angry with me, for a word, when passion and misery had distracted me, why should I desire to live ? 'tis folly, 'tis madness, since I cannot hope a remedy for my sick mind ; when he, who forgave his Enemies a murder would not forgive *Fidelia* a passionate word ? O Madam, this Cruelty in your brother makes me invite malice and Murder. Come, both *Baptista* and *Martino*, come, come all that hate *Fidelia*, and see your selves reveng'd upon her, and behold her withered by her friend, see all the gloried in ; Her friend-

*She throws  
the Letter  
away.*

friendship, and her Faith in *Sforza*, like early blossoms, by untimely storms, struck and blasted ; but why do I hold this Infection --- Yet 'tis well-come, since it brings news of *Fidelia's* death ; and lest nature should grow weak, and tempt me to save my self, thus to the fire I offer all my means of safety.

*The Scene must present a Chimney, in which she throws the Letter and goes out. (Victoria snatches up the Letter.) [Exit Fidelia.*

*Victoria.* Their passions must have way ; 'Tis time, not Reason must prevail ; Love, whose glory is built upon our misery, and our griefs his Triumph still, and our fears his food ! Tyrant ! whom none serves but slaves ; Force, not affection, fills thy Train ; who cares not to have his Servants splendid or great ; The Pale, Lean, and desperate fill thy Court, which makes me fear, Reason, nor the gods come not there ; But this is no time to dispute thy power. I will read this dangerous Letter.

### The Superscription.

For my Friend, Count *Baptista*.

**K** Now, the Duke was this day dangerous sick of his Imposthume, and he is yet without hopes of life ; *Sforza* has notice of our design ; and if you strike not in time, all our hopes are desperate ; if he outlive this day, and the Duke die, your hopes in *Fidelia* are lost ; for we are certain, she and the prince hold Intelligence ; The Dutchess salutes you ; *Cosmo* is past in a Disguise, to fight with *Sforza* ; if you meet him secure him, till you hear from us ; for the Dutchess will not venture him in such a Danger as a Duel against the Prince ; upon whose success all our designs and Hopes depend. Farewell, and burn this Letter : *C.* is the Messenger, to whom you may impart how business stands.

Yours,

*M.*

*Martino.*

*Victoria.* The other name is blotted out, O heavens ! what a plot was here, to ruine all our hopes ? This Letter I will shew my Father, whose recovery is miraculous ; Heaven sure has lent him some few days, to preserve his name & family ; which if he had dy'd must, in this mischief, have shrunk to nothing ; sure, when he shall see this paper he will cease to give faith to cursed *Martino*. [Ex. *Vict.*

*Enter Sforza alone.*

*Sforza.* This is his Chamber : Thus disguised he cannot know me, or if he do, nothing shall save him ; nor is there such a thing as danger, when men are resolved to die, or Execute ; Oh *Fidelia*, thus I will revenge thee on *Sforza*, and preserve thee against *Martino*,



tino, I must not think of her, she puts womanish thoughts in my mind, I will knock on some other door and be revenged. (He knocks.)

One within. Who is there?

Sforza. One in haste that should speak with the Count Martino. [Enter Martino and two Servants.

Martino. How now? your news?

Sforza. Pray, my Lord, retire to some private place; I have something to say from Baptista.

Martino. Thou art wounded, is the party dead?

Sforza. Yes, my Lord; but we had a hard bout on't.

Martino. Speak softly, and follow me. [Exit Sforza.]

[Exit Sforza.]

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

The Scene discovers the old Duke in his Chamber sleeping, his Guard and Physicians about him, and Carlo: [Enter Victoria.

Victoria. Where is the Duke?

Physitian. He sleeps, Madam.

Victoria. I must awake him.

Physitian. By no means, if you love his health.

Victoria. I must, His own, and the health of Millain depends upon my news; Sir, Father, Sir.

Duke. Who calls?

Victoria. 'Tis I, Sir? your Victoria. (She kneels.)

Duke. Rise my dear Child, thou wert with me in my dream too.

Victoria. Oh, Sir!

Duke. Why weep'st thou?

Victoria. Read that paper, Sir, and save your Son, and speedily,

or all our hopes are lost; for Murther and Treason, if not prevented, will sweep your Family from the Earth, and Millain no more obey the name of Sforza. (He reads the Letter.)

Duke. Heaven forbid the Execution of this wicked Design.

Victoria 'Tis not the heavens, Sir, must do it; their part is here in the discourse; you must act now, as their Minister here, where Justice and Nature call for your Defence; and if you do not suddenly Seize Martino, who thus long has abused your trust, you will see this last Scene of your life set in the blood of your self, and family.

Duke. 'Tis so horrid it scarce finds my faith.

Victoria. If your goodness defer preventing this mischief, till the guilt be visible, here, in few hours, you will see your Son, and my dear Brother, bleeding his own Testimony; and then your Justice can onely punish, and not prevent the Traytor.

Duke. Good Heaven, 'tis certain; This is his hand, I know the Character; and her modest & Innocent nature confirms it; She durst not else thus confidently, without pregnant proofs, accuse him: Who is there? Carlo, command a guard to attend my daughter; Go, Victoria, and seize the body of the Count; If he resist, force him

him hither, if he yield, be civil; *Carlo*, where is *Julia*?  
*(Victoria)* Wher'ever she be, she dares not appear in this  
 cause. *[Exeunt all but Carlo.]*

*Duke.* *Carlo*, tell the Dutchess I would speak with her.

*Carlo.* I shall, Sir; --- There is wonder and mystery in this discovery; how the Devil came she by that Letter? 'Tis the same I gave *Baptista*; This day will be full of mischief; something bold and sudden, or all is lost; I will to the Dutchess with this News; The difficulty will be, how to save *Martino*, they have his hand to witness against him. *[Enter Cosmo in his Pilgrims habit.]*

*Cosmo.* By your favour, Sir; I would gladly speak with the Dutchess.

*Carlo.* Some begging Pilgrim; I am in haste friend.

*Cosmo.* If not with her, Sir, the Count *Martino*, or Seignior *Carlo*.

*Carlo.* What is your business with him?

*Cosmo.* From a friend; and of importance.

*Carlo.* I am the man, Sir?

*Cosmo.* Then you know this hand?

*Carlo.* Yes, 'tis the Count *Baptista's*.

*Cosmo.* 'Tis so, and he salutes you.

*Carlo.* What newes!

*Cosmo.* This Letter will speak.

*(He gives him the Letter, he reads it and goes in.)*

*Carlo.* Stay here, till I call the Dutchess.

*[Exit Carlo.]*

*Cosmo.* She is guilty; Lust and Murder have stayn'd her soul; *Martino* and this Villain have betray'd her. *[Enter Julia and Carlo.]*

*Julia.* Escaped? Is *Sforza* escaped? Where is the Souldier that said he was dead? and my letter in the Dukes hand?

*Carlo.* Yes, Madam; and the Princess *Victoria* is gone with a guard, to seize the Count *Martino*, with order to bring him, alive, or dead.

*Cosmo. aside.* That is good news.

*Carlo.* This Pilgrim will give you a more Exact Account.

*Julia.* I am full of distraction. Come you from *Baptista*, friend?

*Cosmo.* What says my Letter, Madam!

*Julia.* Oh, *Carlo*, we are lost; there is no safety for us, nor hopes of any, since *Sforza* is escaped; This is *Fidelia's* Act, 'twas she betray'd us; but I'll be revenged on her ere I die; where is the poyson I prepared? this night shall her be last.

*Cosmo. aside.* O horrid wickedness.

*Carlo.* 'Tis no time, Madam, to think of such poor Revenge; Let us provide for our own safety.

*Cosmo. aside.* Villain, thou shalt fall with the earliest, or I will miss of my Aim.

*Carlo.* What says *Baptista's* Letter?

*Julia.* *Cosmo* is his Prisoner; and he will detain him, tell we dismiss him.

*Carlo.* Something may be built upon that yet.

*Julia.* *Baptista* himself sore wounded, *Sforza* escaped, and I must live to see my *Cosmo* stoop to him, and be a subject to the Branch  
 of



of that Cedar, which my frowns have shaken, and my dear *Martino* too, is lost for ever.

*Cosmo aside.* What said she? her dear *Martino*; O, that I had been born deaf, rather than have heard that fatal sound.

*Car.* Madam, dare you trust me in this danger, when all is desperate; no matter who guides the Helm, if you will consent; I can from this Letter propose something like safety, but 'twill look desperate; this Pilgrim too must joyn, under which habit, *Baptista* says, you will find a Souldier stout and faithful; *Cosmo* is in prison, this is the ground I will build on; haste presently to the Duke, fall on your knees before him, pretend your Son *Cosmo* is murdered; let this Pilgrim second you, and affirm he saw him dead; and, friend, you shall urge you received those wounds in his defence; be but faithful, and bold in this desperate occasion, and thou shalt find a reward beyond thy hopes, or thy wishes; and when he has confirmed it, then call for revenge and justice against the Count *Martino*, for the murder of your Son; say that he is fallen by his plot; and that you know Prince *Sforza* is marked for slaughter too; seem to know nothing of his escape, or any thing that is past concerning the Princess *Victoria's* complaint, nor hear what they would say, to inform you; but put on all your craft, and plead with passion; no matter how unreasonable, nor how excessive it appears; the more violent, the more Mother; the more unnatural your griefs appear, your sorrows will be the more taking and infectious; and seem to be distracted with the loss, call for justice, call for present and exemplary justice upon that traitor, Count *Martino*, traitor to the Gods, and his friends.

*Jul.* Hold, villain, leave to spit thy venom and thy malice; is this thy gratitude to him that rais'd thee? and can thy narrow soul hope I should be brought to betray my *Martino*?

*Car.* Come, Madam, you must lay by this womanish humour; 'tis no time to express a fondness when Crowns and Lives are at stake; if you will save him you must take my counsel; If you now appear his friend, 'tis his certain ruine, and your own; to defend him will blot all your credit with the Duke, for the Count is forfeit in his opinion, beyond redemption; and will be lost before you can speak for him.

*Jul.* Let all perish, ere I have a hand in the ruine of my friend:

*Car.* Hell of this foolish Love; that blind Boy misleads us more than Fortune or Ambition; is it better to have it said, you loved, or saved *Martino*? Be ruled, and I will save him, at least defer the mischief: thus we may redeem him from this certain ruine which threatens him, by discovery of that Letter; and by this means you may clear all doubts (which are not a few) that you had a share in this plot; and by this way you will move their pity, and turn their hate and fears into love of *Julia*; and thence will grow your power and our safety; in which cloud of tears and sadness *Martino* vanishes; for being once a prisoner in the Citadel, which I command, we can through a private way release him when we have resolved together what to do; and while they are secure in their

minds, believing him a prisoner, we can with the less suspicion pursue our first designs ; for *Sforza* once dead, we shall quickly find life in our plot again. Friend, your Letter admits you to this trust, and you must again joyn in the business ; and if you prove faithful you will find a grateful Patron.

*Eos.* When you have tried me, Sir, speak as you find.

*Jul.* Be private, and ready till occasion calls ; and *Carlo*, see him rewarded for his former service : O *Carlo*, you must excuse my passion, for being unwilling to accuse my friend ; but now I confess, 'tis reason that you urged, and the rest we will leave to Fortune.

*Car.* Pray, lose no time ; he is by this a prisoner.

*Jul.* This Lemon in mine eye, that I may weep, and down with my hair ; so : now Fortune if ever thou wert kind to Lovers, assist in this my last great action, that I may revenge and save a friend.

*Car.* Go, and be prosperous ; let *Julia's* fortune still attend you, whose tears have still been more powerful than the sword ; away Souldier, follow, and observe your---Q.

*Cos.* To your grief, I shall ; O heaven ! what have I seen and heard ? [*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

*Enter Martino and a Servant.*

*Mart.* **S**END in that Souldier, then haste and find *Carlo*, tell him I have business of consequence with him ; this news has given some life to our design ; The Duke desperately sick, and *Sforza* living, had been a black day to *Martino*. Now the Duke recovers, and *Sforza's* death will Crown the work ; ---Oh, you are welcome ; so, shut the door, and tell me, how died *Sforza*, and how fares *Baptista* ?

*Sfor.* At the Ferry, Sir, we set upon him, where it cost us many a wound ; for he had notice of our design.

*Mart.* For thy wounds, thou shalt not repent them ; where is the Present thou spokest of, from *Baptista* ?

*Sforza draws his sword, and discovers himself.* *Sfor.* Here villain, do you know this face ? do you stare ? is it so horrid that it frights thy guilty soul ? What will this sword do then, when justice draws it against a Traytor and a Murderer ?

*Mart. draws his sword.* *Mart.* Nay, then Fortune is a Whore still ; but, for thy sword it brings no terrour ; nor did I set *Baptista* on, because I doubted I could not kill thee my self ; but to have it done, and the world not know how.

*They fight Sforza wounds him.* *Sfor.* I am in haste ; this is not all the work I have to do ; --- So wary---There I was with you.

*Mart.* And you are mortal too, or that blood lies.

*They*



*They close, and Sforza throws him, and is upon him when Victoria and the guard break in, and seize Martino.*

*Enter Victoria, Giovanni, Ferdinando, and a Guard.*

*Mart.* Then I am lost ; *Martino* and all his hopes are withered ; 'tis late, I find my shadow grows long, and night comes on apace.

*Ferd.* How do you, Sir ?

*Sfor.* Too well, *Ferdinando* ;

*Vict.* Call a Surgeon quickly ; Dear *Sforza*, retire to your Chamber.

*Sfor.* O dear *Victoria*, there is no end of *Sforza's* miseries ; Heaven wars against him, and *Fidelia* frowns.

*Vict.* Why do you say so ? alas, she weeps, and will know no comfort, since *Sforza* is angry for a word when grief and passion had almost distracted her ; pray, go to your Chamber.

*Sfor.* To my grave, *Victoria* ; death is welcomer far than this life ; till *Fidelia* smiles my heart can know no peace.

*Vict.* I would our fortunes knew no other difficulties ; how easie and how certain would our joys be then ? [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

*Enter Cosmo and Antonio.*

*Cos.* **A**ND did he hurt the Prince ?

*Ant.* Yes, Sir, and they are both wounded.

*Cos.* Generous and noble *Sforza* ; well, we must lose no time ; *Antonio* away ; remember my directions, get those Souldiers in readines, and stay about the Princesses Chamber ; you know my call, when you hear my whistle, be ready ; this night must finish all our miseries : and *Cosmo's* love the innocent shall save, or misfing find a grave. [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

*The Scene discovers the sick Duke in his Chamber : Enter Victoria, Giovanni, Ferdinando, and a Guard leading Martino bound.*

*Vict.* **S**EE here, behold the Monster ; ask these Lords if we did not surprize him in the act ? executing his Treason upon my Brother, who now lies bleeding of those wounds this Traytor this minute gave him.

*Duke.* Villain, what moved thee to this bloody purpose ?

*Mart.* Will you hear me with patience, Sir ; if I be not innocent punish me ; be pleas'd to produce the Souldier, which now is Prince *Sforza* ; by what reason urg'd, I know not, unless it be envy of your favour ; who this morning, in disguise, pretended business, and being alone drew upon me ; nature and honour bad me defend



my self, these wounds he gave me, and some I gave him; and when he could not himself destroy me, then he cries out, 'tis *Sforza* the Prince; at which, Heaven (that only saw the action) witnesses how it struck my heart, till fear and amazement disarmed me, and at his feet I threw my self; in which posture his party found me; Come, Madam, 'tis neither honour nor vertue in your soft sex, to design or pursue this bloody purpose.

*Enter Julia, and Cosmo holding her; she falls upon her knees to him.*

*Jul.* Where is the Duke?

*Duke.* What means this distraction?

*Jul.* O, Sir, if ever *Julia* were dear to *Alphonso*, now let her find his justice in all its horror fall in execution upon that bloody monster; O, let sad fates close those eyes that have smiled upon the blood and ruine of my child.

*Duke.* What means this? sure she has not heard *Sforza* is escaped.

*Victoria aside.* Some new plot, I know; 'tis a subtle devil.

*Jul.* My Son *Cosmo*, all my joy, my dear *Cosmo*!

*Duke.* What of him?

*Jul.* He is dead, he is dead, fallen by murder.

*Duke.* Dead!

*Jul.* Oh! dead; and by that cursed monster, *Martino*; Hell upon thy black soul for it; O, Sir, let not the Traytor live to repent it; why should he find such charity that shewed no mercy to my Son? the ungrateful villain gave my dear *Cosmo* no warning of his grave which *Martino* digg'd; but sent him in haste to answer all his sins; Oh, let me see the villain struck into the earth with as little mercy as he shewed his Prince; and if not suddenly prevented, Prince *Sforza* will meet the same fate; for the villain has writ his name too in the black book of death.

*Cosmo aside.* O strange daring! Heaven, dost thou see and suffer this?

*Vict.* *Cosmo* dead? Oh heaven! ---

*She faints and falls, they run to the Prince.* [Ex. *Vict.*

*Martino aside.* There is more in this fury of hers than any man yet can judge of, unless all women-kind are damn'd.

*Jul.* O, Sir, I beg you'll let them hale the villain to a Dungeon.

*Duke.* Where heard you this sad news?

*Jul.* By this Pilgrim, who past by chance, and took *Cosmo's* part, in which he received these wounds.

*Duke.* Away to the Castle with the villain; come hither, friend; saw you Prince *Cosmo* fall?

*Cos.* I saw him they call *Baptista* fall; and he confessed a young man that was then wounded, and now they say is dead; was Prince *Cosmo*; and he then affirmed, in my hearing, a Hermit being by, who lives at the Ferry, that there came order from Count *Martino* to kill Prince *Sforza* too.



*Giov.* Villain, do's not thy soul grow pale at this?

*Mart.* 'Tis not all your plots or malice, shall make me quit my own innocence; and when you have murder'd me by a formal process, let *Alphonso* look to his own life, he will find *Martino* was his guard; for me, I scorn to beg my life till it be forfeited; and when ever *Martino* dies, you shall see him do it with less fear, then those live with that struck him.

*Duke.* Hail that bloody dog hence.

[*Exeunt all, but Cosmo and Antonio.*]

*Cos.* O *Antonio*, the Princess *Victoria's* tears, had so much kindness in them; the Balsam has cured all my wounds, and this storm once over, I shall be the happiest of men; away, remember my directions.

*Ant.* I confess, Sir, such a silence as the Princess shewed when she heard you were dead, speaks love more then all that whining passion Poets would express.

*Cos.* Dear *Antonio*, I cannot be so cruel as to let her heart be afflicted when kindness to *Cosmo* wounds it; and therefore find her and *Fidelia*, and assure them that I live; but conjure them to secrecy, and tell them my life depends upon the thought that I am dead.

*Ant.* I shall obey you. [Exit]

*Enter Carlo.*

*Car.* Souldier, come away; the Dutches stays to speak with you.----This you must wear, 'tis the earnest of her bounty.

*Cos.* 'Tis an honour, Sir. [Exeunt omnes.]

ACT. IV. SCENE V.

*Enter Victoria, Fidelia, and Antonio.*

*Ant.* UPon my life and honour, Madam, he lives; but this secret must not pass your breast, for some few days, if you love his life.

*Viſ.* O, Madam, what a change is here? *Antonio* was ever honest, and his friend; and my heart in despite of all that grief and fear which then posselt it, believes and hopes in *Cosmo*.

*Fid.* My love to both of you divides my mind; I fear for *Cosmo*, and hope for *Victoria*, yet *Antonio's* word must not be doubted; dear *Antonio*, once again speak the truth; do not fear, because we are women, to tell the worst of Fates; for know, to deceive us, is twice to wound thy friends.

*Ant.* Madam, it has not been *Antonio's* practice, nor his trade to lie; and again, if *Cosmo* be not living some strange curse strike me; more I must not say, nor can I longer stay, my business calls me hence; which, with your Highness pardon, I must obey.

[Exit Antonio.]

*Viſ.* Since hath changed this Scene, gentle *Fidelia*, let me beg you



you will make it a perfect Jubilee; and since your Brother lives, why should mine dye? you saw I mourned yours, and will *Fidelia* kill mine? remember what he has been, and let not one mistake blot all his story.

*Fide.* No more, Madam; you shall find my Heart both kind and just to *Sforza*, though he were harsh to me; you have not seen him since he was hurt?

*Victo.* No, but I shall now go find him out; and if you will go with me, be certain of a welcome.

*Fide.* I shall not refuse to go, where *Victoria* and Honour lead.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Sforza, Giovanna, and a Chirurgeon.*

*Giov.* **T**His *Chirurgeon* has a sovereign remedy to stop blood, 'twas his hand saved the Life of *Ferdinando*; when the rest gave him lost; and I doubt not but 'twill have a good effect upon your Highness.

*Cosmo.* Come, we must away; my Father stayes, he has called a Council at his Chamber concerning *Martino*; The Villain shall now pay for all his Treachery; tell *Victoria* she must be there; bid *Richardo* and *Ferdinando* make haste, and let us meet there. [*Exeunt*]

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Alphonso, Julia, Carlo, to them; Sforza, Victoria, Ferdinando, Antonio, Giovanni, and Richardo.*

*A Table and Stools, where they set the Council.*

*Alphon.* **W**Eighing the sad cause of this Assembly, the Persons too concern'd so near in blood and trust; I shall not need to urge you to a serious Consideration, how we may secure our Peace and Person, punishing the past crimes by taking a just Revenge on the Murtherer of my ever dear *Cosmo*.

*Julia.* I owe the world and your Highness many debts, but none that has greater ties upon me then this your kindness; which has still esteem'd and us'd my *Cosmo* as your Son, whose loss now comes so near my Soul; I cannot mourn his Murther, nor rest in peace, till I know what your Justice will decree for my Revenge. Nor should I appear thus undecently without a mourning garment, but that I hope, my impatiency will find a kind interpretation from these impartial Judges; Amongst whom, though *Cosmo* was born an Enemy, yet such was his Nature, that I dare say he has not left one behind him, but that ingratefull, ambitious, and treacherous *Martino*, whose Malice though it onely struck my *Cosmo*, yet it appears by his Letters, 'twas levell'd at the root of the Family, my ever Honoured, and your dear *Sforza*; who, though he found the Gods more kind then *Cosmo*, yet I will not doubt his voice to the

Revenge



Revenge of my Son ; though some malicious people would have me believe (what my Heart abhors) that *Sforza* hated *Cosmo*. But I have done, because my Interest in this cause might be thought to sway me against the Justice of what may be pleaded in the defence of this villain ; I will now be silent, and leave the Gods and this Assembly to decree their pleasures, in mine and my Sons Revenge.

*Sforza*. Though I might urge his sword drawn upon me, when he knew me to be his Prince, and produce these wounds, yet I scorn to name them ; and shall onely desire that Letter I sent your Highness, by my Sister, may be produced and read, and what that confesses under his hand, (whose Character is well known to all this Assembly) may, according to the Law in that case be judged ; 'Twill be observable too, how crafty his Malice has been in making use of our Honoured Mothers Name, so to blind the world from having any design upon Prince *Cosmo*. But Heaven (juster then he hoped) sent that poor Pilgrim, whose honest Heart engaged him by chance, by which means, he is fallen in his own practice ; And though I will not pursue him upon my own Interest, yet as a Traytor, and Murtherer of my Brother, I think speedy Justice ought to offer his blood a sacrifice to *Cosmo*.

*Anto*. And to me there is nothing more visible then his guilt, nor any thing so easie as to give sentence upon him ; and he has my voice to die some lingring infamous death, to expiate the ingratitude he has shewed his Prince and Friend ; And since he could forget the favours and envied honours he has received from both Crowns, and thus, by a bloody Treachery cut from the Earth that hopefull Prince, let him fall despised and unpitied ; for, sure, no honest Man can defend or intercede for him.

*Ferdi*. I am not satisfied with this name that is blotted out, 'tis some one that ought not to be concealed, I hate Treason both in the Root and Branch ; no honest Man ought to have mercy on any that wishes it well ; and I not onely consent to this present sentence upon *Count Martino*, but to all that had a hand in it ; that they may share in the punishment as well as in the guilt, without exception of persons.

*Carlo*. He that can be ungratefull will upon occasion be all that is ill ; To avoid which opinion, I shall now endeavour to justify my self Loyal to my Prince, just to those Lawes that must preserve this State, and yet not forget to be gratefull to my Friend. The many Obligations I owe to the *Count Martino* are well known both to your Highness and this Assembly. And that, I hope, will excuse me, notwithstanding the past vote, if I shall (as far as Honour and Justice shall authorize me) in this Assembly, defend the Honour of my Patron. First, I would gladly see a legal Conviction of the *Count* ; let the Crime appear, and then the Judgment ; Let the dead body of Prince *Cosmo* be produced, upon which all this business depends : For who knowes he is kill'd ? who saw the Body ? There appears to me onely a report made by her Highness, who received the relation from a Pilgrim. 'Tis granted, her condition and authority ought to find faith and pity.

Yet

Yet when Life and Honour are at stake, Justice cannot appear too circumspect; And though I will not deny he is dead, yet I will hope he lives, till I see some proof more visible; here is onely a passenger reports it; her Highness (like a kind Mother) believes her fears; and I, like the faithfull Servant of the unfortunate *Count*, will hope 'tis but her fears. And notwithstanding *Count Ferdinando's* Passion, I shall believe this Action in me has much more Humanity then his sentence; I am sure, 'tis Charity, at least, to wish all men innocent; I know, Sir, the *Count* has many Enemies; your Highness trust and favour has made him fit for Malice; and who knowes but this is an Arrow of her shooting? Nay, I know he has been threatened, and when there is occasion will produce to whom. But to the business; here is a Letter produced, and they say the *Counts* hand is to it, and another that subscrib'd put out: why may not those that put out one name, put in another? *Baptista* is the *Counts* Accuser, you all know he was his Enemy, and I know he had reason to be so; yet 'twas your Highness service that gave him that reason: For the *Count* being certain he had ambitious designs, not fit for a Subject to arrive at, (rather then disgust him, by telling him he was not worthy of what he aimed at) in Policy, to keep the State quiet, kept him banished. Never smile, my Lord, for this is truth, though the Camp knew it not; And Prince *Sforza* knowes, *Fidelia* was their quarrel; for whom the *Count Baptista* has alwayes born an ambitious Passion.

*Sforza*. You know so much, *Carlo*, and are so ingenious; I shall hope, you will confesse your knowledge of this Letter too.

*Carlo*  
*speakes aside.*

*Carlo*. Your Highness has too much Honour, to fear to speak what ever you know; and if *Carlo* be guilty, pray, Sir, accuse him; if not, (though my Prince) I shall beg you will not throw a Doubt upon Me. — (I know he dares not speak, *Fidelia* is too much concern'd.)

*Sforza*. There will be a time when that may be fit too.

*Carlo*. Till then, Sir, confident of the Justice before whom we plead, and strengthened by my own Innocence, I am still desirous there may be some testimony produced against the *Count*: God forbid Accusations should make Men guilty; if that were so, few were safe that Princes call to their Councils or their trusts.

*Ferdi*. To the poynt, Sir; what can you say, why this Traytor should not die a publick example, to give a terrour and warning to others?

*Carlo*. When you, that have twice called him Traytor, can once prove him so, then let him die.

*Ferdi*. The proofs are evident; here is a gallant Prince murder'd, and another sold to slaughter; here is his hand to the bloody contract.

*Carlo*. If your Highness thinks me fit to speak, if there be reason in what I have said; I shall proceed; if not, I have done.

*Julia*. Monster, with what impudence hast thou thus long dared to tempt the patience of thy Prince; And thus, in the Ears and Eyes of his Mother and his friends, excus'd the Murderer? Clear thy



thy self from being one in the plot, thou Idolater of that Monster ; *Martino*, or both of you shall find a hangman to attend your funerals. Traytors ! thus to forget the kindness which I have shewed you ! Is this the return your bloody minds have made me, for keeping up your Interest with this generous prince ? O Sir, let me now beg your Justice may make them as publique Examples of your Justice as they once stood of your favour.

*Alphons.* Be patient, Give him leave to speak ; Reason and Justice dwell neer together ; and when they either call, or point, you shall find I both hear and see. Proceed, *Carlo*.

*Carlo.* If 'twere for a private obscure person, Sir, one fled from the Law or Justice ; If 'twere for a stranger I pleaded, I should not wonder at this immoderate haste, and impatience to do Justice, or if I were now to inform this Assembly who the Count *Martino* is ; There might be something said against the impertinency of such a discourse ; But when I onely desire to know why, ere I consent to the death or dishonour of my Patron, one that two hours since all men honoured, one that this morning was trusted and revered by all, having had the faith of two Princes, and power of two Principalities reposed in him ; Why should it then seem strange, that I, his Créature, wish and believe him Innocent, That hath the Evidence of so many Ages, and so many Princes favours, to plead for him ? In whose name I onely desire Justice ; Prove his Crime, produce his Treason ; shew the Body, proceed Legally, and if *Carlo* be not as ready to pronounce his sentence, as any, then accuse me ; But since no one here saw the Prince dead, or wounded, Give me leave, again, to say I hope he is living ; and that hope is more kind to the prince, and has more Charity in it, my Lord, then all that furious desire of Revenge which your malice shews ; And if you loved Prince *Cosmo*, or vertue, as you pretend, you had rather he were living, and the Count *Martino* Innocent, then to have a prince murdered, that your hate might then see your Enemy destroyed.

*Ferd.* Proceed, I shall answer anon, and make it appear, I scorn'd, and not envy'd your Idol.

*Carlo.* The Count, my Lord, had honour and parts would rather deserve your envy, then your scorn ; And by that time you have Commanded as many Armies ; and govern'd as many Provinces, as he has done, with honour, I shall then Envy your Lordship ; prevail with your prince, and the world, to give you that esteem and trust he had two hours ago ; shew the wounds you have received for your Countrey, produce those Arguments, for a Prince to trust you ; 'twill be nobler far, then to sit and bark at one, in his Age, whose youth you bowed to ; and you will find, my Lord, the Count has vertue, even to bear this scandal ; 'tis not the first misery he has suffred, his fortune has been used to storms ; and yet I dare say, the unkindness of some friends ( turned Enemies this day, ) has made his Imprisonment heavier then his first chains, at the loss of *Pavia* ; Yet when malice has done her worst, he has the word of two Princes, that he is honest ; which when your Lordship can produce, then you may laugh, as he and I do, at the



malice of the world, which still pursues the favorite till he is fit for Pity.

*Julia.* Did no body see his dead body; where is the Souldier that brought the news?

*Alphonf.* Let him be called, some one, that knows where he is, fetch him immediately; none stir? who saw him? whence came the Report? are you all silent? all accuse, and none know why?

*Carlo.* Sir, my Lord *Ferdinando* knows, sure; His violent and earnest calling for Justice has some ground. My Lord, his Highness would see your Evidence.

*Ferd.* 'Tis visible enough in thy impudence; will your Highness be pleased to read your Letter, and behold those wounds upon your own flesh; the rest was a Fame I onely met; here is the Traytors hand set to this blood, is that too little to convince a Traytor? Good God? how black and partial is this Court grown; when a few gilded words, (from a party in this mischief) should be able to divert Justice from her Course? and my honest heart must humbly beg pardon, if I take liberty at full to answer this Impudence in his Creature; The first part of my wonder is, to find, even the best men are grown tame by Custome; flaved so by a favorite, that their mindes are scarce left free; Even their thoughts are led in Chains, and either dare not, or will not see, blinded either by fear, or Interest, through the mist his greatness throws before their eyes, else We might have grown wise, by our Neighbours miseries, rather then have cherished a Frozen Viper; And whereas he boasteth of his dead Masters Trust, Ask the deceased soul of Great *Matthias*, whether *Martino* be not a false and a bloody Villain? Nay, ask this Assembly, whether he was not a Traytor to that Master? And since I am urged, I must say, I know *Martino* sold the Battel of *Pavia*; And he that would then sell his old Master, and his Countrey, will not stick to betray the new one, when he finds a Chapman; But he has now no need of these low Arts to rise by. Here he finds his way prepar'd, and, by easie steps now gains his designs; Lust, Covetousness, and flattery, in others, make his way; Who finding he growes powerful in your Highness mind, there rests onely, darkly to tell what he designs; And then let Signior *Carlo*, and his Emislaries, with all Arts and Diligence, strive who should first understand or serve his will, and procure that his ambitious desires may be offered ere he please to ask them; Nay, to such a height of Impudence his faction is grown, that here, even in the presence of your highness, where the Assembly is made up of the Royal Blood; One of them, and That, our Prince, calling for Justice; for those wounds which yet bleed in our Eyes, instead of punishing the Traytor, Behold, with what impudence one of his Parasites dares defend him, urging his honours, and his Trusts, so many Armys raised. Fool, those are so many Crimes onely, so many stains, so many whys he should be torn in pieces, being lost, or sold; I speak my own knowledge, this is a secret of the camps, Sir, that help to buy one of them; since which my soul has abhorr'd the Traytors more for selling that gallant Prince, then him he has murd'ed now.

*Julia.*



*Julia. aside,* How came he by this knowledge?

*Ferd.* Here we find the Count confessed Debtor to the State, even by his favorite; and instead of paying it, he would have Credit to Cozen his Prince again; you confess, he has had his Evidence of both Crowns; shew, where he has done his duty; else you will find those Armies, those Provinces, those trusts you boast of, (if ill discharged) stand so many Evidences against him; and he so far from meriting the least grace or favour, for these, 'tis impudence to name them. And I dare say, (in the days of liberty and freedom, ere his power awed this Table so, That both Princes and Council stooped to the Frowns of a Favorite and a Woman) *Martino* had died upon a Scaffold ere he had found a place above his Fellows.

*Alphon.* *Ferdinando*, you are honest; But yet know the respect you owe this place; else you will find I can be angry.

*Ferd.* Sir, I shall not dispute against your Highness; yet being called this day where my Honour and Conscience are both at stake, I shall claime the liberty of an honest man, that I may discharge my duty both to my Prince and Countrey. What I have said, Sir, is truth; and if I make it not appear, let me answer it with my life; And the day has been, when your Highness would not have check'd me for speaking truth; Nor this Table have let any one man grow so great, by his guilt, that we durst not accuse him; 'Tis an ill President thus to encourage Traytors. Had *Martino* fallen under your Justice when he sold his first Master, 'twould not have been a crime, in me, to have accused him now. What makes *Carlo* defend him, but he finds he is grown so powerful? non dare speak their fears; And your Highness bounty has so chang'd his condition, and set such a stamp upon him, that he appears the greater part of your self; Nay, the honest part of the world sticks not to say you have forgot what he was. Take heed, Sir, his wickedness be not called yours too; for his Crimes are such, even the Women (you see) have lost their pity for him, and I pray Heaven, it be not too late for your Highness, or Justice it self, to take notice of him; So powerful he is, that the Law dares not speak to him; and he is now so guilty, that he is become Innocent; for who is beyond the Laws reach, He is more guilty; And, if not prevented, we shall see him begin to give Laws both to your self and people; to prevent which, again, I beg your Highness would but read that letter; Behold these wounds, do they speak less then destruction to the name of *Sforza*? Grant *Cosmo* living, Is he Innocent? Behold these wounds given your own Bowels; Do Justice for these, and Justice is easie to all but the wicked; Mercy is first due to the Innocent, and from them, let the guilty beg; and find it; 'tis safer far, then to leave the Innocent to the mercy of a Traytor.

*Alphon.* What can you say against *Ferdinando*'s reason? His honest heart will excuse his passion; and grant *Cosmo* living; yet behold his Prince wounded and design'd for his grave, if this be *Martino*'s Letter.



*Car.* For the Princes wounds, I can say nothing, but mourn the unhappy accident ; The Count made his own answer to that particular ; and for the Letter, it ought to be punished with exquisite torture and death, if (as your Highness says) it be proved his ; I know his hand, but cannot say, upon life and death, this is his, since the Count denies it ; the Souldier would give some light in the business, could your Highness prevail to have him produced ; 'tis not well to conceal or dismiss him at this time, in a business thus important ; for his evidence would sway much, either to the clearing or convicting of the Count ; Treason has that curse with her, she is never quite rooted out ; nor justice cannot cut so even, but even truth and innocence it self may suffer.

*Alphon.* Who brought this Letter ?

*Viçt.* 'Twas I, Sir, gave it your Highness.

*Alphon.* Where had you it ?

*Jul.* That I would gladly know.

*Sfor.* I gave it her.

*Car.* O, then 'twas your Highness brought the first news of this to Court ; then I have done, else---

*Sfor.* What else, impudence ? speak thy heart, without these abrupt and dark sayings, without your scandalous---else : Or, by my life, there is no place shall privilege you from being nailed at my foot, you Traytor.

*Alphon.* Hold, and give good reason for this anger ; lest I doubt the justice of your cause.

*Car.* If your Highness fears had no more cause to put on your disguise to day, then you have to be angry now, I shall hope the Count innocent in the one cause, as I am in the other.

*Sfor.* 'Tis enough, Sir, you know there is a cause ; and time shall tell it, in the mean time I will take my leave.

*Jul.* O stay, for heavens sake, stay ; for honour and all our peace, stay ; and if you know any thing can clear this business, speak it freely ; and let not our souls be afflicted with the doubt ; speak, Sir, and let the Traytors find the vengeance due to them only ; now you afflict the innocent with your doubts and dark speeches.

*Sfor.* Pray Madam, let me go before murder has its will.

*Jul.* Why this answer ? is this the return for all my kindness and love to *Sforza* ?

*Sfor.* O impudence !

*Car.* Sir, 'tis but justice she and all the world desires ; the Duke, Sir, would know where you had this Letter ?

*Sfor.* Villain, Traytor, Murderer, whose impudence has broke my resolution ; darest thou call for justice that wertt he Messenger of death ? thou Traytor, impudent wretch, 'twas thou that gavest this Letter to *Baptista*, and this Ring ; let who dare own it, and with it, a Murderer.---

[Exit *Sforza*

*Car.* 'Tis sad to have my Prince my accuser ; else the Law of Honour would do me justice, and the world find I wear a sword ; 'tis hard, Sir, to be thus accused, and no witness dares appear.

*Alphon.*

He lays the  
Ring down  
upon the Table.



*Alphon.* Give me the Ring, and all leave the place but you *Victoria*, and *Ferdinando* and ; *Giovanni* bid *Sforza* come hither; and you *Ferdinando* command the Guard to watch this night upon my Chamber, and be you in person with them ; this Ring I gave *Julia* ; if she be false.

He looks up-  
on the Ring,  
and is full of  
trouble.

*Ferd.* If ?

*Alphon.* If ? *Ferdinando*, can you accuse her ?

*Ferd.* Will you have patience, Sir, till I prove what I say ? if not you will yet see your whole name destroyed.

*Alphon.* Speak, but remember I love *Julia* ; yet if she can be guilty of this, the earth shall not redeem her ; can *Julia* be false to me ?

*Ferd.* False as hell ; 'tis her name is blotted out of the Letter ; the Prince in pity of *Fidelia* did it, because he would not have her grieved with the infamy of her Mother.

*Alphon.* But what could she hope by killing *Cosmo* ?

*Viç.* O, Sir, that is a mischief which is yet a Riddle to the world ; and secret to all but my self and *Fidelia* ; *Cosmo* lives.

*Alphonso* and *Ferd.* Live ! *Cosmo* living !

*Viç.* I must not, cannot, dare not speak my knowledge, much less my fears ; only, for certain, *Cosmo* lives, and *Martino* dishonours you, and *Julia*'s false ; and now the villain is in hold we will make ready our proofs ; and, for heavens sake, trust none of them till we have made it appear that they, or we, are faulty ; this accusing *Martino*, and railing against *Carlo* in publick, is too gross to blind any eye that has observed them as *Victoria* has done ; *Cosmo* went hence in a disguise, to question my Brother about the Command of the Army, which is the true cause why *Sforza* came in disguise to *Millain*.

*Ferd.* This is a knowledge your highness should have had sooner, but that we are resolved to accuse none till their treachery is visible ; and pray be pleased to keep your old kindness to the Dutches, and continue your coldness in believing the Princesses accusation, for a day or two, till all things are ready ; this night we will meet at your Highness Chamber, and there resolve in order to our business ; and, pray, let the Dutcheses part be concealed, for the Princess *Fidelia*'s sake.

*Viç.* 'Twill break her heart ; the first news of her Brothers death had almost distracted her.

*Alphon.* They are a pair of vertuous minds, and I am glad to find *Victoria* so kind to them ; and since heaven has preserved him from this storm, My *Cosmo* shall find I lov'd and valued him.

*Ferd.* Let us retire, Madam, that we may get the Guard in arms ; and then I will wait upon you in the Princes lodging ; our stay may beget their jealousy, for guilt is still upon the Alarm.

*Alphon.* The Gods bless my child ; and, pray, tell *Sforza*, I want not any of that kindness a Father owes to a good Son ; though I cry not my love in the streets ; which he shall now find, in cutting from my breast what has long been dearest to me, even *Julia*, since she is false.

*Viç.*

*viç.* God forbid, though the tree be guilty, let the fruit plead ; *Fidelia* has goodness enough to expiate any crime she can commit with wishes, which is all the ill she is yet arrived to.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Enter Julia and Martino, she in mans apparel, with a Dark-lantern.*

*Jul.* **Y**OU are sad, *Martino*.

*Mart.* No, Madam ; but my heart's awak'd with this storm ; and I am glad to find our mischief was so unsuccessful, since *Julia* could accuse me.

*Jul.* And could'st thou be so faulty as to think *Julia* false ? Oh, my soul ! had not I my master-piece to act ; and though we have bravely gone through with it, 'twas a troubled sea we wrought through to gain this Harbour ; and here shall still be *Martino's* safety, My *Cosmo* is safe ; and while the Duke rests in doubt, we must dispatch *Sforza*, let me alone to settle all the rest ; this was *Carlo's* plot ; the honest Souldier (that is without) too did his part ; whom they are now busie inquiring after ; therefore, for a day or two, till *Sforza* be dead, let him lie concealed here.

*Mart.* *Sforza's* death is a counsel I could wish you would abandon ; for though it may serve in this our desperate disease, yet what the success must be those that know there are Gods may easily divine ; to murder three such innocents, one of them your own too, 'tis black and terrible ; and I fear will be so far from confirming *Cosmo* in the Throne you design him, 'twill rather make him odious to both Nations.

*Jul.* I know the price of those Jewels ; but since the storm would not be resisted, rather then let our Barque sinke we must throw over our richest goods.

*Mart.* Be patient till I am gone, and observe what effect that change will have ; *Cosmo* has vertues enough, and needs none of those dark paths to lead him to a Crown ; and though he be innocent, yet I fear the Gods should punish our faults upon him ; and we but make our selves monsters, and him miserable, only shewing him that Crown which will be snatched from him, and given to some third pretender.

*Jul.* No matter ; if *Cosmo* cannot keep a Crown when we have given it him, let him that wins it wear it ; he is *Julia's* heir that can succeed her ; the generous Conqueror is my child ; and I shall hate my self for designing *Cosmo* so much honour, if he want courage to keep it ; I am none of that sort of foolish women that love their own fruit best though it be sower ; 'tis thy interest, and the memory of those happy hours that makes *Cosmo* dear to me ; I know not why dull custom should make us love a fool or coward, because got in Wedlock ; a natural accident in Marriage, and the cold



cold effect of a dull thoughtless Act, which every Beast and Bird does as well as we ; and before it should be said I love *Cosmo* for those Reasons, he should this night fill a grave, with those foolish souls we have condemned, while the brave, the daring and the fortunate were adopted ; and I will still believe the Conqueror is our Son, who ere he be ; and *Cosmo* changed in the Cradle, though the false Nurse deny it. No, *Martino*, thou hast taught me to know we are our own Gods ; those thrive here that dare Fortune, she knows neither conscience nor prayer, she is a woman, young, naked and blind ; they say, Youth and Courage binds her ; and if *Cosmo* cannot force a naked woman, let him rest despised for *Julia*.--- See where *Carlo* comes. *Carlo*, what news ?

*Enter Carlo at a hole in the Vault.*

*Car.* You have no time to spare ; the Duke has all this while been in counsel with his Daughter and *Ferdinando* ; and you may find by *Victoria*'s briskness, she knows Prince *Cosmo* is safe ; the Guard is in arms too, commanded by *Ferdinando* ; and we must expect nothing but ruine. [ *Enter Cosmo.*

*Mart.* And where is the Prince and Princess ?

*Carlo.* They are all safe, at the Princes Chamber, upon a visit ; we have laid our design, I am now come for the Souldier : Come, friend, when we have plaid this part all is our own ; when they are in the grave, we will return, and call you ; till then, pray be private here. [ *Exeunt Carlo and Cosmo, by the Vault.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Enter Sforza, Victoria, Ferdinando, and Fidelia.*

*Ferd.* If it be possible I will find the Pilgrim, his testimony will confirm all ; and then I will return with a guard to prevent the worst of malice.

*Sfor.* Kind and faithful *Ferdinando* still ; all good success attend thee.

*Fid.* Pray, Sir, retire to your lodging ; small wounds neglected may bring a dangerous consequence ; you know, Sir, there be many lives depend on Prince *Sforza*.

*Sfor.* Fear not, Madam, since I have cured those wounds that grief and distraction gave by your displeasure, my heart can know no danger ; when *Fidelia* smiles, *Sforza* is all joy and peace.

*Fid.* Heaven protect the Prince ; and when I lose not his value, I care not who frowns ; I had wounds too, and they bled as long as *Sforza* was angry ; but we are now perfectly happy.

*Vict.* The Gods were kind to *Victoria*, that spared *Sforza*, and preserved *Cosmo* ; *Julia* too is innocent, in spite of Treason, which false *Martino* would have betrayed her into ; and time will heal all these wounds that Love and Fortune have dealt among us.

*Sfor.* What noise is that ?

*Enter*

*Enter Antonio and Souldiers, and seize them all.*

*Ant.* Resist not, Sir ; these dye, if you resist.

*Sfor.* Is *Antonio* false too ? Heaven ! is there nothing but treachery among men ? this I foresaw in that feigned death of *Cosmo*.

*Viç.* *Antonio* false ! perhaps *Cosmo* is dead too ; if he be, let thy words stab *Viçtoria* to the heart.

*Sfor.* If there be any honest thought left in thy mind, *Antonio*, lead me to the Princess *Fidelia*, that I may dye (what I could not live) her *Sforza*.

*Fidelia.* O, Sir, these men have added cruelty even to death ! had I died yesterday when *Sforza* was angry, 'twould not have been half the grief ; but to be reconciled to *Sforza*, and then snatch'd from his friendship, is beyond Murther, cruel. O, Sir, 'tis now too late to say that truth which my modest heart could never find yet strength enough to utter ; yet, witness heaven, 'tis a truth my heart will break with ; Prince *Sforza* was all the business of my mind, how I loved him I shall not live to tell ; yet here upon his breast, with my last breath, I vow my first and most unspotted faith.

*Sfor.* This cold kiss on your fair hand shall be both our *Epithalamium* and our *Epitaph* ; O, gentle *Fidelia* ! we were one in friendship, and one in misery.

*Viç.* That the Gods should give to Beasts venom in their eyes, and death in their teeth, to destroy the innocent, and not afford us that power in an hour of misery, for a guard against Murther and Treason.

*Ant.* Away, where I appointed, and observe your Order. [*Exe.*

### ACT. V. SCEN. III.

*Enter Martino and Julia, in the same disguise.*

*Mart.* **T**hey have been long, but now I believe he comes ; for now I hear a noise in the Vault.

*Jul.* 'Tis they.

[*Ent. Car. and Cos. at the Vault.*

*Mart.* *Carlo*, is all ready ?

*Car.* Yes, they are seiz'd and bound, and in the *Cyprus* Grove expect us, your horses, too are ready, we shall have the sport to pass that way ; and see them whine and dye, and then away.

*Mart.* But whither shall I go ? that I may hold a correspondence, and advise you of my resolutions, as occasion presents.

*Jul.* you must find out my Son and Count *Baptista* ; but you must not let the foolish Boy know of what is past ; his passion makes him deaf to all our reasons.

*Car.* Come, come dispatch, Sir, the time is pretious.

*Mart.* Madam, this shadow goes, you see, forced hence by cruel stars ; other joy I never knew then *Julia's* friendship, with whom I must leave this parting kiss. Farewel to all that is dear to *Martino*,

*tino*,



*tino* ; witness my Soul , I have no joyes but in those Eyes, and till we meet again my sad heart will know no peace.

*Julia*. Farewell, *Martino* ; *Julia* can yet say she found a friend that was faithful, and 'tis not in Fate to divide our hearts ; How unwillingly shall I let my Eyes lose this object, witness all the kindness that my life has shewed thee ; I should hate my self, if I thought I had words to express how much I have loved *Martino*. Farewell, I have too much Woman in my Eyes, I cannot suffer this separation without tears ; Separation is death of Friendship, my Soul and I now part. *This kifs to my dear Cosmo*.

*Cosmo*. Ye Gods, what do I see and hear ? O Villain, Villain.

*Carlo*. Go afore with the Lanthorn. —

{ *Cosmo goes afore, with the light down the hole,*

{ *Carlo and Martino follow him.*

*Mart*. *Carlo*, give me your hand. — [ *Exeunt omnes.*

# ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Sforza, Fidelia, Victoria : Antonio and the Souldiers bind them to the Tree.*

*Sforza*. **W**HY dost thou delay thy bloody purpose ? If it be Repentance holds thy hand, make it good ; I will purchase it at any rate to save those Innocents ; and I will die too, that thou maist have thy reward from those that hire thee.

*Fidel. Victo*. O Sir, we hear them coming ; now 'tis the time, farewell for ever.

*Anto*. Are they bound ?

*Sould*. Yes, Sir.

*Anto*. 'Tis they, wear your swords in readines.

*Enter Cosmo with a light, Carlo and Martino following him.*

*Mart*. Where are they ?

*Cosmo*. In the Arbor.

*Mart*. Let us dispatch them, *Carlo*, and away.

{ *Cosmo whistles, Antonio and the Souldiers*  
{ *seize Martino and Carlo.*

*Mart*. Hah ! O *Carlo* we are betray'd.

*Sforza*. What noise is that ?

*Cosmo*. This way, *Antonio*. — Do you see this sight, Sir ?

{ *They lead them after the light to the place where*  
{ *the Princesses and the Prince were bound.*

*Mart*. Yes, what is thy meaning ? art thou false, or no ? Why dost thou fright our hopes ?

*Carlo*. Upon them, and dispatch ; you will find this no jesting matter.

*Sforza*. Ha, *Martino* at liberty ?

*Fide*. *Martino* loose ? nay then we are lost for ever.

*Mart*. Why dost thou not kill them ?

Dd

*Carlo.*

*Carlo.* Or let me do it.

*Victoria.* That is the Souldier brought news of my Brothers death.

*Sforza.* And that face I have seen before.

*Cosmo.* I thought you had forgot it.

*Sforza.* No, 'twas thou that sav'dst me, when *Baptista* would have murder'd me.

*Carlo.* What sayes he?

*Mart.* Enough to satisfie me, we are all betray'd.

*Cosmo.* Sir, I sav'd you once.

*Sforza.* And why shouldst thou not again be honest? Threats are lost where they meet Minds resolved like ours; yet if thou dar'st save these, they will pray so faithfully for thee, that thou maist kill me and be forgiven; All the horror thou canst put into thy look I can despise; for the valiant man, in his first thought, digests the necessity of death; And since we cannot avoid that sight, I have long since Philosophy'd upon my grave, as the second womb, and the certain way to the other world, as my Mothers led to this; and he that is honest onely sees those dangers. The guilty trembling Coward, 'tis he that tasteth the bitter cup, while his pale Soul labours and feels the throws of every apprehended Dart, whose anguish (*Gentle Fidelia*) is in leaving thee, and kind *Victoria*; Those that fear him suffer in every thought, and languish in expectation; For, dying, not death is the wound; and when death will appear, though in a Fever, *Martino*, *Carlo*, Treason and the Sword, are there.

*Fide.* O *Sforza*, talk of death, but not of parting; when we can die without that, these threatned wounds are welcome; Fever, Sword, nor Treason, I fear not, they are our slaves, and would be tame things if death and malice (*Enemies to Nature and Fidelia*) did not set them on to destroy Noble *Sforza*. O be still that good man, and let not these Villains prevail with thee to murder the Prince; Hell and curses are on their side, Innocence and Virtue on the Princes; if thou kil'st him, thou art damn'd; save him, and become an Angel.

*Carlo.* Strike, fool, or she will talk thee to the Gallows; Dos't thou not know the intent in Treason, is as guilty and as mortal as the blow?

*Mart.* Thou art a fool, we are all betray'd; and now I see him thorow all his cloud; 'tis *Cosmo*, *Carlo*. [*Cosmo discovers himself.*]

*Cosmo.* 'Tis so, horrid Villain; what can thy Soul tell thee now, but death and misery attend thee?

*Carlo.* *Cosmo*?

*Victo.* *Cosmo*?

*Fide.* 'Tis my Brother.

*Cosmo.* Villain, canst thou look upon this spectacle? Do's not thy Soul melt with horror? Dogg, I will kill every limb of thee apart. Kill that Villain. [*The Souldiers kill Carlo.*]

*Carlo.* Oh! oh!

[*He dies.*]

*Cosmo.* Sir, I beg your pardon for this fright, there was no safety



ty without it ; I could not else have betray'd these Monsters from their security, but with the hope of such a bait ; But now I will offer their hated limbs a sacrifice to all our fears.

*Fide.* O my *Cosmo*, joy of my life, unbind the Prince.

*Cosmo.* I have another business to dispatch first ; I must be grateful as well as just ; The sword, *Antonio*.---[*Ant. gives him a sword.*]

*Cosmo.* Do you know it, Sir ?

*Mart.* Yes, and what of it ?

*Cosmo.* When I was down in the battle of *Pavia*, then thou bestridst me, and gavest me this with a wish I might never lose when I drew it against my Enemy ; Here, take this other, while I prove thy wish upon thee. *Antonio*, if I fall, let the Law proceed to Justice against this Villain, and secure the lives of these Princes.

*Sforza.* Why do you arm the Traytor ?

*Cosmo.* There is no danger in a known Traytor : 'tis the Trust that makes them dangerous ; and Traytors in the field are but upon their way to Execution.

*Mart.* I will not hope to escape ; yet I have known the day when I would have forced my safety thorow more stops than your Arm threatens ; But I was innocent then, and yet the greatest of my Crimes is *Cosmo* ; and Heaven is just in making him my scourge. [*Aside.*]

*Cosmo.* I will hear no more. — That for *Fidelia*. *They fight and are both wounded.*

*Mart.* For *Martino*, that. *Martino falls.*

*Cosmo.* For *Sforza*, that, and that, and that for *Julia* ; let that name sink thee and thy Soul. —

*Mart.* I faint, O *Cosmo* ! I have yet kindness enough in all this blood, to fear and pity what Fate attends thee that hast kil'd thy Father ; a secret yet to *Cosmo*.

*Sforza.* What said he ?

*Cosmo.* No matter what.

*Sforza.* How do you, Sir ? has he hurt you ?

*Cosmo.* Yes, but not much ; Take up their Bodies, *Antonio*, and carry them to my Mothers Lodging ; Madam, to prevent this danger, I was fain to break my word with your Highness ; and that necessity, I hope, will plead your pardon.

*Fide.* I am glad, you had a reason for that fault.

*Cosmo.* The Story of this accident, how laid and how prevented, will ask an ages time to relate ; but till the danger is past we must defer it ; and I must beg, for an hour or two, you let me lie conceal'd, and in this disguise, till I have finish'd my work ; I must now find my Mother ; O Sister, she must be reclaimed with Tears, not Wounds ; And I must beg your Highness company, to make her shame the greater. The horror of her designs I will present unto her as things executed ; and when I have brought her to a repentance, and a despair of Peace, then, as a Mercy beyond her hopes or merit, she shall know how Heaven has miraculously preserved her innocency from all this blood ; This way I hope to reclaim that unfortunate Woman, now the authors of her sins are gone.

*Sforza.* Pray lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*  
ACT.

## ACT. V. SCEN. V.

*Enter Julia alone, in Mans Cloathes.*

*Julia.* **T**His night is full of change; within this hour nothing but despair, yet now my heart has Joy again; and *Sforza* once dead, *Victoria* shall marry *Cosmo*; The fright *Carlo* will put her in, when she sees *Fidelia* die, will make her proud heart stoop to *Cosmo*, I know she loves him; This day her Passion appear'd, at the report of his death; and though she pretends that she has vowed her self to a Monastery when her Father dies, yet I doubt not but she may be won to forsake that cold pretence for a warm Palace; Those Nuptials will crown all my thoughts; and then 'twas a happy loss of *Pavia*, if we gain *Millain*; both which will be the reward of my long travel. The Duke must die ere they can Wed; for since we are stept in, we must now go thorough with the work: Lust and ambition know no bounds; and rather then we will see my *Cosmo* less then we design him, we will raise new diseases, scourges of the time, and Act what Age and sickness could not do. What noise is that? [*Enter Cosmo.*

*Cosmo.* Madam, the Count, and *Carlo*, kiss your hands.

*Julia.* Are they gone?

*Cosmo.* Yes, Madam.

*Julia.* And the rest? how? how?

*Cosmo.* Dead, all Dead.

*Julia.* And was not *Sforza* sad to depart with *Fidelia*, and the World?

*Cosmo.* They made a great Ceremony of it; and by my troth, it was sad; *I did what I was not wont to do*, I pityed him; for 'twas a gallant and a stout Gentleman; the Women too lamented so, it almost stagger'd my resolution; and I think, though your soul hates them, 'twould have grieved your heart to have seen them part; She that died, (*Fidelia* I think you call'd her) fell, ere we struck, upon the sight of *Sforza's* death.

*Julia.* *aside*, Are you so pityful? he will tell, if not prevented.

*Cosmo.* Madam, the Count bid me tell your Highness, he thinks it fit *Carlo* dies too; for he knows too much, and grows too sawcy, upon the Trust you have given him.

*Julia.* We will think on't; let us talk no more at this time, 'tis late; is any body stirring in the Gallery?

*Cosmo.* No, Madam, all is whist.

*Julia.* Take this purse, and conceal thy self for a day or two, and then find *Martino*; for I would have thee always neer him; thou hast a bold heart, and a ready hand; here, give him this Ring from me; you wear a privy Coat?

*Cosmo.* No, Madam.

*Julia.* The more fool you, in these dangerous Occasions; I will try. (*She stabs him.*)

*Cosmo.* Oh! hold, wretched Woman. (*She stabs him again.*)

*Julia*



*Julia.* Thou art too pityful a fool to trust a Crown to.

*Cosmo.* Hold, hold, 'tis *Cosmo* that thou hast murdered.

*Julia.* What said he? *Cosmo*? (*She runs to him.*)

*Enter Sforza, Victoria, Fidelia, Antonio and Souldiers, with the dead Bodies of Carlo and Martino.*

*Fidelia.* O my Brother! poor *Cosmo*! unfortunate youth!

*Viſto.* Cursed Woman, shame of thy Sex, what hast thou done?

*Sforza.* Inhumane Act, O *Julia*, thy soul will ake for this; lift him up *Antonio*, and send for a Surgeon quickly, some one raise the Court; Try if there be any hope of life.

*Julia.* *Sforza* alive? and *Fidelia* too? *Cosmo* dead? and *Martino* Dead! O wretch, 'tis too sad a Truth; 'tis he, my dear *Cosmo*; Thou wert my beloved sin, all my crimes were loves to *Cosmo*, and now my greatest sin is thy blood; all that I loved dead? And all those I hated living? Hence foolish Woman, quickly be gone; what business hast thou now upon the Earth? despair, and die; I cannot talk, my grief is too great for words, and yet I could be angry with fate; But 'tis too late; Make room, *Cosmo*, for thy mother: I struck not thee with half so good a will; Thus I shall be *Julia* still, my story is of one piece now. *She Looks about her.*

(*She stabs her self, and falls.*)

*Viſto.* O! hold her desperate hand --- (*They run, to take the Dagger.*)

*Julia.* No, 'tis too late, *Antonio*; *Julia* was *Julia's* Fate; yet ere I die, you that live, forgive, and bring *Fidelia* hither. *Fidelia*, whom my life hated, but my death loves, forgive thy mother; and live still the thing she hated, the Religious, Chaste, and faithful *Fidelia*; and let thy name redeem the Honour I have lost, in story; does any know how *Martino* came by his death?

*Sforza.* Yes, Madam; *Cosmo*, in Duell, killed him.

*Julia.* *Cosmo* kill *Martino*? Nay, then 'twas fate, not *Julia*, struck *Cosmo*; Unfortunate youth! wicked and guilty by chance; What fate guided him to *Cosmo's* sword? Heavens! None but a Son to spill a Fathers blood, and a Mother to revenge it! (*She dies.*)

*Sforza.* What does she say?

*Antonio.* Sir, I am loath to be the Author of such a scandal; yet I heard *Martino*, when he fell under *Cosmo's* sword, tell him he had killed his Father; your Highness knows their Friendship has been scandalous, though the world durst not speak of it.

*Enter the Duke, Ferdinando, Giovanni, and a Guard.*

*Duke.* Dead? heaven forbid.

*Sforza.* Pray, Sir, retire the Scene is too sad; for a Fathers Eyes; The Story, Sir, will be fitter to be mourned than spoken of; the Gods have taken a severe vengeance upon those people, and we may lament, but not redeem, their faults; Come, Madam, when you can digest this grief you shall find *Sforza* is ready to pay all his vov'es to Love and Friendship.

*Victoria.* No, Brother, Sister, Father, all that were guilty, in making me break my vows with Heaven, here I beg the dead Body of

of my *Cosmo* may be interred in our Chappell, where again I vow to waste my days in Holy Orders, and with the Penance of my life redeem my past faults, and lament poor *Cosmo*.

*Fidelia*. Oh, Sir, let me retire too; Let not such a poysonous fruit be cherish'd in your breast, lest the displeased Gods take some farther vengeance on Our Family; and so distract my soul, to find Prince *Sforza* punish'd for *Fidelia*'s sins.

*Sforza*. This misery is so strange, and so infectious, that even my heart grows sick of Love, and fear; Heaven, if thou hast decreed more affliction for this gentle maid, let them not fall till I am earth. O *Fidelia*, nothing but death shall divide me from thee.

*Alphonso*. Take up their Bodies, and let all Funeral Rites be given to these unfortunate people: and since they have born the punishment of their Crimes, let their faults have no more memory, but, with them, lie buried in their Grave; And let their Example teach us; Impious men may play with Heaven, but they can hope no better fate to Win. Dry thy Eyes, *Fidelia*, Heaven forbid, thy Innocency should suffer for the Crimes of others; To whom there is a reward due, as a punishment to these; And if *Sforza* do not pay his Debts to *Fidelia*, he will neither have Heavens nor my blessing; and when Our griefs have given place, I shall onely wish, that my last Scene in this world may wait on thy Hymens; for I am quite tyred with the Affliction of this World, and will onely refresh my soul with seeing *Fidelia* and *Sforza* happy; And then I care not how soon Nature and Death decide their dispute; That I might make an *Exit* from this Theatre where misfortune hath made me Act a Part in so sad a Tragedy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

---

FINIS.

---



THE FIRST PART  
OF  
Cicilia & Clorinda,  
OR,  
Love in Arms.

TRAGI-COMEDY,

The Scene *LOMBARDY*.

---

Written in *TURIN*

BY

*THOMAS KILLIGREW.*

---

DEDICATED

TO THE

Lady *ANNE VILLIERS*

COUNTESSE OF

*MORTON.*

---

LONDON:

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in  
the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

---

## The Names of the Actors.

*Marinus*, The Roman Pretor, Lieutenant of *Lombardy*.

*Otho*, His Son, and General under him.

*Cicilia*, His Daughter.

*Calis*, Her Friend.

*Dyon*, A Gentleman of *Rome*.

*Orante*, The Lombard Prince.

*Clyandre*, A Lombard.

*Turnus*, A banish'd Lombard.

*Lucius* } General of the Horse.

& } Brothers

*Manlius* } Lieutenant-general of the Army.

*Cleon* } Two Romans.

*Memnon* }

*Amadeo*, Prince of *Savoy*.

*Clorinda*, His Sister.

*Lysander*, A Lord of *Savoy*.

*Stella*, *Cicilia*'s Woman.

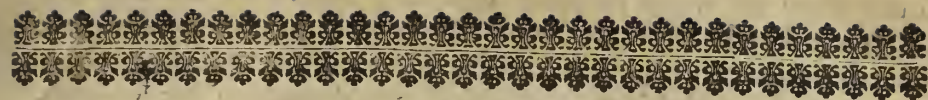
Two Hermits.

Banditoes.

Souldiers and Servants, Such as the Scene requires.

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THE FIRST PART  
OF  
Cicilia & Clorinda,  
OR,  
Love in Arms.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Orante and Turnus, Orante is cloathed in black, with black Feathers, black Perrwig, his person is crooked and ugly, with a Dagger by his side ; His habit must be good : Turnus disguised like a common Souldier.*

*Oran.* **H**AVE you heard the news, *Turnus* ?  
*Turn.* No, Sir, only a buzzing of something from the Army, and that diversly reported, has the Pretor Letters ?

*Oran.* Yes, and *Otho* writes of a Victory gain'd that day against *Amadeo*, and that they are still in chase of those Mountainers.

*Turn.* And is *Amadeo* become an enemy worth *Romes* joy when she overcome him ?

*Oran.* 'Tis not the Souldier, but the Hunts-man that is shew'd in this Victory, they have at last catch'd the Boar, his Sister is in the toil too ; the Virago that has so long made *Otho* a Souldier, for 'tis certain he loves *Clorinda* ; but why, unlesse it be for loving him, I know not ; the great reason why most men love their dogs ; they say they will treat at *Susa*.

*Turn.* Then there is more then we see in it ; remember, Sir, *Amadeo* was your Rival, and believed by most that know the Court, the chief cause of *Cicilia's* aversion to your Highness ; therefore I may rather fall by the disease of his Family, (a Roman with his sword) then come to dispute his Title here, for though he fled the Court

Court when he was a prisoner upon the death of his Brother, which was slain in the Battle of *Susa* ; yet most believe *Cicilia* knew of his departure.

*Oran.* Hah, and this may be worth our thoughts ; for I am certain *Lucius*, who is now my Rival, is said to have made war against *Amadeo*, not *Savoy*.----(See the Pretor) now we shall know the news, for his vanity cannot conceal it.

*Enter Marius, Cicilia, Calis, Dyon and Cleon ; Marius has a Letter in his hand.*

*Mari.* Mine are from the place, and mention a victory compleat, and that they are still in chase ; the Princess *Clorinda* too is with her Brother ; and *Otho* writes that he believes this will be the last stroke they will be able to strike for their Country ; 'tis now seven years since that handful of men have stopped the Roman fortune, at the price of five generous Princes, whose blood has been dearly sold to the Roman swords.

*Cicil.* *Otho* writes, that he never saw more beauty, nor more courage then the excellent *Clorinda* shewed in the Battle, still fighting by her Brothers side ; and he hopes to gain them without blood, for they are now shut into the streights of *Susa*, and the Cattle possess'd by the Roman party ; and I confess my soul longs to see her whose fame and vertue, though an enemy, has at this distance won my Brothers heart.

*Oran.* *Amadeo* will then be fit for a second liberty, Madam ; which I believe your Highness will again consent that he may have.

*Cicil.* Prince *Amadeo* will be a Prince in chains, his heart is made of royal metal ; and gold will be gild'd still, what poor mean use soever employed in ; and Lead will be Laid though in a Crown.

*Oran.* Yet he brake his word, and ran away (even with *Cicilia* he brake his word) and ran from what he loved (ay, some say, from what loved him).

*Cicil.* But he fought afterwards, and by this has got more honour then some men win by victories : To the Roman fate a gallant man may lose, and yet keep more honour then some are born to ; her Stars have set her so far above the world, that she stamp even vertues ; and they bear a price as she bids them be current ; and I doubt not, but Prince *Amadeo* will find Rome honoured him more for being a brave enemy, then if he had proved a tame temporizing friend, which hath neither vertue enough to dispute, nor love enough to revere her power ; and I confess the services the Prince did to win esteem from me, more for running from me when his honour call'd him, then if he had staid, and pin'd at my feet ; Prince *Amadeo* went to himself fit for any gallant womans love ; and Prince *Amadeo* till he was fit for none.

*Oran.* You have reason, Madam ; he that will not be thought not to be esteem'd ; he that will suffer injuries

aveng'd  
deserves  
them ;



them; a Doctrine *Orante* may learn in time, could he leave to love; and these remedies may work that miracle.

[*Exeunt Orante, and Turnus.*]

*Marius.* You are too harsh; his mind, we know, is full of envy and pride; and when those meet with courage and despis'd love, it may beget a danger your power nor mine cannot resist; let him vent his malice, his words hurt no body.

*Cicil.* 'tis my honour and duty that he strikes at, and he has a thousand times accused me of contriving the Prince *Amadeo's* escape; I confess he told me he would go, and would have taken his leave of me; but I thought my self obliged neither to betray a Father, or a Friend; and therefore I would not hinder him, by betraying his trust; nor be so guilty as to countenance the fact by giving him leave to visit me; and for his discourse, I told him it should pass as a thing I neither believed nor counselled (and *Amadeo* had honour enough to know how to chuse with honour) this said, I left him, and he fled; for which I value him, 'twas done like a Prince, whose first business is honour.

*Marius.* I confess I ever lov'd him, and though I took it unkindly that he went away; yet being a prisoner of war, and no word engaged, we ought to have kept him better; and I believe, now, that if his love had not been more his guard, then his guards were, he had been gone sooner.

*Dyon.* *Manlius* gives great honour to the Prince, and he is full of pity and admiration of his Sister; he says, they fought beyond the belief of men, only to avoid the being led in triumph; but his Letter mentions no such certainty of a victory; he rather apprehends Prince *Amadeo* has some design in his retiring to those streights; for their flight was rather a retreat than a flight; and that he was against the pursuing of them into the streights; and your Highness knows *Manlius* is a Souldier of so much practice that his fears may find faith; he had the Van in the Battle, and lies now next the enemy.

*Cleon.* His Letters to me speak doubtfully of this days business, they being desperate men forced beyond a hope of safety; and such as experience has taught us to know, they will sell themselves at as dear a rate as any enemy the Roman yet ever purchased with their swords; and where they now lie, our horse can do no service.

*Marius.* There is no disputing of this business; but diligently see those provisions sent which *Otho* desires; and lest *Manlius* his fears be true, *Cleon*, command the second and third Legion be this night ready to march; and when they are at the Tower upon the *Poe*, there let them expect Orders from *Otho*; by which means we may secure our friends, if there be any danger; which must be so much the more desperate as it is unlooked for; within we will resolve further.

[*Exeunt Mar. Cicil. Cal.*]

*Cicil.* What strange trouble's this? is not *Manlius* Brother to *Lucius*? am I displeas'd that the world believes him a gallant and a knowing Souldier, young in years, old in experience, and high

in fame; one whom his generous brother dotes upon, one that all the world esteems a person of honour, stain'd only with craft and a little fullen roughness in his nature, having still been bred in Camps, and nurs'd in war; but he is *Lucius* his Brother, and that heals all.

*Cal.* How ill a character has the gentle *Cicilia* received of the best of men, except his Brother! then *Manlius* there is nothing more gallant, nothing softer nor humbler than his nature; famous for war and peace; and though his rough mind want love to polish it, that the world may see how cleer a vertue rules his heart; yet I am confident when your Highness shall see him, *Manlius* will produce some excellencies that will be new and strange, though in the Brother of *Lucius*.

*Cicil.* At last, *Calis*, I have found thy heart, blush not, 'tis *Manlius* which so often in a third person thou hast accused, praised and lamented; O *Calis*, could'st thou hide from me thy love, that still told thee all the secrets of my heart; have I lived with *Calis* as if I would condemn her for loving *Manlius*? is that a crime in her, and vertue in me to love his Brother? is *Manlius* unworthy? why else do's *Calis* blush to own her friendship?

*Cal.* No, Madam; neither of these was the cause of my silence, which I shall now no further observe, though a curiosity to know my fate made me conceal it till now; for they are sad stars that wait upon my love, blood and death threatning all the friendships that I make.

*Cicil.* Fie, *Calis*, shall dreams fright thee from loving vertue, or fear of ills make thee act ills? *Manlius* is a man my heart is so well acquainted with by publique fame that though yet I never saw him, I could at first sight, methinks, desire all fair and reasonable things from him, for he is friend to *Otho*, Brother to *Lucius*, and lov'd by *Calis*; and if I live to see him, I will so chide his frozen heart, shame shall make him kind and civil, though not a Lover.

*Cal.* If your Highness will become concern'd in my fortune, I should no longer doubt my fate; those eyes have ever been successful; and when your Highness will plead for me, who can deny that has honour? since we see the worst men, and worst natures have stoop'd to your power. See, Madam, where comes a miraculous effect of it in that wretched Prince, *Orante*. See if he be not returned; retire, Madam, and avoid the visit.

Enter Orante  
fullen.

*Cicil.* No, I have yet the justice on my side; and let *Orante* do as many unhandsome things as his ill nature can prompt him to, I shall do nothing unworthy my self; 'tis his guilt must make my ill usage justice; else to punish him and use him ill, is not fair; while he is faulty I can with honour despise him; and while I use him like a Prince (which I will do, and not encourage his love neither) if he then fail in what a Prince should return, the world will condemn him, and excuse me. His person is not his crime, he made it not; and if his mind had been good, I could with honour enough have listned to his passion; but his soul is as crooked as his body, and that is an imperfection that honour cannot be reconciled to; I confess,



fess, Custom has made his importunities less troublesome than they were before; Especially when I consider, how much more affliction his Love must be to himself, in being the Lover, while despis'd, then to me that am beloved; for while I endure the hearing of it he has the Torment of suffering those pains he would describe, whose cure is desperate; for he knows my heart is vowed to *Lucius*, whose return he dreads; And I am confident he would kill him, if he durst Anger me; for, amongst all his crimes, Coward is none.

*Calis.* Speak softly, Madam.

*Orante.* Madam, such is *Orantes* Fate, that even Injuries from your Highness cannot divert his Love, nor all the Harshness in your words, this morning, make me omit the seeing my Enemy, when any pretence can give me the Occasion; There are second Letters arrived, Madam, from the Army; Do's your Highness know the contents? their news has dul'd the Court.

*Cicilia.* No, my Lord, not any thing: what is the report?

*Orante.* They say, the *Pretor* frown'd; and 'tis reported, the Army, and all the Officers, are engaged within the streights of *Susa*, and their condition most desperate; They have writ for present aid; The third and fourth Legion are marched, and the *Pretor* follows with the rest of the Army.

*Cicilia.* This *Manlius* fear'd, the gods guide my Brother; *Calis*, we have other deities than Love to sacrifice too, though I hope that God will be propitious.

[*Exit Cicilia and Calis.*]

*Orante.* Amen to that; But Love will still be as blind as Fortune; yet were it not for Love, I could force *Lucius* his fortune, though I cannot flatter my own; for though my Stars have design'd my Person the Scorn of all the world, yet kinder Nature has given me a heart that dares be revenged on all the World; And although I cannot be as happy as I design'd, yet I will make others as miserable as I please; and when Love will not let me be a guest in *Cicilia's* heart, Revenge shall be in *Orantes*; My rest is up, I will either have her Friendship, or her Honour; Who fears not his own may laugh at the Tragedies of others. Divine-form'd *Lucius*, with sounds of Flattery, may pierce her heart, by the Eye and Ear; But if despised and despairing *Orante*, thus branded by Nature, stab not as near her heart with his Dagger, as any smooth Courtier of them all, let me die despis'd in Story too; that, for a little Beauty, sold my Honour, and my Peace. When *Lucius* returns, I must dissemble my hatred to him; which is as hard for me to do, as for him to believe it; yet I do not hate *Lucius*; I could love the man, if *Cicilia* did not; Strange Madness! to hate him because she Loves him; And because she loves him, not dare to strike him; Love, blind love, why hast thou chosen me for a scorn'd subject of thy power? Unreasonably imposing on my Reason a Love for her that hates me, joyning still with fortune, both which have decreed neither Crown nor Love for *Orante*; Depose my soul to some greater power, by taking my reason from it, and then I may be happy amongst Beasts, though most miserable amongst men. [*Exit Orante.*]

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*An Alarm within. Then Enter Souldiers of both parties, and Manlius wounded, and retires, pursu'd by Amadeo, and Clorinda.*

*Amad.* Stand, stand.

[Enter Lyfander.

*Lyfand.* Give the word; stand, stand. [The Sould. En. & then stand.

*The Souldiers  
make a shout.*

*Amad.* A little Patience, and then they are all our own. --- Why this shout? Why this cruelty, in chase? Do you fear the Roman? Is a Conquest such a new thing, you are surpriz'd thus with a victory? have we won, or cheated them of the Day? if not, Why this childish noise? Doth the skilful Artist make fires of Triumph, when he arrives at any thing in his Trade? 'Tis Womanish, 'tis Cowardize, 'tis like fearful Girls left in the Dark; you shout and tremble, as if you could fright your own fears; And all this Joy speaks your minds now, as your hopes were before, poor, and low; Nor did you believe me yesterday, when I prevailed with you to retire, having no hope left, unless their Pride could be seduced to pursue us to these streights; Did I not tell you then, 'twas the number, not the name, nor vertue of the Romanes, that beat *Amadeo*; And now, if you will follow me with minds prepar'd for all Fortunes, they shall, at last, find us an Enemy not to be despis'd; and either we will become their Triumph, or they Ours. [Exeunt omnes.

## ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Manlius and his Party.*

*Manlius.* Yet stand, As you are *Romans*, follow *Manlius*; See where Old *Marius* his Silver Eagle lies; Born in seven *Consulates* before him; If there be never a *Roman* dares second me to fetch it off, Let *Amadeo* bear it to *Susa*, while you submit your necks under the *Savoyard* yoke; Are you all dead, all stabb'd with one Calamity? Why did you shake your spears in the morning, and call for a Signal to the Battle? Now you see, how low and foolish it is at any time to despise an Enemy; Yesterday you were all noise, and full of revilings; Now a Pannick fear possesses you: If you had Conquer'd yesterday, you had rob'd your selves of Triumph, for your vanity left nothing fit to be rewarded; and now you are overcome, how your wounds will blush with shame; What dishonour must your General sustain, when he sees himself a Prisoner to the enemy! he despis'd -- See the General of the Horse too, shall he see you deliver the *Roman* Eagles to a handful of beaten Enemies?

*Enter  
Lucius.*

*Lucius.* No more, *Manlius*; I see a *Roman* anger in their looks, and this Affront has given an Edge to their Swords; Let us go, and make good this pass, and we may regain the day; for *Otho*, and the second Legion are drawn to the mouth of the Streights to meet with *Cleon* and the fourth Legion; The *Pretor* too is upon the March himself.

*Manlius.*



*Manlius.* I can bear any thing but this dejection upon a Loss; yet I know not why we should at any time despise this Enemy; Remember my Opinion yesterday; when you were all bent to pursue them to this place; Let us call to mind what they have done with a handful of men; how, in *Ten pitch'd Battle*, they have stop'd the *Roman* Eagle in height of Conquest, and check'd her power more then whole Nations; Five Gallant Princes have defended their Freedom with their blood; and this, the last of that Great Race, whose virtue we have proved in Peace and War; And I confess, but in kindness to *Lucius*, whose Rival I know he is, nothing should have engaged me to have drawn my sword against such virtue which even accuses the Gods for arming against him.

*Lucius.* Dear *Manlius*, Brother in my mind as well as Nature, how I admire thee for this honest plainness? But we are now engag'd, and the *Roman* Honour is at stake; 'tis *Rome*, and her Battles, we bleed in; and who draws a sword against her must be Our Enemy; Else, by my Honour, though it be my Rival, I would hazard my life to save him, the Princess has given so noble a Character of him.

*Manlius.* Let us find the General, and joyn with me in proposing a Treaty, while there are some to shew mercy to.

*Lucius.* Yesterday your words would have come as well-come as Victory to him, for I know his heart loves *Clorinda*; But now, 'tis neither Honourable nor safe to propose it; you know they are a Resolute Enemy, and must not be sought for till they are beaten; if we treat, They will believe we feared they might overcome us; And *Otho* must not treat with the *Roman* Enemies in Arms; When they acknowledge her Power, then 'tis time to shew a *Roman* clemency; till then, all Acts of War are *Roman* too. ----- See *Enter* the General; I would your Highness had been here a witness to our *Otho*. Discourse.

*Otho.* All Discourse is tedious, and unseasonable now.

*Lucius.* Sir, We were proposing of a Treaty.

*Otho.* 'Tis out of time; We must not give Our Honours for *He whispers.* Our Safety. Your Ear, *Lucius.* ----- The Legions will not be here, as we expected; 'twill be night ere they can arrive, and We must be resolved, with such Cards as fate has dealt us, to play this Game; *Manlius*, you must give the Charge, if they advance.

*Man.* I shall obey your Order, Sir; for my kindness as well as duty obliges me to your opinion; yet 'tis strange, that nice Ceremonies should make Prince *Otho* thus design how to punish that Courage in an Enemy which all the gods have so often rewarded in himself. This generous Prince has no crime but valour that pleades against him; and shall Courage be a sin in him, and virtue in a *Roman*? Come, Sir, I know you have too much Honour to dispute this with me; witness all the wounds that I have felt; I look upon them as the copy of our first *Rome*; *Rome* in her cradle, such a despicable handfull of Men were we, such a contemned virtue was *Æneas*, so despis'd, so prest by an insolent Monarch, such proud

proud Neighbours found *Rome* in her Infancy , and what had we then but this virtue to defend us, what right to *Rome* ? What force to defend or redeem us but such a Courage ? Nay, by what Title now do we hold an Empire over the world ? But by these swords, and minds resolved, such an Imperious Enemy wakned then our sleeping virtues, and by forcing us often to dispute for her, at last won Fortune to our side; with our swords we overcame the greatest difficulties ; And from a Colony of a few sea-beaten Fugitives, we are become Lords of the Earth ; and who knowes the Fates of these Men ? We have try'd their virtues in ten years Warr, to which now is added their despaires ; Nor has our supplies and numerous Armies, during this War, been oftner recruited then they have renewed their virtue, still shewing equal Courage to our best of Fortune.

*Lucius*. When I shall speak in favour of a Treaty, sure none that know my Interest will doubt the Reason of it ; And your Highness knows with what zeal I have pursued this Warr ; Yet I confess, *Manlius* his words have made me ashamed of that cause that bred my hatred to him, whose Gallantry I shall alwayes love next to Honour : And I know the generous *Otho* could not be deaf to the reasons he hath given, but that he is angry with the affront which they have this morning thrown upon his Fortune. I know his Heart is too noble else, to hate this little great Enemy, amongst whom *Clorinda* fights ; 'Tis true, 'twould vex a winner to find one, and the last stake stoop his fortune.

*Man*. Come, Sir, win this Prince any way ; his virtues in friendship will do more Honour to *Otho* then a Conquest ; Were I the General, I should be prouder to fold such an Enemy in mine Arms, then to have led *Syphax* in chains.

*Lucius*. Now after a day won and lost, in which they have shew'd both Active and Passive Valour, not dejected by the loss of yesterday, nor blown up with the success of this day ; They fell under our wounds, yet no groanes fill'd our Ears ; at our feet their wounded trunks lay, and frowning breath'd their great Souls out.

*Man*. We call them barbarous ; but what will the next age say, when they shall read this story, but that the *Romans* feared *Ama-deo*, and destroyed that eminent virtue, because he might have become their Rivall ? But this is but discourse, let us consider the place and our condition ; If they know and take the advantage, it may be our turns ere the Sun sets, to fill the Graves we talk of ; The place will serve for a Moral ; have we not this day stumbled at the bodies we slew yesterday, making those Triumphs then our dangers now ? Your silence, Sir, confesses the Reason we speak.

*Otho*. O *Lucius* ; *Manlius*. Friends, dear as my Eyes ; why should you two ; whom my Soul loves, thus gall your friend ? and now when he is beaten and dishonour'd, tell him what a Conquerour should have done ? Yesterday who mention'd a Peace ? was not victory then in all mens mouthes ? And now, when we are expos'd to their swords, and no way left to shew we are *Romans* but by dying bravely, you would have me treat ; 'Tis poor and low  
for



for *Otho*, a grave is handsomer far; and they will understand it Fear, not Clemency, should we propose it; Let us redeem this fatal day, and then command me; but till we can give Laws, I am resolv'd to try Fate to the last sword, and here. Let us part and embrace; whether we meet again or no, we are *Romans* still; *Manlius*, our Honour and our Lives lie in thy hands; And I am pleas'd to think the *Roman Eagle* has such a Protector; If they force the pass, *Lucius* and my self will be ready to receive them.

*Man.* Come, Sir, he is a gallant Enemy, and to lose to such is no dishonour; 'Tis their turn to day, 'twas ours yesterday, and may be again to morrow; Gamesters that play fair must expect to lose sometimes, especially those that will adventure at a Game so full of Fortune as a Souldiers trade; Be therefore, Sir, resolved to make a safe retreat, and save our Honours; so to play this after-game will shew a Souldier no less then a victory have would done.

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sould.* Sir, the Enemy advance apace, they have gained the the Hills; and *Tullius* sayes, unless he be supply'd he must quit the pass; Nor do's the Enemy move disorderly, as upon a success, but whole and in Bodies, as to execute something long since design'd.

*Man.* Let your Forces second mine; for if we lose this pass, you *The Alarm increases.* must not think of a retreat to *Susa*.

*Otho.* Away then, each Man to his charge. [*A charge soundes.*  
[*Exeunt omnes.*

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Lyfander, and after him, Amadeo and Clorinda.*  
*Souldiers bring in Manlius bound.*

*Amadeo.* **A** Way, *Lyfander*; follow where Fortune and Victory leads thee, and let these *Romans* see we can be angry though not revenged; this is more then ever the *Romans* could boast from us; 'Tis true, your swords have digg'd our Princes Graves, yet they could never shew one of *Amadeos* line or Family led in chaines; see, *Clorinda*, a *Roman Generall* in chains.

*Man.* 'Tis a noble sence of Honour, and *Amadeo* chides me handsomely; but if I had any scruple in my Heart that tells me, *Manlius*, for fear of death, or want of Courage became thy Prisoner, I would now beg thy sword to fall upon me, to let thee see, how a *Roman* ought to free himself from such calamity; But I will live and tell the world how much I honour that greatness of Mind, though in an Enemy. For *Manlius* is a name, thy Father, Brothers, and thy self have often proved in Battle; and I am sad to think, how fatall my sword has been to thy Noble Family.

F f

*Clorin.*

*Clorin.* *Manlius* is Brother to *Lucius*, Friend to *Otho*: O *Amadeo*, that I durst speak my thoughts now, or that my Brother had but kindness enough to hear me speak, before he chides my Passion.

*Ama.* What wouldst thou say? speak any thing but in praise of bloody *Otho*.

*Clorin.* Bloody *Otho*?

*Ama.* Yes, bloody *Otho*; so bloody that his Love cannot tame his Heart; what else can he hope from us? Why should *Rome*, which is the Mistress of all the world, hunt poor *Amadeo*, and warr against him, to make his people more miserable then Nature has design'd them; Here we live contented with our own, though the place be so poor that curious Travellers are scarce tempted to pass through it, to enjoy the fruitfull vales of *Lombardy*; What can ye hope by making us your slaves? Rich Mines we have none, Odours, Spices, and the Silk-worm are strangers here. These streams no shells with Orient Pearl afford, our sands breed no strife-full Gold; These Rocks have veins, but far from the blew Saphyr; The Ruby, Emrauld, nor the Diamond, grow not here. Innocence and Peace of Mind is all the wealth we boast of: And our Freedom the only Jewel we defend, which we will keep to the last Man; and the *Romans* shall alwaies find us strong enough to kill our selves, though we cannot destroy our Enemies.

*Clorin.* If my Love or Faith has any Credit with my Brother, let him take my Counsel; Let a Virgins divining Soul prevail once, though my words seem now most unreasonable to common sence. Now when he has power to kill, now when Conquest is in his hand, when flight, dishonour, and certain death hangs over his Enemy, 'tis, like *Amadeo*, now to sound a retreat; Now offer Peace, offer all but our Honours and Freedom for it; This my Soul prompts me to say.

*Amadeo*  
after a little  
thought.

*Ama.* Call *Lyfander* back, sound a Retreat, let *Clorinda's* Fate guide *Amadeo*, my gentle Sister has refused no Fortune to follow me; and Heaven forbid I should refuse to venture upon thy hand this last stake; onely swear upon this sword, by thy Fathers Soul, and by the chaste ashes of thy honoured Mother, never to be led in Triumph; swear this, and let what Fate displeased Heaven has decreed come, I scorn to fear it.

She swears  
and he embraces her,  
she kisses the  
sword.

*Clorin.* I swear, and Heaven curse me if I break my vow. Sir, by the Power my Brother has given me I release you; give him his sword, and conduct him through the Army safe; Let all Prisoners be armed and releas'd, and give command, that no Man strike a blow more, nor hinder any *Roman* in his Retreat. Sir, you are a Friend to *Otho*, and may find Faith when you speak; Pray tell him, a Virgin that loves as much as he can hate, sent you to him, one that loves him next to her Honour, equal to her Brother, and far above her self, would fain speak with him; to try, if it be possible, to save one Root of a Royal Family, and die without Infamy; that is all we ask, and here we shall expect your Answer.

*Enter*



*Enter Lyfander.*

*Manl.* I accept the benefit, Madam, with a heart as pleas'd as if Fortune had given me power to have plaid your part to day ; And if I live, I'll serve you ; or being deny'd here I promise to return my self your prisoner ; till when, live most excellent among men, and noblest among women.

*Amadeo, aside.* 'Tis high Reason that she speaks ; for if we overcome them, 'tis but exasperating an enemy we cannot conquer ; and this little victory can but prolong our misery ; we might if we pursu'd this advantage have kill'd some few enemies ; but in sparing of them we have gained many friends ; for they are a generous Nation, and have often been won, but were never conquer'd.

*Clor.* To have kill'd them all would have tir'd us, though they had sat still ; and when we had done we had but shew'd our teeth to them, and have taught them to imitate us, by destroying all that fall into their power ; for why, after such an action, should we expect ought but the fortune of the war ? hitherto we have defended our selves with honour, and enough disputed, as enemies, to make them value us, if we become their friends. [*Aside.*]

*Lyfand.* If Fate have design'd the Romans masters of the world, we in vain dispute what the earth hath granted ; and 'twill be honour enough for us to have it said we thus long durst be their enemies ; and if your Highness can thus compass a peace with honour, 'tis my opinion, to embrace this opportunity 'twill give us some reputation with them, to see we have taken this handsome way to offer a friendship when we not only can defend our selves, but destroy them.

*Amad.* Let us stand upon our defence only, till I give the word.

*Lyfand.* Your Highness Order shall be obey'd.

*Amad.* So shall my ever dear Sister, the vertuous *Clorinda*.

*Clor.* And when I am sway'd by any interest, to propose ought against my Brothers honour, let him and heaven scorn me.

*Amad.* Sir, when I was prisoner to the Romans, I found civility from *Manlius* ; and though he be Brother to my Rival, he has too much honour to hate an enemy ; *Clorinda* says you are free, and she commands here ; and now I owe the noble *Marius* nothing, for young *Amadeo* was not worth a limb of gallant *Manlius*, great in arms ; and 'tis the greatest joy my life has seen, to be able this day to pay that debt ; and when you shall bless your eyes with a sight of the divine *Cicilia*, throw at her feet the life and service of the unfortunate *Amadeo*.

*Clor.* *Lucius* is Brother to *Manlius* ; and you cannot be ignorant that love more then hate, or Empire, has made him thus long an enemy to his Rival ; the General *Lucius* had odds enough in being *Lucius*, and needs not the advantage of an Army, to dispute his fortune ; the gentle *Cicilia* is a perfect Judge of Love and honour ; and would not be seduced to chuse the least noble, and where

*Orante* is only Rival, 'tis no honour to overcome; therefore, for *Lucius* his honour make a peace, and give *Amadeo* leave to try his fortune.

*Man.* I shall not only deliver this, but find some other Arguments, which *Clorinda*'s modesty will not let her name; and thus much I dare say, *Lucius* his hate, if he be so poor as to hate a Rival, will not hinder this peace so much as Prince *Otho*'s love will advance it; and although my fullen nature was never yet a Lover, yet he that can hate may love; and I that can see others love, though I cannot love like them, yet I can tell what disease reigns; and I shall either find the Prince of my mind, or return *Manlius* a prisoner, bound by the Reason and Gallantry of *Clorinda*.

*Clor.* All kind fates wait on *Manlius*; here we shall expect our dooms, with minds prepar'd for all that peace or war can threaten.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Enter Otho, Lucius and Souldiers.*

*Otho.* **W**Hat means the enemy, they make a stand; and have founded a retreat; haste *Lucius* to the Pass, perhaps they see not their advantage; if we can gain the Valley, we may defend our selves this night, and joyn with those Legions which now are upon the march; poor *Manlius*, thy fate is sadder then all the rest.

*Lucius.* Pray, Sir, give me leave to charge again; if it be possible; let me fetch off my Brother, his faith ought not to be abandoned, shall we see a Roman General thus; forsaken in the hands of a barbarous Mountainer, and his body, for ought we know, want his funeral Rites?

*Enter divers of the Roman Souldiers Arm'd, and that had been Prisoners, releas'd by Clorinda.*

*Otho.* How now, whence comes this rudeness? where are your Officers, under whose command are you?

*Sould.* *Manlius*'s, and thus set free by warlike *Clorinda*, unspoil'd either of Arms or Ensigns.

[*Enter Manlius.*]

*Lucius.* Is *Manlius* safe too, what means this? my soul is full of wonder; see, Sir, my dear Brother is return'd.

*They both run to him and embrace him.*

*Otho.* The ever noble, always welcome *Manlius*; but how thus arm'd and safe, with freedom inform us, dear *Manlius*.

*Manl.* Sir, here I stand, the bounty of *Clorinda*; not only my self, but all of us owe to that generous Maid our present safety; be pleas'd to know, we fell not into their power by chance; 'twas long design'd; nor are they ignorant of the least advantage, and had pursu'd it but for the divine *Clorinda*, who prevail'd with Prince *Amadeo*; and stop'd his fury in the heat of chace, and conjur'd him ere he took the advantage of this day, to hear her speak; Now is a time,



a time, faith she, for *Amadeo* to shew his vertue; now 'tis time to treat with honour; now when you cannot only defend your self, but destroy the Foe; if ever you hope to make a peace with this great enemy, neither rob nor disarm them; if they fight for honour, and to command the world, they will not forgive a dishonour, nor forget a benefit; what we have done this day, and all the wounds we have given to this place, was for our honour and safety; but what we shall act further, if you pursue them, will look like a desire of revenge or hatred; and make the world believe if we could have conquer'd we would never have treated; then she turn'd to me, and having received absolute power from her Brother; *Manlius*, says she, is Brother to the noble *Lucius*, and friend to the most excellent of men, Princely *Otho*; and *Manlius* has virtues which will weigh down the scale of *Amadeo*. Thus when she had made me blush with praise of my self; with our Arms and Honour she commanded we should in safety pass to pay the debt her Brother owes Prince *Otho*; and when you see the General offer our friendship to him, offer these few lives and swords we have left to serve him and the Roman Eagles; offer all, but our honours, for a peace; and let it be such a one as we may not blush to receive, nor the Romans despise us for accepting; and if we cannot gain his friendship upon these terms, here you shall find us ready to defend, with our antient vertue; both our Fame and Country, with minds resolved for what fates soever the Gods appoint us.

*Lucius*. Did I not tell you 'twas a gallant enemy? what is there to consider? why should not your heart fly into the arms of this gallant Prince?

*Otho*. Dear *Lucius*, draw up the Army, and stand upon your Guard, till we return; and during the cessation be only ready to defend your selves; Come, *Manlius*, we will find this gallant enemy; and if we can with honour grant what he desires, thou shalt find how welcome *Manlius* and his opinion is to his friend; send *Cleon* with a Guard to attend us, during the Treaty.

*Lucius*. I shall. [Exeunt omnes.]

### ACT. II. SCEN. III.

Enter *Amadeo*, *Clorinda* and *Lysander*; *Clorinda* was wounded, and her Arm in a Scarfe.

*Amad.* **T**He Officer says, *Manlius* was received with much joy; and upon the arrival of the Souldiers the General gave immediately Orders for a Cessation of Arms; and 'tis *Manlius* desire that we expect him here, where *Clorinda* shall, at last, see this fate of *Savoy*; how do's her Arm, *Lysander*?

*Lysand.* Sir, the wound had taken cold before 'twas dress'd.

*Clor.* This wound will heal, as we succeed; if I can cure them of my Country, these are but sleight; but if it must be war still, sadness will add one more to my heart, that foresees I must part with my dear Brother.

*Amad.*

*Amad.* I hope, *Clorinda*, we are not now to set up our Rests ; they have been long at stake, we were born Princes, we have lived so, and must resolve to dye so ; we must all dye once, and Princes have no sepulchre more noble then a Battle, nor Epitaph so honorable as a wound when 'tis received in his Countries cause. There is no disease so Princely as to fall by the sword when he must dye ; sickness and old age take away from that Majesty that Reverence men pay us : who can adore us as Gods on earth, when they see the Gout Cramp us, or a saucy ague shake a Princes soul out ? No, *Clorinda*, when Fate will call me to my Doom, let me meet it in a pitch'd Battle, against a gallant enemy ; then we fall like our selves, and our Funerals are waited on with thousands of loyal Souldiers ; those that live to wither here till old age waste their souls, dye common deaths ; and go to heaven like private men, and pass unregarded like some melancholy Ghost.

*Lysand.* Sir, the Roman General appears.

*Enter Otho, Manlius, and some of his Guard.*

*Manl.* How they gaze on each other ?

*Lysand.* There is greatness and gallantry in his looks. Good Gods, why should these men be enemies !

*Manl.* 'Tis proper for me to break this silence, and to shew *Clorinda* my heart is not ungrateful for the benefit I received ; the General is here ready to receive your propositions.

*Otho.* What excellencies, what virtues must fill the minds of these Princes, when their very looks speak great things ? I never saw her steadily before, but passing and charging ; she robs her gallant Brother of my wonder, she lessens his glory, which should be my admiration (were she away) she is chaste and stout, courage of both sexes flows there ; such a fellow in Arms who durst war against ? her eyes have gain'd a perfect victory over my heart ; my youth and fortunes first kindness shines in those divine lights.

*Amad.* Sir, by *Manlius* we sent a message to great *Otho* ; *Clorinda*'s Prophetick soul propos'd it, our desires were few and short, being the fence of those minds which never yet were false ; we only ask to be used like friends to the Romans ; that we once dared to be enemies ought not to prejudice us, but rather shew us worthy the honour of a peace, which, with honour, is all we ask ; and then command us.

*Clor.* Why should the Roman General be twice moved to accept us for friends ? *Rome* has enemies enough besides ; she has many Tributaries, and many Slaves ; Nations of poor minds, worth no better fates ; such as *Rome* got no honour amongst, for they had none to lose, scarce worth a Triumph ; methinks they should for variety desire one friend, my Brother begs the place ; you may love him too, and not be jealous of his greatness ; and well he may become their friend, and other mens envy, whilst *Rome* takes a pride to make him so. Alas, Sir, we are no *Carthage* ; no *Antiochus*, no *Philip* treats now, that may be emulous with the Roman great-



Greatness. We onely beg to possess, with honour, the Sepulchres of our Fathers, in this little Province, and to hold, as friends to *Rome*, what is even lost in the Map; and for your Friendship, take Our Faith, and Love; Other tribute *Amadeo* cannot give you, he receives no other from his Subjects; 'Tis all his wealth, that we love him, and he asks no more of us, and that We will pay to you; Leave us our Honour, that We may be worth your Friendship, and then our Swords are yours; But if you dishonour us you will despise us too, and we shall hate you; This is all we have to say.

*Manli.* Why are you silent, Sir? Is there room for thoughts in your great mind? Can you be in doubt, whether you should receive those for friends, or no? They are so few, 'tis a shame for us to War against them; they are so few, they are onely fit to be Friends; But when you consider their Gallantry, and Numerous Excellencies, their Courage too, how Infinite, 'twill be wisdom to gather this rich seed into your Bosome; *Romes* Dominions are large, and lie fallow for want of such virtues; Plant these brave minds amongst them, and bless the Empire. There is a Virgin too, worth your highest thoughts; try to conquer her with Love, and softness; such a *Pallas* in your lawful Bed would Steel your soul against the world; and under her virtue, and your fortune, what Souldiers could miscarry?

*Otho.* Prithee peace, and learn to love, and then thou wilt cease to wonder at my silence; Dost thou think the first sight of the objects we love can so little possess our souls, that there should be room for words; what has *Manlius* seen in *Otho*, till this Minute, that could call him dull or vain; if not, sure *Clorinda's* Eyes and Reason must beget both Amazement and wonder, and let not the Excellent *Clorinda*, because I am silent, doubt her Power; for know, my busie soul was full of surprizing Joyes, and unexpressible wonder; and my narrow heart blushes still to think, how short my love and Fancy fell; when they thought by Imagination to present the divine form and great mind of the Excellent *Clorinda*; to express whose Excellence where shall we find Epithetes, when a Lovers fancy could not comprehend it? O my Fate! can ye wonder, Madam, at this dumbness and amazement in me, when I see my barbarous heart upbraided by that scarf? that wound has shame belonging to it, which will stain my soul for ever; and I could curse this prophane and Sacrilegious hand for violating that Temple where Honour, Love, and Beauty, with a perfect vertue, were enshrined in those chaste Veins; till the prophane *Otho* warred against Heaven and *Clorinda*; at whose Feet behold the guilty ready to weep out his last blood a Sacrifice, to appease the incensed *Clorinda*. *He kneels to her.*

*Clorinda.* Do not despise me, Sir; for though *Clorinda* may lose her hopes, yet she will keep her Honour; and then, though she be not worth your Friendship, yet she ought to be above your scorn.

*Otho.* Frown heaven, if I despise, or dissemble with the best of Women; and some Curse, new and beyond Example, as his sin, strike *Otho* at your Feet, if my soul have not a cleer faith and Adoration for *Clorinda*; nor will I rise from this place, till she believes and

and pardons me this crime, which thus, in shame and Repentance, I have confest.

*Clorinda.* No more, Sir ; 'Twas the first favour I ever received from Prince *Otho* ; 'tis an honour I shall ever be proud of ; from this wound I gathered Courage, and began to hope your Highness had some value for me ; Whilst Prince *Otho* turn'd away in Battle, whilst he received my Blows, and would not deign to strike again ; he call'd me Woman, and despised *Clorinda*, which made me both with Love and danger hunt him till I had gained this Wound ; then I began to hope, since he thought me worthy of his Sword, when we were Enemies, if we live to see a Peace, I might be worthy of his Friendship too ; and if this Wound can make Prince *Otho* kind, I am happy to have bled for the health and safety of my Countrey ; and if your Highness have kindness enough to wish it whole, Embrace my Brother ; Then you shall see, with what Pride I will kiss and wear this Scar. (*Otho runs to Amadeo.*)

*Otho.* I embrace him, as I would my peace of mind, or *Clorinda's* Friendship, and at her Feet throw my self and power ; Here, Sir, ends all Acts of War betwixt us ; And if We dispute again, it shall be to o'recome in kindness ; Sir, I am here my Fathers Lieutenant ; Till he and *Rome* Sign and Confirm my Acts, They are onely kind intentions, which have a readiness to shew how much my heart is vowed *Clorinda's* ; Though I believe the Senate will not dispute my Act ; However, Sir, you are safe from this War ; *Manlius*, let all the Garrisons be drawn off, while this Prince and People be received as Friends to the Senate ; and see there be no injury shewn to the meanest person ; but let all be treated like part of those whom thy friend Loves and Honours ; at *Millain* we shall expect you, whither if your Highness please, we will repair, to stay my Fathers march ; whose kindness is, now, upon the way, to prevent that Danger our Alarm gave him last Night.

*Amadeo.* I shall wait upon you, Sir, and not despair, by your intercession, to obtain the *Pretors* pardon for my uncivil departure last.

*Otho.* *Marius* is too much a *Roman* to be displeased with a generous Act, though his Enemy perform it to his prejudice ; Your Highness needs not fear your well-come where *Marius* commands.

*Clorin.* May your wishes find the Gods as propitious to you as you have been to us, while we love and Sacrifice to *Otho*, the Noblest of the *Romans*.

*Otho.* *Otho* is, in all things, *Clorinda's* Servant, and Prince *Amadeo's* Friend ; *Manlius*, you are sad.

*Clorin.* Not displeas'd with our happiness, I hope.

*Manl.* Heaven forbid ; No, Gentle *Clorinda*, though I have been bred in Arms, unacquainted with the Peace and softness of the Court, nor ever tasted this Love you so greedily drink down, having never known nor sought other Honour then the Sword gave ; yet I find, 'tis not impossible for *Manlius* to learn to love, if he had such a Lesson as *Clorinda* before him to imitate.

*Amad.* War, Sir, has been your Mistress, and your Business still ;  
and



and 'tis a Trade that Princes learn with Honour ; Swords are the Instruments , and with His the Noble *Manlius* has Writ high things ; There is no Beauty like an Army , in a Souldiers Eyes ; Victory is his Mistris ; And passionately gallant *Manlius* has, all his life, pursued her.

*Clorin.* *Manlius* has not yet seen any thing he thought beautiful, perhaps ; but love will have a share in his heart : Honour and Courage are but Fore-runners of that god, to prepare the Heart, when it shall bid Beauty and Vertue Well-come, which makes me prophesie, I shall live to see *Manlius* , for all his roughness, a passionate and a handsome lover.

*Manli.* She is a Witch, by this light ; 'Tis the Divel, or love, vexes me already.

*Otho.* If your Highness please We will retire, and give *Manlius* Opportunity to see the Army march.

*Clorinda.* We are here to receive and obey your Highness Orders.

[*Exeunt. Manet Manlius solus.*]

*Manli.* The Noblest of *Romans* ! I am not envious, nor proud, yet the Noblest, me-thinks, is a Title should be bought at a higher rate than *Otho* has paid for it. Ambition is a Souldiers Beauty, Honour his Mistris ; and I will not give place to any man when that is in dispute ; What, a Pox, makes me thus Quarrellsome ; Thus on the sudden concern'd in her Opinion ; There is something seems new and strange to my mind ; 'tis troublesome, and yet 'tis pleasing, 'tis a vexation I never felt before ; Her words raise a storm, and her Eyes allay it again ; I never was concern'd in a Womans thoughts before ; Me-thinks I could now be strangely pleas'd to act something, that might please her ; If this should be love What would become of me ? A peace and Love both together, You must get a dark house for *Manlius* ; They will make me fit for *Hellebore* ; I will find *Calis*, and tell her my pain, she has talk'd of Love, and loving me ; I will find by her, whether I am bewitched or no ; My heart will not be idle, I perceive ; We no sooner are proposing of peace, but he is busying himself with Love. All brave men I loved before ; But never saw a Woman that could possess my thoughts ; But this has so much of the Souldier in her, I begin to fear ; I would I could see her spin ; This storm has so disordered my mind, all things lie on heapes in my heart ; Love and Hate, Reason and Honour, lie shuffled together ; 'twill cost an Age, in thoughts, to Collect them, and place them as they were before this fatall day, so full of care. O ! That I could see what fruit this bitter root can bear.

### ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Enter Lucius, in a Disguise, with Calis.*

*Lucius.* **O** *Calis*, all my fears are ripe, and the doubts my soul labour'd with are now delivered to the world, thou know'st

know'st my heart has try'd Love, in all his Passions, but never felt a Torment like a jealous mind.

*Calis.* Whence this disorder ? Why this fear ? Is the Army De-feated ?

*Lucius.* No, no, Victory and Peace attends it ; And with that Peace, All my miseries flow in ; In short, *Otho* loves *Clorinda*'s beauty, and *Amadeos* Gallantry ; all these several virtues make but a poison for *Lucius*.

*Calis.* Be plain ; Or else Expect no help in my Counsel.

*Lucius.* Know then, 'twas all our opinions, That *Otho* should make a Peace with *Amadeo* ; which being done he now avowes his Love to *Clorinda* , whose heart has always admired Prince *Otho* , and hither they are coming with speedy Marches, to renew the Ancient kindness betwixt *Cicilia* and *Amadeo* ; which sprung first, when he was a Prisoner, more to *Cicilia*'s Eyes then *Marius* his Guards ; you know the story : O *Calis* ! had the Princess less virtue, or Beauty ; Were fame silent in her praise , or had the noble *Amadeo* been onely born great, like wretched *Orante* ; had not heaven given him Honour equal to his Birth, I could then have slept with a secure mind, seeing him love while she had despis'd ; But his virtues, *Calis*, make me fear a second spring will grow, whose Harvest cannot but be fatal to *Lucius*. I conjure thee therefore, let my passion prevail above thy Reason, that I may receive the Honour of speaking with the Princess , this Evening, that my troubled soul may find some peace from her, to calm my Jealous heart, whose doubts, and fears of my own worth, make me still Jealous I may lose the Jewel of my Heart ; Dear *Calis* knows, I never pretended to purchase *Cicilia* ; No such guilty vanity has stayn'd my Love ; but, like an humble Beggar, still offer'd all my Heart for Love ; And if her gentle mind can forgive this fear, which I can never lose, till she be mine, though a smile from her may allay the Tempest that now distracts my mind. ---- Ha ! The princess. Madam, if you have heard me, Behold, at your feet, the blushing and the guilty *Lucius*.

*She discovers  
her self first.  
Enter Cicilia*

*Cicil.* Rise, Sir, *Lucius* is welcome as mine own wishes ; *Lucius*, to me, in his faults, even in this fear is well-come ; and though I will not chide him, because his Fear is Love, yet I will counsel his Jealousie, which, to this hour, I confess, is not onely pardonable, but ought to be rewarded ; Which thus I do. Know *Lucius*, Though *Amadeo* has Excellencies enough if 'twere possible to justifie a broken Faith ; Yet it must not be where my friend is his Rival, Who has all that is required to make a happy Friendship, if not stain'd with Jealousie. Be therefore confident that I have Honour ; And here must cease all the unhandsome fears that tell your heart ought, but *Lucius* shall enjoy my Love ; And now I have said this, if *Lucius* shall again stain me with his Jealousie, I fear my heart will not bear such an Injury ; For none but a faulty heart can doubt the Honour of his Mistress, when she has given her faith.

*Lucius.* Alas, Madam, would you have me hate Jealousie, whilst



whilst you Excuse it, and reward it thus? 'twere Ingratitude; I ought rather to Sacrifice to that weakness, since it has been so fortunate as to make me happier then all the endeavours of my life besides.

*Cicilia.* Justice, Sir, shall ever prevail, and that makes me confess your jealousy to this hour was Innocent; for it tells me, *Lucius* was afraid to lose me; But if, after this declaration, he shall doubt again, that doubt calls me false, and tells all the world I am not worth his Friendship; Therefore, if you love me, here you must begin to hate jealousy or I shall find as severe a Revenge to punish that Injury, as I did a kindness, to reward this Alarm which Love gave to *Lucius* his heart.

*Calis.* Pray, Madam, spin this Thread no finer, lest it break.

*Cicilia.* I have done, the *Pretor* expects you, whither now I am going, and long to hear the truth of this Business, which has so much surpriz'd the Court. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*Enter Marius, Otho, Orante, and Dyon.*

*Marius.* **W**HEN we have paid our sacrifices to the Gods for this deliverance, not onely from a danger but from a warr too, 'twill then become *Otho* to provide for the entertainment of these Princes, like Friends and Allies to the people of *Rome*; whose Honour is no less at stake now when they are Friends, then when they declared themselves Enemies.

*Otho.* I shall most gladly, Sir, receive this Commission; and I am so partial to mine own Heart, that I am apt to believe *Rome* never got more Honour from the Triumph over any Prince, then she will in the Friendship of those whose Virtues and Persons call the gallant part of Mankind to protect them.

*Marius.* *Amadeo* has more years in his face, else the same Man he was when he fled unkindly from us; I confess, I never saw any stranger I had so much kind value for before. There is something too so new in the Princess *Clorinda*, which I cannot but admire and pity; and I would not, for my old Honours, this war had ended in the sword; 'twould have upbraided the *Roman* clemency; *Cicilia*, I observed, you were disordered at the sight of them; you see Beauty nor Virtue are not confin'd to the *Roman* Empire. *Enter Cicilia and Calis.*

*Cicilia.* Far from me be the vanity or guilt, to wish the Gods should confine their Blessings; 'tis well if the *Romans* can preserve their own Honours, and nobler far then to seek the ruine or destruction of it in others; I confess, I never saw nor read of any persons more to be admired then these two Princes: And *Rome* joynes with me in their praise, since in all her pride of Empire she has thought these worthy both of Warr and Peace; and now, after seven years dispute she embraces them.

*Marius.* Did your Highness never see them before ? has there never been any League betwixt your selves or Nations ?

*Orante.* Not any, Sir.

*Marius.* Always Enemies ! What esteem had you of them ?

*Orante.* Nor Friends nor Enemies ; unthought of, they lived by us. Good Heard-men, fullen, stout, hardy fellows, such as this his race have alwayes been ; who because they know no better, seem to despise the valleyes wealth, bravery and luxury they are unacquainted with ; For what should they be drunk with ? Milk ? How exercise their gluttony ? upon black bread and scorch'd flesh ? For Cloathes, you see, they have as little variety as invention ; a Sun-tan'd skin, with the Fur inwards turn'd, with the season, is the Wardrobe of their great Shepherd.

*Marius.* I find *Orante* has no great kindness for the Prince nor People ; yet he cannot deny the Princess *Clorinda* is a strange example of Virtue and Courage ; she fears no wounds nor dangers.

*Orante.* She will play at foot-ball, thresh, and hew woods, as well as her Brother ; Alas, Sir, 'tis not there as in *Rome*, and the Eastern World, where the Women are soft, bred nice, and full of tender thoughts ; Here is no difference betwixt the Sexes, but that they esteem them less then Men : Their Cowes plow too, and their Mares bear burthens, and their Women fight. No beast of that Country has any priviledge ; and I wonder at nothing so much as the *Roman* Curiosity, that has made Warr thus long against this waspes nest in a Rock. By all our Gods, we never thought their Country worth asking for, we onely banish'd Malefactors thither ; and they have chosen rather to return and die here, then live and wither out their daies in that nest of Winter. Cold, Poverty, and Ignorance, are the onely commodities, I know, their Country affords.

*Otho.* Yes, they have something else ; they have a breed of stout and handsome Princes ; Their Nation too have Loyalty, and *Amadeo* looks like a Prince among his People, his Mind too is Princely ; and though he live in a Cottage himself, yet his Soul resides in a Palace ; which is nobler far then to see Fortune blindly give a Crown to a wretched Prince, who fills a Palace himself, while his Soul lies in straw.

*Orante.* You are *Otho* that say this, else you should know *Orante* understands it.

*Otho.* And 'tis to *Orante* I say it ; who, I am certain, has guilt enough to know I mean him ; whose Envy cannot suffer the Virtues of a gallant Prince, and faithful People, should be praised ; Because he knowes 'tis upbraiding of him, who has neither Merit to win, nor Power to keep a Crown. Where were the Battles fought that wonn those fruitful Valleyes ? What have we to triumph over in *Orante* ?

*Marius.* No more, I say ; the Prince is in our protection.

*Orante.* Let him talk on, Sir ; he has Reason on his side ; For *Orante* is both in Person and Fortune fit for *Otho's* scorn : But if *Cicilia's* eyes had not more Magick in them then his sword, I should ere



ere this have found a way to be revenged.

[*Exit Orante.*

*Cicilia.* *Otho* raises stormes, and I must allay them; All this will fall upon my head; and, in serious earnest 'tis not well done to upbraid him with his Person or Fortune; you will rub that tender part till he grow desperate; A thousand times I have heard him say, 'tis yet in his power to kill a Prince, though he cannot restore one; which dark saying he will never explain with other answer, then, Am not I a Prince, may I not kill my self?

*Otho.* Let him be just to others, I will be just to him; Why should his ill Nature find excuse, and my truth be troublesome? Why should he lessen my Honour in this Warr, by despising my Enemy, undervaluing, and detracting from the nobleness of those Minds with whom we have made a Friendship?

*Cicilia.* I confess you have reason to be angry, if the subject were worthy of it; but being branded with the marks of a Malicious Nature and an ill Tongue, you ought to despise his words; for how can you be handsomely angry with one you have overcome already? To whom you may give Honour, but can hope none; And I know *Otho* scorns such an easie secure Warr.

*Otho.* Yet I am then like my Sister, who, whilst she condemns it, fights that battle, and has again overcome a Brother, whose Heart and Reason has by a thousand victories confess'd her Power, and still shall remain the loving, though the conquer'd *Otho.*

*Marius.* When you see *Lucius*, let him know I would speak with him, and let us have no more of this dispute; You know, he is a thing we cannot fear, let him pass by; and since he has not Honour enough to kill himself, let him live.

*Cicilia.* How now, *Calis*! sad!

*Calis.* So will *Cicilia* be, when she knows what I see.

*Cicilia.* Prithee what can there be of new that should make me sad?

*Calis.* Did you observe *Lucius*, when *Amadeo* spake to you?

*Cicilia.* Not particularly.

*Calis.* I have so much Friendship for *Lucius*, as to fear there may be some trouble in his Mind; some fears worth the remedy of his friends to cure betimes.

*Cicilia.* His fears? 'tis not possible, sure, that *Lucius* should have fears now; if he has, they will be more dangerous then any thing he apprehends; for if he fears me after this mornings satisfaction, he has lost my Heart; for I shall despise him that call me false. Love has but one path, but one safe way; he that would walk in two may lose himself; and I have told *Lucius* he is that way; and nothing but his Jealousie and Injustice can make *Cicilia* stray.

*Enter to them Orante.*

*Calis.* See, Madam, a visit not to be avoided; would *Amadeo* were no more to be suspected for *Lucius* sake.

*Cicilia.* While *Orante* is civil, I must bear his visit; and his Love

is

is less injurious than *Lucius* his fears will be.

*Orante*. If my return be troublesome, as my fears still tell me, unfortunate *Orante* is even in his Love to *Cicilia*, who has no guilt but what she and Love are to answer for; Behold I am come once again to offer, with humble thoughts, all the service of my life at *Cicilia*'s feet; Do not despise me because your Brother throws his Injuries upon me; 'tis your Highness protects him from *Orante*, who fears nor loves any thing but *Cicilia*; for whose dear sake I have still born the burthen of my Miseries.

*Cicilia*. Sir, I am not now to tell you why your Propositions come too late; *Orante* is not ignorant of that Obligation *Lucius* has upon me; and to pursue me after that knowledge is such an Injury, as if *Orante* doth not repent and desist from, I shall be bound in Honour to punish.

*Orante*. To punish you have reason, Madam; your Brother teaches all the world how to treat tame *Orante*.

*Calis*. Your Highness is only sensible of those Injuries which are done to you, and never consider how you force Men into Passion; would you have heard a third person despise the Princes? I am confident you would not; why then should your Highness in a full Court speak disdainfully and sleightly of *Clorinda*, knowing what Passion the Prince and she have for each other?

*Orante*. I despise her not, nor ever consider her or her Brother so much as to beget my Envy; I cannot admire them for lying in snow, and eating of black bread; they live and eat as they were bred; better food would set their teeth on edge.

*Cicilia*. Yet 'tis great Virtue to bear those difficulties, and suffer them rather than lose their Honour; and will be admired by all generous Minds that shall read their story.

*Orante*. Not at all; no more then we admire our Horses for eating grass, 'tis their Nature; nor is there more wonder nor pity due to what *Clorinda* acts or suffers, then to a Tree for standing in the rain; and I would call one as soon into my house as the other; they are all bred to't, 'tis their Countries Nature and Custom; their Fathers did it before them, and their Children must do it after them; 'tis Nature not Virtue you admire.

*Cicilia*. If this be not Virtue, what will plead for an Admiration in your sence? What do you believe worth Honour and Admiration?

*Orante*. Their contrary; to have been born great, heir to the pride of Nature, Prince of a Country the envious world, nay *Rome* her self, hath looked upon with covetous eyes to have possess'd; That without trouble, fear, or danger, to have had all the blessings that the Gods could send a Man; To give these, nay be robb'd of these, and not feel the theft, but willingly suffer to be thus deposed from all his joyes for *Cicilia*'s sake. This if it be not worth her admiration, it deserves her pity at least, since she is the cause of all this misery; For her Beauty is the chain that binds me, from taking Revenge for this theft, for whose dear sake I have digested all these scorns and injuries; Nay, I have brooked a Rival,



val, a happy Rival too, because she loves him; but be not too obstinate in this cruelty, urge not a heart too far that is full of love and duty; your scorn may bow him till he breaks all bounds of Love and Honour, as you have done of Charity; My form, I know, is despicable; but Love is beauty still; Love can make me lovely, and scorn, gentle Maid, is as deformed as I am; and such a poyson it will even infect *Cicilia's* heart, and make her ugly, even in *Orante's* eyes; Scorn will do more then Reason, Love, or Honour; 'twill beget anger, in whose darke shades, in whose storms Love and Beauty will be blasted; and then what succeeds, hate, dangerous hate, whose effect will be as full of misery to *Cicilia*, as Love has been to me; who cannot hope will be angry, and revenge still waits a despairing Lover; and who ever he be that is despised, till he despise himself for loving so unfortunately, may when he will be revenged, though not pleased; your Father conquered my Country, betray'd by those I trusted; all, but *Orante*, Treason gave you; but I was reserved to give a victory to *Cicilia's* eyes; but if she still delight to frown, know, I can and will be free; but I have yet so much love, as to fear, for your Highness, what issue your scorn and my revenge may have. When I have the honour to see you next, and your Highness has considered what I have said, I shall hope my love may beget an answer to bind me ever to your feet; your pardon, Madam, I will retire.

[*Exit Orante.*]

*Cal.* What do you study, Madam? is there any thing in this to be considered? haste to the Pretor, let him and your Brother be acquainted with the dangers that he threatens; he is no more to be trusted loose, my heart prophesies he will act some desperate villany, if you permit him to walk and converse among us.

*Cicil.* I have my fears too, but not for my self; *Lucius* and *Otho*, are the objects of his hate and envy, which makes me apprehend, for them; else for what concerns me I despise him.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. III.

*Enter Amadeo, Otho and Clorinda.*

*Otho.* WE will dispute this no more, Sir; pray give me leave that my faith and love to the fair *Clorinda* take all ways it can to express itself; I held it a duty in friendship, when I knew your noble heart had still retain'd his love to my Sister, not to expect your sollicitation to express my readiness to serve you; and since we have gain'd my Fathers consent, doubt not the rest; for I know she is too much a Daughter, and Sister, to refuse to meet our desires in Prince *Amadeo's* love.

*Clor.* 'Twas the opinion of many when my Brother was prisoner here, the Princess was not displeased with his addresses; but absence and such a diligent Rival as noble *Lucius* makes us fear a greater opposition then your kindness will apprehend.

*Otho.* That *Lucius* loves I doubt not, for *Cicilia* has beauty and  
virtue

vertue enough to win an esteem from the severest minds ; but certainly I am so much a friend to both, they will take no resolution without my consent.

*Amad.* Alas, Sir, how blind is kindness ; and how unlike to a Lovers passion is that which Nature owes, and pays betwixt Brother and Sister ; had your Highness my heart and my eyes, how visible would those Lovers appear ? how many kind jealous doubts would their looks, this day, have raised in your heart ? know, Sir, I am certain he pursued this late war more as my Rival, then your General ; and how much against his heart this peace was made, time will shew ; but when I consider his fears told him the Princess *Cicilia* was at stake, I love and forgive him for that hate ; for she is cause enough to put the world in Arms, and worth the trial of their fortune, till she declare whose she is ; and then 'tis equal sin and treason to oppose her desires, as 'tis now vertue and true honour to aspire her friendship.

*Clor.* And if *Amadeo* be the man design'd for this blessing, The gods have largely paid all our sufferings, in the friendship of two such Princes.

*Amad.* I confess, my fears make me wish the Princess had first been moved on my behalf ; then the Pretors consent had compleated all my wishes ; the honour I have had heretofore to practise her excellent mind makes me fear she should believe me faulty in this Proposition ; for though it be kindness in your Highness, as a Brother, to move it to her Father ; yet I that am a Lover know the first sacrifice of Duty and Prayer are to be paid to the Mistress ; else she may believe I desire her friendship, but am loath to take the pains to win her.

*Otho.* Come, Sir, no more fears ; shall we in peace know that pain we felt not in war ? or doubt a conquest over a Sister when honour pleads against her, will she deny to follow this president ; and by the example of *Clorinda* that has blest me with her friendship, refuse to make *Amadeo* happy ? she cannot sure, unless she resolve to make me blush to death when I shall find how much I have loved, and how little reason I had to value her kindness.

*Clor.* If your Highness then will discover to her how far you are advanced (as unknown to us) 'twill be a way to inform your self, and prepare her for the love and service my Brother is ready to present.

*Otho.* This morning I have design'd to speak with her, that she may not have any ground for her displeasure ; I will only acquaint her with it, as my desire, which before I would proceed in it, I took my Fathers opinion ; according to her answer, we will resolve ; till when, your Highness pardon.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT.



## ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Cicilia, and Calis.*

*Cal.* **Y**our Highness is sad.-----Pray heaven *Lucius's* fears be vain.---

*Cicil.* I confess, my mind never had more business than at this hour; then now my heart had never more use, nor ever was less capable, of counsel; divers interests plead within me, but honour shall still be my guide, and *Lucius* may (if he be wise) still keep his power over this heart; yet his second fear has made me so angry, that I begin my self to fear *Amadeo*.

*Cal.* And what do's that fear prompt you to?

*Cicil.* To believe that *Lucius* and my self had kind stars that removed him hence, lest such a gallant Rival might have disturbed our peace; for 'tis not easie, without partiality, to decide such a dispute as their love must have bred in a mind of honour.

*Cal.* I do not wonder at *Lucius* his fears, since I find you doubt your own strength.

*Cicil.* I do not say this from any guilty thoughts of mine, which should give *Lucius* reason to be jealous; but as I apprehend the world may condemn me of my injustice to *Amadeo*; for certainly, without partiality to himself, *Lucius* could not pretend to that injustice which my kindness gave him; for my love to *Lucius* cannot blind me so but that I shall always confess I owe *Amadeo* what I can never pay; and though he nor the world shall ever know how much this debt troubles me; yet he shall have all the satisfaction I can in honour give him.

*Cal.* I confess, Madam, the character that *Manlius* gives this Prince is enough to inflame the world.

*Cicil.* *Manlius* has his clouds too; and methinks, *Calis* should have remembred his praise of *Clorinda*; had I been she, 'twould have concern'd me more, *Manlius* is one I never saw before; and though my mind were too busie, then, to make an exact observation of him; yet, methought, there appeared none of that gayness in his humour, none of that voluble tongue men speak of; By this sight of him, *Manlius* is changed, or else the character I have heard of him was made by a very ill observation.

*Cal.* I shall hide my fears no longer from your Highness, but confess his coldness since he returned; and that strict friendship he has made with Prince *Amadeo* makes me believe he has some design on the fair *Clorinda*, which vain hope; when I consider, her mind and his Rival, I cannot fear he should be master of his wishes; yet the attempt will be enough to let me see I am past hopes of mine; for I know him of a nature most violent in his passion, either of love or hate, bred always a Souldier, and taught by success to know no opposition but what a Souldier ought to remove; yet when your Highness sees him you may, by some Questions, as by chance, inform your self of what I dare not mention.

H h

*Cicil.*

*Cicil.* He is Brother to *Lucius*, and friend to *Calis*, which are obligations enough to make me concern'd in his fortune, and to justify such a curiosity ; and if I can deserve from him, *Calis* shall find a diligent friend ; and he shall be very crafty if he hide his passion from me ; and if I perceive any name but *Calis* in his heart, I will so chide him, so shame him to himself, he shall not dare to pursue so injurious an act.

*Calis.* But how will he brook this freedom, Madam, being so newly acquainted ; I would not for the world he should believe I set you on ; for we have still made it our business to hide our friendship, so much, that 'tis yet a secret to *Lucius*.

*Cicil.* That shews *Manlius* has not so open a nature as his Brother ; for I am confident *Lucius* has not a secret but *Manlius* knows it. [Enter Stella.]

*Stella.* Madam, the General and the Lord *Cleon* are within to wait on your Highness.

*Cicil.* We will follow you ; come *Calis*, a little patience will reconcile all ; and remember these thornes will grow where there are Roses ; 'tis as natural as his beauty, or his sweetness ; and kind nature that gave us the Elixar of the Bee, gave him a sting to defend his Hive against Drones ; but not to wound thee or me.

*Cal.* Nay, Madam, I am so perfect a Lover ; I find little things make me fear, and less reason hope ; yet 'tis as pleasant as strange, to observe in Loves war how many fear, and how few despair.

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

*Enter Orante, and his Banditoes.*

*Bandit.* **T**Is most certain, Sir, I heard your *Bando* proclaim'd ; the people said 'twas published upon a complaint the Princess made of a violence that you threatned ; three days you are limited to present your self.

*Orante.* Then there is three days to be revenged in.

*Band.* I was told too, from a good hand, that Prince *Otho* had gain'd the Pretors consent for *Amadeo* to marry the Princess *Cicilia*, so to tie by a cross match an alliance betwixt the two Families.

*Orante.* And all this stir only to compleat a curse for *Orante* ; yet I have three days, and this Dagger left ; and if this hand hold his humour, and this Dagger keep his point, I may spoil the Plot ; my Lord, we must keep our friends and our selves still in readiness, and in this disguise walk amongst them, for a day or two ; but this cursed person of mine that will lye hid in no disguise : how in the Devils name shall we contrive to obscure it ? this hill upon my back calls all eyes to my vexation and my scorn.

*Band.* Like an old woman, stooping upon your staff, you may creep amongst them ; and in that disguise frequent the temples, where you are sure to find an opportunity ; and in these woods here you may abide amongst the old Hermits, and mingle with those



those beggars that haunt *Juno's* Temple, while I prepare our design in the City; and when 'tis time then be resolute; and let us strike home, better dye at one blow then wither thus.

*Orante.* How comes it they defer thus long the hunting of the Boar? *Otho* and *Amadeo* were wont to delight in that chase; methinks *Otho* should long to see his Virago, that cloven knight, come pricking over the Plains, clad in mighty Petti-coats, *Clorinda* hight; that hateful issue of a fruitful enemy, how comes she to change her savage mind for love?

*Band.* Love has made her change her tragick Buskin, and now she delights in the soft steps of Comick love.

*Orante.* Sure all the world changes its nature only to vex me.

*Band.* Well, Sir, we must now leave to wonder or talk; and resolve speedily to take our revenge upon them; your disguise shall this morning be with you; and if I can learn any news you shall immediately have it. [Exit Banditoe.]

*Orante.* To what a streight am I forced by Love and Fortune! how have I armed all the world against me! but Nature, unkind Nature was my original enemy, who has not only set the world, but my self against my self; mine own eyes despise this object, what wonder then if *Cicilia* hates it; yet I love *Cicilia*, and her mercy is as due to my love as her scorn is to my person; but 'tis not my deformity makes me despair, but *Cicilia's* love of another; that is it makes my blots so visible, and my despair so high, that of all the passions mans heart is capable to feel, revenge is only in my power; and that, if fate deny not, *Orante* will command.

[Exit Orante.]

## ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

*Enter Otho and Cicilia.*

*Otho.* **Y**Our anger, Sister, is more unreasonable then your desires; and the worst way you can take to satisfy a friend.

*Cicil.* When my heart tells me I have injur'd you, like a Sister that honours and loves her Brother I shall humbly beg your pardon; but you must give me leave to say, I am injured now, which I will not dispute with *Otho*; whose heart is so busie about his own love, he has no leifure to consider his Sister; else I am confident he would have spoken to me before he had engaged himself, or my Father; and 'tis not the least of my troubles to find a Brother that I have loved, so sleightly to part with me to please another, without a thought of *Cicilia*, or her future happiness; I must therefore tell you, Sir, I am engaged to *Lucius*, who has honour and love for me; and humbly he has vow'd it, and I have kindness enough to see it, This I know is no secret to *Otho*.

*Otho.* Engaged! how can you engage, or how dares *Lucius* receive it? have not you a Father and a Brother? have they no share in *Cicilia*? sure you will make but an unhandsome present,

if you give their part without the consent of such friends.

*Cicil.* At least my own part is free for me to give, and that is *Lucius* his, the rest you may give to *Amadeo* ; and if *Lucius* keep his value, all the interest I have in *Cicilia* is his, and nothing but *Lucius* shall make me forsake him.

*Otho.* You are now in passion, yet that shall not make me lose my kindness, nor my respect ; nor can you wonder to find me surpriz'd with this answer, since 'tis the first time I heard *Lucius* his pretence had gain'd your heart ; and what I did in moving for Prince *Amadeo*, was in kindness ; believing his love would be welcome to you, without making you blush at the saying so ; nor was this my single opinion. But I have done ; and since *Lucius* has forgot the respect he owes to me and my Father, I shall find other ways to resent his injuries ; he is no Brother, yet, though *Cicilia* be a Sister.

*Cicil.* Nor *Otho* a Brother longer then he is just to *Lucius* ; 'tis not threats nor anger can prevail with me ; I have too much of *Otho's* nature in me to be beaten into any mans opinion ; if your kindness and Reason cannot overcome me, your anger shall not.

*Otho.* Something I shall do. [Exit *Otho*.]

*Cicilia.* This rash act of *Otho* has forced me to discover our Resolutions, which I meant should have lain hid till *Lucius* could have made his way to my Fathers consent, who has long since been acquainted with our friendship ; and knows how much I have been concern'd in the honour and fortune of *Lucius* ; I cannot therefore but wonder he should give his consent to *Amadeo*, without speaking with me ; 'tis not of yesterday that we have been friends, and he has known it ; nay, I know he has not been displeas'd with *Lucius* his pretence ; I will be better satisfied, for I believe 'twill prove only the importunity of *Otho* ; but I must mind the present business ; passionate men when they do injuries they are loath to see them ; and *Otho* is as much displeas'd as *Lucius* ought to be, and his threats are fit for my fears ; for I know *Lucius* will no more endure a threat then *Otho* will fear to give it ; something I must do in time to prevent what the pursuit of such a passion may breed betwixt 'em : They are too much Lovers, for Reason or Friendship to secure them ; *Clorinda* is at stake in *Otho's* anger, concern'd in her Brothers love, equal with her own ; and I am at stake with *Lucius*, who I am vain enough to believe will not, for fear of any mans anger, quit his pretention. These thoughts distract me.-----

*Enter Calis.* See *Calis*, she is come as if sent from heaven ; she shall know all, and acquaint my Father with it, as her own observation ; so to secure them from deciding by the sword what *Otho* pretends to ; and she shall intimate to my Father how unkindly I took *Otho's* motion ; and how to the heart it struck me ; that after all the love and duty I had shewn him, a Father could part so slightly with me ; and consent to rob *Lucius* of the reward of all his faithful service, and give his friend to a stranger, unask'd.-- [Enter *Calis*.]

*Calis.* Madam.

*Cicilia.* O *Calis*, there is an accident hapned this morning, which



which will require both thy kindness, friendship, and discretion, to manage our part of it ; within my friend shall know all.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Lucius.* I met the Prince, and he would not speak with me :— There is the Princess too, I will speak my griefs to her before my fears take root, and try if her friendship hath kindness enough to weed them out. Hah ! gone without speaking to me !

[*Exeunt Cicilia and Calis.*

*Stella.* See, Madam, there he is ; [*Enter Stella, Cicilia, and Calis.*

*Cicilia.* 'Tis enough, away *Calis* ; make haste, I will entertain him here while you return.

*Calis.* Leave the rest to me.

[*Exit Calis.*

*Cicilia.* *Otho's* Injuries have made me forget those of *Lucius* ; and my kindness has now spent that stock of anger I had for him, that should have armed my Justice against him.

*Lucius.* She is troubled too ; I fear, Madam, my visits are unseasonable.

*Cicilia.* If there were nothing more unseasonable in *Lucius's* Heart then this visit, he would not think so.

*Lucius.* Love, Madam, is a fruit alwayes in season in a Lovers Heart ; and other fruit then Love *Lucius's* Heart never bare for the fair *Cicilia*.

*Cicilia.* Why then, after all my kindness, do's he fear this Harvest ?

*Lucius.* That storms, Thieves, or the wild Boar may destroy it.

*Cicilia.* But he is a Mad-man that will for fear of these possible ills afflict himself as if they were come ; or cut his Corn green to prevent the Lightning that might blast it when 'tis ripe ; And a jealous man is this Mad-man, and Jealousie will be that storm, that Boar, that Thief you speak of ; And if *Lucius* will not leave conversing with that Enemy to Honour, which will break all bands and Laws of Friendship, he will find too late the danger of such an Injury as pursues with doubts and fears a Heart that loves him.

*Lucius.* This Remedy, Madam, will not cure the wounds that afflict my Mind, they are too near of kin to my fears. Your anger was the greatest danger I apprehended ; and since that is fallen upon me for loving, what would not my Heart doubt hereafter ? Why should *Cicilia* be angry with *Lucius* for loving, if it did not hinder her from receiving the Love of another ?

*Cicilia.* Yet I have kindness enough, notwithstanding this Answer, to tell *Lucius* when ever I shall dare to be false, I shall not fear his displeasure ; and a few hours will shew him, though Jealousie be at all times as unreasonable as the fears of Cowards, (which makes them ridiculous when there is no danger, and disarms them when there is ;) Yet, at this time 'tis most injurious ; and if *Lucius* be a Lover, he has no way but that to destroy his hopes.—(*Speaks softly.*)

*Enter Calis  
and whispers  
to Cicilia.*

*Calis.*

*Calis.* 'Tis done, the *Pretor* was much troubled at the accident, he has sent to command them both to their Chambers. The Prince was seiz'd while I was there; and *Dyon* is now coming with a Guard for *Lucius*.

*Enter Dyon and a Guard.*

*Lucius.* Hah! *Dyon* and a Guard, what will this be?

*Dyon.* This Ring, Madam, will make my excuse; By virtue of which, and the *Pretors* command, I beg your Highness leave to deliver his pleasure to the General.

*Cicilia.* There is nothing, Sir, but Duty in this place.

*Dyon.* My Lord, 'tis the *Pretors* pleasure you retire to your Chamber; where I shall wait upon you till I receive further Orders.

*Lucius.* To my Chamber!

*Cicilia.* If I have any power, I shall beg of *Lucius* to submit to this command.

*Lucius.* 'Tis enough, Madam; when your Highness saies die, though I do not love enough to please, yet I shall obey you, though it be to become a sacrifice to my Rival; Sir, you may execute your command, I am ready to obey.

*Dyon.* The *Pretor* commanded me, in his name, to prohibit your Lordship from sending a Challenge to, or receiving any from, the Prince or any Man.

*Lucius.* What Riddle's this?

*Cicilia.* In the evening, at your Chamber, I will inform you of all: till when, let no troubles afflict you.

*Lucius.* Madam, I can obey; and that's the true obedience, when we do it onely to shew what power they have who command; without requiring any reason for them.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Dyon.*]

*Calis.* Why did you not tell him the cause of the imprisonment?

*Cicilia.* Because I am loath to declare so absolutely against a Brother, as to joyn with his Enemy against him; Therefore, dear *Calis*, go from me to *Lucius*, whom thou wilt find fuller of distraction then ever; tell him all that is past betwixt my Father, *Otho*, and my self, concerning *Amadeo*, and his desires; Tell him of the consent they have gained; but withall assure him, 'tis in the power of nothing but *Lucius* to alter my Resolution; Tell him, I have confessed our Loves to *Otho*, which bred his Anger, whose threats begot this Imprisonment; But then conjure him to remember, *Otho* is my Brother, and not to think of a Revenge upon him, if he loves *Cicilia*.

*Calis.* I shall not fail to observe your directions. [*Exit Calis.*]

*Cicilia.* Love is so short-liv'd, and subject to so many diseases, that few Lovers live long enough to know their names or remedies; Nay, some die with Receipts by them ere they know which to use; I am now to cure *Lucius* of his fears, and yet observe the duty and kindness due to a Father and a Brother, though *Otho* (unkind)



(unkind) to shew his Love to *Amadeo*, forget a Friend in *Lucius*, and a sister in *Cicilia*; And now how shall we remedy these ills? though We know how to cure them, yet we are to seek the Ingre-  
dience; for though the Receipt be common, yet where are the  
Drugs? Justice will cure all, but partial Love, in *Otho*, conceals  
the remedy. [Exit *Cicilia*,

## ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Enter *Lucius* (in Prison) *Memnon*, *Cleon*, and Souldiers.

*Cleon*. Prince *Otho*, Sir, is a Prisoner too.

*Lucius*. Do you know the Reason?

*Cleon*. Not certain, there are divers Reports.

*Memn*. Some say, that the Prince and *Amadeo* have from the  
Pretor obtain'd the princess *Cicilia*, which bred a dispute betwixt  
him and the Princess.

*Lucius*. Ha! Prince *Amadeo*? has the Pretor given him his con-  
sent? *Otho* would not speak to me this morning; foul! foul! that  
I am dull, cold, negligent *Lucius*.

*Memn*. Prince *Orante* too is fled to *Rome*, disguis'd, as they say,  
with the news, and some Injurious words that *Otho* gave him lately;  
In short, the Pretor and prince are full of disorder, your Brother  
too is missing; observed to be dull and melancholly of late,  
and do's look much upon *Clorinda*.

*Cleon*. *Orante* is this day banished, at the Complaint of the Prin-  
cess, to whom he threatned violence, and has but three days to ap-  
pear.

*Lucius*. 'Tis *Amadeo*, and *Lucius* must dispute this; and if thy  
fate give thee *Cicilia*, I will wish thee all Honour and happiness;  
But know, neither her Father nor Brother shall make me quit my  
Interest, though *Cicilia* her self joyn; the Sword onely shall decide  
our doubts. 'Tis visible now why she made me stay till *Calis* re-  
turn'd, with whom she whisper'd when *Dyon* ent'red with the  
Guards; The plot is visible, 'twas contrived betwixt her and *Otho*,  
this morning; to bind my hands till they had past the Ceremonies  
of a wicked and a perjur'd Hymen; She conjured me too I should  
remember *Otho* was her Brother, whose Interest has prevail'd; and,  
to please *Clorinda*, *Lucius* is to be sold, and condemn'd to misery for  
ever; her stay too confirms my fear; for her promise was, her self  
to come and clear my doubts; and *Otho* is made a Prisoner too,  
for fear of my Revenge; 'tis clear as the Heavens she is fore-  
sworn by.

*Memn*. He is strangely netled with this news; it makes me be-  
lieve, there are some grounds for these discourses concerning him  
and the Princess.

*Lucius*. *Amadeo* is yet at Liberty; I will find him before he has *Aside*:  
time to triumph over my misery; This Window is not high, When  
they are gone, I will leap it; But how to be rid of the Importunity  
of these people! I will forbid them to let any body speak with me,  
and,

and, under a pretence of a privacy when I write this Evening, make my escape ; *Cleon* pray give Order for a Pen, Inke and paper, I will write to the *Pretor*. [Exit a Souldier]

*Memn.* You are sad, Sir ; which the Noble *Lucius* cannot be, but all that love him must be curious to know the cause ; you wrong us too, if you conceal it ; He is not born, Sir, shall injure you ; Pray tell us onely the publique part of the cause ; and if We can serve you, command us.

*Lucius.* I thank thee, *Memnon* ; and if I thought both the Court and Camp had not been full of it, I should my self have told you. Know then, *Amadeo* has broke my Friendship with *Otho*, and his Sister ; We have long been Rivals in Love and Honour ; But *Amadeo* has the odds ; *Clorinda* is a powerfuller Argument, then all my Services ; she pleads with *Otho* ; to please whom *Lucius* must be sacrificed to *Amadeos* Love.

*Memn.* I am glad to hear 'tis no worse.

*Lucius.* No worse ? dost thou understand what I have said ?

*Memn.* Yes, Prince *Amadeo* is your Rival. Will you kill all that love the Princess ? 'twill be a great task, though *Lucius* undertake it ; and when he has done, he must fall upon his own sword too.

*Lucius.* What has he said ?

*Cleon.* By my faith, Sir, much reason me-thinks ; and if you hate the Prince for loving your Mistress, what would you do to him that should hate her ?

*Lucius.* Kill him.

*Memn.* So you would do this that loves her, if you had your will ; how ridiculous would this be, in one of us, that should dispute the rewarding Love and hate alike ? Well, Sir, I am glad you have no other cause of trouble ; By this light, I thought the Prince had rais'd some scandal upon her, struck her, or ravish'd her ; these Injuries, I confesse, had been fit for your rage and our Revenge ; But to be angry with a prince, and sad, because he loves an Excellent, virtuous, beautiful maid !

*Lucius.* This is thy sence, *Memnon* ; But love has his own reason ; and though he gives Laws, he will take none ; and Love has said, he cannot Love his Rival ; and if Love be against you, what will your Reason avail ?

*Memn.* But the General had wont to give Reason place ; even in his Anger, and his wounds, he would not be averse to Reason ; else I should not venture thus rudely to give him my opinion. Pray, Sir, tell me, is it a Crime to love, or a sin to be loved ? for in one of these two lies the guilt ; if it be a sin in either, why are you so partial to believe your self Innocent for doing that which is a Crime in the prince ? whose Love is Honour, rather then prejudice to you, and but justifies to the world that you have placed your Affection upon a deserving person ; and this Injurious jealousy of yours, but shakes her Resolution ; and, by disgusting of her heart, gives more ground to your Rival then ever his Addresses could have won. Were I the General, who would should love my Mistress better then I, so she loved me better then him ; And then my Rival should break my neck



neck as soon as my sleep, upon that score. Rivals are so many Witanesses and Arguments, so many Affidavits, that she has honour, so many Bucklers to defend her against the Envy and malice of the world; and when you fold her in your Arms, they become so many Trophies of your Victory; Rivals are, in Love's war, as Prisoners, Colours, and the Cannon; Win the Battel, and lead them all in Triumph.

*Lucius.* I confess, this is wild reason, yet such as I cannot deny; but what can you say to hinder me from hating and seeking to be Revenged on both, when you shall know the Prince tempted her, and she has broke her faith? and as I loved the vertuous *Cicilia*, so I hate this; for she is false, though she prove true to *Amadeo*.

*Memn.* Faith, Sir, if this be so; (which few will believe) my Counsel is, that you should be silent; for she has such a stock of Reputation in the world, as no single Opinion, nor any one Action, can waste; and 'twill not be for your Honour, while the world esteems her, to say, I am that *Lucius* that the Princess *Cicilia* loved once, but she is now unconstant; 'tis the same thing, as to say, you had like have couzen'd her, but she found her Errour: Hide this misfortune, rather, as some imperfection; 'tis a story better forgot; for either, you were deceiv'd in her, or she in you; 'tis clear, one of you wanted your value; Come, Sir, let no man think to get any advantage over his Mistress, or, to add to his own Esteem, by saying she is false; for no worthy man ever let a Gallant Woman be false; 'tis not possible to destroy a perfect Friendship, you may destroy nature as soon.

*Cleon.* This plain speech has pos'd him; and if not cur'd his jealousy, yet he has so vexed him, I hope the Nobler Passion, anger, will possess him; This damn'd jealous sickness is as ill in a lover, as a Coward in a Souldier.

*Lucius.* *Cleon*, you have heard all this, and your silence makes me curious to know your sense of my suffering; you have studied and travel'd in your time, and are now a Souldier; how would you have born my part in these three several Conditions; When you were a Courtier, how would you have born it; had you found your Mistress false?

*Cleon.* Faith, Sir, in those youthful days I dwelt in the Garden where they grew; and when I found myself injured, as a withered Flower I forgot her, and still gather'd some new Rose unblown with the praise or flattery of any; in whom I fancied still more pleasing Graces far then the former had.

*Lucius.* This was, when you were a young Courtier, *Cleon*; But now you are a Souldier, whose Passions, both of Love and Anger, are not onely Excusable, but laudable.

*Cleon.* Why, I would have given her love the lie, and in her new lovers face spit the vows and faith she gave me; and, to vex her, Cut his throat.

*Lucius.* Ha! 'tis but just a Souldiers anger should be revenged, not reason'd, nor argued into Peace; no Quarter to his Rival, nor



violence to his Mistrifs ; I love thee, *Cleon*, and thou and I will talk further on this business.

*Memn.* Pray, Sir, ask him how his Philosophy would have born it ; hear all, and then chuse.

*Cleon.* I would, as neer as I could, have imitated History, which delivers many stories to us, by which are preserved the honoured memories of chaste and vertuous Lovers, of both Sexes, whose Friendship stands high in Story ; Many too are the blots that stain even the sheets they are writ in, whose black Actions and names are left as Terrours and whips, to deter mankind from becoming like them, the hated subjects of succeeding ages ; Yet nothing has met my wonder more, nor bred my amazement so often, as to finde that excellentest of Creatures, Women, whose body and Nature, when virtuous, are so tender that we pity them if the wind blow sharp upon them ; Yet when lust has prevail'd, and arm'd them, you would start to read where they have taken the fullen Murderer by the hand, and undaunted led him through difficulties even those men shrink at ; Nay the murtherers heart has become soft ; Poison has lost her force, and the Dagger his point, to save what they have doom'd to death.

*Lucius.* No more *Cleon* ; heaven keep *Cicilia* from breaking with the gods, if she should be false to men.

*Cleon.* Your patience, Sir, that I may Vindicate History, and my own memory, in being Just to that Sex whose very Nature is softness, and these but the Monsters and depraved part of that Excellent Creature, lest the world believe I onely such the Poison out of History ; Where I find more Excellency in that Sex then you once fancy'd in the divine *Cicilia* ; where the Crimes of the wicked have not arrived to the sufferings of the good. Their constancy in Love, their often and patient becoming Martyrs to Friendship and Honour, as far beyond the merits, as faith of men, scarce one of them trusting that has not been betrayed by our perjur'd Sex ; Mercy being their Nature, and oftentimes their Enemy, having rendred them miserable ; For could they see us sad, they might laugh ; But their pity of false men makes many of their Scenes set in tears and blood ; and 'tis as rare to find a Constant man, as a faulty Woman ; Yet I find History condemns revenge in either, Mercy in the last Act being as becoming a gallant Lover, as Love in the First, so to strive to win from the world a handsome Character, by forgetting and forgiving each others crimes ; and those who seek by Revenge to vindicate themselves, The guilty has from that found pity, and their Rage stood condemned by gods and men ; Yet, in this latter Age, we have deliver'd our selves up to a mistake of Honour ; and Custome has made it so binding, that 'tis not to be disputed against, 'tis by Duel, which vain & Cholerick men embrace with Joy, as a quick way for the one to be known to the World, and the other to be revenged of the World ; Nay, wise men submit to it now, as a necessity ; and though, in your case, some would fight, Yet there are divers would not ; Much is to be said for them both, and against them, and the wilde Justice of



of a Duel ; but he that disputes it must be some one that is known to plead against his own practice ; for whoever will be heard to declaim against Duels must fight many first ; and when his valour is undoubted, his Reason may prevail ; but where to find such an Orator as will use his Rhetorique to perswade the people to pull down the fame he built at such a rate, I know not.

*Mem.* I am glad to find there is so much of the old *Lucius* left, as will give over rather than be beaten.

*Cleon.* Have not I fitted him for a grave speech ?

*Mem.* Yes, I dare say, if he had thought thou could'st have remembered so much of Books, he would have broke thy head rather than open'd thy memory with a Question ; he looked for a Satyre, or some Ralliry.

*Cleon.* I guess as much, but thought this the shorter way ; A pox on it, they know we are Souldiers, and have other business then to observe him while he besieges one woman, and defends another all his days ; if he had staid, I was coming into mine own element ; he knows we are Souldiers and Travellers ; fit people to decide Questions in Platonick Love, that have been bred in the liberty of other Nations, whose kindness has engaged me to defend that sweet sin he speaks against ; if he had asked me what I would have ventured to enjoy another man's Mistress, 'tis a case I have been versed in, and he might have been resolved ; but for the revengeful part, By my troth, I am to seek ; for I never had any Mistress of mine own yet, upon which I ever cared to shut the door when I went out ; that and Marrying I desire ; my experience has taught me 'tis so much cheaper and easier to get another man's Woman, then keep mine own ; and now he is gone, prithee be free ; dost thou think the Princess a Rogue, Sirrah ? By this light, if she be.

*Mem.* And what if she be ?

*Cleon.* If she be, I am sure I am one ; and I cannot chuse but hope ; and if she be one of us, let *Cleon* alone to tell his tale ; come, come, let us away.

*Mem.* And if *Cleon* do's not, let me alone to tell it to the Princess.

*Cleon.* Well, well : when you dare tell, it will be a jest for *Cleon* to laugh at as well as *Memnon*.

## ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Enter Manlius, alone.*

*Manl.* SURE, Love makes me his scorn ; and I that could not love any now dote upon all ; *Clorinda* wiped *Calis* from my mind ; the one sighs too much, and the other has too much anger in her eyes ; and now all her graces fall too, since I saw *Cicilia* ; in whom there is not more vertues, then difficulties ; 'tis hard to say whether my Lover despair be greatest ; why did my Brother and

*Amadeo* praise her so to me or having praised her not hid her from mine eyes ? either vanity or madness made them send me to her, for my destruction ; my way was prepared too, by a friendly character ; That I heard nothing but praises of *Manlius* from her, even then admiring *Manlius* for friendship and honour when his heart was busie how to destroy a Brother and a Friend : yes, those are the ties, those are the impossibilities that I must labour against ; yet their Love, Birth nor Merit, I fear not ; for though they started before me, they shall not make more haste then I to gain the prize, could I reconcile the action to my self ; but 'tis a breach of trust and faith to both, both have told me their several passions, and sent me as an indifferent friend to sollicite their hopes ; *Lucius*, though he believed I loved *Clorinda*, yet that knowledge could not make him doubt an unjust action from me ; and *Amadeo*, though I was his Rivals Brother, such a stock I had amongst them that the ties of Nature, nor interest of affection, could not make these men fear *Manlius*, who till he saw *Cicilia* was as honest as they were just ; and could till then have defied the world to accuse me of one wry step, or one stumble in the whole practice of my life, where honour was concern'd ; but now by what curse I know not, friendship, honour and vertue seem sleight ; her smiles are prefer'd before gods or men ; yet how many crimes must both of us act ere I can enjoy her friendship : I love my Brother, his nature and sweetness of humour, so stout and kind it wins even upon his enemies ; *Amadeo* too, how shall I look him in the face when I have betray'd his trust ? their angers will be too just for the boldest man to meet ; but that danger is the least, there is but sword to sword, and fortune may be as well on my side, as justice on theirs ; and could I answer it to honour and friendship, I should not then make this dispute ; but 'tis the friend, not the enemy threatens, and that will wound my soul ere I can be an enemy too ; for my anger though it has been as fatal as any mans, yet 'tis most unreasonable here ; and therefore I must take some quiet secure way to gain my ends ; how unwilling I am to be a villain ! ye gods that see excuse, or divert the crime ; but what if she will not receive my love, what rests for me ? 'twill be too late to put back when I have discover'd the villain ; she will hate, and they despise me ; and I shall sell all my past honours for a shadow ; what rests then ? Force. Ha ! good gods ! what may not man be if he will once break the bounds of honour ? see if I have not already swallowed the great difficulties of Friend and Brother, and given up that honour I have preserved through a thousand hazards ; and lust, finding it self master, would not only reign, but bring in murder too ; sure I was never honest, never stout, all my fighting was but cowardize, nothing but fear to dye made me defend my self ; If I had either honour or courage in my heart, they would now defend me against my self, and make me ashamed to yield my sword to lust and treachery ; sure if it were ever lawful to kill, 'tis now ; for a greater villain then my self no man can strike.----See this Dagger prompts me to it ; the act will be noble,

He draws his  
Dagger.



ble, having first in two short lines writ the cause; then to stab and dye, she could not chuse but love me when she shall know I fell in this strife, her martyr; I will do it; since I cannot live worthy her love, 'tis resolved I will dye to find her pity.-----Ha! see, see, ye gods, she comes, her eyes shake my resolution. *Ent. Cicilia.*

*Cicil.* *Calis* stays long, *Lucius* will be impatient to know the cause of his imprisonment; see his Brother, he is sad; I will take this opportunity to try if I can find who it is he loves; and while *Calis* is busie to serve my friend, I will try if I can advance her desires, though my mind at this time be not bent to mirth.----What makes the gallant *Manlius* so sad? thoughts are such strangers to his humour, that 'tis a civil curiosity to inquire the cause; sure something new and excellent must be hapned that's able to disorder his mind whose happy Stars have made him all he can, in honour, wish; is it your Brothers imprisonment, Sir, that troubles you? if it be, let me assure you, there is neither dishonour nor danger in't.----Ha! he minds me not, or at least will not trust me with his secret; yet *Manlius* knows that I at first sight gave him all the secrets my heart ever swell'd with; and if he refuse me his friendship, I shall believe he thinks me not worthy of his Brothers love, or else grudges me his kindnesse. *He stands lost in his thoughts.*

*Manl.* Heaven and earth witness; am I guilty? who knows his fate till he proves it? how beautiful, even in her hatred, will the fair *Cicilia* appear; but thus adorn'd with friendship, and her words thus cloath'd in kindness, how divine, how charming every grace! there is Magick in every sound, her words whisper my soul to be happy, and something bids me be a villain; if she loves, I shall be happy enough, in her embraces, to weigh down the opinion of the whole world besides. *Aside.*

*Cicil.* What strange accident is befallen him that can make him thus silent; there is distraction, fear and wonder in his looks, and all I say passes without regard.

*Manlius, aside.* I will speak to her, she is alone.----Do's not your Highness find a new kind of character here? is not *Manlius* his misery visible in his forehead?

*Cicil.* Yes, and 'twas my wonder.

*Manl.* My distracted heart and troubled mind, are they not writ so plain in my face that your fair eyes may find and read my fortune there?

*Cicil.* 'Tis true, and one whose eyes are less concern'd than mine may find a new kind of humour in every look; every motion tells something strange is hapned in *Manlius* his fortune; and my heart has so much gratitude and kindness for him, that if it lay in my power, I would serve him faithfully; but finding him unwilling to impart them to so idle a subject as *Cicilia*, I shall leave you; lest my company be as troublesome as my Question.

*Manlius, aside.* Why this, if not more? why should she tempt me thus, if her heart had not love she never shew'd, nor I durst hope before? I will tell her I love her, she is a woman; and what if she once had honour, so had I; yet she had power to blow that bubble



bubble hence, and who knows but that I am design'd her fate, as she was mine.

[*He sighs and weeps.*]

*Aside.*

*Cicil.* Ha! he sighs and weeps; why these tears, *Manlius*? why these sighs? what can thy heart wish or desire within the bounds of honour that *Manlius* should despair of? pray tell me your griefs, I may be a friend where you least believe it; for I know something; and, perhaps, have seen what you would fain have hid.-----Sure he loves *Clorinda*, and is ashamed to think of his faults to *Calis*.

*Manl.* Know, Madam, your kindness has ripp'd ope my heart; and now take a secret, the first and last of my life; too great for my heart, though too little for her I would present it to; a fatal one, I fear, and yet 'tis love; doubting, humble, and faithful love.

*Cicil.* Then the gods have heard the wishes of his friends, if *Manlius* be a Lover.

*Manl.* Ha! what do's my surpriz'd heart hear? do's your Highness rejoyce to find *Manlius* a Lover? that glad sound has struck confus'd joy to my heart; nor do I know how to understand that joy of yours.

*Cicil.* O *Manlius*, thy noble Brother and my self have often wished thee a Lover, to refine thy mind, and weed some harshness, and those wild thoughts from it, which like weeds infest the noble flowers that nature had planted, and honour watered in thy Soldier's heart; love in *Manlius* is all he ought to wish for, or his friends rejoyce in; love will make him envy'd by those that hate him, and ador'd by those that love him; of which number none is a more real admirer then *Cicilia*; and happy she, who ever she be, that is born to reign in thy heart; for *Manlius* has courage, and all that is required to make a happy friendship; and now I beg to know who it is, that after a curious and a long search *Manlius* has found worthy of his faith.

*Manl.* O Madam, when you know that you will hate me, and say I have reason to be sad, and curse those Stars that have cursed you and me; can the noble *Cicilia* see a Lover in my eyes, and not find who it is by my actions? is *Manlius* so general a Lover that his passion cannot be discerned? Is he such a dumb distracted thing in all companies, that his disorder cannot speak her name he bows to? must my trembling tongue tell her name ere your Highness discern it?

*Cicil.* Alas, Sir, my busie heart has been so intent upon her own business, I never observed it diligently till now; but rather then be troublesome to *Manlius*, I shall wait his leisure, and not rudely press into his secret thoughts, unless I can serve him; and then he wrongs me if he conceal his love, who will to the world avow the friendship and value my heart has for him.

*Manlius, aside.* Why shall I be silent longer? I will tell her I love the gentle *Cicilia*.----Stay, Madam, and take the secret of my soul, I will not out; I have yet so much honour as to guard the door against that guilt that would fain tell you, I love; and the divine *Cicilia* is the object; and if you be curious to know how much; to death, by all.----

*She is going out.*

*Cicil.*



*Cicil.* Hold, no more ; my busie innocence, and folly, you have in two words sufficiently punished ; yet you will find we are both deceived ; I in a vain false opinion that *Manlius* had honour, and was worth my friendship ; I should not else thus have betrayed my self within his power, where he shall find his part too, for having so low a thought as durst doubt my honour ; but since I have found him false, I shall live to repent my error, as he will do this mean opinion of me ; Go hide thy self, false man, till thou can'st repent the injury thou hast done thy Brother ; and if there be any spark of that honour left in thy heart which the world took fire at, let shame kindle that flame again ; Go repent, sleep, and forget this treacherous act, and wake again worthy of thy Brother and thy friend ; I have yet so much kindness as to be sorry for thee ; and if thy fault dyes here, for thy Brothers sake, it passeth as a dream, and we will awake, to morrow, friends again, else thy love shall not exceed my hate and scorn ; No reply ; I have an Argument in mine own heart pleads for thee, more then all thy words can do. [Exit Cicilia.]

*Manl.* What a fool was I to put my self into the power of fortune, whose blind partial hands have still opposed me ? vain deity, by me no more valued when thou fawnest, then when thou frownest ; but more despis'd for thy false flattery when thou smiledst in the beginning of our discourse, then thou art hated now, when thou hast declared thy self and her mine enemy ; thou found'st me, this morning, relying upon honour and vertue, whose faithful protection had I not abandoned to lean upon thy rouling-wheel, I had still kept the honour of *Manlius* ; who striving to become one of thy Minions is now left fit for Chains and Greaves ; which of thy hated great ones attain to honour, but they are at last hurried to fates more violent then their fortunes ? I am now embarked, and engaged beyond my own knowledge ; and dare not find safety from the counsel of my friends ; now the blackness of this act appears when I dare not tell my friends how miserable I am ; this shame is only left me for a sting to my soul ; and all the Reason and Honour I have left is only to make me ashamed of what I have done ; *Calis* too, my last counsel ; her kindness is barr'd at this time ; yet something I must do to lose the old *Manlius*, or to find the new. [Exit.]

## ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Enter Amadeo, and Lucius in a Disguise, following him.*

*Amad.* **T**Hough I am not guilty of *Otho's* fault to the Princess, yet I am afraid to appear before her ; and methinks, there is a kind of guilt in being unlucky where we love ; and *Otho's* kindness too hastily imploy'd, has, I fear, gain'd me her displeasure yet her justice makes me hope when my innocency shall appear, 'twill find her pardon ; for if I find her heart given to my Rival, Heaven forbid I should oppose her desires, but rather with sacrifice

sacrifice of my own give her back the promise and engagement of a Father and a Brother; for *Amadeo* shall never receive his Mistress but from her own hands.

*Lucius*. Sir, this paper is directd to your Highness; do's it require no answer?  
*Amadeo* receives the paper, and walks away.

*Amad.* Follow me to the Princess *Cicilia*'s lodging, and you shall have your answer. [Exit *Amadeo*.

*Lucius*. He is grown vain and insolent already; Death! is the Princesses Chamber become your place of audience already? Hell upon him, he will date it from their bed, if I prevent not their speedy Hymens, I am mad with rage; *Cicilia* came not neither, nor *Calis*, as she promised; *Manlius* is sullen too, and out of the way when I should use his counsel; the whole frame of friendship is fallen in pieces, as if the world conspir'd to make *Lucius* miserable, without the remedy or protection of one friend to advise him; yet kind fate has left this to protect me.----But while I talk, and forget my self, I may be mis'd and prevented; and to live without *Cicilia*, or a revenge for her, were to exceed all sick men, or chain'd slaves in scorn and misery. [Exit *Lucius*.

### ACT. V. SCEN. III.

*Enter Calis, and the Guard, as from Lucius Chamber.*

*Calis*. Speak with no body!  
*Guard*. 'Twas his command.

*Calis*. Come, I will make your excuse, for disobeying him this time.

*Guard*. Pray, Madam, pardon us; till he calls we dare not open the door.

*Cal.* Do you fear I should bring him a challenge? well, Sir, I will retire; and when you see him, pray, tell him that I was here to have spoken with him from the Princess *Cicilia*; and I believe he will not thank you for refusing me the door.----This passionate man will suck poyson out of every flower; and I know his jealous humour and cholerick heart is now gnawing it self; and concludes all the world false to him, and has not patience to imagine one truth of his business; 'tis the greatest misery in the world to have a friendship with such a jealous nature to whom all things appear, as his fears present them; and what is meant with most kindness, their jealous nature corrupts into injuries, so that 'tis impossible but friendship wanting the nourishment of faith must wither and dye; and were I so miserable as to love such an humorist, I would set my heart before him, and let him carve himself; for 'tis impossible to please him, give him what bit he will: Now in the evening when he shall hear I was at the door, how he will storm that I came not in! and if he had not been obey'd, his rage would have been as great; there could be no reconciliation with a jealous man; but that we know, jealousy commits and punishes her own crimes; for none of those doubts but has his own sting, which carries



ries Revenge as well as Injury for the Lover. I am now to find the Princess, and when she shall know he refus'd to speak with me, 'tis ten to one but she grows as angry as he is jealous. They have indeed both their diseases, though from different causes; which I fear will never be cured till they are bound in a pair of sheets together; Hymen and a Bed some Physitians hold a certain cure for Love; would *Manlius* and I had honestly tryed the Receipt.

[*Exit Calis.*]

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Amadeo alone.*

*Amadeo.* **S**he is all a perfect Myne of Virtue; no one thought but has a guard, such as Modesty and perfect Honour set over the Hearts of Princes; Her words were full of Justice, and though she conceived her self injur'd and neglected in her Brother's Treaty, yet her Answers were calm and full of civil sence; still mentioning me and my passion with respect and sadness, which has so divided my thoughts I know not how to proceed; If I pursue her against her will, there is nothing but hatred to be expected. I will observe her, and make *Clorinda* break my way either to her Love or Friendship; and if my Fortune will not make me hers, yet I will have the pleasure of contributing my own peace to the making her as happy as she desires.——This paper I had forgot: Ha! from *Lucius*!

*Lucius* his Challenge to *Amadeo*.

SIR,

**I** Have this Evening broke Prison, and so I shall all Laws and Civility too, rather then out-live the Injury your Highness has done me. The Princess *Cicilia* is a Jewel nothing but your Sword can win from me; though her Ambition has made her break her Faith. And since I can promise my self no longer the being beloved, I am resolved to be revenged, or fall in the attempt. This Morning I shall expect your Highness under the wood side by *Juno's Temple*, where I shall attend you alone with my Sword only. The Honour I have had to know your Highness makes me not doubt the receiving this satisfaction, that I may at least preserve my Honour, though the rash *Cicilia* has falsely prophan'd hers.——

*Lucius.*

Fond *Lucius*, dost thou need more Enemies then thy self? Thy wild injurious Heart has wrong'd a Princess, whose least thoughts thou art unworthy of; and, for her sake I will meet thee; and if my Innocence be any guard, I shall punish thy low thoughts of the most excellent of Women. *Cicilia* break her Faith? Vain and

and false ? He would have me believe she has given it him. Fool ! She knows too well the value of that Jewel to give it thy savage Heart. Rash *Cicilia* ! Rash *Lucius* rather, whose madness has now made room for my hopes, and given an occasion I could not have hoped for ; And I shall take it , to shew how much I loved the Princess, and how little thou deservest to be prefer'd before me. Sure no Man of Honour could ever have thought he should have occasion to draw his Sword in the defence of the Princess *Cicilia's* Honour against one that knew her. And who knows but Fortune has appointed this Injury to give me the advantage of the Sword against *Lucius*, who thus long took *Romes* Sword, not to fight his Countries quarrel , but his private interest ; and pursued me as his Rival, not *Romes* Enemy. I will instantly find him.-----  
 Hah, *Clorinda* ? [Enter Clorinda.]

*Clorinda*. Brother, saw you the Prince since his confinement ?

*Amadeo*. Yes, and he is as much to seek for the cause as they will be for satisfaction that caused it ; We hear *Lucius* is a Prisoner too.

*Clorinda*. I believe the cause is easily guess'd ; you know the Prince and his Sister have this Morning disputed with some heat and Choler concerning our affairs ; *Lucius* too is inform'd that the Pretor has given his consent at the desire of *Otho* ; and the displeasure the Princess shewed her Brother is but a spark of that Fire you are to expect from *Lucius*, whose nature can never endure, nor dissemble his troubles ; whence came you now ?

*Amadeo*. From making my excuse to the Princess, where I received so civil a resentment of my proceedings, that her dislike was but one degree of less Obligation then the acceptance of my Love would have been. For I must confess, my Reason Honours the Princess when she acts great things ; and to be faithfull is most Princely. 'Tis like her self, to avow her Friendship ; yet her words were full of civility, and, in all her expressions as just to me, as kind to *Lucius* ; And that Civil Justice shall bind me as much as her Love can my Rival. And though his pretence may be more fortunate then mine, yet who ever shall give a true Character hereafter of *Amadeo's* Love, the world shall say, he owes nothing to Honour nor *Cicilia's* Friendship.

*Clorinda*. Be yet so kind to me as to visit the Prince, who is now our Prisoner ; to whom pray say all that a Maid is fit to justify, all that *Amadeo's* Sister should say when such a Lover wooes, and such a Brother counsels, while I find the Princess, and take the first occasion I can handsomely to present your Resolutions.

*Amadeo*. Farewel, dear *Clorinda* ; I shall not fail to visit the Prince as soon as I have dispatch'd a business which concerns me to give audience in this Morning. Live and Love, thy Brother, dear *Clorinda*.

*Clorinda*. Love my Brother !

[Exeunt.]

[He lets fall the paper *Lucius* gave him, unseen of either.]



## ACT. V. SCEN. V.

*Enter Lucius alone.*

*Lucius.* **T**His is the place, within this wood I will expect him ;  
I wonder he is thus late ; guilt has his sting, though in  
the Courage of *Amadeo* ; when he is to justifie an ill action he is  
even slow in coming. [Exit.]

*Enter Manlius in his Retreat.*

*Manlius.* Reveng'd ? upon whom ? foul Revenge is due to thee,  
not from thee ; Thou hast injur'd a Friend, a Brother, and a  
Mistress ; and thou talkst of being reveng'd, of which of these?  
good Heaven ! whither am I fallen ? Reason and Honour are  
dead within my Heart, and the Coward is crept into this breast,  
else I could save all yet ; Thus : this Sword bent against the Tray-  
tor here would do it yet ; But Honour has lost his power, Lust  
and Revenge reign Tyrants over my Heart, Revenge : whose plea-  
sure is of so short a reign, it scarce out-lasts a thought longer then  
the storms that Injuries and Anger raise ; and who enjoys it most  
is most Beast, and shews more wicked nature then all the several  
vices that Man was born subject to ; Nay, 'tis hard to say, who  
repents a revengefull Mind most, the Revenger or the sad subject of  
his Revenge ; That I, who this Morning was a Lover, should be-  
fore night degenerate into such contraries as Hate, and desire to de-  
stroy the thing I lov'd, it starts my Soul. I that would have dy-  
ed this Morning to have serv'd or pleas'd *Cicilia*, am now bent at  
the rate of all that is precious to Man, Honour, Health, and Peace  
of Mind, to seek her despiht, and, with hazard of mine own life,  
strike *Lucius*, though a Brother, which she nor Nature can long  
er protect ; For though my Heart tells me he is my Brother, yet she  
has said he is my Rival ; which very thought has more mysterie in  
it ; then I shall live to understand. That I should have reason to  
know this, and not have power to master that impious Passion !  
They have too much reason who affirm there is a Fate in all things,  
which commands above our Reason ; and 'tis vanity in Man to  
think or resolve he will be virtuous : His Stars laugh at him ; and  
what is writ in Heaven we must act, for we but play our parts here ;  
how would the world wonder else, when they shall read this part  
of my story ? *Manlius*, that in his youth did something like Hon-  
our, and aspir'd at nothing but a fair Fame, proud of the worlds  
esteem ; Now, when he has found the highest Object Honour and  
Virtue can work upon, which is to Love handsomely, without  
any design or hope of Reward more then such a virtuous action  
brings ; To know this, and to despise all the rewards that the Gods  
and *Cicilia* must owe to such an action, and sacrifice to Revenge  
all that a Brother, a Friend, and a Mistress claim, must beget mis-  
eries which already beget my despair. Love, if thou bee'st a God,

as thy blindness has led me to this precipice, thou hast wings though no Eyes; and 'twill be Justice to lend me them to save me; else this new kind of madness will find too late a pity. My Hate levels at all, Brother and Friend are not out of distance. What she loves I must hate, my Rival cannot be my friend; nor can I with patience think she should be any others, though I know she will never be mine; But woe to the happy Lover who ever he be, 'tis not Brother nor Friend shall protect him. *Calis* too, though I never said I lov'd, yet I have listned to what she has said of modest and kind; so that this crime of mine cannot stab less than four; for each base act that I commit, she will bleed though innocent.—Ha, what noise is that? 'tis Horse-men; sure I am pursu'd, I will take the covert of this wood to observe the motion. [Exit Manlius.]

A noise with-  
ut.

Enter Amadeo.

*Amadeo.* This by the description should be the place, yonder are the Hermits Houses, and there is the Temple. [Exit Ama.]

### ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Clorinda, Cicilia, and Stella.

*Clorinda.* **I** Come not, Madam, to justify the mistaken kindness of Prince *Otho*, whose Friendship to me out-ran the respect was due to your Highness; when I desired him to speak for my Brother, his Love mistook the Object, and without either of our knowledge moved it to the *Pretor*. This we both started at when he told us the success, and fear'd what your just disdain would do, when you should find we had not paid the duty and civility a Lover owes to such a Mind, whom we first ought to have prepared, being the chief concern'd in Love and Hymen. This Truth, Madam, has faults enough, and therefore we may hope to find belief; and this Errout which a Brother committed, we hope for a Brothers sake may be pardoned.

*Cicilia.* Your Highness had need make no more excuse; though, I confess I was something troubled at the first; But since I received a visit from the Prince, I am so far from accusing him when I perceived his Innocence; I think he will confess, I said more to let him see I was not angry, then I should have done to have pleased another; For give me leave to tell you, *Clorinda*, in all her kindness, has not more value for Prince *Amadeo*, then I have. But love him I must not. *Cicilia* is not worth her esteem when she is false to her vows, which (I confess,) I have given *Lucius*; and nothing but *Lucius* can absolve that vow. Death, or *Lucius* his faults, can onely set *Cicilia* free; This I would have told the Prince, but that I was loath to add to his griefs a knowledge that might make him hate my friend or me.

*Clorinda.* I know my Brothers Heart so well, I am confident he will worship this Virtue in your Highness, equal to all the blessings



blessings of the world beside; and when he shall know your Heart has pity for him, Honour will change his Love to Friendship and Adoration; and he will still worship the fair *Cicilia*, without one earthly wish or stain of mortal thoughts.

*Stella finds the paper Amadeo let fall.*

*Cicilia.* What paper is that?

*Stella.* I know not, Madam.

*Cicilia.* 'Tis directed to Prince *Amadeo*. I shall not be so curious to know the secret.

*She gives Cicilia the paper. She offers the paper to Clorinda.*

*Clorinda.* Not I, Madam, till you read it; I am certain my Brother has no secrets he would hide from *Cicilia*, since she knows he loves.

*Cicilia.* I should know this hand, 'tis *Lucius* his Character, my Heart fails me; This paper bodes some mischief.

*Clorinda.* She is troubled, pray, Madam, read it without any scruple.

*Cicilia.* I confess, I would fain be satisfied, for I have as much Interest in the Character as *Clorinda* has in the direction, 'tis *Lucius* his hand.

*Clorinda.* Heaven forbid my fears, pray give it me, — 'tis a challenge from *Lucius*.

*Cicilia.* This I feared; *Calis*, a word; Your Pardon, Madam.

[*Exeunt Cicilia and Calis.*]

*Clorinda.* Something I must do to prevent this mischief; who that had read this paper would hereafter trust the Love of any, since *Lucius* can be thus faulty to such a person; My Heart begins to doubt, *Otho* may have his faults too, but this is no time to talk.

*She reads till she comes to Lucius injurious words, and then stops.*

*Enter Marius, Dyon, Lyfander, and a Guard.*

*Marius.* Gone?

*Dyon.* Gone Sir; he leap'd his window that look'd into the Garden.

*Lyfander.* Prince *Amadeo* is from his Lodging too, and was seen to ride out alone this Morning.

*Marius.* Take the Guards and follow them with all diligence; disperse your selves, and if it be possible prevent them.

*Clorinda.* Stay, my Lord; Sir, if you please to read this paper, 'twill direct you where you may certainly find them; I found it in the Gallery this Morning.

*He reads the challenge to himself.*

*Marius.* Insolent and false, thou shalt find what 'tis to despise my Orders, and violate the *Roman Protection* given a Prince; beside what my Justice shall inflict upon thee, that durst without my leave, treat this sawcy Friendship with my Daughter; and not onely rob me of the Duty of a Child, but dishonourably seek to take her fair Name from her. *Lyfander*, and *Dyon*, haste to the Grove, where *Juno's* Temple stands, there is the place of appointment; Alive or dead bring him to our Justice. *Dyon*, you know me, look I be not disobeyed; Some of you call *Cicilia* hither, and set a strong Guard upon *Otho*. Your pardon, Madam; this trouble has made me thus long forget my respect to you; This In-

solence

solence shewed to the Prince, and despising of the *Roman Discipline*, has robbed me of my patience ; But I shall give his Highness full satisfaction, and with his blood make him an example.

*Clorinda*. Heaven forbid, Sir ; I know *Amadeo* will sooner die for him, then bring any such sad Calamity to his friends , and there is much to be said on both sides. You have high Reason, and ought to have the first place, as his and *Romes General*, doubly injur'd in your blood and power ; Yet Love and heat of youth have their Friends that plead for *Lucius*. And we cannot expect, Sir, a Souldier and a Lover enraged should find place for Reason. Honour and Opinion slave the world too much ; *Lucius* is a *Roman* ; and from *Romes* example where he findes difficulties he draws his Sword to remove them ; See the Princess.

*Enter Cicilia and Calis.*

*Calis*. His displeasure is high , for his Orders were to kill him if he resisted, or else to bring him alive to Justice ; You know how strict the *Roman Discipline* is, upon such a breach as this, to which is added Personal Injuries ; and if your Highness do not interpose, 'twill be sad ; there is no safety for him if you shew a displeasure.

*Cicilia*. Though he has injur'd me, I will not be so unjust to condemn him, before I hear him speak ; fear not, *Calis*, 'tis not the anger of others shall make me forget what I owe to *Lucius* ; and though he has done a rash act in disobeying my Father and my self, yet I will look upon that disobedience as Love to me ; and Heaven forbid I should joyn to punish him for faults committed upon that score.

*Marius*. I sent to speak with you ; did you know any thing of this business ?

*Cicilia*. Nothing but what my fears prompted me to, and that I gave you an Account of by *Calis*.

*Marius*. If he hold his appointment, I shall at last have my Revenge upon him.

*Cicilia*. I am sorry to find your Highness thus bent against a Person whose Friendship to me has been thus long known to my Father ; 'Tis true, this act is not to be defended, but I am confident I need neither blush the becoming his Mediator, nor my Father be ashamed to let my importunity prevail against the severity of that Law that condemns my Friend.-----Which thus I do upon my knees, interposing my Tears to save from your displeasure a forfeit Friend.

*She kneels.*

*Marius*. Rise ; you must not plead for such an insolent offender ; Innocence comes in question when it appears so partial in the intercession for the Guilty.

*She rises.*

*Cicilia*. Sir, my Interest in all his sufferings plead for him, *Lucius* his guilt is my pride ; *Lucius* his crimes is love of me, and here again I profess him my Friend ; I love the Man, and if you punish him you make his crimes mine in the Affliction ; and though I had no hand



hand in his guilt, yet I shall feele all his punishment, such is the myserie of Friendship; You cannot execute him alone, and I am as innocent as the Law you would revenge; and your Justice upon *Lucius* is unjust upon me; so that to satisfie an Injury, you will murther a Daughter. This beloved Guilt, this affected Malefactor has won my Heart; even this Crime is an Obligation. My Friendship shar'd in all his good, and shall I abandon him in his misery? Heaven forbid. You know, Sir, in his healthy hours, in his dayes of Triumph, *Lucius* left not me out. Can I then with Honour share with him in his glories, and abandon him in this sad afflicted Fortune, where I am the cause too? It cannot, it must not be. You may deny me his life, but know then, you cannot perswade me to out-live him. Nothing shall say, *Lucius* was so much gallanter then *Cicilia*, as to die for her that would not in his Funeral bear him company.

*Marius.* While *Lucius* knew how to be a Souldier, I loved and preferr'd him; But grown Insolent, and perverted in his Nature; as his virtues found my Friendship, so his crime shall feel my Justice, till he stands in story an example of both.

*Cicilia.* When *Lucius* was in health he needed none of your Physick; and now he is sick, you will not afford him a remedy; Innocent *Lucius* fear'd not your power, even that power which his sword has confirm'd, though now you threaten his noble life with it. Nor will the world wonder why I plead for him: Is guilty *Lucius* such a common Theam? Were he not guilty, why should I bow my knees? A Daughter to one, and a Friend to the other? Are her tears notie? Are her knees bowed, and her hands held up, of no force with a Father for a Friend? Is there nothing due to these? Common Miseries find common Remedies; And my Father may by a thousand wayes shew his Justice, though now for my sake he shew *Lucius* Mercy.

*Marius.* Fond Girl, Thy kindness but heaps coals upon his head, and speaks him a black Villain to injure a person so far above him both in Love and Honour.

*Cicilia.* My Reason, Sir, loved him once, and my Love makes me pity him now; his Virtues overcame me then, and I but imitated the world in loving him. Thousands were *Lucius* his Virtues, thousands were his glories, and ten thousand were the ties he has lay'd upon the world; Single is this hatred, Sir, single his Crime, single your Justice too, and in that, Cruel. *Lucius* was ever glorious, and but once guilty. Ye Gods! who would through such narrow wayes and crooked pathes, with difficulties, hunt for flying Honour, if her wealth prove such a burthen unto Men, that even with Friends an Age of Virtue cannot weigh down one rash Act? *Lucius* for one Crime dies, for whom a thousand generous actions past could not prevail; and *Cicilia*, from a cruell parent must return deny'd. But I have  
yet

*She offers to  
go out.*

yet anger enough left to laugh at those that believe this Cruelty can make way for any low design.

*Marius.* See fond Wretch, blush and hate thy Folly. Read this, and be thy own Judge. Behold what a Friendship thou hast built thy Peace upon, scorn'd and suspected ; In that read thy *Lucius*, and see to what a miserable Fate thou art arrived, after thy having given thy Honour, Duty, and Brothers kindness to purchase a Friendship with a Jealous, Cholerick, Insolent Youth. Go, haste to the Temple, make him your Lord, that he may chuse some other Beauty to pay his broken vows to.

*He gives her Lucius Challenge to read, she reads the paper, strikes her breast, and throws it away, and goes in.* [Exeunt omnes.

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*Partis primæ Finis:*

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THE SECOND PART  
OF  
Cicilia & Clorinda,  
OR,  
Love in Arms.  
A  
TRAGIC-COMEDY,  
The Scene *LOMBARDY*.

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Written in *FLORENCE*  
BY  
*THOMAS KILLIGREW*.

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DEDICATED  
TO THE  
Lady *DOROTHY SIDNEY*  
COUNTESSE OF  
*SUNDERLAND*.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in  
the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

were you not my friend I should not suffer it.

*Lucius.* Who knows better then I? she had a great and gallant heart, the Empire too her own, till vanity betray'd it; but now 'tis torn and divided into several states; *Orante*, *Manlius*, and *Amadeo* have their several Provinces there; so might I, if I would be contented with a Colony; but I scorn a part, or corner of a heart; and till *Cicilia* be again reduced to Monarchy, I am free.

*Dyon.* If you have reason, return; and with your presence prevent this danger; and with your friendship defend her from such a destruction; this scandalous and sullen retreat betrays her to the enemy; had you heard her plead this day to the Pretor in your behalf, your soul would blush, and abhor this mean character.

*Lucius.* Have I denied my protection? did I not stay till she betrayed me to prison? have I not like the kind Shepherd stood all storms, to guard her Flock; which be it never so full or fair, if the Nymph that owns them subject be to stray as they, by our gods, I would not her Shepherd be, to become *Pan*. A Mistress that must be watch'd and folded every night, or else she will be gone, before I would her Lover be, I would change conditions with that Tree. What dost thou gaze at? this Bracelet? 'tis hers; and I confess it bound me more once then her arms can now; for since I find I have fellows in these chains, and that her Auburn Tresses grow as free as fair, and every Lover reaps her hair, *Dyon* must confess, 'tis not *Jasons* Fleece that I have won, though she *Me-dea* prove.

When *Lucius* points to the Tree, *Dyon* looks at his hand.

*Dyon, aside.* I must not cross him now, his jealousy is too high wrought; besides, I know his nature is easier led then drove; in this particular *Lucius* has some reason; nor can I justify a Maid in such actions; for women that will give and take, for fancy, are not safe; because custom may bring them to like some things so well as to purchase them they may be persuaded to buy and sell; then the man that can soonest flatter them into a bargain has the undoing of them.

*Lucius.* So he may; but whoever he be that will betray the Princess so, be sure *Lucius* be first in his grave, else all my rage thrown by, I shall find love enough to revenge, with sad fates, such a treason; for if I cannot suffer others to love her, Dogs gnaw me when I out-live him that hates her, though it be my self.

*Dyon.* There is much more reason in this passion then in your other Arguments; for if the Princess could have learn'd the guilt of other women, 'tis probable she might have learn'd their craft too, and dissembled; which I am certain her fervent kindness (pleading in tears upon her knees, vowing friendship and love for *Lucius*, receiving no denial, making all his crimes so many loves to her, and so many Arguments for her love and protection) will acquit her from; till that fatal Paper, which you sent the Prince, was by her Father given her, which when she had read she was struck with the unkindness, and the displeasure of that thought that told her *Lucius* had injur'd her.

*Lucius falls on Dyon's neck.*

*Lucius.*



*Lucius.* O *Dyon*, *Dyon*, thou hast perfect Honour; a Faithful friend dwells in *Dyon*, one whom misery, nor passion has divided from his Friend; when all the World arm'd against *Lucius*, he took my part; how I love thee for chiding me, and defending what I love! But alas, my Friend, my heart is grown sick of Love and fear: You must not believe all I say, I scarce do it myself; 'Tis my fear, not my faith, that speaks in this passion; yet she was too cruel, because she might be mistaken; *Manlius* mistook it you saw, for Love; how then can you blame me for thinking I am robb'd, when the Thief confesses the theft; guilty *Manlius* confess his Crime, which she hid, and cherish'd; But I hope, my Friend (when he has told her of my fears) will present them too as the effects of a distracted Lover, which I would fain beg her pardon for;

*Dyon.* Most gladly; 'Tis *Calis* her counsel too; that you should come in some disguise to the Gardiners house this evening, where she will give you an opportunity of speaking with the Princess.

*Lucius.* All my Rage, if she believe I love, will find her Excuse; for who is he that loves and will not fear to lose the thing he loves? Dear *Dyon*, she had wont to praise particularity and Constancy, and to admire it as the greatest vertue either Sex could arrive at; and call them the minds Chastity, without which what that woman will do with a Lover that Lusts so for a Lover, is easier fear'd then prevented.

*Dyon.* This I shall say; onely promise me to be quiet, till I come, and let your mind be in repose.

*Lucius.* I obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Enter Orante and Bandito.*

*Orante.* 'Tis *Lucius*, and *Dyon*, let them pass; This Evening, we must dispatch our business: *Amadeo* has her Fathers; But this *Cicilia*'s heart, and both my hate; and they shall both feel my rage as high as their hopes, or my despair; And while they dispute which in her affection Highest stood; Despis'd *Orante* shall fill the Scene with rage and Blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. III.

*Enter Otho, Clorinda, and Amadeo.*

*Clorinda.* 'HAs your Highness seen your Sister since this misfortune?

*Otho.* No, Madam; her griefs are yet too fresh; 'tis better to give her passion some time to recover; This Night I mean to visit her, though I know her heart is struck deep with the injury *Lucius* did her; which is the more unsupportable, because we know his fault, which she cannot now hide from us; and therefore she will punish; And who knows but that it may take off that obstinate kindness she has set upon him?

*Amadeo.*

both ? have I, for this, labour'd both your Interests with the like faith and reality, neither sway'd by the Partiality of a Brother, nor the kindness of a Friend, to find you two destroying all my hopes, and your own ? What ridiculous thought is that which tells you, your Swords should decide who shall have the Princess ? Do's your Highness think that she, or her friends, will be won with a Murder ? Or can *Lucius*, after all his practice, and knowledge of *Cicilia*, so mistake her, as to believe she will be set the Reward of the successfulest Sword ? Now she will despise you both for this bold claim you lay to her ; 'Tis not now, who she will shall be happy ; A duel, Not her kindness must dispose of it ; As if *Cicilia* were a thing any may have that can catch her. I am asham'd to find you have lost your Reasons ; How must the *Pretor* and the Prince understand this, when they find themselves so far neglected ? when they find a Sister and a Daughter cut from their Power by a Duel ? *Lucius*, this Jealous anger will destroy all your hopes ; Pray, Sir, let me know the cause of this sudden change.

*Amad.* Your brother can best inform you, who, this morning called me out ; But, why, I am yet Ignorant.

*Lucius.* Your Highness is not so ignorant of the cause as you pretend, though my brother be ; To whom I now confess what your Highness already knows ; Know then, After the Princess, in the presence of *Calis* and the gods, gave to thy brother her hand, in faith of Friendship, and her vows were writ in Heaven ; yet, after this, Building on his greatness, The Prince, and his party, have seduced her heart, and, by the Interest of a Brother, they have made *Cicilia* false, and *Lucius* miserable.

*Manl.* Ha ! What says he ?

*Lucius.* *Otho*, too, ungrateful *Otho*, All my services thrown by, has Interest'd himself in my Ruine ; and has chid, and threatned his Sister to her dishonour ; *Otho*, *Manlius*, *Otho*, for whom I so often have shed my blood, has gained the *Pretors* consent for Prince *Amadeo*, and *Cicilia* must be his ; And thy brother, ( after her faith given ) Rejected ; Now if these Injuries be fit for *Lucius* to bear, then chide him ; if not, retire, and let me finish my Revenge, and do not thou Joyn in my dishonour too.

*Manlius.* Is this Truth, or do you both conspire to make me mad ?

*Lucius.* Truth, by Heaven, after she had given her faith to thy Brother.

*Manlius.* Put up your Sword then, and take a secret from a desperate heart ; Know, I hate you both, and *Cicilia* is the Cause ; *Cicilia* has begot that hate ; Hell on all your Trust, would you had been struck blind, and dumb both, when you saw her first, then your praise had never betray'd me to my ruine. Why did you send me to her when you found such Magick in her Eyes, as neither of you could resist ? Why should you believe me such a fool, or so blind, as not to love, or Court such a Blessing ? Why should you believe *Manlius* so cold or Dull, when he saw such a prize, such a reward for Honour, calmly to sit still while you poss-

est



lest her? What claim has either, more then *Manlius*, But that you saw her first?

*Lucius*. Sure, he raves.

*Manl.* No, *Lucius*, I love : and, despair of what I love makes me hate the fortunate Lover ; And who ever he be, let him be sure I am in my grave before he dare possess her ; For by Heaven, I will kill him ; And since *Amadeo* is like to be the man, let him defend himself ; she knows, I love ; and I know she hates me for having said so.

(*He offers to fight with Amadeo, Lucius beats down his sword.*)

*Lucius*. Hold, by all thy past Honours, or I will strike thee at my Feet ; 'tis no tie of blood shall make me spare thee ; Though I have lost *Cicilia*, I will preserve my self fit for her in all her virtues.

*Manlius*. Why should not I be revenged, as well as *Lucius* ?

*Lucius*. Take your time ; If he out live me, The man will fight ; you know he will, you have tryed him ; What would the world say, if he should die now ? would they not call us Treacherous and Cowards, that betrayed a Gallant stranger, and called him forth, under pretence of Honour, to Murther him ?

*Manlius*. Who dares say so, while we live ?

*Lucius*. All dare say, and believe it too.

*Amadeo*. You had best resolve, Sir, We lose time ; for thee (*Manlius*) I scorn to claim a friendship with thee ; Yet my wonder would fain know, why you are so furious ? Sure 'tis no news to *Manlius*, that I love the Princess.

*Manlius*. You, and all the world may love her, so she loves me ; But *Cicilia* loves *Lucius*, and *Amadeo* shall enjoy her if I prevent it not ; This is the cause of all my Anger : I profess my self an Enemy to any thing more fortunate then I am in my Love ; And if you have her Fathers Consent, and he hers, what rests then but despair for me ? Resolve therefore which will be first ; for by degrees, I will either fall, or destroy you both ; Think not upon any other Enemy, while I am upon the Earth.

*Amadeo*. His love is not more new, then Extravagant ; But if *Lucius* will look on, I am ready to punish thy falshood to a friend, and a brother.

*Manlius*. And I, to kill a happy Rival, that must, I know, despise me, because my Mistress do's so ; All the world will see Rascal writ in my face, if I out-live story, that have lost a Friend, a Brother, and mine Honour too, for nothing ; Baubles, such as Children play with, will be more precious then the name of *Manlius* ; 'Twill become a by-name for Treachery and Folly : Despised and false as *Manlius*, I will not live to see the Day, -- Defend your self. -- *Lucius strikes down his sword.*  
Be thou the man then, that has won and lost her ; Poor spirited *Lucius*, to let her go when her faith was thine ? 'Twas *Lucius* made *He speaks to Lucius*  
her hate and despise me. When I was faulty she loved thee, jealous *Lucius*  
mad man, for which defend thy poor heart.

*Amadeo.*

Amadeo  
strikes down  
his sword.

*Amad. Manlius, Lucius !* What Planet has struck these men ? Are you not ashamed, Brothers, to bend your Swords against each other ? have you neither Honour, nor Reason left ?

*Manlius.* Tell me not of reason, Honour, Friend, nor Brother, They are all Idle sounds, without love ; Without her love I am an Enemy to all the world ; therefore spare your tongue, and use your sword ; This Oracle shall tell you who is design'd for *Cicilia's* love ; Do not despise my words, for you shall not be so diligent to gain her Love, but this shall be as sollicitous in the destruction of what she loves.

*Lucius.* Perfidious, Degenerate Wretch, Coward, Bastard, no Brother of *Lucius* ; hence thou barbarous Dog, be gone ; or, by all the gods, that thou hast prophaned, under my feet I will tread thy hated flesh. (*Manlius laughs.*)

*Manlius.* How often have you seen *Manlius* thus treated, Sir ? you strike me at your foot ! Begin when you dare, you will finde this Dog bite as sharp as *Lucius* ; defend thee.

(*They fight, Amadeo parts them, they hear a noise.*)

*Lucius.* That's *Dyon's* voyce, Hell upon this Beast ; We are pursued, I must take some other time ; Sir, I know the *Pretors* Rage is not to be met now, I shall therefore retreat, till I can find a fitter time to receive the satisfaction this Madman has hindred. [*Exit Luc.*]

*Enter Lyfander, Dyon, and a Guard.*

*Dyon.* Pursue *Lucius*, while we secure these ; is your Highness wounded ?

*Amadeo.* It seems so, in parting those Madmen ; Pray have an Eye to *Manlius*, for his designs are false and mischievous.

*Lyfan.* Pray, Sir, retire, your wounds bleed apace. [*Exe. omnes.*]

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Marius, Otho, Clorinda, and Attendants.*

*Marius.* **N**OW you know why we committed you to your Chamber, and conjur'd you neither to send, nor receive a Challenge from those Brothers ; And I believe by this time *Cicilia* is reasonably mortified with the Paper I gave her ; Come, Madam, let us give the Prince a visit, I hear his wounds are slight ; and I doubt not but that I shall give his Highness full satisfaction, if *Dyon* Execute my Orders. [*Exit Marius.*]

*Otho.* *Manlius*, they say, prevented them.

*Clorinda.* I am sorry the *Pretor* was so severe with the Princess, lest she may believe I am sollicitous, to the prejudice of *Lucius*, in this business, which (as well as I love *Amadeo*) I would not do for all the world.

*Otho.* Come, Madam, time will heal all these wounds ; Love has his Morning and his Evening fair ; and though he threatens storms at Noon, yet he gives us time to dispatch our business in. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT.



## ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Dyon and Calis.*

*Cal.* MY Lord, if you have any friendship for *Lucius*, immediately find him, and let him know what has past here this morning; tell him there is no time to delay his fortune; and if he has a hope to continue his friendship with the Princess, let him this night come to the Garden-house in some disguise: *Amadeo* and *Clorinda* have prevailed, and his *Bando* will this day be revoked; by this means there may be some hopes to reconcile himself to the Princess; when he is there give me notice, and I will contrive it so, that he shall speak with her; you may tell him how unhandsome and how injurious an action his jealous madness has made him commit against the Princess; while you do this, I will go find the miserable *Manlius*, whose treachery is now discovered by himself; the noble *Cicilia* concealed his crime, in kindness to his Brother; what to say to him, I know not, when I see him. When his heart was at leisure and innocent, he would not be just to me; and now I know his crimes lye too heavy on his mind to listen to what I shall say of Love or Reason; yet I will find him.

*Dyon.* Pray do so, and till I return have a care that he and the Prince meet not, for 'twill not pass without some unlucky accident; they are both incens'd, the one with his guilt, and the other with injuries.

*Cal.* I shall use all diligence to prevent their meeting. [*Exe.*]

## ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Orante in disguise, like an old Beggar-woman, Bravoës and Banditoës with him.*

*Band.* 'T Is most certain, Sir, they fought this morning under the wood side; *Lucius* is banish'd too, and the Pretor highly incens'd; if I meet him, have at his head, there's liberty, revenge, and reward, and your Rival gone; the princess is daily prest to the marriage with *Amadeo*, whose wounds are sleight though he keeps his Chamber.

*Orante.* There is no Star favourable to *Orante*, else I might have been by this morning, and with a seasonable thrust or two decided this business; but I am resolved, thus disguis'd I will to Court; and ere *Lucius* can return I will spoil their mirth. Who is that? ob- *A noise*  
serve, quick, get your alms ready for the old woman, and then *within.*  
be gone.

*Enter to them Dyon and two Souldiers.*

*Dyon.* Who are those? inquire of them the way to the Temple.

*Sould.*

*Sould.* Good woman, which way must we take to find the old Temple of *Juno* ?

*Oran.* The first broad Path on your left hand will lead you to the ruine of an old Altar, from which a Path will conduct you through the Grove to the Temple of the great Goddess, which stands upon the hill ; in whose sacred name bestow some charity upon a poor wretch, despis'd and abandoned by gods and men.

*He gives her  
an Alms.*

*Dyon.* There ; is it far thither ?

*Orante.* A little half hours walk for my aged feet ; but you that have youth and strength will in a thought arrive.

*Dyon.* There it is, we are to meet him. [*Exe.* *Dyon and Souldiers.*

*Orante.* 'Tis *Dyon* and his Souldiers in search of *Lucius*.

*Band.* *Dyon* is his friend.

*Orante.* The better, and we shall the sooner find him, by tracing them ; you are certain, if they were enemies he should never have known where he was ; observe their motion, quick, follow them, if we find him we will make a sad sacrifice to *Juno* ; be all ready and diligent, I will dog them, as if to beg ; and when I stab him, be ready to second me. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT. I. SCEN. V.

*Enter Calis, and Manlius (He would kill himself) she holds his hand (he is full of distraction.)*

*Manl.* NO more ; I am not worth thy care, nor kindness ; thy goodness upbraids me, and thy friendship makes me haste to finish what I have resolv'd.

*Cal.* By all that ever was precious to *Manlius* I conjure him to hold that desperate hand ; why should *Manlius* think the world so wicked as not to pardon him one folly, a fault only in the intention ? Alas, thou art so far from being wicked, that thou mistak'st thy own good actions ; this cruelty thou shewest thy self to prevent a sin, is more innocent then never to have been tempted.

*Manl.* Thy kindness mistakes me, and do'st not see the wickedness that is in my mind bent to the destruction and dishonour of what I love, if not prevented ; and when 'tis done, Remember I must dye ; consider that, and then thy kindness will kill me, while I am worth dying ; here take this Dagger, strike, and save *Manlius* ; if thou let'st me live to commit this violence, all the earth will stab me with their curses, and I shall fall unpitied and unmourned ; be kind therefore, and kill me, or I shall kill my self, *An act abhorred by all the gods* ; and thus only thou canst save *Manlius*.

*Cal.* He is distracted sure ; Heaven ! do you offer me your Dagger ? would you have me that love *Manlius* become his murderer ? unkind, is this the return of all my love and service ? though thy insensible heart would never be brought to return my love ; yet, methinks, thou might'st be contented that I was miserable all the days of my life, without seeking to draw murder upon me, to rob my soul of her peace too.

*Manl.*



*Manl.* How much thou mistak'st the justice of this act, in executing me; thou but savest the lives of two innocent persons; which thus, by chance, the gods have given to thy protection; and if thou now refus'st, to prevent my sins, 'tis *Calis*, not *Manlius* is guilty hereafter; 'tis *Calis* murders *Lucius*; 'tis *Calis* that ravishes *Cicilia*; 'tis *Calis* that stabs *Manlius* to the soul, by refusing; now he is innocent, to prevent what she knows he is bent to act; Kill me then, and save thy friend, Kill me and save a family, Kill me now, and all good men shall mourn for me; for to have been tempted is no sin, thou sayest, 'tis yielding to temptation makes the crime, thus to resist would be an honour; and thus would'st thou shew thy vertue and mine, that chuse rather to dye then to be wicked; and kind *Calis* durst kill what she loved, rather then see him out-live his honour.

*Cal.* This Reason bids her love, and save thee; and *Manlius* ought to glory in, not punish, this nobleness in his mind, whose heart is so full of honour he will rather dye then think a sin; be still so severe, be still an enemy to that design, 'tis like your self; he or she that never was tempted ought not to glory in their innocence, but to praise their good luck; and now my friend hates himself most I love him best; now when he would destroy himself he is fit to be protected by all good things.

*Manl.* You will not kill me then?

*Cal.* Heaven forbid.----

[*She offers to go away.*]

*Manl.* For pity, for charities sake, do not leave me; or if you will, do but kill me ere you goe; you will not? Live then to curse me, fall all my sins on thee, and this cruel kindness.----

[*He goes out, and she follows him.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Lucius, Dyon and Souldiers.*

*Dyon.* Did you ever love her?

*Lucius.* Love *Cicilia*? yes, with my soul, and she deserv'd it then; for she had honour, beauty, and a thousand graces; such excellencies too, as are strangers to all the minds and faces I ever saw, or practis'd; this even my hate and fear must confess; but her mind, of late, has stoop'd, if not to sin and dishonour, yet guilty vanity has stain'd it; she cannot love enough to oblige any man, and yet she loves so much as has disobliged a Nation; to be born in her own Country is a crime, and cause enough to be despis'd; why else were *Valerius*, *Polydor*, *Thersis*, or *Turnus*, neglected? Men that through the whole world have had publique Honour, famous for Wit, Person, Fortune, Courage; and if those virtues could have prevail'd, why were they disgust'd? her reason was, she knew them not, but I rather believe they knew her, and retired betimes, before she had power to sacrifice their peace, as she has done mine, to this stranger; *Amadeo* only is mentioned with

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honour

honour, at his danger she starts, and grows pale at the sight of his wounds ; a wanton wanderer only in his way to *Rome* must make her break her faith to *Lucius* ; and in scorn of the Roman Nation, this Mountainer must have that presented him which we in tears and wounds have begg'd ; how oft have we expos'd our selves to certain dangers to deserve from her a smile, while the emulous World grew Rivals for her favours ? how many great souls have unwillingly entred the Elizian shades, because they were to leave the conversation of *Cicilia* here ? but now that she is false, who would live, or love ?

*Dyon*. If this be so, why this rage ? if her beauty has lost her power, and you your love, let it rest like Tales ill told, unregarded and forgotten ; but if they have their power still, which your anger confesses, let me have leave to defend them.

*Lucius*. Here needs no Argument ; all that have eyes must confess *Cicilia* had all that was beauty ; but since she has broke her faith, 'tis become a Chaos all ; for perjur'd beauty is like flying Armies, and blasted Fields that have no grace, no terror left, nor longer bear any mark or character of the Deities that moved in them, but the wounds of those Rods that in vengeance have fallen upon them.

*Dyon*. You only can accuse the Princess of this fault, for your addressses are to the world yet a secret ; and Prince *Amadeo*'s love, publique as his person, even when he was prisoner here ; but that the Princess paid him more then civility ; your fears are the first that accuse her, and I believe, deceive even your self.

*Lucius*. Deceiv'd ! no *Dyon*, her love is as visible as her beauty, durst he, else, move the Pretor for a consent, who you know dotes upon her, and her words like Laws or Oracles have still been powerful with him ? nor was he ignorant of our friendship, no nor displeased ; Come *Dyon*, you know she must consent before this be acted, and then to entertain me in discourse in her own Chamber till you came with a guard to make me a prisoner ; her Brother too confin'd by a trick, while her Favorite is left free, to conclude their Hymens ; and for the more security, my injur'd hands were bound from revenging their treachery ; what is visible, if this be dark ? the day is not more clear then her falsehood, and I have traced him in his love ; his steps are as visible as when in snow we chased him ; she is a Roman, *Dyon*, and will have her vanity satisfied ; we that are her slaves, Prince *Orante* and my self, and (the falsest of men) my Brother *Manlius*, she is proud of all ; Nay, *Manlius* has confess'd his making love, ere she detected the Traytor ; proud of all, she can in triumph lead, but how she is chang'd, witness gods and men ! when I first received this fire which now afflicts me, with what fear and silence I made my way to her ! with what reverence I approached her breast ! till then unacquainted with love, as she profess, kindly still interpreting every sigh ; and fearing my fears only, she could then read an humble motion ; and every sad look had her pity and pleased, when any handsome accident presented an occasion to please me ; thus in silent secretness



we in friendship past our days undiscerned, or envied; the fish that glides in the silent stream, the *Parthian* Arrow, nor Birds that gently cut the air, make not less noise, nor leave less pathes, nor stains behind, then our love; the most jealous eye, *Dyon*, could not perceive we thought of each other when we had but one thought.

*Dyon*. How came you to fall from this height, thus to suspect her vertue? that her eyes have the same majesty, appears by *Amadeo's* love, who deserves more then *Lucius*, or the less then *Lucius*, else she would still hold her power, which once with a look commanded him.

*Lucius*. Alas, *Dyon*, what signifies the fire in those eyes, to *Lucius* since 'tis exposed like those of the sacrifice, where every cold pretence may warm it self? *Cicilia's* breast is now a shrine for every lame and blind passion, to offer up their impotent loves to; and there they drop their sickly false tears; this is it that puts a cloud before those stars; for eyes that with pleasure on all faces roul, can no longer *Lucius* heart controul.

*Dyon*. See the difference of mens opinions; you ground your displeasure upon that which to me would be joy and satisfaction; for you complain because all the world loves your Mistress; do you think *Apollo* would make the worse household god for having had a Temple and an Oracle at *Delphos*? does not the fame of many Oracles give us faith that there is truth in his answers, or is he lessened in his Deity by having received a sacrifice, and given an answer? 'tis your case, nor has your jealousy any ground; for all those rivals you so apprehend come but like pilgrims to the princess, they approach no neerer then her Temple doors, her eyes, her ears, there they their offering pay, *Cicilia* is within; and while *Lucius* keeps his vertue, they may knock at her heart, but he only will be let in; for 'tis a truth, (that honour has in all ages proved) never any woman that had honour lost it by being handsomely beloved; for while she is pursued with honour, she can lose none; nor gain any when she pursues any man; therefore leave this sullen retreat and jealous humour, and know if the Princess be faulty 'tis when she seeks *Lucius*, not when *Amadeo*, or *Manlius* Court her; for 'tis certain, wooing women, if they do not want before, yet then they lose something of their value; and I do here confidently pronounce the vertuous Princess so innocent from all that you accuse her of, that she must commit a fault ere she can pardon *Lucius*.

*Lucius*. *Dyon* judges by the eye, so did I once, and purchas'd her friendship at the rate of my heart, because the prospect pleased me; but how sad and how unhealthy the seat has proved the world can witness; but thou, *Dyon*, and the rest that admire her now are but passengers, and such are by their eyes deceived as I was; but stay and inhabit in her mind, and then tell me how vain, how unconstant, and how ambitious *Cicilia* is of all friendships, which makes her unworthy of any; her vows have no roots, and such trees every passion shakes, and every cross withers.

*Dyon*. I have no patience to hear you give such a character of a heart you know too great for such low thoughts to possess; and



were you not my friend I should not suffer it.

*Lucius.* Who knows better then I? she had a great and gallant heart, the Empire too her own, till vanity betray'd it; but now 'tis torn and divided into several states; *Orante*, *Manlius*, and *Amadeo* have their several Provinces there; so might I, if I would be contented with a Colony; but I scorn a part, or corner of a heart; and till *Cicilia* be again reduced to Monarchy, I am free.

*Dyon.* If you have reason, return; and with your presence prevent this danger; and with your friendship defend her from such a destruction; this scandalous and sullen retreat betrays her to the enemy; had you heard her plead this day to the Pretor in your behalf, your soul would blush, and abhor this mean character.

*Lucius.* Have I denied my protection? did I not stay till she betrayed me to prison? have I not like the kind Shepherd stood all storms, to guard her Flock; which be it never so full or fair, if the Nymph that owns them subject be to stray as they, by our gods, I would not her Shepherd be, to become *Pan*. A Mistress that must be watch'd and folded every night, or else she will be gone, before I would her Lover be, I would change conditions with that Tree. What dost thou gaze at? this Bracelet? 'tis hers; and I confess it bound me more once then her arms can now; for since I find I have fellows in these chains, and that her Auburn Tresses grow as free as fair, and every Lover reaps her hair, *Dyon* must confess, 'tis not *Jason's* Fleece that I have won, though the *Medea* prove.

When *Lucius* points to the Tree, *Dyon* looks at his hand.

*Dyon, aside.* I must not cross him now, his jealousy is too high wrought; besides, I know his nature is easier led then drove; in this particular *Lucius* has some reason; nor can I justify a Maid in such actions; for women that will give and take, for fancy, are not safe; because custom may bring them to like some things so well as to purchase them they may be perswaded to buy and sell; then the man that can soonest flatter them into a bargain has the undoing of them.

*Lucius.* So he may; but whoever he be that will betray the Princess so, be sure *Lucius* be first in his grave, else all my rage thrown by, I shall find love enough to revenge, with sad fates, such a treason; for if I cannot suffer others to love her, Dogs gnaw me when I out-live him that hates her, though it be my self.

*Dyon.* There is much more reason in this passion then in your other Arguments; for if the Princess could have learn'd the guilt of other women, 'tis probable she might have learn'd their craft too, and dissembled; which I am certain her fervent kindness (pleading in tears upon her knees, vowing friendship and love for *Lucius*, receiving no denial, making all his crimes so many loves to her, and so many Arguments for her love and protection) will acquit her from; till that fatal Paper, which you sent the Prince, was by her Father given her, which when she had read she was struck with the unkindness, and the displeasure of that thought that told her *Lucius* had injur'd her.

*Lucius falls on Dyon's neck.*

*LUCIUS.*



*Lucius.* O *Dyon*, *Dyon*, thou hast perfect Honour; a Faithful friend dwells in *Dyon*, one whom misery, nor passion has divided from his Friend; when all the World arm'd against *Lucius*, he took my part; how I love thee for chiding me, and defending what I love! But alas, my Friend, my heart is grown sick of Love and fear: You must not believe all I say, I scarce do it myself; 'Tis my fear, not my faith, that speaks in this passion; yet she was too cruel, because she might be mistaken; *Manlius* mistook it you saw, for Love; how then can you blame me for thinking I am robb'd, when the Thief confesses the theft; guilty *Manlius* confess his Crime, which she hid, and cherish'd; But I hope, my Friend (when he has told her of my fears) will present them too as the effects of a distracted Lover, which I would fain beg her pardon for.

*Dyon.* Most gladly; 'Tis *Calis* her counsel too, that you should come in some disguise to the Gardiners house this evening, where she will give you an opportunity of speaking with the Princess.

*Lucius.* All my Rage, if she believe I love, will find her Excuse; for who is he that loves and will not fear to lose the thing he loves? Dear *Dyon*, she had wont to praise particularity and Constancy, and to admire it as the greatest vertue either Sex could arrive at; and call them the minds Chastity, without which what that woman will do with a Lover that Lusts so for a Lover, is easier fear'd then prevented.

*Dyon.* This I shall say; onely promise me to be quiet, till I come, and let your mind be in repose.

*Lucius.* I obey.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Enter Orante and Bandito.*

*Orante.* **T**Is *Lucius*, and *Dyon*, let them pass; This Evening, we must dispatch our business: *Amadeo* has her Fathers; But this *Cicilia*'s heart, and both my hate; and they shall both feel my rage as high as their hopes, or my despair; And while they dispute which in her affection Highest stood; Despis'd *Orante* shall fill the Scene with rage and Blood.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. III.

*Enter Otho, Clorinda, and Amadeo.*

*Clorinda.* **H**As your Highness seen your Sister since this misfortune?

*Otho.* No, Madam; her griefs are yet too fresh; 'tis better to give her passion some time to recover; This Night I mean to visit her, though I know her heart is struck deep with the injury *Lucius* did her; which is the more unsupportable, because we know his fault, which she cannot now hide from us, and therefore she will punish; And who knows but that it may take off that obstinate kindness she has set upon him?

*Amadeo.*

*Amadeo.* When you mention me, Sir, to her, pray onely present my Service, and be pleased to ask her, whether I shall have the honour of her Commands to *Rome*, whither, within few days, I shall depart, that my absence may give her leave to pursue her Friendship with *Lucius*, if it be his Fortune; and time, I hope, will reconcile to her mind the Name of *Amadeo*; But ere I go I shall beg the Honour to speak with her, and take a sad Farewel.

*Otho.* Your Highness is Melancholly, and I hope a day or two will remove it, and this resolution; To morrow, the Pretor has ordered to chase the Boar, a sport your Highness has not often seen in the vallies.

*Clorinda.* The open Countrey will sure make the Chase much more pleasant; for our hills keep us from being in at the fall, which is the heat, and pleasure of the Chase.

*Amadeo.* This is for to morrow; But I must know where to wait upon your Highness when *Lysander* returns, for I hear he has met with *Lucius*; I confels I would gladly, this Night, undeceive him, and if it were possible, embrace him as a friend; And then I may hope to see to morrow rise with Joy; For my heart witnesses I have no rancour against him, since I perceived all his Injuries to me proceeded from his Love to *Cicilia*; And since his Stars have prefer'd him before me; I shall be so Civil to her choice, as to believe *Lucius* much more fortunate and gallant then *Amadeo*.

*Otho.* Trust me, Sir, this is a kind of Complement I understand not; and I here profess, were I Rival with any Diety in the Love of fair *Clorinda*, I would make no Complement at this rate, till Hymen had decided whose the Reward should be.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Dyon and Cicilia.*

*Cicilia.* **T**His from *Lucius*? sure he is mad to urge me thus.

*Dyon.* **I** Alas, Madam, it was love in Excess corrupted into Jealousie, (not he) that said it, and his distraction is fitter for your pity, then your Anger. ----- 'Twas ill done of me, to tell her what he said in this passion!

*Aside:*

*She shows  
the challenge.*

*Cicilia.* Jealous? of whom? His own merit? that was onely fit to be suspected; This Paper is enough; he needed not to have blown the fire again; 'tis enough *Dyon*, and too late, he will find it; Cruel and sudden, may false winds blow in all thy thoughts false as those, thou told'st the Story of thy love in to me, too, too Credulous Fool, may storms of doubts and fears still afflict him, and distract his soul, as he has done mine, by a low mean Jealousie, which has rendred me Justly despis'd, for having so partially prefer'd *Lucius* before the world; *Amadeo*, *Orante*, all that were displeased, turn back and see me revenge you on my self, while I confels my punishment just, though nothing be more unjust, then *Lucius* to become my punisher.

*Dyon.* When your Passion, Madam, will give me leave to speak,  
I am



I am confident, I shall make it appear *Lucius* has no Crime to answer, but what has his Root in Love ; for even Jealousie has been held Loves fruit, and such as even hatred has relish'd.

*Cicilia.* Jealousie ! Who, that has Honour, can defend him, or his Injuries ? Does not the first word, Jealousie, whisper'd in a Lovers ear, call his Mistress whore ; And since false *Lucius* has thus incens'd my heart, and forc'd me to play *Ariadne's* part, expos'd and left on that barbarous Rock, his Breast, *Dyon*, shall see me, with this hair and Eyes, crown some Rival, and shine in another Sphere ; for though it break my heart, I will be revenged to the height ; and *Lucius* shall see a despairing despis'd Rival fold this breast in his surpriz'd Arms, and then his jealous heart will split with rage, and destroy the monster.

*Dyon.* Well, Madam, I shall take my leave, and hope to find an hour more seasonable, to deliver my Opinion in ; I shall onely beg now, that your Highness will not, in this Passion, take any sudden Resolution, lest your Repentance come too late. [*Exit Dyon.*]

*Enter Calis.*

*Cicilia.* O *Calis*, hadst thou come sooner thou might'st have been a Witness, and a Judge of the Cause, as well as a Partaker of the Rage I am in. *Lucius* has, by *Dyon*, sent me such a remedy for Love : Wouldst thou believe his poor heart should avow a Jealousie for the Prince, and accuse me, as if my heart were a Common Inn, for every wandring Lover to baite at.

*Calis.* 'Twas my fear his old disease had seized him ; But what can he say ?

*Cicilia.* All that his malice and his anger prompts him to ; But how false, Heaven and *Calis* can witness ; Ambition, Covetousness, Vanity ; All that is ill his Injurious soul has thrown upon me ; If ambition could have tempted me with her false light, How came *Valerius* to go single hence, whose birth and Fortunes were swell'd with the favour of two Kings, and in his power the disposing of all Honours, and all preferments of three rich Nations flowing with peace ; himself too a man made up of all the Gods : yet these and him I look'd upon with Indifference.

*Calis.* Your Highness was not born to wooe.

*Cicilia.* No, *Calis* ; and therefore *Valerius* had onely a Courtesie for a leg ; and this false man knows, 'twas neither Ambition, Beauty or Fortune, I loved, But Love ; If valour could have conquer'd, why did *Polydor* sigh ? If Courage would have forc'd my heart, it had been his, for there was a quiet Courage, and conquest without noise, an humble meek valour waited on *Polydor* ; why Jealous then ? Fool, Fool ; If Beauty could have charm'd me, thou might'st have feared *Thersis* ; for sure he would have been the business of my mind, before the world, *Thersis* must have been prefer'd, where beauty can take place, for there was beauty in all her choicest dress ; Manly negligence, unthought of graces, sweetness and softness in every look, no Art, all careless, natural and unaffected  
sweet-

sweetness, yet graceful and pleasant in every motion ; a harmony in his whole forme, with a kind languishing modesty in his eyes, that could he have loved, he promis'd such a nature as must have won ; if *Thersis* would have plaid these Cards he could not lose ; but 'twas no reason lookers on should win the stake they durst not venture for ; and if not of *Thersis*, why jealous ? Fool, fool.

*Cal.* Alas, Madam, nor these, nor *Turnus* with his Voice nor Harp that charm'd the world, could fetter your great mind. This I have heard him say, with vanity, in his joy.

*Cicil.* No *Calis*, his heart knows 'twas not these in all their glories could prevail ; nor one made up of all these could make me stoop ; all these without love, though I value them, I will not sacrifice my freedom to ; why then jealous ? Fool, fool. O *Calis*, if *Lucius* had not pretended other title to my heart, I had not now been miserable ; 'twas love, *Calis*, well dissembled love, which in a bleeding passion arm'd *Lucius* ; in silent tears he has assail'd my heart, *Lucius*, that durst fight, kneel'd, weeping at my feet ; *Lucius* that had wit and honour, stood dumb, not able to speak sence, but stammer'd out his story, while his breast swell'd with love and fear ; as if his kind heart were grown too big for his breast, and too little for his love ; when I saw that, I had no power to resist the storm ; but striking all my sails submitted my Resolution and my Reason to his grief ; and to cure his despair have made my self thus desperate ; for then, methought love had rais'd that storm ; methoughts I saw his painted wings wet with his tears, and scorch'd with his sighs, and love sure was moving in that storm ; nay, that storm was Love it self. O *Calis*, that shaking, that dumbness, those tears, his Quiver, Bow and Arrows are not more his characters, then they (when they are true) but these were dissembled all ; and my revenge shall be as curious now, as my love was then, which I will take at height ; follow *Calis*, and be a witness of that as thou hast been of my love and injuries ; no words ; By thy friendship, I conjure thee, no dispute ; for I am resolved. [Exeunt.

## ACT. II. SCEN. V.

*Enter Manlius and Calis, Dog'd by Orante and Banditoes.*

*Manl.* **V**ictory has undone us, and now our slaves lead us in triumph, and every passion commands *Manlius*, to whom this fatal peace has proved far more fierce then war, while lust fir'd by beauty burnt at every eye, and made slaves of virtue, honour, and all that is precious, till thy kindness, gentle *Calis*, restored to my heart her peace again ; without thy friendship, my despair had run to his old remedy, wounds ; for know, this breast is so used to them, 'tis scarce well but when 'tis wounded ; 'twas foul blood that made this war in my heart ; dear, let me ease it of that dangerous guest, lest it put me upon some new horrid crime.

*Cal.* *Manlius* is so severe against himself for one fault, which I know he cannot so soon repent as the Princess can forgive ; for she



she yet loves *Manlius* as part of *Lucius* ; whose guilt is so unpardonable, as if not suddenly redeemed, I fear a danger not to be resisted ; but I am now in haste, and cannot stay to tell you my fears (though it shall be my business to provide against it) because the Princess stays for me ; but to morrow I will not fail to bring her hither, as soon as the chase is up ; till when lye quiet, and leave the rest to me.

*Manl.* With what brow shall I see her ; having confess'd my sin to the Prince and my Brother ? which she had concealed ; her goodness still exceeds our guilt, which makes my crime more monstrous, and I that am to leave solliciting my love, find hourly greatness of mind, and new virtues to build upon ; and what at first was passion and lust she has digested into Reason, Love and Adoration ; what then rests for me to pay that debt I owe my friend ?

*Cal.* Let me see *Manlius* reconcil'd to himself, and honour once possess his place again, and I shall find a thousand ways to be happy in my friendship ; nor is the Princess so poor in virtue, but she can pay her debts to *Lucius*, and yet reserve an Alms for *Manlius* ; I heard her once confess your speech had such a wild boldness in it she took it rather for madness than love ; and it bred her pity, rather than anger, your friends too plead with her ; and though she will not chide for that sudden fact committed by chance, yet take heed of falling into the fit again ; 'twill then be look'd upon as a disease in *Manlius* ; and what is mercy now, to pass by, then her honour and justice will both be engaged to punish.

*Manl.* I am resolved, for now I dare dye again ; 'twill be always in my choice to dye fit for her pity when I cannot live fit for her friendship ; and having such a guide as *Calis* my heart will find the path it lost, and stray no more at this sad rate ; Good gods, how do they do that are villains always ! I have been one but some few days, but would not continue so ; I would live a Dog first.

*Cal.* Farewell, all peace rest with my friend ; this resistance, this return shews his virtues never to have been tempted ; never to have faln speaks only happy stars, no tried virtue ; to resist the temptation is worth the name of *Manlius*, to have brought back such a servant as *Manlius*, gone astray from honour, whose peace of mind is my reward.

*Manl.* I will not promise, till my heart be purged by confession of her faults, and beautified by the Princess's Pardon ; but then, if the ever noble-*Calis* would accept of such a present as *Manlius* friend, Death only shall make him leave to serve her.

*Cal.* No more ; when *Manlius* is least himself he was then a blessing *Calis* prayed for ; and 'twas happy for me that he fell from that height of honour, since this fall has made him mine ; if he had not lost some of his pride and value, I fear he would have joyned with the world in opinion that he was too great a blessing for *Calis* ; yet I kept my friendship perfect, and kinder stars have blest my love, whose humble wings never durst, till he was faulty, hope to reach his heart, and this fiery trial has but purified, not stain'd my friend, whom all the gods protect.

*Manl.* If your leisure could stay to hear me, I would chide *Calis* for descending so low as to value such a wretch as *Manlius* before her own vertue ; but I shall look upon all these kind thoughts, as so many links to the chain she has laid upon my heart, which by a faithful, grateful, and eternal friendship, shall make me esteem my self her slave whose honour and kindness has redeemed me.

*They embrace.*

*Cal.* No more, no more ;---*Calis* is too happy here ; to morrow, if heaven say Amen, I will find you, and bring the Princess with me.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

*Enter Orante, and a Banditoe, Turnus, and look after them*  
(*as they go out.*)

*Orante.* Ha ! *Manlius* a Rival too, and the foolish *Calis* believes he can forsake *Cicilia* for her, when honour and a Brothers interest could not bind him ; does she think her foolish Chains and Bracelets can bind his rough mind when lust and rage has blown his blood to such a height that the reverence and beauty of the Princess could not hold him in the bounds of his respects ? but why do I trouble my self with this, since 'tis a chance has done more for me then all I could have design'd ; the Princess will be here alone, to morrow.

*Band.* And shall she go again ? if she do, I would *Orante* were in his grave ; Death, Sir, do something, to vex that cursed brood ; since she will not have your love, take her honour, and please her in spite of her teeth, and then you shall see all her Lovers stare upon each other, and pass by her as if she were stinking fish, and I dye laughing to see that proud fool of fortune vexed to death ; 'twould be a full revenge on *Amadeo*, and *Otho* too, that insolent Roman ; then *Lucius*, how he would storm ! S'death, do it, or let me do it, and do you look on ; we can escape in this disguise, the act once done, by flying to our own shapes again.

*Orante.* I love her yet enough to be pleas'd in the act ; and I have hate enough to take pleasure in vexing her, the revenge will be high too.

*Band.* She will come alone too ; S'death, 'tis such an occasion ; if we had design'd a revenge we could not have hoped it ; and if you let it pass when your pleasure and your anger both prompt you, I shall never blame *Otho* for despising you, for I shall do it my self ; the thought affects me, 'twill so vex her soul to have the crooked, ugly, despis'd, lame *Orante* enjoy her, without making an excuse, and pluck that fruit her pride has let Princes sue for upon their knees ; I would do it too, in this old womans habit, while we perswade her 'twas the Devil in a Witches shape ; you shall not be seen till we have bound her ; why do you study ? Is there any thing in our fortune or danger worth *Orante's* thoughts ? is not death after this revenge better then to live depos'd and despis'd ?

*Orante.* It is decreed ; hence Love, all thy charms thus I blow away ; and a thousand thanks, kind *Turnus*, for awaking my heart from



from that sleepy coldness that has slaved it thus long, the mischief will be more then the pleasure pleasing; and to enjoy her, and despise her, full revenge for her past scorn, and satisfaction for my despis'd love; in her Rape both my blood and mind will taste their several sweets; love in lawful bed might have found one pleasure; but now my revenge will have her share too; this stroke strikes all at once, Father, Brother, Rivals; the whole Nation are wounded in it, who in their women are more concern'd then in their gods.

*Band.* And, which addes more to the pleasure, she that would have satisfi'd any Lover rather then *Orante* shall taste no other man.

*Orante.* No, *Turnus*, nor live (if this Dagger hold his temper) to distinguish betwixt *Orante's* kisses and *Lucius's*.

*Band.* If she be of the true Roman breed you may spare your pains; for *Cicilia* will find a Dagger of her own, while *Tarquin Orante*, in the old womans habit, laughs unseen.

*Orante.* First we must kill *Manlius*, lest he play some pranks, and hinder our design.

*Band.* That shall be my business, as soon as 'tis dark, I know his Quarter; let us lose no time, but call our friends together, for to morrow will be quickly here. [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Enter Cicilia, and Clorinda, and Amadeo follows them.*

*Clor.* **Y**our pardon, Madam, for this intrusion, which, but upon this occasion, I should not have committed; my Brother being to take his leave, if not troublesome, would say something of his own griefs; whose sad story I fear I may spoil in the delivery.

*Amad.* 'Tis little, Madam, I have to say; your pardon for having said I loved, and leave to love you still; your pity and your justice, for a passion most reasonable, because 'twas of an object most divine, is what I now shall beg; nor can you with justice punish me for what has honour to justify it self with; when it shall be a crime to love the Princess *Cicilia* as *Amadeo* does, without desiring her to be unjust to her self; without taking one favour from him that has so highly deserved above me: for I shall not be so partial to my self, as to question the judgement of your choice; yet thus much I may say, my heart has never lost one grain of that honour 'twas born to, nor one spark of that fire it first took at *Cicilia's* eyes; Absence, time, nor War, no, not *Cicilia's* love to another, could change my heart; though rigid honour made me once fly from her, yet that love and honour both now have call'd me back; and again send me from this Paradise to eternal misery. This Riddle, Madam, those Tyrants will read best to your mind.

*Cicil.* That you could know my fate, Sir, and I not tell it you!

you'll find me so miserable, I can neither be happy, nor make you so ; yet time will justify me to the Prince, by giving him unimagined reasons of my misfortunes. I know your Highness will when you are gone, at least, inquire after *Cicilia*, if then ; I do not let you see *Lucius* had only my passion, and Prince *Amadeo* my reason, then let him condemn me ; and at such a rate I will punish my rash heart for giving it self away upon so little trial, as even your self shall pity me ; and when I lose that esteem for your Highness virtue that a gallant man can pretend to, and not lose his value of me, then let all the world despise me, more I cannot say ; all that I can give with honour, take.

*Amad.* He that desires more must not have such an object as your Highness, nor such a subject as *Amadeo's* heart to work upon ; who now without envy looks upon *Lucius* and his fortune. For heaven witness, I have all the ends my heart desires in the friendship of the fair *Cicilia*.

*Enter Calis, and Lucius as from the Garden-house.*

*Cal.* Stay here, till I find the Princess ; Remember you observe my counsel, let her passion pass ; answer little, defend nothing, for your fault is not to be justified ; besides, I know when you are silent her anger will want what to say ; but from your answer she will still gather substance to express her displeasure, which is such as I fear you will scarce excuse, especially since your last madness ; what made you send *Dyon* to her with that ridiculous Message which has almost distracted her ?

*Lucius.* What is past is not to be remedied ; 'twas *Lysander* told me she gave the Prince a visit since we fought ; and that *Amadeo* and *Clorinda* are never from her, which being my enemies, and she knowing their design upon her, and my relation to her, methinks, till my return it would not have been unreasonable to have expected she should have kept a distance with my Rival, and my Enemies.---Hah ! see where they are, and *Amadeo* on his knees kisses her hand, Hell strike him ; ha ! she weeps too : O *Calis*, *Calis*, she is false, she is false, she is perjur'd ; trust the Wind, or Sea as soon as any woman ; what can she say now, let it be chance or design in both, she is false, *Cicilia's* false. [Exit Lucius.]

*Cal.* Stay, you are mad ; what should this mean ? his rage is beyond counsel ; this accident is beyond my guess.

*Cicil.* Ha ! what voice was that ?

*Amad.* A lying one, and a Traytors 'twas, whoever he be that spoke it ; and if he escape me, Fortune shall do more for him than justice dares do for me.

*Cal.* Stay, Sir, give me leave to speak before your anger take its course.

*Cicil.* Hold, Sir ; whoever he be, he is not worth your sword ; My innocence none can better justify then your self ; and none that has honour will question mine ; and I beg this favour from the Prince, to look on some few days, and see me take mine own revenge.

*He draws his sword and follows, Amadeo meets Calis at the door.*



venge for this scandal ; till to morrow, Madam, I must desire your pardon for parting thus abruptly.-----*Calis*, a word.

[*Exeunt* *Cicilia* and *Calis*.]

*Clor.* 'Twas *Lucius*'s voyce.

*Amad.* I knew that, but was loath to grieve her heart with telling her so.

*Clor.* You must expect his fury should discharge it self upon you ; therefore be so just to the Princess, as calmly to tell him his error ; and upon how unreasonable grounds he builds his jealousy, this will confirm what you have said to her ; for every fault *Lucius* commits her kindness makes heavy to her ; and what ere you may believe, let him be never so guilty, she will not love his punisher ; for to make his faults publick by *Amadeo*, is to upbraid her ; and if you would destroy a Rival more gracious than your self, wisely see, and seem to hide his faults ; then all your gallantry is his poyson, and obligations upon her ; I would not now fight with him till he struck me ; and that patience shall win more from a generous heart, like hers, then thou canst possibly reap with thy sword ; for she and all the world knows, 'tis not fear of *Lucius* but love to *Cicilia* makes *Amadeo* spare even his enemy, because she loves him.

*Amad.* Dear *Clorinda*, from love and thee I have learn'd two hard lessons ; 'tis to stoop to Love and Anger ; and I shall only expect what he will do, and resolve in order to thy counsel ; I confess, I now begin to pity him, even my self that was this morning his enemy ; sure Fortune begins to frown upon him, there was strange malice in this chance, to bring him to see that only which must vex him.

[*Exeunt*.]

### ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*Enter* *Lucius solus*.

*Lucius.* **T**O morrow they hunt in the Forrest ; I will meet him, and in this disguise take my revenge ; if he escape me, let him take her for whom I scorn to fight ; but that I hate him more then I love her ; besides, I know 'twill strike her soul to have him fall by me, and to see him kill'd for whom she broke her faith ; this revenge will render her despis'd, having neither Honour nor a Lover left.

[*Exit*.]

### ACT. III. SCEN. III.

*Enter* *Cicilia* and *Calis*.

*Cicil.* **O** *Calis*, how vain are our thoughts, how endless those desires that rule our hearts ! *Lucius*'s jealousy has so humbled my heart, so discouraged me in the pursuit of happiness, that my soul is grown desperate ; 'tis vanity for any Maid to hope by Reason, or Vertue, to tie any man to her friendship ; the blind pur-

pursuit of some, may by chance some minutes be happy ; But no Rule can prescribe a certain way to make a Lover happy ; Now I find, it had been better far for me to have had a nature like other common women, with a mind easily satisfied, and in a modest Ignorance have believed all that their false Sex said, and have taken what my fate would have sent me, then to labour the knowledge of the best minds, and, with a sweet Vexation, make my self fit for such as I cannot find, so to be onely more miserable then other Women ; for they in their folly gain that bliss I in my dreams have onely found, and not knowing better enjoy all their wishes, living contented, and dying loving, and lamented, whilst I in pain languish, having lost that pride and value of my self which *Lucius* once begot ; But 'twas flattery all ; I am not fair nor virtuous sure ; There is no Magick in this Form, as that dissembler swore ; Else were those graces here, how came *Lucius* to despise me ? Had I virtue, how durst that dissembler doubt my honour ? O *Calis*, this scorn has robb'd me of all my Friendship, I have scarce enough left to protect my breast against my own hands, which hate the heart that this false youth has wounded ; Therefore no more, no more, I know 'twas he, and I am resolv'd ; and since *Calis* has sworn to be secret, she shall now know my design.

*Calis*. Madam, I was never so much *Lucius's* as to abandon your Highness, for him ; when I can serve him without prejudice of my Faith, I shall do it, in memory that he was once your friend.

*Cicilia*. That Idle thought is past and gone, my anger is resolved into Reason ; yet his Injuries are such, that I can calmly tell thee, thou might'st assoon reconcile that Eternal Quarrel betwixt death and Nature, as *Lucius* and my heart. His jealousy has committed such low sins ; I wonder he is not ashamed to converse with such mean thoughts ; and I hate my self, to think I was such a fool as to let it be twice in *Lucius* his power to Injure me ; But, from this hour, all the memory I shall retain of such a Crime as his Friendship, shall be to shew him I am Innocent when his Repentance shall come too late.

*Calis*. I hear, and grieve to hear, ( You are both Subject to passion ) and your miseries are like to be as great as your hearts ; And though I dare say, neither of you love any thing better then each other, Yet that Love is like to be a fatal Enemy ; for your Anger and displeasure is as high as his Jealousie and Rage ; No one of you having patience to defer your Anger, or Revenge, till you see each other ; This wild Justice, which both pursue thus passionately, I fear you and all that love you may repent too late.

*Cicilia*. That's my hope, and my design, that misery is now my souls wish, for you know I am Innocent ; But since *Lucius* can doubt my Honour twice, and not speak to me once, he shall never be satisfied by *Cicilia* but when it must breed his despair, which shall onely find him when I am out of possibility to redeem him. For know, my soul is resolved to Morrow to find his Rival, and give him all the Joys I had laid up in store for *Lucius* ; Though it  
break



break my heart, I will do it; which I know 'twill do, when I shall find my self embraced by his Rival. This (*Calis*) is the Revenge I will take upon his Jealous Soul; and, if he love, 'twill wound him more then his own Dagger; For to a Lover it must be perfect misery, to see his Mistress condemned to a loathed Bed.

*Calis.* Heaven forbid ---- upon my knees, Madam, I beg, you will not Sacrifice to your passion all things that ought to be precious with your self, your Friends, and your honour; No one of which but must be stained and wounded by this Action; And give me leave to say, 'tis not all the virtues that wait upon *Amadeo*, though in your lawful Bed, can preserve your Highness from the Censure of the world. In this Action you will lose many grains of Honour; for though the Prince weigh down *Lucius*, yet *Lucius* had your Faith.

*Cicilia.* *Amadeo*? No, *Calis*; Prince *Amadeo* is as far distant from his hope, as *Lucius*.

*Calis.* Not *Amadeo*? Heaven guard my poor heart; If *Manlius* be the man, I am lost; for I cannot with honour hinder his hopes; what shall I believe?

*Cicilia.* When saw you *Manlius*?

*Calis.* Ha! Now, *Manlius*, thou shalt find I love thee above my self. Lately, Madam, and a sad penitent for his Crimes; Is there no hope his repentance may find your pardon; are his faults allied to *Lucius*? I hope they are, else *Calis* is miserable. (*aside.*)

*Cicilia.* No, fears, *Calis*; my Intent is to punish the faults in one brother, not to encourage them in the other; and my fate guides me to a Revenge on *Lucius*, not *Calis* that's my friend.

*Calis.* Then the gods are favourable to Prince *Amadeo*.

*Cicilia.* No, *Calis*; Prince *Amadeo* has too many virtues to make me happy, as *Lucius* has too few; and 'twill be as great a dishonour for *Cicilia* to marry the Prince, as 'tis virtue in me to renounce *Lucius*.

*Calis.* Too many virtues? Heaven bless me, what fine points do we propose to make our selves miserable! too much honour, and too many virtues, to become *Cicilia*'s Hymens; this is a Riddle I understand not.

*Cicilia.* To be reveng'd, and save mine honour, is now my business; not to give my fame to punish *Lucius*; Can you persuade the world that I left *Lucius*, and resolv'd to punish my self for his Crimes, when they see me married to *Amadeo*? A man that is made up of all that is Excellent, Great, or Honourable? one that might Justifie a Maid, even in the breach of Faith? should I marry him, 'twould make the guilty *Lucius* Innocent; and Innocent *Cicilia* as black in story as jealous *Lucius* shall be; for who will stick to say, when we are married, *Lucius* then was Jealous upon too sad a ground? No, *Calis*, having practised and known the virtues of *Amadeo*, I confess, my heart told me he was a Subject fit for any Lovers fear, where he would become a Rival; Therefore betimes, to prevent such a danger as *Lucius* his Jealousie, you can witness I gave *Lucius* my vows and faith, before the gods and thee; And after

after that, to have him doubt, and not onely fear, but call me false, robbing me of that honour, and good Name, which with his life he should have defended, making himself those scandalls a Gallant man would have stabb'd, or strangled in the bosome of a Brother ? But *Lucius* is false ; 'tis not a kind fear which all that Love must have ; but a mean jealousy, which does not onely make me unfit for his Friendship, but the esteem of all gallant men ; This is his Crime, which *Lucius* may live to repent.

*Calis.* If not *Amadeo*, what rests then, where is the Rival ?

*Cicilia.* *Orante*.

*Calis.* *Orante*, what of him ?

*Cicilia.* To that wretched Creature Fortune has reserved *Cicilia*, not for his good, nor that she owed him a blessing ; But for my Curse, my Affliction ; To that wretch I will give my self ; To him my vows of faith, if he will receive me, are now design'd.

*Calis.* *Orante* ! Heaven forbid.

*Cicilia.* Yes, *Calis*, I will marry *Orante*, notwithstanding thy wonder, and all the worlds, and having vowed to him pay him a faith as just and observant as *Lucius* should have had ; And that false man shall see, honour obliges me as much to that wretch as love should have done to him ; This way, *Calis*, thou shalt see thy friend revenged, and the world shall justifie me, and say, *Lucius* was jealous without a Cause ; for, sure *Orante* is a Subject few or none will believe I should break my faith for ; and when *Lucius* shall see him possess of what he loved, the vexation that his heart must feel will be my Revenge.

*Calis.* But will your Highness, in a Passion, destroy your self, and punish all that love you because one has been false ? Did you love nothing but *Lucius* ? What have we that are your friends done ? that you should afflict us thus, to see you make your self miserable beyond Redemption ? sure you never loved *Lucius*.

*Cicilia.* Yes, *Calis*, and 'twas my Crime ; for I have loved and obliged him beyond his hopes, beyond reason or Justice, preferr'd him before a gallanter man then himself ; you know I loved him, First, for his fears, and they were lovely then, and his doubts as obliging as his jealousy injurious now ; And this Act will let him see I never loved any thing but *Lucius*.

*Calis.* But suppose *Lucius* despise you for this Act.

*Cicilia.* Why then I will suffer for having loved one so unworthy.

*Calis.* If *Lucius* his faults had not their Roots in Love and jealousy I should not defend him ; me-thinks I should love him more for doubting his fortune, then for a saucy confidence of me, till I was his ; There must be something, Madam, of the vain and insolent, that pretend to love, and wooe without fear, or doubt ; *Rage in a Lover I should take for Love it self* ; If *Lucius* had loved another, then a high Revenge were due ; But all your anger strives to punish him for loving you ; suppose a friend falls, suppose he goes astray, suppose he be sick, shall we then be angry ? one of these is *Lucius* his case.

*Cicilia.*



*Cicilia.* This I know, and that *Orante's* body is furnish'd with a mind more mishap'd; one that will omit no means to gain his ends; one whose Lust prevails with him more then Honour or Conscience, which beast in the mind add even to his deformity; and has bred such an invincible hatred against me; Yet now I will stoop even to that hate, and suffer my self to be miserable beyond example; My time will be the shorter to out-live the injuries of so false a man as *Lucius*.

*Calis.* But what have we that are your friends, or Prince *Amadeo* done, that you should punish us?

*Cicilia.* I have said Prince *Amadeo* has too many Virtues; and could I love again he were the man; This I said when I thought my self happiest, else I should not say it now; This I said, when I refused *Amadeo*, else I should not say it now when *Lucius* has refused me; And when thou seest him tell him this story, he will hate *Lucius*, and pity me, who will punish my self and become fit for his pity, for not having been wise enough to preserve my self fit for his Love, of which crime *Lucius* was the original guilt.

*Calis.* Can you forgive *Orante* all his deformities, all the sins and wickednesses that are natural to him, and marry what you have ever loathed, and not forgive *Lucius* that loves you, *Lucius* that you have loved, one fault, one crime? A sin yet to be disputed, whether it be so in Love or no; for Jealousie was once Love, Jealousie in the root none doubts is Love; 'Tis true, what the fruit may be is doubtful; But *Lucius* his Jealousie yet has onely born unhandsome fears, passionate cholerick words.

*Cicilia.* O *Calis*, thou art yet to seek what abused Love is, thy Fortune was kind by chance, that made thee alwayes love unbelov'd again; But when thou shalt be sought to by divers Gallant Men, till thy free Heart fix on one, whom thy kindness will oblige above the world; When neither Honour, Person, nor parts could tempt thee; when, like me, thou shalt have loved for Love onely; then to find thy self deceived, suspected, injur'd, and despised by him for whom thy partial kindness has thus made war against the world, as I have done for *Lucius*, then thy Honour will fire thy Heart; and rather then not be revenged, like me, strike thorow thy own Breast rather then let such a sin pass unpunished; Disdain and Scorn will rise in the face of Love, when thou shalt see thy faith and kindness accused for false by one that begg'd at thy feet till his false tears had gain'd thy Charity; And now the sawcy Beggar will proportion and give Rules to my Bounty, and confine that Honour, that pity, that kindness, that from a Beggar, made him Master of my Heart; This ingrateful, dissembling, insolent, jealous, injurious Lover, is *Lucius*; and I by my Folly made so miserable, as to find a pleasure in being reveng'd on the thing I loved; which design to morrow I will pursue: And, by all thy Friendship I conjure thee, plead no more against my Resolution; But, in order to thy Oath, prepare for to morrow; and when the chase is up we may avoid the company and retire to some

place, to put on that disguise which I have already furnish'd, till when Farewell. ———

[Exit Cicilia.]

*Calis.* Something I must do to prevent this mischief; when she hath spoke with *Manlius* the occasion will be fit; and to morrow, when we return to put on our disguise, I will lead her as by chance into *Juno's* grove, 'twill be proper to conceal her; And those sacred limits will afford a privacy fit to reconcile us; which being once done, I will break all vows rather then see her throw her self into the loathed embraces of *Orante*, though I will not now oppose her Passion.

[Exit.]

### ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Otho and Clorinda.*

*Otho.* **T**His time has been so full of Tempests, Madam, the storm would scarce give Loves gentle wings leave to flie in the Court; Jealousie and foolish Passion, those Birds of prey, still stooping at his Mothers Doves; And here, where Love should be heard sing, mutinous war has given our Hearts more Alarms then the Camp; But now these troubles are blown over, I shall hope 'tis not unseasonable to invite the Prince to honour our *Hymen's* with his presence.

*Clorinda.* *Amadeo* is yet all the staff *Clorinda* can in Honour lean upon; and I hope he will not refuse this hand now, when I am to walk in paths so strange to *Clorinda* as *Hymen* leads to; For though *Otho* had my hand to be his Bride, yet *Amadeo* must not be forgot, that has alwayes been kind as a Lover, faithful as a Brother; And 'twill shew a kind of insensibleness in me to desire his stay, onely to add to this affliction by seeing others happy, and then to begin his misery; Nor would I punish *Otho* for others faults, by delaying his rights, which I confess are due; This streight your kindness must lead me through.

[Exeunt.]

### ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

*Enter Bandito and Turnus.*

*Turnus.* **S**oftly, and follow me; now you have seen him make ready; The first that meets him shoot. Saw you the Prince *Orante*?

*Bandito.* Not since he went to the *Hermit's*; 'Tis late, I wonder they stay thus long.

*Turnus.* Stand close, I hear some body coming.

[Here enters Orante and whistles.]

*Orante.* Be ready, he comes.

*Turnus.* Away then, we will follow you.

[Exeunt omnes.]

A C T.



## ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

*Enter Lucius and a Hermit.**Lucius.* MY Brother at your Hermitage ?*Hermit.* Yes, and *Calis* with him ; They are now gone to walk in the Grove, they have some design to morrow, I heard them appoint it ; This path will bring us to him ; and I am confident when you see him you cannot but pity him ; So sad, and so dejected a Mind I never saw, yet I have concealed him all I can.*Lucius.* His poor mean Treachery was the first step to my misery ; Had he been true to either of us, *Amadeo* had not lived to have acted , or *Lucius* suff'ered a second Injury : And all the tyes of Brother can scarce forget his Crime, though I know he hates himself for it.*Hermit.* 'Twill be Charity at least to reconcile your self to him.*Lucius.* His Injuries are yet too fresh ; pray let a day or two pass, and then we will meet at your Cell and embrace ; till then, no words of my being here : The Sun is low, and I will retire to your Brothers Hermitage.

## ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

*Enter Manlius (solus.)**Manlius.* THE Repentance of this Crime has brought a quiet and a calmness over my Mind ; Anger, Jealousie, nor Lust have no longer power over me. One good Resolution has dispers'd them all ; I am now Master of my self again, and can with the world see and admire that Star without Ambition of plucking it from Heaven, and aspiring to its place ; I could find *Lucius*, and kiss his feet, ask him pardon, and rejoyce to see him possess the blessing I have lost, and, without Envy, hear him call the Divine *Cicilia* his ; This storm has made the Harbour sweet ; I had such perpetual quiet, such constant happiness, before I knew not the value of it. This Affliction wak'ned me ; and if to morrow be fortunate in the Princesses Pardon, all the rest of my dayes will be full of Joy and *Calis* Friendship.[*Enter Banditoes and shoot him, he draws and fights with them, they wound him, and he falls.*]*Enter Orante.**Orante.* Away, I hear company, leave him.----- [Exeunt.*Manlius.* Oh my Fate ! this is sad to die I know neither how, nor why, and fall ere I have made my Peace with the Princess ; a fullen Fate has prevented me to be grateful to *Calis*.

*Enter Lucius and the Hermit.*

*Lucius.* 'Twas a shoot.

*Hermit.* 'Twas so, and in this place, What might it mean?

*Lucius.* Hark, I hear some body groan.

*Lucius runs  
to him.  
He stirs.*

*Hermit.* Ha! your Brother lies murdered, *Manlius*; Sir, 'tis your Brother calls, he faints, give him aire.

*Lucius.* Quickly find his wounds that we may bind them; then we will convey him to your Cell, where I have some remedies.

*Hermit.* Trouble not your self with that; if his wounds be not mortall, I have a Balsam will give him a suddain remedy.

*Lucius.* While you attend this Cure I will find the Murtherer, he cannot be far.

*Hermit.* Help me to convey his body to the Cell.

*Lucius.* Poor *Manlius*, thou art my Brother still, for all thy Crimes. —

*Exeunt.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Orante and Turnus.*

*Orante.* SO, this is past, and we are farr enough from search; this poor habit will secure us; yet 'tis good to be privately armed, lest any suspition find us.

*Turnus.* To night he cannot be found in that unfrequented place, and our business will be done early in the Morning.

*Orante.* Where shall we expect her?

*Turnus.* Upon the entrance into the wood, where we can stand and see them undiscovered; when they are entred seize and bind them; and convey them to *Juno's* Grove, whose privacy will be fit for our design; For being sacred to the Roman Deities, none will come there to disturb us: The Act once done, you may resolve to quit this shape and stay; or protected by your disguise thus escape.

*Orante.* I am not satisfied with your leaving *Manlius*: The fellow saies he was not dead, and believes his wounds but sleight.

*Turnus.* Sleight? A shot and two thrusts, that you may see thorow him; if he licks them whole time enough to hurt us, I would have the *Pretor* keep him to lick the Army, instead of leading them, he will heal them as soon as a Charm; Besides, I have no Malice to him, he was always a good plain fighting fellow, that would never talk much; one that when he was out-witted would repair to his hand still, and use his cold Iron as his last Argument: I have seen him so beat a better wit then himself, for disputing with him beyond his Reason, that he could have wish'd himself a fool to have been out of his hands: Besides, he is none of our Enemy in this quarrel; Alas, he is as angry as we, a poor despised Lover, and mutinies against Prince and Brother; He is a lame Cripple of *Cupids*, that hath both the blind ones against him;

Love



Love and Fortune are both his Enemies, and a Man need no more affliction in this world then to be in Love, and have those two declare against him.

*Orante.* Let us not part to night, that we may be sure to attend our design to morrow. —

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T. I V. S C E N. V.

*Enter Lyfander and Dyon.*

*Lyfander.* **T**He Princes are both in their Chambers, and now a making ready for the Chase.

*Dyon.* But *Manlius* is missing, and *Lucius* though banished, is not far off; His Peace is made by the generous Prince *Amadeo*, and was for certain, last night, at the Gardiners little house in the Grove; *Calis* confesses she brought him thither, and that he flew from her in a Rage when he saw the Prince *Amadeo* taking his leave of the Princess *Cicilia*, and mistook their parting for a conclusion of what his jealousy has apprehended; This, if you meet him, you are to assure him of from *Calis* and my self, that his mind may find some peace; Let us divide our selves, he was seen to enter this wood, and his Horse was taken up this Morning loose; I will take this path, and we will meet in the place where the Hounds are uncoupled; Let not the *Pretor* know he is hereabouts, till we have spoken with him.

*Lyfander.* I shall observe; but if there were no other way to women then these Princes find *Lyfander* would curse his Starrs; Dost thou think there is so much to boot betwixt a woman and a woman as these foxes pretend? If there be, I thank the Gods for my ignorance, that understand not the difference of the commodity in my practice; Sweet, and young, and kind, if found, goes farr, and when they were alone they would all hear Reason that I have had to do with: But here is such fighting, and sighing, such hunting and losing, and squatting, starting, and turning of a Coney, such erring, swearing and staring, and Puss is as angry as any of the kennel of Mad-men that hunt her. Are all *Roman* Princesses thus hard to be caught? Sure he that gets this will not complain she is tough; And if a hunted Mistris be a good Bed-fellow, bid him put this in crust; I warrant her she will eat short, yet I have heard a Lover say, his Mistriss Heart cannot be too soft, nor her Arse too hard to make a servant good sawce.

*Dyon.* Beast, such a description I expected from thy Camp, and sucklers observations; And how many servants does't thou think Gentle-folks can in Honour make happy?

*Lyfander.* In a Day and a Night, how do you mean?

*Dyon.* No, no, in all her life, fool?

*Lyfander.* Why, a Regiment of Horse, and a Brigade of Foot, I dare say, *Faustina* has past so many pikes as that comes to; and yet she works for her living, and has no good convenience to dispatch her business neither; had she time and opportunities that

that your idle Ladies throw away; their several rooms, and loneness when they please; she would have done brave things.

*Dyon.* If I had malice enough to publish this in the Court, how the women would all to behang thee for this roguish opinion; why I tell thee, 'tis sometimes seven year ere a good sufficient Lover gets leave to kiss his Mistrefs, and fourteen ere she kiss him again; but to let two men kiss her, Heresie, and they are burnt; I never heard of but one that was seduced, or perswaded to that Heresie; and the Rogue told of her, but no body durst believe him; for the Plague is not more mortal then such a discovery against a Platonick Lover of this age.

*Lysand.* And do we take pains to preserve this Race of Fools? prithee, let them find and kill each other, to the end of the Chapter; S'dearth, if my Lady, or her woman, should deny to do the reason when she had time to answer my Question; By this hilt I would hide this blade in her belly; A pox of this fooling, Does your Prince use my Princess so? By this hand, if I did not think he had knocked her down ere this I would poyson him; she is a blade, in faith, *Dyon*, none of your no forsooth, none of your whyning no fies: By this hand, if she does not strike first she has couzen'd *Lysander*; heark, I hear the horn sound in the plain.

*Dyon.* Farewel then, till the Chase is done; and then I will bring you to *Calis*, and she shall make you a Platonick Lover.

*Lysand.* I will be gelt as soon as be converted by that whyning Broker; she is *Cupid's* Baud, and withers in her Petti-coat, for one of those thousand Curt'sies she has done for others, she loves men for loving other folks, and she has reason; for unless she mends her face she will scarce do it, for loving her; *Calis's* old sayings, and I had as many Maiden-heads as she has brok'd away, I would not be dis-virginated in a year; she hunts *Manlius* counter; and if he go on when will they meet, less in a Comedy? where to see an old reverend Maid that has sate seven ages in a Court Receiver of Loves Customs, at last, pretend with Arguments to perswade a Souldier to the love of shadows, Platonique friendship, 'twill be as ridiculous as the Miller that laid the Sack upon his neck, and then got up to ease his Mare. Farewel, *Dyon*. [Exeunt.

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Lucius, and Hermit.*

*Lucius.* **N** Either this last night, nor this morning, could I find any that I could suspect for this murther; those were the Keepers, and to them I dare not be seen; the woods are full of people, sure the Pretor hunts to day.

*Herm.* He does so, I spake with the Master of the Game this morning when they were pitching of the Toyles.

*Lucius.* I lost my horse last night, and I fear I may be discovered by him; therefore I will retire; and if you can discover any news in your Cell I will expect you; I will to my Brother, who since  
he



he has rested gives me hope his arm will not hinder our search in finding out who it was that shot him.

*Herm.* I have perswaded him to eat something ; fasting and loss of blood are both dangerous for him ; I will mingle my self among the people, and to all but *Calis* conceal your abode.

*Lucius.* Pray do so, and tell her *Manlius* and my self are reconcil'd, but mention not his being hurt.

*Herm.* I observe you.

[*Exit Hermit.*

*Lucius.* How unreasonable a thing an enraged man is ! since I have listned to *Manlius* his discourse I find the fault my heart has committed against the divine *Cicilia* such as I cannot hope for pardon ; a fault so great and so unjust I am so far from believing she will forgive me, I cannot forgive my self ; what a fool a Lover may be ? what beast but *Lucius* could have doubted *Cicilia* ? there is a folly in jealousy, and a kind of cowardize ; I wonder any thing that is man, and has conversed with honour, could let it prevail over his thoughts ; there is nothing so maliciously bent to the destruction of Love and Honour as jealousy ; it strikes at the first blow the root of both honours, the Lovers and the Loved ; it calls her what is not fit to be beloved, and tells her we are incapable of loving ; that low passion calls our selves what we would not hear another say, nor live with that man that we believe thinks so ; *Lysander* had reason when he despis'd my jealousy, because it confest my Rival deserv'd better then my self ; else my Mistress is either a fool or false vanity ; though it be poyson to love, yet in this case a little is Physick, and allowed to defend us against the danger of jealousy ; all Treacles have some poyson, which like the key open the door to let the Cordial in ; vanity in a healthy proportion, and taken in season, may do our selves justice, and defend our loves ; and *Cicilia* would sooner have forgiven *Lucius* a little vanity then this jealousy ; *Lucius* might have said, what if *Amadeo* be a Prince, and *Lucius* a subject ; is not *Cicilia* a Princess too ? and what though the world prefer *Amadeo*, she has chosen *Lucius* ; and if I have grace in her eyes, let him be happy where he will : what if *Amadeo* have *Otho's* consent, while I have *Cicilia's* faith ? this I ought to have whisper'd to my soul ; and when my fears apprehended *Amadeo's* person, or his parts, my thoughts should have prompted me, *Cicilia* had honour and friendship for *Lucius* ; and those thoughts would have smother'd that fire which jealous anger bred in my unfortunate breast ; and rather have dy'd then doubted the fair *Cicilia*, while intemperate love, I fear, has thrown down the Altar we were so long a building ; unless her goodness will still act more of the Deity then *Lucius* of the fool or mad-man.

*Enter to him the Hermit.*

*Herm.* Sir, the Forest is full of people ; the Pretor and the stranger Princes are all abroad ; the Game was up, and all men inquired for you and your Brother ; your horse was taken up this morning ; I saw the Princess *Cicilia*, *Calis* was with her, they are both sad ; 'tis my opinion you retire till *Calis* come.

*Lucius.* I will follow you ; men in mis-fortunes have a large Stage

Stage to shew themselves upon; and he that Acts well, be his part never so Tragical, leaves the blame upon his Stars ; I am now engaged, Love and Honour have brought me on ; and though jealousy has made me stray , yet those guides will find the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Calis, and Cicilia. They strip themselves of their upper Garments, and remain in Boys habit, they are followed by Orante and the Bandito.*

*Cicil.* **I**N this disguise I will make my revenge perfect, though my fortune be miserable; 'tis not *Orante's* deformed body, and soul crookeder then his back, lost his fame, low as his condition, and a nature worse then his fortune, shall make me change my resolution; to whose loathed embraces I will now fly; yet here I confess, death's cold lean arms would be welcomer far, could I then see *Lucius* miserable; no reply, as thou lovest me, but haste to the place of our retreat till this business is over.

*Enter Orante, like an old Beggar-Woman, leaning upon her Staff.*

*Oran.* Stay, fond Girls, and know your fates from me; Weak and poor your designs are; you may vow to what gods you please; but here in this place you shall find your Destiny at his utmost date, born to enjoy nothing but what you fear and hate; sieze upon them.

*Enter Bandito and Turnus, they sieze upon them, cover their heads, and force them away.*

[*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Amadeo, and Lysander.*

*Amadeo.* **P**Rithee, *Lysander*, stay; my heart bodes some ill, there is a heaviness upon it will not let me enjoy neither the Company nor the sport to day; saw you which way the Princess *Cicilia* went?

*Lysander.* *Calis* and she entred the Wood but now, and see where their Clothes lie.

*Amadeo.* Heaven, what may those pretend? Some violence sure, Murder, Treason.

*Lysander.* Undoubted, Thieves would have taken their clothes; see, there is money in their pockets, and a paper directed to *Lucius*; hold, Sir, I apprehend from this paper the Princess has taken some resolution to absent her self from the Court, to avoid being solicited in your highness behalf; for, faulty as he is, she loves *Lucius*.

*Amadeo.* It must be so, let us away, and find the Prince; Bring the

*they look  
on the  
clothes,  
They search  
their Pockets.*



the clothes, that they may know the chance, I cannot guess enough to satisfy my troubled mind, my fears have robb'd me of my Reason ; See the Prince.

*Enter Otho, Clorinda, and Marius.*

*Otho.* What means this ?

*Amadeo.* Here in this place we found them, and this Letter directed to *Lucius*.

*Marius.* Heaven guard my Child.

*Clorinda.* All the gods protect the Princess.

*Otho.* From all but her own Passion I believe she is safe ; but I know her heart is troubled at *Lucius* his Jealousie ; I fear she has taken some desperate resolution ; Pray, Sir, open that Letter ; for I am confident she there tells him all her thoughts.

*Marius.* Ha, *Orante* ! to find *Orante* ? to give him her vows, and faith for ever, to marry *Orante*, to be reveng'd on *Lucius*, [all *O-* *rante* ? *Read, Read,* ] my eyes are lost in tears ; *Otho* ; your severity has forc'd her to this Justification of her love to *Lucius*. *Marius reads the Letter. He gives them the Paper.*

*Otho.* Away, Sir, let us all divide, and beset the Wood, they cannot escape, 'tis but now we parted ; for heavens sake disperse, lest the sad delay beget the Curse she threatens, *Orante's* bride ? a Grave rather, good heaven, thou see her in that loathed place.

*Clorinda.* If we can find her, Sir, all is safe ; I know, she has so much kindness, honour, and duty, she will not refuse to give up her trouble and passion to your Authority ; I know 'tis onely Melancholly, and displeasure against *Lucius* ; Which kindness from your Highness will in a little time remove. She still with tears lamented to me your Highness severity, and that of late the brother was quite buried in you, and all you said or did, was full of the Statesman, and the Prince, without a thought of her love, nor the least kind sense of her, or her wishes ; and being thus abandoned by a brother, wanting some kind friend, to lament ; to sadness, and grief, having no vent, *Lucius* his Injuries has made her take this desperate resolution ; and I am glad *Calis* is with her, a person of too much honour and discretion to consent to this design, though she may seem to comply with her passion.

*Amadeo.* However, let us not delay finding of her, and I believe 'tis fit conceal our knowledge of this Paper till her minde be quieted.

*Marius.* Divide then ; *Otho*, come you along with me.

*Amadeo.* *Lysander*, let us take this path. --- No *Clorinda*, there is *Clorinda* your path ; Blush not gentle Maid, *Otho* is a Prince, whose friendship no Maid ought to be ashamed of ; Be faithful to him and his fortune, dear *Clorinda* ; Else all the kindness thou stealest from him is not worth the taking ; Love and Honour him next the gods, let *Otho* possess thy heart, and then thou art kind to *Amadeo*. *would follow Amadeo, and he stops her.*

*Otho.* This generosity in *Amadeo* is more chains than those we load Our Captives with, and I willingly stoop to him ; for 'tis no dishonour to be overcome by Prince *Amadeo* ; the great Example



of Honour and friendship; But if the unfortunate *Cicilia* had not been condemn'd to misery she might have paid a part of this Debt; But fate that gave such a Jewel to the world as *Clorinda*, and *Amadeo*, knew too well their Price, and therefore appointed them for fortune, not merit, to possess.

*Clorinda*. Any time but this my thirsty soul would watch ages to drink the Joy it has, to hear you vie who should love each other best; while I smile to see how much a maid out-loves you both; which I do, or my heart deceives me; for I am sure I would. And what a lover kindly would is to a Lover Currant pay; for Love is all as happy, and as obliging in the will, when 'tis placed upon a Noble Subject, as the Act itself; But we lose time, and with that hazard the most precious things of the Earth; *Otho's* sister, and *Amadeo's* Friend, which Title Reason and her Passion both have given me.

*Amadeo*. In the plains we will meet if we miss them in the Woods.

*Clorinda*. Haste, *Amadeo*; a Lovers Eye is as curious in his search as the *Cretan* hound in Chase; and my divining soul tells me *Amadeo* must find her though he lose himself. [Exeunt omnes.]

### ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter *Manlius*, and *Lucius*, (as from the Hermitage.)

*Lucius*. **O** *Manlius*, the gods then decreed my ruine when they let thee fall from Honour; Thy wilde Injuries distracted me; A Brother and a Friend at once I lost, and at a time when I had most need of Counsel, Anger having broke her bounds, despising love and reason; and that hedge thrown down all the ills that uncollected man is capable of, like weeds, possess my wild breast, and over-ran my mind.

*Manlius*. I cannot but wonder at your Jealousie for those few days past, when I was so bold in ill, as to tell her my crime; she was then all *Lucius's*; The gods and my Brother had onely Interest in her heart; Nor can I, in all your discourse, gather one cause of anger but her silence, that onely was her fault; for she was not in Passion though *Lucius* was; and therefore her friendship should calmly have cleared his doubts, and rather have quenched his anger with kindness then have kindled hers at his passion.

*Lucius*. No more, dear *Manlius*; though thou art now my dear Brother, yet from thee my kindness must not hear the least detracting word, not a thought that tends to accusing the Princess; 'Tis the Quarrel I have against myself, which no friend shall reconcile; I hate *Lucius* for that sin so much, that thy kindness, which is now new heat by a happy reconciliation, and would now receive all impressions from thee easier and readier then before our unkindness; I must not hear thee speak in that strain: shall I, that would not have heard my bosome friend say the Princess loved *Lucius*, endure



endure to hear it told me, she is false? as if her love had been a Crime or sin, and her falshood a virtue? No; dear *Manlius*, thou canst witness, with a Sacred Reverence We held our Loves, till this fatal Jealousie robb'd me of my Reason.

*Manlius.* Reason had saved us both, But the gods will not let Reason be always in Season; Men came too near their Deity, did not our Passions master us, could we keep them tame and low, how quickly our hearts would have found the precipice we stood upon; When we both made it our business to find arguments to hate what we loved, and with tongues and words strove to publish to the world that lie that said *Manlius* hated *Lucius*, or *Lucius* could hate *Cicilia*.

*Luc.* And I, that all my days despised the worlds opinion, and their way of love: Did we love like the common people? Did we make the world our Judge, or guide to love by? No, no, nor shall their depraved Customs stand Examples for *Lucius* now his Reason is returned. How I will oppose her past favors against my present fears, and they will defend *Lucius*; This thought, and such a friend as *Manlius* yesterday might have saved me from this misery; He might have told me how late I came to Court; When love with all his strength had besieged her heart, youth and beauty, honour and fortune, power and wealth, were there seconded by all that were famous for Arts or Parts; Thus engaged I found her heart, yet their Batteries, nor Mines, nor Assaults, nor Intelligence within, could win the Excellent *Cicilia*; who, with honour made defence, till *Lucius*, (Then too happy *Lucius*) came and rais'd the siege; In which he such glory got, he stood the envy of the gods and men, till this Cursed Jealousie struck him to the Earth.

*Manlius.* Had not I been mad too, a friend might have saved us both; a Friend is the staff and safety of our Peace; he might have said, shall we, when a friend loses a Limb, or Childe, or any other the lesser gifts of Fortune; Or if by sickness afflicted, will *Lucius* in these cases be sad, and shew an Extraordinary kindness in Tears, or diligence to give them Comfort; and when his Mistress has broke her Faith, or lost her Honour, will he then be angry, and seek a Revenge? how unreasonable were such an Action, to add his afflictions to the shame and trouble of her mind; her guilt would be load enough without thy hatred or thy anger; sooner fatal wounds should let out my life, to banish from her sight an Object that upbraids her, ere I revil'd the name I lov'd; such a hate declares 'twas self-love, else thou wouldst pity her now; and in this sickness of her mind, at all rates of mercy and kindness, compass her peace; such a generous silence, and handsome bearing of her Injuries would speak thy love to her; and who knows what such a Cordial may work upon the most desperate disease that love is subject to, and restore her heart, or at least pay that debt *Lucius* owes her, whose mercy could not see him sad, but at the rate of her self once bought his Peace.

*Lucius.* O *Manlius*, chide me still, chide me, till my blushing soul has with shame and hatred of my self expiated my guilt.

*Manlius.* Hearn, Sir, the Noise of people draws this way, pray let us retire ; and if *Calis* can prevail with the Princess, here you may find an unexpected blessing, for she has promised me as soon as they can lose the Company, to guide her, as if 'twere by chance, to this place, to beg her pardon for that fault which you must both forgive ; But I would not have her see you, till *Calis* be acquainted with your being here ; Hearn, they draw near , pray let us retire.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Enter Orante, Turnus, and Bandito, leading in Cicilia and Calis.*

*Cicilia.* **O** *Calis*, 'tis *Orante*, I know his voyce through his disguise.

*Turnus.* 'Tis so.

*Orante.* Yes, 'tis *Orante* , That *Orante* your scorn and Malice so lively described even now ; But thy knowledge of him will cost thee dear ; for when I have took my pleasure of thee prepare to die, I will try if your Curious Lover can find by those steps which my Lust shall leave on thy proud Body, who it was trod down thy Virgin Flower ; Know fond woman, thy scorn has made me hide self in a thousand shapes ; But to take a full Revenge, which I now shall do, by thine own folly ; This Occasion *Calis* gave me ; for which *Manlius* shall thank her ; for know ( 'twice betray'd ) thou art come hither to meet the lust of *Manlius*, who here was appointed to expect thee ; But that danger my Interest, not hate to him, nor kindness to thee, has removed ; And when those Souldiers have entertain'd themselves with *Calis*, they will shew her where she may busie her self with burying of him.

*Calis.* O monster, unheard of Villany !

*Orante.* 'Tis high revenge to vex you, and to have in my power to force what your scorn would not give ; and now know , all the Treasure that the Earth has shewn, or hid ; All that Treason has bought or Sold ; All that the Sword hath won or lost ; All that Love hath given, or lust has cost, shall not buy from me this Revenge ; *Turnus*, bind her, and then leave us.

*Cicilia.* *Calis*, O Heaven, do'st thou see this, and not protect the Innocent ?

[*She resists.*

*While they are binding her, Orante kisses her by Force, while they hold her.*

*Orante.* How sweet this Rose smells ; Much more Honey is there in this Nectar, then in that *Jove* drinks ; Dispatch, *Turnus*, that my soul may be drunk with Beauty and Revenge ; Let Heaven frown another Age upon *Orante*, if Fortune would but give him such another Revenge.

*Turnus.* They are tongue-ty'd already.

*Orante*



*Orante.* Dumb, *Cicilia*? How their Hearts swell, now they play  
*Orantes* part, her Heart would burst now to be revenged; This is  
 that pastime your scorn used to take upon *Orante*; Come dispatch,  
 no resistance. -----A Bracelet of this *Orante* now might wear with-  
 out wooing for, but that *Lucius* and *Amadeo* would be jealous.

*He holds her  
 by the hair  
 and kisses  
 her.*

*Cicilia.* Ye Gods, what words can express this villany! what  
 voice can speak the Injuries and Rage my Soul suffers! Heaven in  
 Thunder tell this monster what I designed for him; and then to  
 punish that crime save but my Honour, and let thy lightning strike  
 him through this unfortunate breast.

*Turnus.* S' death, I think they have gotten mens minds  
 and strength with their breeches; A Jury that should condemn  
 your Highness of a Rape upon either of these two alone, ought  
 to be hanged themselves for false Rogues; 'Twere an even lay  
 a Jury did not do it; S' death, she bites, and scratches, hold her  
 hands, a pox.---S' death, you whore, had it been a little higher  
 it had sped my plough: What shall we do now? she will be  
 mischievous. -----

*Turnus  
 struggles all  
 this while to  
 bind her.*

*Orante takes her by one hand, and strug-  
 gles with her, she snatches his dagger  
 from his pocket and stabs him; he leaps  
 off, and she stabs Turnus: He looks on  
 the wound, and runs at her with his  
 sword, Orante beats down the thrust.*

*Orante.* Hell upon it, kill her, and I will enjoy her while she is  
 warm; any thing rather than let her have her fullen will to die a  
 Maid, and rob me of my Revenge.

*[He runs at her, she puts by the sword.]*

*Cicilia.* Hold, Villain, till I have spoke, and then do what Hell  
 and thou shalt decree; for having thus secured my Honour from  
 thy force I can smile on death. From my last words take this  
 truth, and believe me; though thou hatest me, I am not so wicked  
 voluntarily to go to my grave with an usefess lie in my mouth;  
 Stir not, leave that vain thought that bids you hope to disarm me;  
 for know, though this dagger and a feeble arm be not able to de-  
 fend *Cicilia*; Yet she has Honour enough to defend her Honour,  
 and kill *Cicilia*, which I shall do upon the first step that moves  
 this way. Know then, thou hast prevented thy own Fortune,  
 for witness Heaven, (to which thou hast now forced me take a hasty  
 journey) my business and this disguise was to find an occasion to  
 give my self to *Orante* for a Bride, if he would have received me.

*Orante.* Ha! it cannot be, this lie will not save you.

*Cicilia.* No, monster, 'tis so much truth I will not be saved;  
 for I confess, I ought to die for having so base a thought; Yet be-  
 cause thou shalt believe what I say, thou owest me nothing for that  
 desire; for had *Lucius* been worth the having, or *Cicilia* worth  
 the presenting to generous *Amadeo*, *Orante* should never have had  
 her; whom my Soul feared and loathed, and my Heart divining  
 some horrid villany from thee, has alwayes trembled at thy Name;  
 and but to punish my self and jealous *Lucius*, *Orante* had sunk un-  
 thought of.

*Orante.*

*Orante.* Riddles, by Heaven Riddles; But I shall find an *Oedipus* to read them.

*Calis.* No monster, the truth is too sad; And hadst thou been a Man of Honour, and fit for any *Hymens* but one enraged and blind with Passion, *Amadeo* had this day been happy; But his Honour made him unhappy, having as much nobleness more then weight, as thy base mind was poor and destitute of good.

*Cicilia.* 'Tis truth she tells thee, and now I defie thee. This kind Remedy Heaven has sent me against all my past miseries; And thy horrid intents are the loud calls, the Gods have used to bid me make haste to them; and if thou movest one step this way, thus I go.

*Orante.* Shall foolish fear or pity make me afraid to embrace or enjoy *Cicilia*? Fond Girl, dost thou believe I will lose thee when there is onely the difficulty of a dagger betwixt us? No, proud fair one, thou art mine in the spite of Fate; even in thy dying groans, 'tis decreed, I will enjoy thee.——

[*He runs to her, she stabs her self, he closes and struggles with her for the dagger.*

*Calis.* Help, Rape, Murther, Treason, help, Murther, Treason, Rape, help for Heavens sake, Treason, Treason, O horrid Villains!——

[*They struggle still.*

*Orante.* Stop her mouth.——

[*A Souldier goes to her and stops her mouth.*

*Sould.* Hold your prating, or I shall cut your wezill.

*Enter Lucius and Manlius, with his Arm in a scarfe, with their swords drawn.*

*Manlius.* This way the noise called, 'twas a womans voice that cried for help; Ha! See, Sir, the same that wounded me last night.--

[*They set upon them, all fight, Lucius kills Turnus, Manlius kills one of the Bandito's, while a Souldier shoots Lucius; He falls, Orante wounds Manlius, and he falls, the third Souldier falls too; Orante onely remains upon his feet, goes to Lucius, disarms, and treads upon him.*

*Orante.* So, this danger is past; and there is yet enough left of the proud *Cicilia* to satisfy my Revenge.

*Lucius and Manlius.* *Cicilia*, and *Calis*, Heaven! what chance, what calamity is this?

*Cicilia.* Dost thou wonder, false Man, to see the ruine thy jealous Soul has made of all our happiness? Murther, Self-murther, Rape and dishonour threatned, Self-murther, whose black path thy jealous Heart has forced me to tread, to save that Honour *Lucius* would first have ravished. Live, and find all that thou mistrustedst innocent; And, for thy Curse, let them thou trustest next be as false as *Lucius*.

*Lucius.* O my Fate! Why have I liv'd to see this day? *Orante*, be yet so kind in thy crime as kill me. Durst thou stab? Hadst thou



thou a power to strike that breast, and find remorse at mine that am thy Rival? Villain, or kill me, or be sure thy hated soul shall never sleep in that cursed body of thine, though when 'tis let out 'twill but change Hells; Dog, dost thou smile upon our miseries?

*Cicil.* Thy jealousy struck deeper, and more fatal, than his Dagger; that gave the first wound, that struck my fame, and wounded more than his fury can; false and unkind, thou deceived'st my heart, and wert false to her that loved thee; this wretch has only acted that my hatred ever feared; the world expected nothing better from *Orante*, branded and mark'd from heaven, and despis'd by men; But *Lucius*, jealous *Lucius*, has deceived both gods and men, and abus'd their trust; but these wounds, I hope, will justify me, and punish *Lucius*, and deceive the hopes of cursed *Orante*. [*She faints and falls.*]

*Lucius.* Heaven lend your hand, to save the Princess.---O, my fate!---- [*He offers to rise and falls.*]

*Cal.* If I were loose, I might call for help.

*Manl.* Like Birds with broken wings we lye expecting sad fates, to be the spoil and scorn of the foolish fowler; sure I have so much strength as to crawl to *Calis*.

[*While he crawles to Calis, and unbinds her; Orante lifts up Cicilia.*]

*Oran.* She is faint, but not dead, now she is tame enough; see *Lucius*, this was your *Cicilia*; there is beauty, and pleasure even in her dust. [*He kisses her.*]

*Lucius and Manlius.* Villain, Murderer,

*Lucius.* Oh ye gods! lend, but so much strength as to save the noblest of women. [*Orante laughs.*]

*Oran.* Sure heaven's kind to *Orante*; what musick there is in their cries.

*Cal.* Help, Murder; Treason, help! [*Exit Calis.*]

*Oran.* Ha! loose, I must not lose; time when I have dispatch'd this, then prepare yourselves to bear us company.-----*Lucius*, this Orante kisses her.  
kiss grew upon *Cicilia's* lips, fruits design'd for thee jealous fool, He kisses her  
which thus I gather, lest it wither on the Tree. Farewel, *Lucius*, again. He takes her  
the scorn'd *Orante* with all this deformity will leave thee to ima- up in his  
gine the rest; be all the world curs'd, so I am blest. arm, and  
carries her

*Lucius and Manlius.* Help heaven, Murder and Treason. out.

*Oran.* Ha! *Amadeo* and *Calis*; then Fortune's a whore, Lye They fight,  
thou there; yet he is alone, and *Orante* never fear'd a single sword. *Calis* un- binds the  
---Hold, 'tis enough; death could never have come so unwel- Princess,  
come as now; had he staid his visit till my revenge had been per- takes up a  
fect I would have saved thy sword this pains; for I had no such sword, and  
foolish thought as to out-live this day, in which I would have made runs to kill  
some as fit for graves as *Orante*; Hell on that Sun-shine that made *Orante*, just as he falls  
me believe there was one hour of joy destin'd for *Orante*; my fate under Ama-  
is now all spun in one thred; from the first to the last accurs'd. deo.

*Cal.* O, Sir; leave talking with that monster, and lend your help here to save the Princess, that now breathes her last breath, murder'd by that horrid villain. Amad.



*Amad.* The Princess! Heaven forbid. [*He goes to the Princess.*]

*Oran.* There is musick in that voyce, so she dyes; I care not so no body else has her, 'tis no pain to lose her,

*Cicil.* O *Calis*, is it thy arms that embrace me?

*Cal.* Yes, Madam, and your fears are blown over by Prince *Amadeo*, sent from heaven to revenge, and save our honours.

[*The Hermit runs for a Balsam, and the Alarm is gone to the Pretor and her Brother.*]

*Cicil.* Prince *Amadeo*! are his hands sent from heaven to heal the wounds *Lucius* gave a heart that loved him beyond her Reason; for I know, 'twas her blindness in me that neglected *Amadeo*; but faith and passion must plead for me, yet this truth let me leave with you; though I liv'd by love and vows *Lucius's*; yet his injuries have made me room to dye *Amadeo's*, who had my value in spite of my passion: do not despise me, Sir; for though this heart once swell'd with *Lucius*, proud of that name, while he was faithful; yet since he could doubt, it breaks with *Amadeo*. There lies that false man that beat it from him, when it pursu'd him with all that love and kindness could pay; 'twas his ignorance in the value made him neglect such a Jewel, whilst I too much priz'd his broken friendship which has broke my heart; yet by all the peace he has robb'd me of I have not lost one grain of honour the gods gave me in trust, but what his jealous heart has stoln from me, and pull'd strange curses down.

*Lucius.* Hold, gentle *Cicilia*, cease to find a new curse; your hate is mortal enough; and if your wounds give you leave, you will find *Lucius* needs no enemy but *Lucius*; since he has lived to dye unpitied, unlamented by *Cicilia's*, who shall make his funeral fire since she has frown'd upon him? she said *Lucius* was false; who then will mourn him? she has condemn'd; after whose sentence he scorns to live; *Cicilia* liv'd *Lucius's*; and dyes *Amadeo's*; O heaven, after she has condemn'd him, why should your thunder spare *Lucius*? yet thus innocent he will fall, and these wounds witness *Lucius's* innocence, who liv'd and dy'd *Cicilia's*; whose name only fill'd his heart, and with it thus it breaks; to shew that jealousy, though it be a weed, yet it springs from noble seed; and no where to be found but in Loves richest ground; a sad truth avowed by pale *Lycoris*, and proved by unfortunate *Lucius*.

*Cicil.* O, what has he done! O hold his hand, for Heavens sake.

*Lucius.* What have I done? why, I have let out cruel *Cicilia*, that she might flow to Prince *Amadeo*?

*Manl.* O *Lucius*, Brother, Friend; what has thy rash hand done?

*Lucius.* I have done that I would always do to the man the Princess *Cicilia* hates, destroy'd him; yet this advantage my story will have, I found no peace after she withdrew her friendship; yet my crime was only excess of love, unpractis'd love; dear *Manlius* knows I was so unpractis'd in loves passion; it cut a Brother and a Friend from my heart to make room for *Cicilia*; but love

*He stabs himself.*



was a rude guest, and thus I have forced him from my heart, where he has broke all Laws of Hospitality ; O, 'tis late, and this darkness over my eyes tells me I am neer my home ; *Manlius*, thy hand. Farewell, forgive me, Madam ; Behold I dye, would your hate have more ? Behold I dye, nor shall I repent my fall, if my death find that faith my love could not, who never fear'd nor lov'd any thing but the fair *Cicilia* ; and at what rate, witness this fate :

*Cicil.* O, help to lead me to him.-----O *Lucius* stay, and hear my last breath (in sighs) give my sad heart the lye for having said it loved ought but *Lucius* ; see these wounds that I wear for *Lucius* ; had I not lov'd thee why did I select thee from all the world ? O look up, and in charity out-live me ; for dying *Lucius* brings despair and horror on my soul ; O ye gods, lend so much life, at least, to tell my story ; and from dying *Cicilia* take this truth ; Prince *Amadeo* has surprizing vertues ; but 'twas *Lucius* his jealousy made me see them, 'twas his injuries pleaded more then they ; the Prince call'd long before ; and yet my heart was deaf to love and him ; this *Lucius* knows, who severely has punish'd that passion, that distraction which he begot ; Not one word ? can *Lucius* his heart be so incens'd as to forget all humanity and civility too ? Death, sure will not refuse thy eyes so much light as to wait upon thy once dear *Cicilia* to her grave ; O kind heaven, forbid that my sad heart that could not be happy here should meet *Lucius* frowning in Elizium too ; there at least let us be friends, that we may meet and mourn this part of our story, and kindly seek each others shadow ; for I am kind enough to believe and mourn the wounds that I have given *Lucius* ; and I hope *Lucius* will be so kind to me as to believe these wounds bleed for *Lucius*, who thus dyes upon his breast ; and would fain get into that heart again from whence thy cruel kindness forc'd me. One cold kiss I will take, and then farewell ; did *Lucius* ever love ? O be merciful, and say so, though it be false ; there is less sin in such a well natur'd lye, then with a cruel truth to add to a friends dying misery, who thus with wounds and prayers her heart sets ope to seek the flying soul of welcome *Lucius*, lov'd companion of my heart.

*Amad.* O *Lucius*, can thy soul be deaf to such charms as these, of force to raise a Lover from his ashes ! O look up, and see *Amadeo* offer all his hopes to *Lucius* ; Live gentle soul ; if thou hunt'st for Paradise, here 'tis most perfect in the friendship of this generous Princess.

*Lucius.* Prince *Amadeo* is noble, the Princess divine, all Angel ; and *Lucius* too earthy to aspire such a friendship.

*Cicil.* The gods give us but a span of days, and we with folly waste that too ; O for an hour to thank Prince *Amadeo*, and weep to *Lucius* those truths which now break my heart ! who if he be just will kindly read and understand these sighs, and love these tears.

*Amad.* Every common spirit can indulge an appetite ; choler, lust and revenge prevail with every beast ; but man the noblest creature, made to delight and imitate his Creator, appointed ma-

ster over the rest, should in such difficulties as these (Madam) justify himself Prince of the earth ; and this act is my duty as a man ; but as *Amadeo*, a double tie of honour obliges me, being a Prince of men, from whom with what justice (Madam) can I expect obedience when they see me rebel against the gods ; and thus yield to my slaves, of which this passion (being unjust) is one and with what shame shall I appear when it shall be said, that's the *Amadeo* that disputed a great War against the Roman Eagles ; and in peace stoop'd to this Kite, this blind Boy ; No, Madam, these be the fiery trials that must distinguish and justify great and vertuous minds ; they are storms, not harbours, in which the skilful shew their vertue and their courage.

*Amad. joins  
their bands  
together.*

*Lucius.* Great, and noble *Amadeo*, still, by mind and birth a Prince!

*Amad.* Curse on his heart that breaks this love, noble *Lucius* ; lovely in his crimes which were but loving crimes ; and all these wounds and tears betwixt you are but like the thorns that grow about the Rose, whose beauty made me thy Rival ; look up, and see me deck thy breast ; of whom I prophesie all that is great and good, while she grows there ; but when she shall withdraw her friendship, even in *Amadeo's* heart she'll pass for low, and very woman ; forsaken *Lucius* will find constant enjoyments then beauty or any other love ; those doubts, this friendship, and the divers faults, but shew the Masker in his several shapes ; your rage, his doubts, those fears, were but loves chains and charms, which unpractis'd *Lucius* took for *Love in Arms*.

*Lucius.* Sure we are in heaven already.

*Enter Otho, Clorinda, Marius, Lyfander, Dyon, Cleon,  
and Attendants.*

*They all kneel  
about her.*

*Mar.* Good heaven, what a sight is here ? *Cicilia* ! what sad fate is this !

*Otho.* O my dear, dear Sister !

*Clor.* This was unkindly done to steal away from us such a Pattern of vertue and honour ; to leave me ignorant, and alone, to tread the sad world when she is gone which was my guide ; how shall I do but stray and lose my way ! I fear I shall never find my friends.

*Herm.* No Questions, nor more discourse, if you love them ; there is no kindness like rest.

*Cicil.* *Clorinda, Otho,* dear *Otho*, come neer ; and if ever thy Sister were dear to thee, love and forgive *Lucius* : *Lucius* the best Lover, but the worst expresser of his passion that ever sunk under that god's displeasure. O *Otho*, in one grave let our sad Corps lye, that we may, at least, become one earth.

*Amad.* Use no words, give them no answers, I pray, but help to convey them to some place of rest ; lest you strive too late to prevent the ruine this danger threatens.

*They take up  
their bodies.*

*Mar.* Was your Highness a witness of this action ?

*Amad.*



*Anad.* No, Sir, I came too late ; but from *Calis*, within, you may hear the relation.

*Mar.* What a day is here ? how different are the Torches from those that should have burn'd ? Hymens yellow one must to the black, I fear, give place ; Ha ! who is that ? *Orante* disguis'd.

*Cal.* Yes, Sir ; and the foundation upon which all these miseries depend ; this is the curs'd cause of all this sad day, 'twas destin'd to passion ; but a Scene so full of blood and fate no thought could ever have fear'd, though I confess her Highness was bent to execute a very extravagant resolution.

*Herm.* A Fever only may beget our fears ; else I find no danger, there being no vital part perish'd ; 'tis only loss of blood, which thus in faintness binds their senses.

*Otho.* Heavens send a blessing that I may shew to my Sister how much a Brother *Otho* is, while this hated dog lyes unburied, and unpitied by the world. [ *He spurns Orante.* ]

*Mar.* Draw him and his cursed company off this sacred ground ; and then let their hated Carcasses lye a prey for Birds and Beasts, while we in procession bear these Lovers ; and when you have purg'd this consecrated place from blood and murder, to morrow we will sacrifice *Hecatombs* to *Juno*, the Deliverer, in expiation of these Lovers crimes ; and joyn with you in vows and prayers that kind destiny will restore them to us, while I provide displeased Hymens Rites may no longer want the vows their hearts have writ in heaven.

*Clor.* And if heaven smile upon our sacrifice, let me beg Prince *Otho* will defer our joys to wait upon their happy days ; for I confess my superstitious soul dares not approach the Temple thus alone, whil'st death and black shadow my heart ; sure it must be a fatal Bridal-bed that stands so neer the grave of friends.

*Otho.* Be your desire the eternal law to *Otho* ; let her love and command, while I love to obey *Clorinda*.

*Manl.* Here *Calis*, I have one hand yet left, which thus I will lift to heaven ; and call all the gods to witness that love and faith, which here I give to *Calis*, and her peace for ever ; and if thy much afflicted heart can forgive what is past, and love *Manlius* ; we will vye with all the world for blessings, our miseries will then be pastime ; and these dangers, scap'd, with more joy told then now they are fear'd.

*Cal.* The gods have heard my prayers ; and now I am confident the Princess will be happy ; and we mortals are vain foolish judges of what heaven can or will do ; we measure the Deity by our weak capacity, who thus in justice lets us fall beyond our hopes, to raise us thus above our wishes.

*Mar.* Lead, holy men, and we will follow ; and with patience obey in bearing my own bowels ; but if kind heaven smile, how happy shall *Marius* lay down his gray hairs, after a sacrifice to the Hymens of my *Otho*, and ever dear *Cicilia*.

*Clor.* That was the voyce of heaven, piety and faith lay holy violent hands upon the gods, it hastens their blessings, and it breaks

breaks their rods ; and my heart foretells me your aged vertues have yet rewards in store ; and that *Cicilia* as well as *Clorinda* shall receive an Hymeneal blessing from you ; let no jealous Lover look Hymen in the face, but trembling call to mind the fortune of this place.

*Herm.* Let all men sing, and in full Chorus joyn, and detest this crime. An ancient *Druid* left this sacred Hymn, and against jealousy commanded all to sing full Chorus round the Temple.

The Song in Parts.

*Q.* From whence was first this Fury hurl'd,  
This jealousy into the world ?  
From Hell ? *A.* No, there doth reign  
Eternal hatred with disdain.  
But she the Daughter is of Love,  
Sister of Beauty. *Q.* Then above  
She must derive, from the third Sphear,  
Her heavenly off-spring ? *A.* Neither there,  
From those immortal flames could she  
Draw her cold frozen Pedigree.  
*Q.* If not in Heaven, nor Hell, where then  
Had she her birth ? *A.* In the hearts of men.  
Beauty and fear did her create  
Younger then Love, elder then hate,  
Sister to both by Beauties side,  
To Love by Fear, to hate all'd.  
Despair her Issue is, whose Race  
Of fruitful mischiefs drowns the space  
Of the wide earth in a swoln floud  
Of wrath, revenge, spight, rage and bloud.  
*Q.* Oh ! how can such a spurious line  
Proceed from Parents so divine ?  
*A.* As streams which from their Crystal Spring  
Do sweet and clear their Waters bring ;  
Yet mingling with the brackish main,  
Nor taste, nor colour they retain.  
*Q.* Yet Rivers 'twixt their banks do flow  
Still fresh, can jealousy do so ?  
*A.* Yes, while she keeps the steadfast ground  
Of hope and fear, her equal bound ;  
Hope, sprung from favour, worth, or chance,  
Towards the fair object doth advance :  
While fear as watchful Sentinel  
Doth the invading Foe repell ;  
And jealousy thus mixt doth prove  
The season and the salt of Love.  
But when Fear takes a larger scope,  
Stifling the child Reason, Hope ;

then



*Then sitting on the usurp'd Throne,  
She, like a Tyrant, rules alone;  
As the wild Ocean unconfind;  
And rages as the Northern Wind.*

This Chorus was written by M. *Thomas Carew*, Cup-bearer to *Charles* the First; and sung in a Masque at *White-hall*, Anno 1633. And I presume to make use of it here, because in the first design, 'twas writ at my request upon a dispute held betwixt Mistress *Cicilia Crofts* and my self, where he was present; she being then Maid of Honour: this I have set down, lest any man should believe me so foolish as to steal such a Poem from so famous an Author; or so vain as to pretend to the making of it my self; and those that are not satisfied with this Apology, and this Song in this place; I am always ready to give them a worse of mine own.

Written by *THOMAS KILLIGREW*,  
Resident for *CHARLES* the Second  
in *Venice*, August, 1651.

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F I N I S.

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THOMASO,

OR,

The Wanderer:

A

COMEDY.

The Scene *MADRID*.

---

Written in *MADRID*.

BY

*THOMAS KILLIGREW*:

In Two Parts.

---

DEDICATED

TO THE

FAIR AND KIND FRIENDS

TO

Prince *PALATINE*

*POLIXANDER*.

---

*LONDON*:

Printed by *J. M.* for *Henry Herringman*, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in  
the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

Don Pedro, A Noble Spaniard, and late Commander in the Spanish Army.

Don Johanne, } His Friends.

Don Carlo, }

A lean Don, }

Another Don, } Officers of the Army.

An Italian. }

Three French Gentlemen.

A Prince of Poland.

A Flanders Merchant.

Don Mathias, One of Lucetta's maintainers.

Stephano, His Friend.

Lopus, The Mountebank.

Scarramucha, His Man.

Thomaso, The Wanderer. An English Cavaleer, who had serv'd in the Spanish Army.

Edwardo, } English Gentlemen, his Friends, late Commanders

Ferdinando, } in that Army.

Harrigo, A sober English Gentleman, attending the English Embassadour.

Cornelius, A Captain of the Spanish Army.

Philippo, Paramour to Lucetta.

Sancho, Her Bravó.

Diego, Servant to Don Pedro.

Rogero, Servant to Harrigo.

Two Bravo's of Angelica's.

Porter to the English Embassadour.

Serulina, A beauteous Virgin, Sister of Don Pedro.

Angelica Bianca, A beautiful Curtezan, Mistress to the slain Spanish General.

Anna, Her Bawd.

Saretta, } Two Curtezans of the first rank.

Paulina, }

Celia, Wife to the Mountebank.

Helena, An old decayed Curtezan, that hopes to be restored to 15. by the Mountebanks Art.

Cali s, Waiting-woman to Serulina.

Kecka, Servant to Lucetta.

Guardian to the two Monsters. (These last onely mentioned.)

Servants to Don Pedro.

Spectators (Men and Women) for the Mountebank.



THE FIRST PART  
OF  
THOMASO,  
OR  
The Wanderer.  
A  
COMEDY.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Don Carlo,  
and Diego his Man.*

*Pedro.*

**W**Hat? The death of the brave General has  
begot discourse and change in *Madrid*; I  
hear the Action too, though most Noble,  
tradu'd by his Enemies; Wretches that  
durst not look upon the dangers his gal-  
lant Mind broke through daily: Their Envy will not let him find  
peace in his Grave neither.

*Johan.* That cloud is dispers'd now; 'tis true, at first we had  
the report of a total rout, and that the Enemy advanc'd to *Pam-  
palone*, with which the affrighted people began to fall into some  
passion against him, who had been so unlucky as to command  
that day.

*Rr*

*Carlo.*

*Carlo.* But when they were for certain inform'd of the following Action, How, contrary to all hope, he had engag'd and stop'd the Enemy, and at the rate of his own life purchas'd their safety by throwing himself into certain dangers, The whole City lamented his loss, and he has been honour'd and mourn'd for as a General Parent.

*Pedro.* And with Justice he might expect it ; for *Decius* fell not more vow'd the Roman Deliverer, then our General a sacrifice for his Country ; But he is gone, and with him a Souldier, and such a one, *Johanne*, as his Enemies both admir'd and fear'd ; We shall see how his Successour will redeem those miseries we are fallen into by his Envy, and opposition of the dead General in all his designs.

*Johan.* Of this some other time, when we have pay'd those joyes are due to the return of our Friend and Patron ; Who if he hold his good humour still, there is news in Town will concern him much much more ; The famous *Paduana*, *Angelica Bianca*.

*Pedro.* Who? The Italian, our dead General brought from *Main*? what of her?

*Johan.* The same ; She is now the discourse of the whole Town ; all the youth in *Madrid* dress themselves for her sake ; Their Horses prance in no street but hers, hers are the Colours they all wear in the *Prado* ; Where her Coach drives there is the dust, there is the throng ; No song in fashion but her praise, her Story is the Theam of all the Muses in the Town.

*Pedro.* Prithoe be quick and serious, this is strange to me ; Why now more then when her Patron liv'd?

*Johan.* That's the news ; Know then, since the Generals death she is expos'd to sale ; Her price and Picture hangs upon the door, where she sits in publick view drest like *Aurora*, and breaks like the day from her window ; She is now the subject of all the Love and Envy of the Town ; 'tis sport to hear the Men sigh for, and the Women rail at her. And if *Don Pedro* be a Lover still, there is no need of Fayries, old Women, or Confessors, to deliver or return a Message ; Now 'tis but so much a Moneth, and you are Patron ; four dayes and nights in the week are yours.

*Pedro.* You amaze me ; 'tis true, I Love the Girl with all the passion youth can with Honour spare one of her humour ; (but no farther) And if money or a sword can purchase her, I'll bid as faire as another but I'll enjoy her.

*Carlo.* Now do not I see that witchery, that Magick in her face ; she is to me no such excellence, but that a Man may find greater Beauties in the two Sisters, especially in the *Saretta*.

*Pedro.* Old *Carlo*, constant *Carlo* still ; Thou art one of those believ'ft 'tis a duty to love a Mistriss till her Eyes change colour for fear he should get the name of an unconstant Lover.

*Johan.* Faith, Sir, we are the same Men you left us, I am for *Paulina* still ; Yet I believe, 'tis rather laziness then constancy ; we are acquainted ; and though both are weary, yet both are ashamed to say so ; and till she can find one that payes better, or I one that pleaseth



pleaseth better, 'tis like to be the same *dull Matrimony* it has been.

*Pedro.* You are patient men; keep to one Wench a year! I would wear one shirt, one pair of shooes, or eat of one dish as sooth as let the Sun set twice upon the same sin of their form in my company; I would flea a kennel of Spanniels in the Dog-days as soon, for the Quarrey and skins of the vermin; I dare say, I have had a hundred since; all prais'd and ador'd by some body, though forgot by me; such Saints as these I could never pray to; there is none of them have any charms in their eyes, no fear nor terror in their frowns, nor can their kindness surprize a heart; I never found my self grow greater, or less in my mind, when they were pleas'd, or angry, unsavory, flat, insippid beauties, *good meals meat, but no Feasts*; no Banquet in their faces, *Carlo*; there's no Musick in their Caresses, no Empire in ruling over such hearts; yet 'tis truth, *Saretta's* voice and humour is good, and her skin not ill, but *she is dull*; a soul that neither youth nor beauty can awake; she only works in her trade, and sells so much love; a dull sufferer only, *no acting party* in the Bed.

*Johan.* That's not her Sisters fault; a Squirril in a Cage, or a Dog with a bottle at his tail, will lye still as soon as *Paulina*; she has indeed as much fire as her Sister has Phlegme.

*Pedro.* I, she burns her Cake, and the others comes out dough; their Ovens, *Johanne*, would be better heat if the fire were divided; and I cannot but wonder to hear thee praise her for being kind; I have beaten her to make her lye still; their kindness to me is like Dogs that leap upon me, and dirty me; a fawning dissembling whore that frisks to all men, and is as free of her bones as her Sister is sparing of her flesh; she is the Emblem of a lean Prodigal *that spends all*; and *Saretta* of a fat Usurer *that will spend nothing*.

*Johan.* Yet she was once such an Humour, such a Dancer, such a Wit, such a Shape, such a Voyce; 'twas Comedy but to see or hear her.

*Pedro.* I, for once she was, and for once she may be all this again; and but for once, whoever shall practise her longer shall find her the other; besides, I am now weary of purchasing beauty by the peny-worth; here one for a voyce; there another for a shape or humour; no, *Johanne*, if *Carlo's* news be true, I'll sell all those ends of Gold and Silver; and turn out all those common people of my heart; and fit the Palace for a Princess, and purchase that Jewel which is now at sale; and trade no more for days and nights, as I have done with these Cattel upon the Common; but raise a sum, and in the divine form'd *Angellica* purchase all those several beauties contracted and united there in one which we find scatter'd and dispers'd in other women.

*Car.* Now is your time for a thousand Crowns a moneth; four days and nights in the week she's yours.

*Johan.* A thousand crowns a moneth! sure she makes but few Musters in the year.

*Car.* Faith, 'tis thought she has vowed chastity; and takes this



way to be private, and I am of their opinion; for sure there are few will give so much money for a cast Mistress of any mans, bred in craft and dissimulation, and Mistress of her trade as she is.

*Pedro.* That's ridiculous; for though a wife cannot be too ignorant which is honest; yet give me a Hawk in flying, a Hound that's made, a Horse that's drest, and a knowing wench, so she learn it *in her youth*; Come, let's go to the *Piazza*, I long to see how she bears her humour; haste you home, *Diego*, and tell my Sister I am arriv'd; have either of you seen the Girl lately?

*Johan.* Not since the last feast, she comes not in the *Prado*.

*Pedro.* You shall dine with me to day if you be not engag'd, because we'll talk the Town over, and her news.

*Carl.* Faith, and there have been some changes since you went will make you confess all are not guilty of over-constancy, that despis'd, old, out-of-fashion vertue. [Exeunt.]

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Paulina, and Saretta.*

*Paul.* **T**Was they and Don *Pedro*, which it seems is newly arriv'd from the Army.

*Sar.* Prithce stay till they are gone out of sight; those hungry Dons will think to make a meal with us 'else upon the remnant of their Sabbaths days dinner.

*Paul.* They have my curse that made the decree against Jews; my lean Portuguese pretends Christianity now, and doth so devour my Bacon; a flitch, heretofore, would have lasted him as long as the old Law.

*Saret.* Would the Army were drawn into Garison; I long for some fresh Lovers to dress our house; these grow so wither'd and poor they scarce keep Cobwebs from before our mouths, which they break with lean bits, God knows; mine only sighs of late, and in Poetry whynes his passion; I told him last night I could neither feed nor cloath my self with Anagrams, or Sonnets; but desir'd him to let his Pen alone, and express himself with his Purse; so he gave me this Ring, and I return'd him his Ode again.

*Paul.* And there is Shittlecock, Cork and Feather too, their Patron and Comrade together, Don *Pedro*, now he is return'd; we shall have all their visits in the afternoon, for fear of the charges of a meal.

*Saret.* My life upon't, they are gone to the *Piazza* to see the Picture and the Petti-coats of the Italian; if I had thought any man so mad as to give such a sum, we could have taken that course too; I hate the whores impudence for setting such a price upon her self, and undervaluing all us by raising the Market upon the opinion of her own flesh, as if we sold Carrion only.

*Paul.* 'Tis the humour of most men, they love difficulty and price; sleight them, they are yours for ever, Riches and a fair House, Plate, Jewels and Furniture, Petti-coats too; Death, they'll



they'll make love to Petty-coats ; nay, some Fools Court Quality a great Lady, though she stink above the Allay of Amber ; One that never goes to Bed, all, nor sleeps in a whole Skin, *One whose Teeth, Eyes and hair rests all night in a Box*, and her Chamber lies strew'd with her loose members, *High shoes, false Back, and Breasts* ; while he hugs a dismembred Carcass, such as is fitter for an Antiquaries study then a Lovers Arms.

*Saretta.* Peace, and hide close, what are these ?

*Enter Thomaso, Edwardo, and Ferdinando.*

*The Wenches shew onely an Eye, and a hand, through their veils, Edwardo and Ferdinando sneak when they pass by them, and put off their Hats.*

*Paulina.* 'Tis a proper Fellow, would I had Opportunity to tell him so ; has he not something of the English Colonel in his face ?

*Saretta.* He has, and they are strangers ; and strangers are our Plumbs.

*Paulina.* And we their Wine and Banquets.

*As they go off the Stage Thomaso looks upon his Comrades, and points to them, and takes hold of Paulina, and looks earnestly upon her, till Edwardo pulls him away with his Hat off ; then the Wenches go out.*

*Edwards.* What do you mean ? S'life, affront a Lady ! prithee be Civil.

*Ferd.* Pox on't, there's no Jest in abusing Ladies ; We that are Thomasos strangers to be first known by a Barbarous insolence towards Women ! prithee consider.

*Thoma.* Why, good home-spun, honest, ignorant Countrey Gentlemen, what do you think these were ?

*Edw.* Why, we see by their Meen, what they were, some Ladies, Persons of Quality, going privately to their devotion ; you see they are entred the Church.

*Thoma.* These two are Ten whores in *Essex*.

*Ferdinand.* Prithee speak softly ; this rude humor of Scandalizing Women is ugly, and we shall be beaten for being in your Company.

*Thomaso.* Pray, Master Justice, give me your warrant ; and if I do not prove them Whores, whip me.

*Ferd.* This humor is worn old and stale, and to me as troublesome as streight Boots, or sore Eyes.

*Thoma.* Aking Teeth, a Salt Itch, a tir'd Horse, or a gal'd Arse ; Death, will you believe me when you lie with her ? 'Tis strange Logick because your Bond is better then mine, I must not know *Spain* better then you ; I'll be your Baud but I'll satisfie this scruple.

*Edwar.* Do you hear ? I shall be an unbeliever too, if I thought you



you would give such satisfaction to all that have weak faiths in this point ; for if these be of that Gentle-craft, I'll not give six pence for an honest woman for my use.

*Thoma.* Yes, Sir, they are right, though they will *neither be drunk, take Tobacco, nor speak Bawdy* ; these won't *swear neither* ; and yet they are whores ; in all those fine Clothes and Jewels, *which are their own, and right ones too* ; No bright blazing *Bristow's* amongst those Diamonds ; These are sweet too, and wear clean Linnen ; None of your Roofslings, that lie in Cock-lofts, in the Suburbs ; These have houses in the City, and lie in Beds, and in sheets as large as those Beds, which no Rug adorns, nor yellow Curtains stain'd with some Martyrs Story, without ; and all to be hang'd, and pinn'd like a Frippery, within ; no Sea-coal, Faggots, nor fowl dishes, with broken bread, lying under their Beds : yet they are wenches.

*Edwardo.* Prithee, where do these Lady whores live ?

*Thomaso.* Where no Constable, lowlie Watch-man, Beadle, or Sawcy Bell-man dares break into their Chambers ; These will not be kick'd neither ; nor suffer your Blades, inspir'd with Sack, to break their Windows ; These are not of Turnbal-Street, I dare assure you ; For their feet do not stink neither ; yet they are doxies, and shall be yours ; or I'll be subject to your Character, of barbarous and rude.

*Edwardo.* Nay, nay.

*Thomaso.* A pox on these English humors, you come abroad to learn, and yet take it ill to be inform'd ; Do you think the wise world will spend their fortunes *al'Inglese*, where you must pray, and pay, and not be suffer'd to tell neither ; Hear you cannot injure a Woman more then to conceal her kindness, nor give a greater glory to a Mistress, then 'by' describing handsomely every part, and lively painting every Beauty of her Body, and her heart ; who hides or conceals his Mistress favour here calls her ugly, or unsound ; If you doubt what I say, follow them to the Church, and try your Fortunes.

*Edwardo.* By this hand, such a Wench would pass for a Person of Quality in any County of *England*.

*Ferdinando.* Few Ladies, I have seen at any Sheriffs Feasts have better Faces, or so good Clothes ; and if these be wenches, such Arguments as these may reconcile me to this *unpromising Town*, a place in which if we find not the Bowels, (hight the Kitchen, and the Cellar) better then the Prospect, or the Seat, I shall swear, Never King but Ours was ever so betray'd ; is this all they can afford him out of his *Sixteen Kingdoms* ? By this Light, a Smiths Forge, and his Trough, are as cool as the air, and as deep as the River in the Dog-days.

*Edwardo.* Is that River ; What a Divil made them build the Bridge so big ?

*Ferd.* 'Twas in Imitation of the Ancient *Romans*, who, in their Conquests, buried great Spurs and Bits, big enough to ride and rule Elephants, onely to beget Admiration in succeeding Ages.

*Edward.*



*Edward.* Two and twenty Arches, over a Kennel of Snow water ! By this hand, there is not stream enough to quench the Mules shoos as they pass; the Coach wheels hiss as they drive in't, while Don *Phaeton* sits in the Box, and *Apollo* flaming about his Ears; 'tis the first River I ever saw Coaches take the Air in.

*Ferd.* I dare say there are twenty Coaches cast away in't for One Boat; and a thousand Whores catch'd in her stream for one Fish, all the Summer long; The *Curso* looks like a Sea Triumph; Just so some Inland Painter makes *Galatea* sport; if you shew us no better Pastime at *Madrid* then Don *Neptune*, and Dame *Thetis* coach'd in a River, I shall believe you a better Poet, then a Judge; and sooner read your descriptions then travel your Journal.

*Edw.* Those marinated Men and Women were not very Curious to day; Who saw them bathing in their Pickle; 'Twas like *Ovids* description, when *Phaeton* fell; Me-thought, they look'd like those afflicted heads of Rivers, and stood gasping like run-hounds in thick puddles, half above, and half under water; *Meza Cotta*, *Meza Rosta per Diana*, and then wated high ways; Bless me what a Mountebank art thou, to praise this Nest of Turds which are laid with a kind of Pride, in such Order, at Every mans door!

*Thoma.* Have you done? if not, I have so much pity and patience as will hear you out.

*Ferd.* Done? No, by this light, as long as my Arms burn and Itch thus; I'll assoon stand Centry till my Pike grow in my hand, as put my self naked again in the power of their Inbeds; I would not suffer such another night for their *Indies*; By this light, a Leager *Ostria* Louse bites as venemous as a mad Dog, and then a new vermin called *Puncscas*, more offensive then Garden Toads, or house Spiders in our Countrey; a Gnat here wounds like a Scorpion; a Bee not onely stings, but stabs as mortally as a poison'd Dagger, and would destroy the People, were it not for Reliques and *Mádonas's* that protect them.

*Edw.* Prithee let's forget these Calamities; and if it be possible save our selves by a wise and early retreat; a Town Quoth you! I have seen the Dust fly in many Towns; But I never saw Dust crawl but in *Madrid*, enlivened Dust, part *Moór*, part *Castilian*, all Lowse.

*Thoma.* *Essex* has none of these Grievances.

*Ferd.* No, by this hand, 'tis Paradise to this; and our Oysters are worth their pearl, but this is from our business now; Either let us follow, and take our Fortunes; I have mark'd those partridges, let us find them, or the Embassadors house.

*Thoma.* To let you see I have more kindness then you deserve, I'll do either; yet I would willingly call *Arrigo*, at the Embassadors; to witness what wretched things you would have been if you had lain seven years longer steep'd in Ale and Beef-broath at *Croyden*.

*Edwardo.* Prithee do not name those savory things; you know, there is no Jestng with my Stomack; it sleeps now; but if it wakes,



wakes, woe be to all Our shares at the Ordinary.

*Tho.* 'Tis in this street; see, there are the Arms. [*Tho. knocks, the*

*Porter.* Who would you speak with, Friend? [*Port. comes out.*

*Thoma.* Old England still, Gown and Staff: I warrant he would not have a *Swisse* seen at his Lords Door, for a Rose Noble; Friend, I would speak with Don *Arrigo*, if he be at home.

*Porter.* He is at home, Sir, you are sure; for 'tis Noon; This is an Englishman you may swear; how they are bred! Knock at an Embassadors door at Meals!

*Thoma.* Pray tell him, here are some Friends of his would speak with him.

*Porter.* His servant is already gone, they are in good Clothes; yet they look as if they had rather eat with him; Sir, I shall tell him.

*The Porter offers to go out, and they shut the door after him; but Thomaso holds the door.*

*Thomaso.* How now, why do you shut the door upon us?

*Port.* Friend, this is no time to leave the Gate open; 'tis noon in the Embassadors Kitchen, and the silver dishes are loose about the house; besides, if I should let the steam out, there would be such a swarm of *Castillians* at the door, feeding upon it, here were no living; Alas, Sir, we are forced to shut up all when the pot is uncovered; and if you have not din'd I advise you to retire, lest the smell overcome your Stomack, in this pure Air; These are a Nation of the finest clean Teeth; if they use their Swords no oftner, a Scabbard would last an Age.

*Ferd.* Prithce what Countryman art thou, that put'st so many R's into thy English?

*Porter.* A Britain, Sir, Glamorgan-shire, Sric, and Dam.

*Thomaso.* Take heed, dost know what thou hast done, to ask a Welshman what Countryman he is? By this light, 'tis ten to one but he falls into a fit of Heraldry or Genealogy; and then you have brought your self into a fair nooze, to be bound to hear, how many *aps*, and *ap Williams*, e're he comes to *Adam ap Munmoth*.

*Enter Harrigo, and Rogero his man.*

*Thomaso runs to him, and they embrace.*

*Harrigo.* Gentlemen, to speak with me, and why do you keep them at the door? My Friend, the *Wanton Wanderer* still; what new ill luck drives thee hither again?

*Thomaso.* Salute my Friends, and then I'll answer you; They are true blades, Hall. --- Remnants of the broken Regiments; Royal and Loyal Fugitives, highly guilty all of the Royal Crime, Poor and honest, *Hall*; you see his Majesties marks upon us, English, and that gave us a safe Conduct, and here we are to snuff our wits.

*Harrigo.* The same man still; I see, Winning nor losing can change your humor; you must wander still.

*Thomaso.* The same, self-same still, and would not change for all the Sun hath shewn; or the Sea hid; I would not be the Catholick King,



King, confin'd to one place, one company, one any thing, nor marry the *Infanta*, though she had as many Graces as Nature could crowd into one Woman and be faithful; Change, change, *Hal*, of Places, Cloathes, Wine, Women, Faces; 'Tis the great and surprising Pleasure, variety is the Soul of Pleasure, a good unknown, and we want faith to find it.

*Harrigo*. Yet there is one exception to your rule, a secret which we'll discourse of at leisure; And I believe a Woman that may purchase you from this life, in whose Embraces you may find such varieties of Joy, as you may keep your Humour and your Faith too.

*Thomaso*. Who, me? I will not be tied to one Woman, *Hall*, for all the sword has wonn or lost; All that Love has given, or Lust has cost, all that Treason has bought or sold, could it be told down; I would not sell my freedom of that of span of dayes that's left me, for it all; I am no Mutton to be folded, Nor Bird to sing, though in a golden cage.: Home, *Hal*, is all this to me, till in a Grave, I'll not be found at home; I am resolved those tame Spirits that can be conjured into a wedding Ring, and dance in that dull Matrimonial circle all their dayes, I pity their Bodies that must suffer this slavery, and despise their lean starved Souls that threw them into the Chains.

*Harrigo*. We are of one Country, though not of one Mind; I'de name my Prison as you call it, and sing all my dayes; Yet I have seen the world too, and know a face would reclaim a wilder Heart than yours.

*Thomaso*. Tell not me of faces, Child; when I wink and call to mind the thousand beauteous volumnes these Eyes have read over, whose stories I can scarce remember, though we set marks under their Peti-coats; Think not then a face can bind me, when her arms could not; My Heart will digest a Mistress in a night, and hunger again next morning; Surfet to day of Youth and Beauty, and yet thirst all night for a new Friend; and those are the strong healthy stomack'd Lovers that thrive upon Love; A pox on your whining, sighing, Consumptive Platonick humours, your water-drinkers, they cannot believe it, *Hal*, they cannot; else they would too, and onely out of craft insinuate themselves to make their weakness seem Virtue.

*Harrigo*. Gentlemen, he is your Comrade; and though I will not pretend to know him better than you, yet I dare say, he does not onely doubt our Faith when he saies this, but I am confident he does not believe himself.

*Ferdi*. Sir, we know not what to believe, and yet, for mirth, we let all pals; He is one has past all Fortunes by Sea and Land; surfets, and want of bread, lov'd, and been belov'd again, and of that passion has tasted both the honey and the sting, thrown from his cradle into other mens grounds, naked, and unthought of by his Parents and Friends, and what was cruelty then, is his happiness now; for being bred with the wolf he grew wise enough to thrive in the forest.

*Edwardo*. Those miseries set an edge upon his mind, with which

he eats through the difficulties of Fortune, and now emboldned by success doubts nothing; I have seen him in a morning put his hand as confidently into his pockets for money as if the Devill had been his cashire, when he knew he put them off at night, as empty as his gloves.

*Thomaso.* Why, if I had lived at *Croydon* all my dayes, I could have found money in my pocket in the morning, if I had left it there at night; Why, either of you can fetch a penny loaf for a penny, though you are Country Gentlemen, and if you can do this, why will you not allow our experience in the other?

*Edwardo.* Pray leave this discourse, and pursue your promise; The Church and the Ladies, shall we not see those sinners? Prithee let us not lose the occasion, we have but young Faiths and great doubts; Assure us these are wenches, and we submit, else we rebell for ever.

*Ferdi.* We are covetous fisher-men, and for want of Faith in better luck, would fain keep these in the Net; Prove these Merchants of Love and his small ware, and we are ready to be couzen'd; A Heart, a peece or so we have to spend, and if they be kind, I care not how quickly I'm undone.

*Harrigo.* Who are these they speak of?

*Thomaso.* Our old Friends the two Sisters, that passed by even now; I staid *Paulina*, but she did not know me, yet she look'd earnestly; A perriwig and seven years misery, will change a wiser Man then I pretend to be.

*Harrigo.* I left them in the Church just now, if they desire to see them a Credo's time ill spent will satisfy that curiosity; Will you go, or shall I lead you the way? Come, I'll be your guide so you do not mistake it for the Welsh-man in me.

*Thomaso  
and Harrigo  
bug one an-  
other, and go  
out together.*

*Thomaso.* Come lead, and we'll follow you without this Apologie. [Exeunt.]

## ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Lucetta alone vail'd.*

*Lucetta.* They are strangers, I know by their staring, and English, by Don *Harrigo*; If he has metal he follows me, and if I have wit he's mine; for they say 'tis a kind hearted Nation, when they come first abroad; But frequent ill usage hardens their Hearts, a People that loves every thing, even themselves, and so kind to their Mothers Son, that they believe all women are so too; If this be one of that foolish Family, I shall so fit him for a Mistress. See, here comes *Sanco*, now, the news, where is he? [Enter *Sanco*.]

*Sanco.* Gazing upon the two Sisters, they have formerly known one of them; 'Tis the English Major that served here under Don *Pedro*'s Father, he went hence in the beginning of the rebellion; You know him, he was *Paulina*'s Servant, a wild fellow.

*Lucetta.* 'Tis he, I thought I had seen him, *Thomaso*, 'tis Don *Thomaso*;



*Thomaso*; But let him pass, how goes our own business, did you speak with the other?

*Sanco*. There was no fear of that, for you no sooner left your seat, but he flew to me; I find by his wheeling, he's an old Cock of the game, he'll follow strait and come alone, he would not let his company see us talk together; I am to expect him here, haste you home, and put on your best face.

*Lucetta*. Tell him, I am in Love with him, and Daughter, Mistress, or Wife, to some great person; Lament in my behalf the sad condition of a Woman of quality in this Nation, whose jealous customes will admit no occasions for Men to make their addresses to us, which exposes us thus to their censure, forced against the modesty and custome of our Sex to speak first; But were we so blest to enjoy the liberty of other happy Nations, where Men and Women meet and converse without scandal-----

*San*. What large heads, and herds of Cuckolds would *Spain* breed?

*Lucetta*. Leave fooling now, I am serious, say this in defence of my modesty, and that I beg he will not mistake my desires of seeing him; whole Eyes have taken such venome from his, as nothing but the Scorpion can cure the Scorpions wound; This secret tell him, I blush to you, my Friend and Kinsman; This, and some very very fine things, such as fools use to be tickled and taken with, Dear *Sanco*.

*Sanco*. This is fine, by *St. Iago*, I could find in my heart to forswear your service; Death, have I taught you your Trade to become my Mistress? Do I wear a sword, am I a *Castillian*, and shall a foolish Peti-coat, a shallow Woman; tell me what's to be said or done, to couzen a dull greesy brain'd phlegmatick *Tramontano*, how oft have I brought you dead dogs for visits? When I do, give me the tail for my paines; Till then, play your own part, go home, and attend your Q and leave me to guide this small vessel to your Port.

*Lucetta*. I am gone and will expect you. [Exit *Lucetta*.

*Sanco*. These Girles with good faces, have the true magnetick virtue, and if a Man be a Blade, his steel will incline to them; I am but a scurvy Philosopher, else, me thinks a Man might prove the Load-stone; and the steel, the Fornication of the Earth, sure we are, there is a he and she in that Mass; and why not these the two Sexes? But observe how kindly she takes it to be plowed too, and the deeper you put in the spade, or culture, the sweeter; If I could read, perhaps I might find some odd book would prove this further. At the Gate I'll stay for him. [Exit *Sanco*.

#### ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Saretta and Paulina.*

*Saretta*. **W**Hat dull things were we not to know him? yet I am to be excused; But for you to forget a Man that had got your Maiden-head, what will thy Memory retain?

*Paul.* I confess he was not in my thoughts ; the absence of seven years, that beard and Perriwig, all conspir'd against me ; yet I am glad to see him, he keeps his old humour still.

*Saret.* Thou lovest him, and I do not know for which of the two Reasons best ; whether for taking thy Maiden-head, or giving thee Plums ; 'tis much what seasoning will do, those kindnesses will taste still ; else, to me he's none of those men I could dye for, or live with ; there is too much of the Curd, and Dutchman in him ; he is too white for my eye ; if I were to take my choice of the three, the black should be he, I love the Raven in a man ; those Pigeons do nothing but bill and prune themselves ; nay, they expect a woman should Court them ; and when they are won there goes such a deal of care for fear of spoiling them ; Hang them, they cannot last a nights watch, nor stand the shock of a day of Battle.

*Paul.* The Raven dost thou love ? the Raven then pursue thy choice ; for he looks as if he were right Ravens Chick, a Bird that any Carrion will please as well as Venison ; I am glad to find we shall not be Rivals, take your Crow, give me my Dove ; there is beauty, youth and sweetness in him ; a flower fit to be worn in a Ladies bosom ; yet, if I mistake not, I have seen as stout and as high flying Hawks of the gray Male as any of your Kite-colour ; would he were at home to try if I could get my Maiden-head from him again.

*Saret.* Why truly the man is civil ; and 'tis odds but he will be perswaded to leave it where he had it after seven years use ; 'tis almost as long as thou kept'st it.

*Paul.* And yet if you had not been weary of it first, I believe he had not had it so soon.

*Saret.* Faith, as good I sell it while 'twas there ; for I was afraid thou would'st have plaid with it till thou hadst lost it thy self.

*Paul.* It made me a friend then, I do not know what he is now ; and though they have an ill name in the world this last seven years, for bloody and cruel ; yet I never saw any of them that were not kind, well natur'd, and frank to their Mistresses.

*Saret.* An improvident sullen race of men, that will spend or give a hundred pound rather than pay five shillings ; govern'd by a nature cross to all other Nations, I have known them take a kick from a stranger, and kill one another for a wry look ; they are govern'd by no Rules ; either impudent beyond Mountebanks, or else blushing sneakers, bashful as Girls in the *Novitia* ; I know nothing good in them but their humour of giving to their shirts when they drink.

*Paul.* If I mistake not the Nation, you have made but an ill observation ; Dull and Phlegmatick as you believe them ; their acquaintance will tell you Don *Thomaso* has no such fool in his forehead as you read there ; step afore, I see they follow us. [Exeunt.



## ACT. I. SCEN. V.

*Enter Harrigo, Thomaso, and Ferdinando.*

*Har.* SEE, there they go; halt a little, and give them law enough; the Course will be the fairer.

*Thom.* Not too much law, pray; consider, 'tis but a Puppy-lover that runs.

*Ferd.* Gentlemen, whilst your mirth hath so good a jest as this in chase, I am contented with any part of the sport.

*Thom.* Where is *Edwardo*?

*Ferd.* He has lodg'd a Deer of his own; I saw him steal out of the Church, and follow a good woodman that gave him the signe.

*Thom.* Why so, there is one of the Covey flown; if I were to give an account of him to his Parents now, 'twere fine; to cry a lost English Boy of thirty, 'twould be welcome news to his friends if he had any; this 'tis to travel with a Justice of peace, when he is out of his Clerks sight that keeps him in awe; the Rogue was only hedg'd in with the fear of his neighbours, and the Penal Statutes at home; now he's brok loose he runs neighing like a Ston'd-horse upon the Common; I hope she'll find him a young Traveller, and dress him fit for our mirth, that we may have a revenge.

*Har.* If she be a practis'd sinner, he is fitted; perhaps, she'll sell him to the Spirits that take up Planters for the Indies, or flea and beat him; and then turn him out to seek his fortune; what humour is he of that he runs thus wildly alone?

*Thom.* What humour is he of, he runs thus wildly alone? an English elder Brother's humour, bred in a Nursery with a Bib and Muckander, and a Maid to tend him till he was in his Teens; one that knew no joy beyond a Birds-nest, Angling, or a Play-day at twenty; one that is whip'd in a Free-school, and would cry and scramble for Nuts till he was out of his Wardship, and lay with his Grandam till he was marry'd; A pox upon him, h'as all our money about him; and if she rob him she plunders the party.

*Ferd.* Never fear him, he has a sufficient ill nature to defend him; beside the blessing of pride and self-love; which will save our moneys from any danger his bounty may threaten; Marry if she should profess love to him, and can perswade him handsomely to believe it, there is some danger; else, if she get above his Ducat, geld him.

*Har.* That's no good ground you go upon, 'twill not save him there; these women are none of those tender-hearted Lovers you find in Comedies, that sigh at first sight; and run mad for strangers in the second act; if he go into her house she has all she desires; and will either pluck his Plums by flattery, or else so shake and cudgel the Tree, he'll be glad to let them fall; then that Rogue you saw entertain him, and talk with such gravity in the Church, is her Pimp, and a *Bravo*; a slave condemn'd to the Gallies for  
more

more murders then he has Beads upon his Rosary.

*Thom.* For beating him, I'll venture that ; and 'tis odds but he'll beat some of them if they speak twice without respect or beyond his knowledge ; the Rogue is stout enough, and 'twill be as hard to beat as please him ; but let him pass and tell me, *Ferdinando*, how do you like these visions ? I am for *Saretta*, 'tis a brave plump Girl, there's substance in her ; her heart has room to dance and play in her brest ; the Rogues soul lyes soft and white ; and in these Dog-days to lye in her arms is sleeping in *Fresco* ; your lean women in the Summer burn like kindled Char-coal, I must find some means to purchase a sin, or so with her. Come, let us go see them.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*The Scene changes, and discovers a Piazza and Balcony-windows in which the Angellica and her woman appears, other windows, and other women in them; neer the door of Angellica stands a Pillar, upon which hangs her Picture, and by it stand two Bravoës to protect it from affronts ; and to give answer to such Questions as are ask'd. Under the Picture, is written this following.*

**T**His is the Picture of the Angellica Paduana, that was Mistress to the dead General ; her friendship is not to be purchas'd under a thousand Crowns a moneth, for which her Lover is Master four days and nights each week and she his Servant.

Angellica Bianca Paduana.

*Enter two Bravoës, and place themselves by the Pillar.*

*Angel.* SEE, they are come ; prithee observe, with what malice and envy yon women look upon us.

*Anna.* They are vex'd to find the Trade so refin'd by a stranger ; alas, they have no ambitions here, but to secure an *Olio* to dinner, and a Coach to the *Prado* ; a pound of Bacon, and a Royal of eight transports them ; would our conclusion were try'd that we might return to *Venice* ; if ever you be tempted to leave that Paradise again, may some mangey Don ride us through *Madrid* ; 'twill be another condition now with us, you have youth and fortune to spare, you may look about and chuse your man to make a friend at leisure ; we can eat now without being forc'd to sell our liberties but upon our own conditions.

*Angel.* I would not stay a meal in this Town ; but for the vanity and pleasure, to see and be seen ; while the General liv'd, his jealousy



jealousie made me lye hid in the world, neither seen nor enjoy'd; chaster then their Nunneries had my mind been as innocent as his Bed. Profit and to be fought was all my pleasure then, with which profit I will seek my pleasure now; the doubtful world scarce believ'd I was handsome: thus I shall remove that doubt, and leave a name and memory behind me; the novelty and humour, besides the price, will beget discourse; I know there's few will give the money, though he is not born shall enter under; for though I want no money, I'll have the *gusto* to see them gaze, sigh and wish for what they have not the hearts to purchase, nor merit to deserve, *gratis*; and when our nine days wonder's over, we'll be gone; and in our own Sphear enjoy all our souls can imagine of peace and pleasure; get the *Theorbo*, I see some coming.

*Enter a lean Don conducting another Don, and an Italian, Officers of the Army; they salute her and read the Paper, and speak to the Bravoes.*

*Italian.* Now Comrade, what are the conditions we must submit to before we can spend an hour in conversation with your Lady? I am her Country-man.

*Brav.* Sir, be pleas'd to read that Paper, 'twill inform you.

*Ital.* A thousand crowns! *Cape Bella per Dio, Ma Cara.*

*Angel.* What said they?

*Sbrugs, and goes out.*

*Brav.* He's of *Millain*, Madam, and would fain have seen you; but they say a thousand crowns is dear, though you are fair.

*Angel.* Is he of *Millain*? would I had known it, the price should have been two thousand Crowns, to him, for his Generals sake.

*Anna.* Ha, the *Furb* has a mind to give horns to his Generals Ghost; see here comes more men, but I fear no Merchants.

*Enter three Monsieurs without Cloaks.*

1 *Monfi.* What's this? a thousand Crowns! sure 'tis a mistake.

*Brav.* Not at all, Sir, a thousand Crowns is the least price.

2 *Monfi.* Doth she give or take so much by the moneth?

3 *Monfi.* One as soon as the other, there is two o's mistaken sure, a thousand Crowns, pray is she not mad? thou hast black-lead, prithee write it down, there are so few good Whores in *Madrid*, that an Italian holds at a thousand Crowns a moneth; the next Merchandize we bring shall be every man a tame Whore; a thousand crowns? why 'tis a portion for the *Infanta*, and a good one too, if we keep *Catalonia*, and *Massaniello* Naples. There's nothing to be paid for seeing your sight, is there?

*They cross themselves and laugh.*

[*Exeunt three Monsieurs.*]

*Angel.* What said they?

*Brav.* They were of opinion the Painter had put in an o or two too much, and ask'd me whether you gave or took a thousand Crowns a moneth? they were merry, and said, 'twas a portion for the *Infanta*, and more then the Catholick King gave with his Sister now in *France*.

*Anna.*

*Anna.* They look, indeed, as if they wanted a service and wages, but not such a Mistress.

*Angel.* A Mistress! a Livery would be more useful, or a Laundress; what Linen they wear! Boots and no Cloaks in *Madrid*; Monsieur! monster, you should have ask'd them what Trade they were of.

*Anna.* You may see by their Meen they are of the *Gania* petits the poor people expected so long; and we shall find them by the stink the rusty Bacon leaves in the Town; their Linen's shir'd by the moneth, you'll not find two shirts in a Family; and for smocks they have no such word in their language; they prize a woman! their Curtezans dare not shew their faces; their Prince will beat his Whore; they are seldom paid, but always robb'd when they come amongst them; how they would demolish our Trophee, if it stood upon the new Bridge, in spite of old *Halls* Ghost in Brass, though he were a friend to the Petti-coat!

*Angel.* No, faith, never think they should bear respect to their dead King, since they do not do it to their living; the three Christian Kings are so us'd by their vassals; *Frondeur*, Round-head, and a Massaniellian; which is the worst devil of the three?

*Anna.* There's no Rogue like your Round-head, a dissembling, insolent, bloody, blasphemous traitor; whose originals were never got between sheets, nor lay under one, but the Sextons, in charity; Rogues that had of right only a grave a piece, in those three Kingdoms, which they so long reigned over.---See more Sons of wonder; Gazers, though no buyers.

*Angel.* No matter, I have my humour in their wonder; when we are gone, this will live upon their Stage; and be a Theam for a thousand discourses; all which are Trophies to that vanity which pleaseth women.

*Enter a Polish Prince, and a Flanders Merchant.*

*Prince.* But a thousand crowns! would I had pass'd here before I went to *Rome*; I could have had her as cheap in my Bed as a Coach in the street; would she would take bills upon my friends, I'de give her two thousand.

*Brav.* Only ready money passeth here; there is no credit, Sir, in this Trade.

*Prince.* Let's go lye privately two or three months at *Salamanca* till my bills come, and then return.

*Merch.* Or till the King pays me, and then I'll furnish.

[*They salute and Exeunt.*]

*Angel.* Well, and how?

*Brav.* Why these are kind-hearted, civil men, but out of Cash; but if you will take Bills of Exchange to *Cracovia*, or assignments upon the moving Scotch Factory in *Poland*, the Prince is your man; or if you will deal upon Accompt to be paid when *Brabant* gets his money of the King, he is *all te mall* your servant.

*Angel.* Wishes will not drive our Mill, though I confess I am  
not



not displeas'd with him that would buy if he could.---See some one to steal because he cannot purchase, how they are hid in their cloaks! she'l catch all; see how he stalks to the Bird; fear not, Sir, she'l sit still till you shoot; what! they are dumb.

*While she speaks this, Don Pedro, Johanne and Carlo, pass over the Stage muffled; read the Paper and go out without speaking.*

*Brav.* Yes, but I know them; 'tis Don *Pedro* and his old Comrades.

*Angel.* Don *Pedro*! his Father dy'd last Spring and left him a Million; 'tis the same that was wont to vex us with inquiries.

*Anna.* Is this he? I have known him beset the street as if an Inquisidor had been hunting a Jew; if I guess right, he's likely to purchase one moneth of idle time.

*Angel.* He is rich, and I believe frank enough; but they say he is of an insolent and froward nature, and so jealous he will neither lead nor drive, a proud valuer of himself; let's be gone before he return; some men are got with shadows, and some birds with chaff; others that are wiser will have the corn in the sheaf; and Don *Pedro* is observ'd to be a better Lover in a window, than in a bed, and will give as much to be rid of a Mistress, as to purchase her; therefore I am resolv'd nothing but his golden-key shall let him in.

*[Exeunt Angelica and Anna.]*

1 *Brav.* They're gone, and we'l even turn our Lady to the wall, and to dinner; I am of opinion this bait will catch no fish; I'de be loath my wages should be deducted out of the first fruits of this project.

2 *Brav.* What is it to us, whether it thrive, or no, so we are paid? the sooner she finds her fool we are casher'd; and though it be but a dull trade to stand watching of shadows; yet 'tis better then bread and match, a frozen naked Sentinel in *Flanders*.

2 *Brav.* Nay, I am not so wanton as not to taste the sweet of feeding well, for nothing; 'tis a Crown of Plate a day, easily gain'd, to be a Knight of her Post; but I fear that remedy will cure her fit sooner then good counsel; two crowns a day hardly earn'd will quickly appear a dear price for folly, and quench the heat that bred this opinion of her own face. By this hand, she should have got more in a Booth with the Elephant, for two pence a piece.

2 *Brav.* Pray let us in, and keep up the humonr, rail at and despise the Spanish avarice that knows not how to employ their Indies to the right use; and be sure to admire her beauty; vain women are ships that sail only with windy flattery.

*[Exeunt.]*

Te

ACT.

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Enter Harrigo, Thomaso, Ferdinando, and Cornelius.*

*Thom.* **T**Is the same by all descriptions ; is she handsome ?

*Corn.* Esteem'd one of the most *Garbato* in the Town, vertuous, young, and a high flyer is her character ; but I have no practice with her, I am now going that way, and I'll inform my self particularly ; Gentlemen, your humble servant ; *Don Thomaso*, I hope, when I can be serviceable unto you or your friends you will command me.

*Thom.* *Lucetta* do you call her ?

*Corn.* Yes, *Lucetta*, and her house is neer the Jesuites.

*Thom.* No words, pray, that we know any thing of his haunt ; he is a young man, but time will reclaim him. [Exit Corn.]

*Ferd.* Prithee, who is this that knows all the world ? By this light, he has describ'd *Edwardo* as if they had lain in a Belly ; he's a shrew'd memory ; I'll take heed how I promise him any thing ; but I fear his credit is not so good as his observation ; for though he be a blade, his scabbard's old ; how he eat at dinner ! if his heart be as good as his stomach he is a brave fellow ; prithee, what is he ?

*Thom.* 'Tis a fellow of a most temperate soul ; one that makes his own humours his slaves, and himself a slave to all other mens ; I have known him long and in divers Countries, a kind admirer still of the place and people he was in, as if it had been his own Country or Family ; and 'tis thought he can live in all Countries but that he was born in ; one of his maxims is, No man has wit that cannot be what he will, upon all occasions, in all companies, and in all conditions ; *Harrigo* knows him better then I.

*Har.* By this character you are no stranger to him ; this is he that travel'd with a young Lord, a Country-man of ours, till he spent and sold even his name, for he was feign to change it ; 'twas not currant where they past ; and at last were forc'd to hide themselves in Pilgrims weeds, and beg devoutly home.

*Ferd.* What could he say after such an action ? methinks he should fly the conversation of men.

*Har.* I met him in that condition ; and he told me, 'twas for devotion, a penance they had vow'd for a great deliverance in *Germany*.

*Thom.* What ? they fell from the Butt at *Heydelberg*, or stumbled into another of *Bachrac*.

*Har.* No, but miraculously deliver'd from a party of Swedes that robb'd them ; but had you heard him gravely applaud the humour of such who voluntarily put themselves into those private habits ; so by a Philosophical hiding a mans self to peep and spy upon the world through a cranny, as it were, the only best way to see and judge the true natures of men, who commonly are more free and unbent before the despis'd poverty of such whose eyes and opinion, as cheap and low things, they esteem not.

*Thom.*



*Thomaso.* But when his Baits take, or the merry bill comes, then 'tis true the plain Clothes shew the sober solid man; yet abroad, the habit and the meen distinguish the Persons; and for his part he hath found it an Advantage still, to look like some body, and good Clothes pays us in respects, and observation, what they cost in the reckoning; so, long hair is comely, till it falls; Then short Civiller, and less subject to disorder with a Beard sometimes in the *Greek-Mode*, rough and unhewn, sometimes *Spanissh-Biggateroes* starch'd to his Ears, and upon a sudden, those formidable Whiskers reduc'd to a pair of Eye-brows, and those pluck'd with Pincers, till they stare like Pallizadoes, or a row of Pins; These things hee'll suffer, and be rather thought out of his Wits, then out of the Fashion; but see who comes to break off our discourse. [*Enter Edw.*

*Edw.* *Thomaso, Ferdinando, Harrigo?* Your hands all, and as you are kind friends get me a dark room, and clean straw, before this flood of Joy and pleasure oppress my Brain; *Ferdinando*, hark you, will you buy any Land at *Croyden*? I'll sell you all, by this light, house and woods uncounted, and at an under rate too; for so much saved here is so much got there, and here I'll build my Tabernacle; *Thomaso*, thou art a kind Friend, thou hast Wit and Judgement, and know'st how to choose; I have been an Ass, and Couzen'd all my days, but my Eyes are opened, and I repent, and ask thee pardon for abusing thee, and the place; *Ferdinando*, such a Mistress, so handsome, so kind, and full of all those Beauties the curious eye and kind heart seeks, and all for Love; She sigh'd, and smil'd, and kiss'd, then sigh'd again, and wrings my hand, sure 'tis a dream; yet her Arms me-thinks hang here still; Prithce try if thou canst taste her kisses; The Odour and the dew I taste them still upon my lips; I never felt such a melting Snowy Girl; All her kindness, with such a Grace, such a Majesty, such Crowds of pleasures in her Arms, I could scarce crawl from betwixt them; And from her door to her Bed but two steps in Love; What wretches were we to come so late abroad; Now *Thomaso's* descriptions taste; Now I savour his discourse, and by this One dish can judge of those Feasts of pleasure which We use to listen to as Romance; *Ferdinando*, If thou wilt be happy sell all, and let us two plant here.

*Thoma.* Not all; Keep the Birch-wood to jerk this Joy, 'tis too hot to hold, *Ned*; yet I rejoyce you have so good Luck, a Mistress that you dare tell of her kindness, it seems; your Spanish Loves enjoin no ingrateful Secrecies; No troublesome Honour, to throw Thorns in a Lovers way; She fits thy humor, who had as lieve be publickly pox'd, as privately happy; do you know her Name?

*Edw.* Her Name? no not I! What matter is't for her Name, a kind young and handsome Woman; what a pox shall a man do with more names then these? I shall not marry her.

*Thoma.* What did you give her?

*Edw.* What did I give her? What do you think she is to be bought? No, Sir, *Edwardo* is not every body; give her? Why, are we in stock to buy such a Woman? No, not to purchase a kiss; give her?

her ? by this light she gave me this Chain for the foolish Diamond you saw me wear, and then such Wine ; 'twas a Present sent her by that Grandee you saw me speak to in the Church ; hee's a civil, well bred man too, I warrant him ; I am engag'd to sup there to night.

*Ferd.* Wee'll go with you.

*Edw.* Not a soul ; No Gentlemen, you are of the Wits ; I'll follow mine own fortune, and when I have suffred Loves violence for a Night, Ten or Twenty, then I care not if you do see her ; But not a kiss till I have surfeited.

*Thomaso.* After all this Joy I would be certain your Purse were safe ; You know 'tis all our Stock ; Come, pray impart ; 'tis no time to venture all our Fortunes, in one Bottom, especially when you are resolv'd to sail without a compass.

*Edw.* Here, Take part, or all, if you will ; useles Trifles now to me that can command such a Girl, and her full Fortune ; Don *Harrigo*, pray favour me with your Servant, to buy my Supper, and to chuse the wine.

*Ferd.* How the Infidel is turn'd Idolater ! and he that would believe no Woman faithful now believes and dotes upon a Common whore, she works like a crafty one ; and if she be right Spaniard shee'l discover some of the old Serpent in her.

*Edw.* Never fear it, *Ferdinando* ; 'Tis but the malice of men, that disperse those scandals, to brand the Nation ; what time of day is it ? I have not din'd.

*Thomaso.* Marry, you must feed ; *Venus* will have *Bacchus* and *Ceres* too ; Else you'll be but cold Company.

*Ferd.* I begin to believe the Rogue has met a Fortune, however, h'as tasted of her and her Bottle ; would I had such an one to couzen me too ; of all the Love I could spare to Night.

*Thoma.* Hark you, *Ferdinando*, be patient, and answer me ; have you observed such a scarcity of men in the Streets as to believe a handsome young Woman need run Rampant for want of a man ? or do you see any such temptation in *Edwardo*, that he should make a wench chuse him out of Fifteen Kingdoms, to offer up her youth and beauty for nothing ? Observe me, shee'll abuse him.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. III.

*Angellica and Anna appear above.*

*Angel.* **A** Nna, what musing ! give me the *Theorbo*.

*Anna.* I was thinking what fullen Star reign'd at your Birth, that has preserv'd your youth from being in Love, that green sickness of the heart that vexeth all our Sex, early or late.

*Angel.* A kind and a thrifty star, to which I owe my chief happiness ; yet there are Natural Reasons too ; For, to speak ingenuously, how should I become a Lover that have not so much leasure as to wish or long for any man ; All I see are offered before I ask'd,



ask'd ; I have refus'd many, and enjoy'd more, but never yet desired one since I parted with my first Friend.

*Anna.* Nay, I'me cleerly of Opinion, love thrives more in a Monastery then in a Court ; A Nunnery with a high wall and double grate, there Loves grows mighty and Imperious ; What would those Prisoners give for the Crums of Lovers , that sigh and fall from your Bed ; *the Table where Love banquets either refused or surfeited.*

*Angel.* Didst thou observe, the other day, how the poor Girls crowded to the Grates when we came in ?

*Anna.* Yes, and 'twas easie to read their Curses in their looks, that darted poison at us ; Their eyes were ponyards in their wishes, for envy of that life which we loathe as much as they Covet to taste.

*Angel.* 'Tis sad to see youth and beauty so betray'd, condemn'd and forc'd by Covetous Parents to wither in those shades ; *Roses* in their prime of Beauty, of Force to have led Nations in Triumph ; Their Sighs and Tears have Rage and Pity in them ; how they beat themselves against the grate, like old sullen Birds put lately in Cages !

*Anna.* 'Tis a misery I have ben acquainted with ; and I wonder no State hath been so Curious as to condemn some young Malefactor to be thrown naked into a Nunnery ; you talk of your Royal Chaces, and *Jocodotories* ; I had rather see a Kennel of Nuns worry a Frier of twenty, then all the Boars lanch'd in the Forest.

*Angel.* Bless the man so condemned ; as good thrown in the Lyons Den ; how that Novitia's teeth would water, whose turn 'twas to read a Chapter while the Abbess tastes his forbidden Fruit !

*Enter Don Pedro and his Company, and gaze upon the Picture.*

*Anna.* What have we here ? New men ? No, 'tis the same Dumb Crew ; would they were condemn'd to the Experiment for walking thus muffled in the Dog-days ; if he continues hee'll be bak'd in his own Oven ; That Scarlet in *August* looks Red-hot, and 'tis enough to set ones eyes on fire this Moneth ; he is poisoned ; I see by his swelling so ; so, do, do, gaze ; yes, yes, 'tis she ; compare them together.

*Pedro.* 'Tis an Excellent Picture, whose hand can it be ?

*Carlo.* *Van Dikes*, and 'tis well done.

*Johan.* He was a great Master, and a Civil Pencil.

*Carlo.* Why, do you think he has flatter'd her ?

*Pedro.* By Saint *Jago*, he cannot ; Observe her without prejudice ; Is there one Grace, one beauty more then she set before his Eyes ? And softness, such as pencils cannot reach ; That smile, there's a grace and sweetness in it *Titian* could never have catch'd.

*Carlo.* Why do you hide your head then, when you know there's thousand sweetneses are to be sold, Three for a Crown ?

Were

Were I Don *Pedro*, I would Resolve that Question e're my Moneth were out ; 'tis true, kindness is the best sawce, I know, to Beauty, and will increase, nay beget an appetite ; But sure, He that loves a Woman, if her face prove not his sawce his stomak's ill, and your scruple should never trouble me ; To have shut out Don *Pedro*, and now let in his Money.

*Pedro*. No more, they observe us ; she has her *Theorbo* in her hand, I hope shee'll sing.

*They all three lean against the wall, by her house ; Then Enter two Bravo's, and plant themselves by the pillar.*

1. *Bravo*. See, Our Merchants are return'd, and new ones are arrived ; what are these ?

2. *Bravo*. Strangers by their Colours, and their Clothes ; some Officers from the Army.

*Enter Thomaso, Edwardo, Ferdinando, Harrigo.*

*Harrigo*. See, we are upon the place ; Now observe with what Gravity and Decorum *Whoring is settled here* ; By virtue of the Inquisition, in this most Catholick Countrey.

*Ferd*. That pillar, what is't ? a whipping Post ? 'tis the first gild-ed one I have seen.

*Edw*. They are very neat, to paint and gild their Gallows ; See, there's a picture upon it, 'tis some body hang'd in Effigies.

*Harrigo*. That wonder is it I told you of ; 'tis the picture of the famous *Italian*, the *Angellica* ; See, shee's now at her Window.

*Thoma*. I see her, 'tis a lovely Woman ; heark, I hear a *Theorbo*, is she Musical ?

*(She strikes the Theorbo.)*

*Harrigo*. Judge by what you hear ; These are the two Sisters in the other Window, and that's the *Polack Prince* with the *Saretta*.

*Thoma*. Peace, shee'll Sing ; What a Garb she has ? A Thousand Crowns ? By this Day, a thousand Kingdoms were not dear ; a pox of this poverty, 'tis always heavy upon these Occasions ; where no virtues can make a mans way. Bread and water I can digest in a furrow upon a Rendevouz, and sleep in it, without thoughts of Envy, till an Alarm wake me ; And then start up from among those Clouds, when the Trumpet sounds, as if 'twere Doomsday ; Custome and Honour, *Hall*, makes that sufferance nothing ; Nor has ambition or Fortune any Beauties that tempt me ; But as they can purchase Beauty, which we see set at a Rate, like Flesh in the Shambles, and spoil'd too, like that, by ill Cooks.

*Harrigo*. Heark, she Sings.

*The Song.*

Come hither, you that Love, and hear me sing  
of joys still growing ;

Green,



*Green, Fresh, and Lusty, as the pride of Spring,  
and ever blowing.  
Come hither Youths that blush, and dare not know  
what is desire ;  
And Old men, worse then you, that cannot blow  
one spark of fire.  
And with the power of my enchanting Song ;  
Boys shall be able men, and old men young.*

2. *Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,  
leave off complaining.  
Youth, Strength and Beauty, that shall never die,  
are here remaining.  
Come hither Fools, and blush, you stay so long,  
from being blest'd.  
And mad men, worse then you, that suffer wrong,  
yet seek no rest.  
And in an hour, with my enchanting Song,  
You shall be ever Pleas'd, and ever Young.*

*While she Sings, all admire, and Thomaso seems much concern'd ;  
The Song done, He walks to the pillar, looks upon her, and reads  
the paper ; There must be two little pictures posted upon the pil-  
lar ; Thomaso offers to pull down one ; The Bravo holds his  
Arm ; Thomaso looks scurvily at him, shuffles him away, and  
pulls down the picture.*

*Thoma.* How now ? what would you have, Sirrah ?

*Pedro.* What Insolence is this ? Death, I'll not suffer it.

*Johan.* Stay a little and observe ; you see they are strangers, and perhaps 'tis Ignorance.

*Anna.* What doth the Ruffian mean ?

*Brav.* Why do you take down the Picture ? restore it, or we shall force it.

*Thoma.* How now Rascal ? Sirrah, put up your sword, and quickly, do you hear ? or by this light I'll draw mine.

*(He strikes the Bravo, and the Bravo draws his sword, Tho. laughs.)*

*Harrigo, Ferdinando, and Edwardo come about him ; Don Pedro and his Friends come to.*

*Pedro.* Why this violence, Sir ! what right have you to this Picture, more then another ?

*Tho.* Possession ; and I'll keep it ; you, perhaps, have mony enough to purchase the Substance ; We poor folks must be contented with these shadows, unless she were to be fought for, and then neither you nor the proudest in *Madrid* should out-bid me. Lady, do you grudge the honor of this paper ? If not, I'll keep it, in spite of all these frowns, and shew it, in honor of your Beauty, through all the world. *Then he turns slightly from him, and looks to the window and speaks.*

*Angel.* I am confident, Sir, you will ; and I am so farr from being displeas'd, that I shall take it for an Honour you will keep it.

*Thomaso.*

*Put it into his Breast.*  
*They all draw, Bra-voes and all, and fight.*  
*Thomaso.* Your Servant, Lady, and here I'll wear it a Buckler against all that dare be angry, what ere they be.  
*Pedro.* S' death, shall we suffer this? you are very brave in your words, we'll try what your sword dares do.  
*Thomaso.* Beat us at this sport, and we'll wear swords no more; Why, a Pigeon will fight for his Hen.

*Angel.* Don *John*, Don *Pedro*, Don *Carlo*, what do you mean? Sir, to you that seem to have some kindness for me, hold, I conjure you by her you love most, by her that loves you most, I conjure you, hold; They are all deaf, run down, *Anna*, make those Villaines leave siding and part them.

*Anna.* We are lost, undone, you and I, all, all lost and confiscated to the State; 'Tis some plot upon you; that Russian is set on purpose to destroy you; 'tis some damn'd Souldier hir'd to this; Those Souldiers, those damn'd Souldiers; 'twas never a good world since that race of Men and buff grew in fashion; In peace the Rogues use to sneak from cellar to cellar, and convers'd with none but *Alguaziles*.

*Thomaso's party beats the other off the stage.*  
*Angel.* Haste, I say, follow, raise the street, ere they Murther one another; 'Twas Don *Pedro's* Insolence that caus'd this; what pretence had he to question him?

*Enter Thomaso and his company.*

*Harrigo.* Pray let us retreat, before some worse consequence follow; You know, these are a Nation that will not be affronted.

*Thomaso.* You bleed, are you much hurt?

*Harrigo.* Not I, 'tis theirs if there be any blood.

*Ferdi.* If your Dons fight no better then this, they will never recover *Catalonia*; why must he be concern'd in taking down the paper?

*Edwardo.* By this light, we'll have the picture too; We have won it in Battle field, fairly won it; The Knights and Gyants are fled that should have defended it: Come, *Ferdinand*, lift me; I'll take it down.

*Angel.* Hold, Sir; and ere you do me an injuy, give me leave to speak to your Friend; Sir, as you are a Souldier and a Gentleman, I expect protection from you; 'Tis their profession to defend, not injure Women; and I am so far from deserving ill of you, that I know you not; Yet if you please to come up, I am confident we shall give you full satisfaction for all the displeasure you can with Justice imagine me guilty of.

*Edwardo.* You are not mad to put your self into her power? Do you know how many trap-doors there are in her house, or how many leiger Bravoes lie there?

*Ferdi.* Prithée leave fooling, and let us go to our own lodging; A pox of these gilt whores: By this light, I'll find as good flesh in Flannel, for a yard of ferret ribband, as she sells for a thousand Crowns; and a man must fight for it too; she'll cut thy throat.

*Thomaso.*



*Thomaso.* Is it possible you two should know me so little as to be serious in this point? Not go where a woman calls, a young fair woman; a woman that I love too, because there may be danger; Death, is there any danger like loving her without money in her purse, whom nothing but a thousand Crowns can purchase?

*Harrigo.* If that be so why do you lose your labour, and afflict your self with seeing of her, unless you had the sum to pay?

*Thomaso.* Why, though she may not sell, it may be she may have a fancy to give a Courtesie; Who knows? I am sure of two kisses, at coming and going.

*Harrigo.* You know that's not the stile of this place; she'll lie with you as soon as kiss you.

*Angel.* 'Tis a gallant fellow, and the rest poor spirited things; Fear not, Sir, there is no danger threatens you; See all the weapons we wear, and if these Eyes do not wound you, you are safe from womens dangers.

*Thomaso.* Do not mistake this dispute, 'tis but the kindness of Friends; and if mine own Eyes brought not more danger by gazing on yours then any Enemy threatens, 'tis not your doors could have kept me out; And to remove your doubt, would you durst meet me as naked in your Bed as I durst enter. Farewell *Hal.*----

[*Exit Thomaso.*

*Harrigo.* We'll expect you in the next street. [*Exeunt omnes.*

#### A C T. II. S C E N. IV.

*Enter Angellica, Thomaso, and Anna.*

*Angel.* **W**HY did you pull down the Picture?

*Thomaso.* Rather, why did you set it up, If not for that purpose? sure you know the excellence it expos'd to our Eyes; which I would now describe, but that the conversation with your Glafs will do it better, which I perceive you have consulted, by the price you seem to value them at; In short, I saw and lov'd you, fair one, as who do's not; I wish'd for you too, as who would not? But when I read your paper, I found the price of this Jewel too great, not for my value but my Fortune; had that been equal to my Love, you should have found at what rate I priz'd the Beauty and the Friendship of the famous and fair *Angellica*, that Star of *Italy*; who had she been as fixt as bright, a Prince might have worne such a Jewel in his Breast, and receive greatness and lustre from her; These thoughts my wounded Eyes, and ravish'd Ears, suggested to me seeing that Form, and hearing those charmes thy hand and voice dispers'd amongst the surpriz'd; and sighing multitude; When guilty of my own condition I despair'd any success with my Alms-mony; to think of purchasing your person; And therefore I resolv'd at all hazard to possess this shadow to feast my Eyes with, and to kiss and imagine kindness for it:----- You smile now, and look upon my Cloaths, and despise me because I am poor.

*Angellica is serious and attentive to all he says.*

*Angel.* No, Sir.

*Thomaso.* Yes, yes, I see it and can bear it ; Yet, in these old Cloaths I am a Gentleman and a Souldier ; and though my habit be ill, my heart and my sword are good, and I think my Reputation, as any Souldier needs ; for though I have lost my Fortune, yet I have preserv'd mine Honour still.

*Angel.* You wrong me, Sir ; And when you know my Heart and the thoughts the labours with, you will confesse it.

*Thomaso.* Nay, I have told you I can endure it, if you despise me, so you do not tell me of it ; But what's all this to you, who are fair, young and lovely, and indeed Mistris of all the Virtues depraved man seeks ? Good Heaven ! What faults have I seen Wealth and Beauty hide ! Even Princes flatter faces, and wink at the sins and crimes they commit ; and while Riches break the Nets, Beauty numbs the Fishers hands : Riches weighs down the scale, while Poverty lies open to the Law and censure, liable to the scorn and punishment ; for though all are taught to know the penalty of the Law, 'tis the poor man is made the example.

*Angel.* What poyson is this my Ears suck in ? His words shake my Soul. — [ *Aside.*

*Anna.* How silent she stands and hears his railing ? Good Corporall, will you trot and leave your preaching ? Bless us from a Capuchin in buff ; have you no text to take but my Mistris when you are to rail ? Good Centry, of old St. *Frank's* Order, this is no broken bread, nor soure porridge, this House affords no Love for Charity ; Pray pack, and search the stalls when 'tis dark, or whistle the poor Bulker.

*Angel.* How now, who gave you this liberty of railing ? Get you gone, or lie down behind you door quickly, or I will kick thy carrion carcass out at window.

*Thomaso.* No, no, let her vent her spleen, for the same question is in your heart too, onely you can be so discreet as to hide it ; What would you have ? Who are you ? One that scornes to play your parts ; and though I dare spend my blood, I scorn to sell it for so base fallary ; No, not to enjoy you, though I avow a Love and admiration for thee, and would run any hazard to purchase thee ; See here the last sum I can command upon the earth, the last meal I know where to eat now in my Body, when this money is gone ; Yet I am such a servant to Love and Beauty, this last, last hope, I'll freely give to enjoy thee ; here, pray take it, I conjure you take it. Do not scorn me, fair one, now I have said this ; For know, if you do, I can hate at as great a rate as I can love ; and for my Revenge, not onely give this last penny, but hazard the last drop of my blood too : Why are you coy to me ? I know you are to be had, and would be mine had I money to purchase you ; 'tis printed, and by your own Order publish'd ; Which Cordial, I'll still repeat to my heart, that knowledge has a virtue, and in time will heal these wounds ; Never frown, fair one ; I would not for the earth thy Fame were as fair as thy face.

*Angel.* Why so severe, Sir ?

*Thomaso.*

*She turns  
from him.*



*Thomazo.* Not that I despise you ; but to secure my self ; All those flames I feel now are but so many Lusts, I know them by their suddain bold intrusion ; The impatiency and the sawciness of the flame betrayes it, still devouring till it be devoured ; had it been Loves pure dart, I should have pin'd at your feet in silence, ere found a daring to tell you so. Lust his bastard-brother, and born of the same Mother, can brook a denial of that which Love dares not ask, and onely grows angry for a time ; But the next kind Girl quenches his flame.

*Angel.* After all this severe truth, what are we guilty of that you have not confess'd ? What crime staines us that you would not now act ? You men are strangely partial to your selves, you would not despise us else ; Is the fault single in us ? If not, why should we lose our Honours in the Act, when you think it an Honour to be the Actors ? Who made the Law against Love ? Or where will you find it obligeth women onely ? If the Law be general, must not the crime be so too ?

*Thomazo.* Yes, in Love ; for Love 'tis equal, but not in you, because you will be paid ; you sell your blood which is your guilt : 'Tis Mercenarines in you that makes the sin, Nature else would plead for you too ; When I hang out my picture, and at a rate expose my self to all comers, then I will not wonder if you despise me.

*Angel.* And I could urge, when you'll take a House and furnish it, deliver up your Youth and Liberty a slave to our Sex, and wait like a spider in your web, for all flies that pass ; When *Angellica* knocks at your door, and leads you to your bed, I will not wonder if you ask a price before I enjoy you ; Nor ought you to wonder when we desire some satisfaction for the slavery we suffer.

*Thomazo.* I am not here to defend such baseness in men ; but to condemn it in women.

*Angel.* You have reason, Sir ; and I am pleas'd to find such Honour in your heart ; But your truths are a knowledge I have learn'd too late : And to afflict my self with the consideration of that which cannot be remedied is second folly ; Onely (once a whore and ever) is the world adage ; yet there may be degrees of ill ; and I am vain enough to believe, though I am not a good woman, I am not an ill Mistress.

*Thomazo.* Faith 'tis a very ill woman, (if she be handsome) that will not make a good whore.

*Anna. Gospetto,* I can suffer no longer ; stab me, kill me, do, tread upon your Nurse, wound these Breasts that fed thee ; All for a Villain that hath rail'd an hour ; Hell upon him, Beggar ; why do you talk to him ? Sirrah, you know the price, either pay or begone, there's the door, and here's the window ; Would I were as young as I have been, I would make thee leap it for all thy bragging.

*Thomazo.* Here, prithee good fore-woman of the shop serve me, and I'll be gone.

*Anna.* Keep your gilded Royal, and troop, good Rutter ; here's no selling by small ware.



*Thom.* Yes, on my conscience, thou hast sold many a Marvadies worth of thy commodity ere now.

*Angel.* When you speak of a price, Sir, you know what 'tis; you have the Bill.

*Thom.* 'Tis truth, Lady, and I desire no favour; let me see; the moneth is a thousand crowns, how much comes that to, for a Pistol; divided by four nights in a week. I, by four nights in a week.----Heark you, Grannam; take your chalk and cast it behind the door; see what it comes to, that I may have my pennyworth out of your Lady, and I'll be gone.

*Anna.* I tell thee, scurvey, saucy fellow, we sell not this stuff by the yard; the whole piece, or nothing, Sirrah; I could beat him; A pox take him, h'as vex'd me into a Fever.

*Thom.* That's hard; must a Customer buy whole ships lading? your Shop, or nothing! faith, Lady, I can be none of the Merchant, as well as I love you, unless I could conjure; yet now I think on't I have partners, I'll see if they will joyn, we'll take off your Commodity amongst us.----('Tis a likely Girle, if we can purchase her we cannot be losers; we'll take what we use, and sell the rest of our ware,) I am thinking, Lady, how to compass this Geer, though I am out of Cash; will you truck, or venture a curtesie? Death, not a kifs, or so, for a pattern? By this light, I'll have a mouthful of kisses.

*Angel.* If I thought they would please you you; should could I be certain you had a kindness for me more then as I am meer woman, I would not deny you a kifs.

*Thom.* Have I eyes, have I soul, or sence? Death, I bleed yet for your shadow; and offer you freely my last bit of bread; if after this you doubt, command me something, and try whether I can love or no; or dare frankly serve what I love.

*Angel.* No more, thou art a gallant fellow; put up your money, Sir; for though I wish thy purse as great as thy heart, and thy credit as good as thy humour, or nature, yet know I would not sell thee a kindness but for kindness sake; By this and this I swear.

*Thom.* What will this come to? I was never struck first by a woman before.

*Angel.* Can you forgive a fault, and love for love? can you forget I was to be sold, and value this gift? can you tell your heart I am yours, and not remember I might have been any bodie's? say, can you do this? have you kindness and good nature enough left to hide such a stain? if not, yet have so much mercy, at least, to say so; and though you cannot love, yet prithee flatter me.

[*She leans upon him.*]

*Thom.* Nay faith, out-do me with kindness, and hang me; if I be not as well natur'd as any woman of you all, the world is couzen'd; inquire where I have gone; if my women rail upon me for that fault let the sex frown.

*Angel.* Kindness is all I ask, and, for that command me; yet know what I offer thee has been often sought, often deny'd, seldom

*She kisses  
him and he  
kisses her.*



dom enjoy'd ; but, By heaven, never pleas'd ; often a Mistress, but never a Lover till now ; if thou be'st kind, forget and forgive my faults that are past, which are crimes of the Nation, not mine ; sold by a Mother, oppress'd with misery when I knew no better then to obey her ; though I confess he that had the flower of my youth laid great obligations upon us, such as good nature and gratitude will always make me remember with love and kindness ; but 'twas not like the Passion that now disturbs my breast.

*Thom.* If this be real, I am mortal ; she weeps, sure my Pistols are not worth this trick ; besides, I offer'd it with all this stir, I would fain believe her kindness real ; but I have been so often bit with sighing, weeping, flattering sinners, I have no faith left for the sex ; yet my Reason tells me I may venture here ; her house is fair, her clothes good, here's furniture, and there are jewels, her very Baud a Matron-like woman, gravely cloath'd, and all of a piece ; sure I may trust her ; if the worst come to the worst, 'tis but a few Pistols lost ; rob me they cannot, and beat me they shall not. Well, 'tis resolv'd, I am a proper fellow, and she loves me.---Come, no more tears, fair one ; All passion but love is unseasonable, and out of tune now ; and since you are a Lover you shall find I can be grateful, kind and serious too ; and when you are collected, tell you 'tis not only good nature, but wit in women, thus to surprize a Lovers heart, and give, though not before 'tis ask'd, yet before he hopes, such a favour ; the seasonableness of a curtesie is the beauty of the action ; and Loves fruits above all expect we should gather them in season, if they hang long they rot or wither ; and if neglected, Loves flowers fade and fall ; what beauty had that Rose yesterday, which to morrow is only fit for the Still ? such, and so seasonable was the bounty of this kindness ; our Rose and fruit has now all the fragrancy and season in it ; had I won it at long running, wooing still, and tasted kisses here and there, what's *Angellica* now would have been a dull and common joy ; for such tastings dull the edge and deads the stomach of a Lover, who after such weary steps lies down by his Mistress tir'd, or without an appetite.

*Angel.* Do not distrust our joys then, nor my love ; let me not find that curse to have my first vows doubted ; if they be, here will fall in showers all those tears others have wept to me ; all their treasur'd waters at once I'll pour out at thy feet ; oh ! that such a stream could make me as pure a Virgin as I am now a perfect Lover ; then I would beg to be thy wife ; but that must not be ; for love bids me not ask that which honour forbids thee to grant ; yet you may be my friend.

*Thom.* No more, *the gods are merciful* ; and sins of youth and nature, such as ours, have their friends amongst them ; come, dry those eyes whose fire those tears cannot quench ; and though their beams cannot stab through those waters, yet they bruise a Lovers heart ; and though Love has a Balsam for every wound, yet nothing heals love so kindly as love again ; his wounds then leave no scars nor feel no pain ; 'tis scarce a sin what they can do who love and are belov'd again.

*Angel.*



*Angel.* Let's retire, and not only learn but practise this new Doctrine, whose Rules are easie, and Laws so sweet; 'twill give the blind Lover his eyes, and the Law his feet, but they will meet.

[*Exeunt Angellica and Thomas.*  
*Anna.* Nay, then a Whore's fortune and my curse befall thee; have we spun and stich'd, dress'd and watch'd for this? is all the honey we suck'd from so many flowers in their youth carri'd to that hive, for this Droan to waste? What curse made me consent to her vanity! a thousand Crowns, a fine plot to leave a fame behind us! what a stink will this story make in *Venice*? a curse on this Caterpillar; by that time she hath cloath'd and fed him, we may resolve to go naked our selves; there's but one remedy left, Best rob her my self, while she hath something to steal; I may keep her when she is old; well, I begin to think this is no good trade we drive, 'twill thrive neither Whore nor Baud; I have been as painful in either calling as any she in *Venice*; my youth had as much beauty and as powerful friends; and my age as much thrift, *Anna Garbota*, says one *Anna Spiritata*, says another, *Anna Bellamanna*, says a third, *Assasina*, *Echephorbe*, *Calladora*, these were my names; then *Anna* who had higher fame! yet see all these trophees shrunk into one poor Baud and these ruins: who admires but to moralize upon them? and now to add to the afflictions of my age, in my age this curse is fall'n upon me; 'twould make one swear to be poor and honest to see such luck as follows me; Love was always fatal to our trade; but I did not fear this curious mischief, to dote upon a Beggar, a Souldier-beggar, a trade as ill as our own, as poor too, and as impossible to be made rich; one that thinks it a dishonour to get or save; we shall never eat again neither, for he'll have all in drink; nay, 'tis an English Souldier too, and one of the Kings party, three titles to perpetual poverty; a race of men who have left praying, or hoping for daily bread; and only relye upon nightly drink.

[*Exit.*

### ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Enter Don Pedro, Johanne and Carlo.*

*Johan.* BE he what he will, shall a drunken *Tramontaney* abuse us in *Madrid*? Are you a Spaniard, and suffer this affront? By Saint *Jago* I'll strike him in the Church, but I'll be reveng'd.

*Pedro.* 'Tis the same that sav'd my Sister, when *Pampalona* was sack'd; The Action was kind and Gallant; such as ought to plead against any Injury that chance begets; and indeed 'twas our faults to hide our selves from him.

*Johan.* The Devils in 'em, when they get abroad; The Dogs are so muzled and ty'd up at home, with Constables, and *romwel*, they fight for sport abroad.

*Carlo.* I have seen one of those painted staves disarm a Scarlet Cloke,



Cloke, and command him into the stocks without resistance ; and here they are so fullen they will not give the wall to Saint *Jago*, unless he be painted upon it.

*Johan.* There is somewhat of the Cock and Mastiff-dog in them all, fullen proud snarlers, any thing, one another, rather then not be worrying.

*Pedro.* Methinks that race of Cavaliers should be extinct or quiet at least ; they have been kill'd or banish'd, sunk, hang'd and starv'd this thirteen years, and yet they swarm still ; I pitied them at first.

*Carlo.* Pity'em, hang'em, they are as proud of their persecuti-on as the Jews ; and brag as vainly of their wants as a Castillian would of his blood ; no servants, no money, no clothes, no meat, and always afoot, neither daunts nor dejects them ; they beg as confidently their furlly way, and they think as meritoriously as Capuchins ; By this light, I believe 'twill be an order in time, they are admitted into the Mendicants already ; and those that lov'd the man least call'd their great *Charles* both Saint and Martyr, and the Rogues hope yet to make a black-red-day for him in their Kalender ; their Princes too look as high, and charge as far still upon one lean Mare, as if they had a hundred led-horse behind them ; and their Duke too fights now in *France* and *Flanders* as his Brother did in *Scotland* ; at the old *Rupert* rate, ten to one still ; And by this hand they look so above the rest of men, for all their calamities, that when they past last through *Flanders* no man durst be heard to pity them, for fear some one of his dull honest ones should mistake that pity and strike him.

*Johan.* I, but that humour's chang'd now, *France* has so cut their Combs ; the *Louvre* and the *Pale-royal* have been sad enchanted Castles to them, they have kept a *Lazarello's* Court there ; darkness, loanness, and the nest of poverty ; but two loaves a day, and without fish, to work the Miracle ; yet the Gallery was a Christian Coney-warren fill'd with Cavaliers of all Trades ; and unless they fed upon their children, 'tis not visible what they eat.

*Carlo.* They are now remov'd to the Palace Royal, where they eat so seldom, and dung so small, you may as soon step in a Custard as a T---- in the Court ; they that do S---- save it for their own Pig ; there is not a blade of Grass left in the Garden, nor a drop of Oyl in the *Madona's* Lamp ; sacriledge and their Sallads make it burn dim, they are happy that swim, they dive in the pond and steal the Fish. The younger stomachs browse upon the Cops as high as they can reach, they have starv'd, the poor Antelope in eating up his Commons ; their Grandees only dine, and that but when fortune smiles : the Grasshoppers are grown Pismires now, and are abroad as early as the day, and industrious as the Ant, for food. Brown-bread and old *Adams's* Ale is currant now ; yet if little *Eve* walk in the Garden, the lean starv'd Rogues neigh after her as if they were in Paradise ; there's their Resident too, his Arms are up still ; but 'tis long since he had the Supporters ; 'tis thought he eat the Unicorn last Passover, his Butcher and he are still in process for

for the horn ; the Lyon's lean too, but he will never be tame ; you may see the Royal Beast still in the Fair ; and I have heard an Irish Capuchin swear (for he is a blade too, though in a gray scabbard) that if the Cavaliers could be brought to pray as well as fast, he believ'd the King would yet have more Saints in his Army then St. *Ignatius* has Lamps burn dim.

*Johan.* There's a Round-head in Town, a pleasant fellow, I heard him describe their Court the other day : the Rogue makes good sport with it ; if a man had ill nature enough to laugh ; *Carlo* heard him too.

*Carlo.* Yes, he swears the Waiters act *Tantalus* better then *Ovid* describ'd him ; for there are those that follow the Cup and Plate, still, constant, lean and loyal, that have the smoak of the Office though the roast be run away, such as have priviledge still to see, and only to see, what others eat.

*Johan.* Condemn'd twice a day to suffer an apparition of meat ; 'tis sad always to see and never to eat, food in vision only ; nothing to dinner ; and sup all night in a dream, will make your Cavalier but a lean wight.

*Pedro.* A Court with three Chappels, all Head, and no Bowels, neither Cellar nor Kitchin but what the Cobler or a Taylor stich in.

*Carlo.* Yet the soul feeds high, spiritual food abounds still ; he says ; not a meal of prayers less then in the old Kings days.

*Johan.* Besides their Princes break-fast and collation made in private devotion ; admirable souls-food for all the faithful that will come ; Pistle and Gospel with Common-prayer by the Tune ; but for belly-timber, not one crum.

*Pedro.* By this character, if poverty or vertue can plead, sure the English Court will find a reward ; 'tis great loyalty can make all fast, some pray ; and though few have linen, all wear gray ; sure they walk at least in the narrow way.

*Carlo.* Why, the very stables have their vigils too, they say, and the poor Jades keep them without Oates or Hay ; and let the Master of the horse take care what Grooms he trusts to keep them ; for if they dye within the verge, he swears, By this light, they'll eat 'em.

*Pedro.* Yet their Footmen swarm still ; how came they to stay ?

*Carlo.* For want of strength to run away ; and, for the Queens side, there's neither fornication left nor pride ; nothing but Madam *Bluto* remains of all the Kitchin, none above stairs but *Suzan*, Civil, and her Capuchin.

*Johan.* Hot-spur's grown old too, his Gout requires ease ; and from head Ostler of the Court is become Chamberlain with staff and keys.

*Carlo.* Yes, for the young Prince is from the Indies come ; and though his brave Sea-horse founder'd in his journey home, yet the poor Jades are now become his cares ; he's no more Admiral, but *Palatine Polyxander*, great Master of the Mares.

*Pedro.* Then the young *Neptune* will to Sea no more.

*Carlo.*



*Carlo.* 'Tis thought so, for the neglected Trident sticks in the Dunghil, at the Stable door.

*Pedro.* By this light, 'tis Pity such parts, and such a Spirit should be buried there; who, when he was in Action, bred both fear and wonder; His Enemies call him still the Devil, and *Robin* a Cumber.

[*Enter a Bravo.*

*Brav.* Sir, he that struck me is now above in the *Synniora's* house; and *Anna* tells me, he begs and Rails, but has not a Royal of Plate to bless himself.

*Carlo.* Lets stay, and see him speak, when he comes out.

*Johan.* And give him a Royal apiece in alms, and laugh at him, 'twill be some Revenge.

*Pedro.* You mistake the man; he has a mind above those little things; but I can sting him; here *Carlo*, fetch me a Thousand Crowns, you know where to find it; with that we'll destroy his hopes; and to see us possess her, and himself shut out, will vex him worse then Blows:

[*Exeunt.*

### A C T. III. S C E N. II.

*Enter Harrigo, Edwardo, and Ferdinando.*

*Harrigo.* **T**hey are gone, and there is some mischief in their design I see by their whispering.

*Ferd.* I saw one of the *Brâvoes* return from her house, and spake with him in the Red, I am confident they know, he is within; and who knows but they are gone to surprize him by some back way?

*Edm.* 'Tis a willful Folly, to throw himself upon dangers needlessly, onely for humor; He knows I have business too, a design of mine own, that waits me. -- I'll knock. -- (*He knocks at Angel. door.*)

*Angel.* See who knocks.

(*Angellica above.*)

*Anna.* What would you have?

*Harrigo.* Prithee tell *Don Thomaso* 'tis late, and we stay for him.

*Anna.* Would you had him out at Window, so we were rid of him; A curse on the Door where he enters in, for *Anna*.

*Enter Thomaso, and embraceth his friends; Angellica peeps through her window upon him.*

*Harrigo.* And how? come be Ingenuous now; do's fortune smile? shall we break her Windows, or Sacrifice in her Temple?

*Thomaso.* Do you not see it here; Is it possible, such joys as mine can be hid? Do's not the little god appear upon my Brow to distinguish me from the Common Crow'd of Lovers; No *Cupids* hovering in the Air, kissing their hands, nor scraping their short Legs; *Formantias bona Mane*, something to drink for the service they have done me? Wee'll call him no more the blind Deity; Do you see that Eye that peeps there? Death, 'tis his Quiver, *Hall*; And has more Darts then his old one in't, but they are all to friend. Prithee tell me, where hadst thou the Sack we drank at Dinner;

The Eloquent, Bold, Fortunate Sack we drank to day? say, that I may go kiss the spiggot, and kneel to the Butt; 'Tis Sacred Liquor, I'll *dip my Beads in't*, and then touch all things that I would have kind or happy with them.

*Harrigo*. The wine was good, and there is more of it; If you'll walk wee'll take a Bottle, and hear the Story at leisure you so labour with; There is good French wine too, to whet your Stomack with.

*Thomaso*. French Wine? not I, 'tis the Omen of some ill luck when I drink it; French wine? when would that Corrasive had such success? No, I abjure it; Satyres, and ill Nature, Costiveness, and narrow soul, shrunk heartedness, and ill luck follow'd me as long as I convers'd with that hungry juice; Cheerful Oylly Sack, you see, has in an hour of happy Minutes crown'd all my wishes; I have not one desire left; Prithee let's be all wanton, and think upon something to want, Hark? Here's those Friends will remove all difficulties ---- Hark, how they dance out of tune for Joy to be fallen into my hands; That while we have the pleasure of spending, these little Rogues may have the Gusto to be spent? 'tis He and She Gold while 'tis here, and begets young pleasures; The fruit shews their beauty, while the covetous favor, with severe Eyes, keeps them Imprison'd in their Chests; they have no opportunity to meet, but lie barren; The separated Sexes for want of use wither, without putting forth either Leaf or Fruit; Or will you Collation, or Sup with me at our house? I am serious, all's mine own, and you shall be well-come.

*Ferd*. What the two Sisters are forgot, I see. The young Lady too, and the plot upon the hundred thousand Crowns, and all drown'd in this joy, wife and all?

*Edw*. But thou art not married, I hope, for all thy fooling.

*Thom*. All the hony of Marriage, but none of the sting, *Ned*; I have a Woman without that boundless Folly, of better or worse; there's a kind of Non-sence in that Vow Fools onely swallow; I can now bid my Friends well-come without Jealousie; Our vows are built upon kindness only, they stand & fall together; We neither load, nor enslave the mind with Matrimony; No laws, nor tyes, but what good Nature makes, binds us; we are sure to meet without false well-comes, or dissembling smiles, to hide the Sallary of a sin, or blinde the Fornication of a *Platonique* Friendship; Our knots hold no longer then we love; No sooner wish a liberty but we take it.

*Ferd*. I wish you Joy, Sir.

*Thoma*. And I have it, *Ferd*. full joy; heark, how the Chorus sounds; poverty has a slavery ty'd to it; It makes Wit and Honour sneak; My soul grew lean and rusty for want of Credit; It wither'd the Root of Man in me; But this kind seasonable Shower sends out Buds again; Thou shalt see mirth renew in me; look here, *Ned*, your Saint, has she such a Shrine as that *Pallas*? Do's she give such Oracles as these? heark, how sweet they sound, and in a Language all Nations understand; there's no Riddles in ready Money.

*Edw*.



*Edw.* I'll tell you to morrow ; This night I am to try how fortunes wheel will rise upon my Anchor ; if I be lucky I envy not any he in *Madrid* ; though 'tis granted , The *Angellica* cannot be excell'd in Garb or Beauty .

*Harrigo.* You must consider hee's but a young Wencher, but new come to Loves feasts, hee's at's first Course still.

*Ferd.* And a hungry Lover too, such as never tasted any thing but Loves porridge, and his Barley pudding in Wedlocks Ordinary ; But when we have surfeited of Spanish , French and Italian beauties as often as you have done , We shall search out such plumbs as the *Angellica* ; and our nice stomachs will require such curious plates and sauce to tempt it as those that love us will prepare ; yet what we Love will serve turn .

*Harrigo.* You name Forreign Beauty, as if *England* had none could please you ; Shew me where *Cupid* has such a Shambles, or such a Market as *London* affords ?

*Thom.* I, but you know the proverb, *Hall* ; For flesh and blood ; but the Divil sends Cooks .

*Harrigo.* Gentlemen , your mirth would be more seasonable, when you have thought upon your safeties, which, I am confident, is not here .

*Thomaso.* Our safety ? What danger is there, in Nature, for men to apprehend in our Condition ? Let's mock and despise all danger, now we have conquer'd those of Love and Want ; By this light, Famine grew formidable ; The lean Rogue was seen to enter within our Court ; and though he skulks in private now, 'Tis fear'd he will grow bold and walk abroad .

*Harrigo.* Since you went up, They pass'd again ; and now I am certain *Don Pedro* is one of them ; And your acquaintance with his Nature must tell you , He will not brook an Injury ; Which you have repeated to the quick ; His sword and his Mistress he has lost ; and how do you believe a Don will brook two such losses ?

*Thomaso.* *Don Pedro*, The *Serulina*'s brother ! a mischief pursue him, ( for putting her into my thoughts ) are you sure 'twas he ? By this light, hee's too blame ; Not I, his disguise has injur'd me .

*Harrig.* I'me of opinion, 'twill be fit for you to give him a visit ; wee'll go with you ; The truth of this Accident is enough to excuse us , and satisfie him ; A word in season will overcome him more then blows hereafter ; besides, As full of joy as you appear to be with this new fortune ; I know you cannot be so little a Friend to your self, to sleight and neglect such a Fortune, and such a friendship, as the fair *Serulina* brings .

*Thomaso.* Prithee, dear *Harry*, let's not be wise yet ; this is for serious hours, and grave thoughts, and but puts water in our Wine to day ; yet I'me of your opinion to find *Don Pedro*, for he is a person for whom I always had a value and kindness .

*Harrigo.* Well, Sir, take your own way ; As if you could visit him and his Sister not know you are arrived ; which news I'll venture to give her, and find some way to serve you with her without your Commission ; I know the Rogue is so proud that though he



loves nothing else but her; yet he would starve ere he would say so, for fear she should refuse him. [Exeunt omnes.

## ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Enter Lucetta, and Sanco.

*Sanco.* What's that?

*Lucett.* A Feather, the Bird has many.

*Sanco.* 'Tis a Diamon'd, and a good Water; Is there no ready money too?

*Lucet.* Fye! Money? I carried it with such State, he believes 'has got the Indies; I began, and gave first my Copper gilt Bracelet; had you seen how carelessly I parted with it, and how unwillingly I received this Diamond, till forc'd upon me;

*Sanco.* Go on, Excellently good; Do you think, he would give me any thing if I should pretend to love him? I'de so fit him with a speech, if I thought he would.

*Lucet.* Your part must be beaten out of him, *Sanco*; if he will not stand till we pick his Pockets.

*Sanco.* No, hang them, they are Oaken Rogues, your English; knotty, fullen, crabbed, wooden Fellows, and will fight upon as little reason as they love; you must either flatter them, or Cozen them out of what you get, else their dry udders will give no milk.

*Lucet.* Of this some other time; and, dear *Sanco*, haste, and call my *Philippo*, to whom thou know'st my heart is all in serious, what I would seem here; and I were happy, if my truth with *Philippo* found but such success as this Fiction; Prithee tell him, there is a Supper and a Ring attends him, and a better Fortune, if he can sail the streights, and find it; The Mine in his Pocket is then our own; Dear *Sanco*, be still kind, and use thy Art to bring him.

*Sanco.* Be you ready to receive the stranger, and let me alone to persuade him; This place of mine has good Fees belonging to it; Elle 'twere not to be endur'd, 'tis so pointed at, and this is one of them --- There must be some Allougho had too, for I shall be dry in the search. [Exit *Sanco*.]

He kisses her,  
She gives  
him money.

*Lucet.* When I consider the base means we submit to ere we can gain our Ends, The sordid ways, besides the sin and shame we pass, to arrive at fortune; It makes me wonder how any woman can abandon her self so as to play our parts; A Common whore, How I tremble at it? One that must yield to all Embraces, submit to all that Lust can invent; nay farther, not onely obey their base desires, but blow the fire too, and tempt, as well as suffer; Bowing before all Deformities, and all diseases, not daring to refuse either number, time, or place, when their lust Commands, and all for base Sallary; though we see Our selves despis'd, sometime before enjoy'd, but always after; No one setting a price or value upon that youth and beauty we expose; But because 'tis com-



common, therefore cheap in their Eyes ; Thus when I look back upon the Paths I have trod , I could curse my Fortune, That, in my Autumn has given me a slave to *Philip*.

[*Exit Lucetta.*

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Serulina, and Calis.*

*Serul.* Did you see my brother since !

*Calis.* Yes, Madam ; *Carlo* and he were talking ; he inquir'd for Don *Alphonso* ; they have some Quarrel ; Both are hurt, though sleightly ; I left your Brother at the Door.

*Serul.* Don *Alphonso* ? hee's upon his old design, I see ; which I shall easily satisfie, if his inquiry reach to me.

*Enter Don Pedro and Carlo.*

*Pedro.* I was inquiring for Don *Alphonso* ; I wonder I saw him not since I arrived ; when was he here last ?

*Serul.* I know not, Sir. *Calis*, when was he here ? I consider'd it so little my self, I have forgot when 'twas.

*Pedro.* And why do you hold so sleight an Esteem of him whom your Friends value ? a Person that , besides his Quality and Fortune, has a passion for you.

*Serul.* So I have heard you say ; but 'tis more then ever he told me, or had a desire should be known, as neer as I could guess.

*Pedro.* I am apt rather to believe his visits had more of Love, then your Modesty would see then, or confess now.

*Serul.* If he had a passion, as my Brother believes , yet I am certain, 'twas but a Passenger in his heart, no Native, nor Dweller there, some sudden kindness to himself, some complacency and Inclination *Incognita*, that never appear'd, still without the Garb of a gallant Love, such as is fit for a Maid to take notice of ; else I should have seen it, he still appear'd to me of a Nature so Indifferent as if he car'd not to Conquer, which made me always think him not worth the being overcome ; and so I lost him e're I found him and if some one, more concern'd then either of us, had not miss'd him before me, he had vanished like his Shadow ; This, Sir, is all the Account I can give you of one who was never thought of when he was present.

*Pedro.* Men of his Birth and Quality, when they find themselves sleighted, you must not wonder if they seek a revenge ; and though your Sex be exempted from his anger, yet your friends, that introduced them, may be Subject to it.

*Serul.* I do not at all apprehend it, not that I want Care, or kindness for my Brother ; But because I know Don *Alphonso* has neither sence nor good Nature in him, to let his Love afflict him ; his addressses may make some Women angry ; but his Anger will never be fit for any thing but your Pity.

*Pedro.*

*Pedro.* I believe there is some other cause makes him thus displeasing to you, which time may discover; and then I shall be better able to judge of this Character.

*Seru.* Sir, I am your Sister, and one that has as much value and kindness for you as any Brother can pretend to; and 'tis grounded upon so much reason, that were you not my Brother I should still Honour you; For I believe Don *Pedro's* humour and nature's such, as may justly pretend to an esteem from any virtuous woman: But I would not see you presume upon the ill customs of our Countrey so far as to make a slave of your Sister, who, if you will be just to her, will give you greater power then you can ask without blushing.

*Pedro.* Encourag'd by your kindness I shall try my Interest in a small request; I ask not to be preferr'd before the world; I onely beg to be rank'd in your esteem with Don *Thomaso*; Why do you frown and blush? Is there any guilt belongs to the Name of that Wanderer?

*Seru.* You are my Brother, Sir, that ask this question; But 'twould have been altogether as noble in you, not to have given Faith to those whispers that made you thus curious.

*Pedro.* His private return to this Town will authorize my fears; and my cares and love of you will exact this question from you, when you shall know I met him to day in Town. Why this confusion?

*Seru.* You mistake me, Sir; I am not at all confounded with the News, nor asham'd of any esteem I have for him; My value sprung at first from that praise your self and my Father gave him. Then Honour, Justice, and Gratitude, made me his Debtor, being forgot and abandoned by all, and expos'd to such dangers as the licenc'd Lust of common Souldiers threaten; When Rage and Conquest flew through the City, ruining all that was virtuous, Then *Thomaso*, this Wanderer, came and saved me; for which action my Soul has a high value for him; Nor will I blush to say it to you, though I never said so much to him, who has ever paid me an humble and a civil respect since that action, which no time nor absence shall deface: 'Twas gallant to all men, and particular to me, who, when a Father and a Brother could forget me, left a prey to the first comer voluntarily, and for my sake threw himself into all dangers to redeem me; That Wanderer did this, that Wanderer that sav'd my Life and Honour, and *Serulina* has so much virtue as to prefer him and his Friendship before any frowns or Fortune whatsoever.

*Pedro.* This is high, and enough to satisfy my question.-----  
*Johanne,* a word.

*Carlo.* Sir, you are too sudden and serious, and your question heats her.  
[*Exeunt Pedro and Johanne.*  
[*She walks and museth with her eyes fix'd, till Calis comes in.*

*Enter*



*Enter Calis.*

*Calis.* Madam, Madam.---- She is full of thoughts, but I must awake her ; Madam.

*Seru.* Hah !

*Calis.* Do you hear the News ? Don *Thomaso* is for certain in the Town ; your Brother and he fought this morning for the *Paduana's* picture ; they say, he's in Love with her.

*Seru.* It may be so, but till I hear him say't I'll not believe it, nor then neither ; for 'tis the last thing I would believe of a Lover to say he Loves ; few ever did it well that said it.

*Calis.* That's but one part of the story ; *Diego* saies they are resolv'd to be reveng'd upon him, and that they have hired *Bra-voes* to watch him this night ; 'twill be worth your thoughts to prevent the danger, if your Mind be not chang'd ; I am so much his Servant as to offer my self in any danger, in memory of those services that are pass'd.

*Seru.* *Calis* was ever faithful, and shall allways find me kind ; and if I live she shall not say I am ingrateful ; 'Tis now St. *Cecilia's* Eve, his own Feast, get our veils, and let us go in disguise to the *Caletravo's* ; There's the great Musick to morrow, and we shall certainly meet him at the *Vespers* ; He was alwayes a devote to the fair *Cecilia*, and *Dona Francisca* ; Musick was ever his delight, but their voices especially ; If I meet him there I shall tell him of his danger ; and if he be false, of some which do not threaten yet ; But till I am certain he is false, it shall not lie in the power of Malice to blast his hopes ; I know his humour is wild ; and for his Love of Women, 'tis upon his own score ; he that can be kind and constant to his women so against the hair, as he is, in spite of Law, conscience, or his own profit, buying at all rates their kindness, when he do's not so much as hope they should really love him ; What a friend would this man be, when all these, and Love to boot, shall seek him, and if found oblige him ? He must either change his Nature, or Love me too ; Come, *Calis*, I am resolv'd in two lines to write him what we hear, and something of what they would have me fear, which I cannot do ; For he that had virtue enough to prefer her before Fortune, quitting his Country for his Honour, shall never want my Fortune nor my Friendship, when it can serve such a Virtue.

[*Exeunt*

### ACT. III. SCEN. V.

*Enter Lucetta, and Sanco.*

*Lucetta.* | See them, they are fat, fresh, and young, as well fowle as fish in season ; All excellent in their kind ; and since my *Philippo* will be at the eating, most welcome ; But how shall we do to be rid of him in time ? Dear *Sanco*, be ingenuous.

*Sanco.* Heark, I hear *Philippo's* whistle, within we'll resolve.

*Enter*

*Enter Philippo.*

*Philippo.* Now, the News; what sudden storm is this that blows so kindly? The business, for I am in haste.

*Sanco.* See here one good part of the business, good meat, and better wine; Smell, pure fragrant *Eskeyvous*, *St. Martin*, and old Catholick Sack, with *Pane Benit* too; when we consider, (why that scurvy look, Sir,) I speak sence when I said *Pane Benit*, and such as I believe you have scarce bless'd your belly with these ten dayes: Good scurvy Don, be not so starch'd and hard to please? By *St. Iago*, I shall lose all respect for you if you despise my *Patrona*.

*Lucetta.* No more, Dear *Sanco*:

*Lucetta*  
*holds Sanco.*

*Sanco.* No more; By this day you spoil him with cockring of him, and I'll not suffer't a day longer; Never smell, Sir *Botho*, I shall grow extravagant, I shall, and drink this Wine, (do you hear?) and make you eat the *Boracho*; you'll find the pitch and hair as hard of digestion, and lie upon your stomach as long as the Jest; you will, Don. Let me alone, a Rascall that has but half a shirt under his lac'd Doublet; one that your kindness has onely made considerable; I hate to see him swell and look over us, a Rogue whom all the world treads upon; and if you'll but look on, I'll make him stand as tame as a vaulting Horse, till I gnaw off those whiskers he playes with and frights children.

*Sanco strikes*  
*him, and*  
*throws him*  
*down, and*  
*with his*  
*dagger*  
*would kill*  
*him, but that*

*Lucetta*  
*holds him,*  
*Lucetta*  
*strives all*  
*this while to*  
*save Philippo*

*Philippo.* Sirrah, Baud, lousie Baud, scurvy louse, bite me once again and I'll crack thee.

*Sanco.* Rogue, let me flea him, and shew you when his velvet case is off a breast-plate onely of lining; and under those Cordovant bootes bare legs; Slave, do not I know thy shoulders are lac'd with Galley-lashes, and that thou bear'st the mark of the flock on thy back, two F's. Swear to come thrice a week without sending for, or, by *St. Iago*, I'll cut thy throat.

*Lucetta.* Why *Sanco*? As you love me, let him rise; you know the passion I have for him; and if you hurt him, you wound me; A Curse take me if I Revenge not all injuries you do him at the rate of Life and Fortune.

*Sanco.* Death, let him be kind to you, and I'll be as much his slave as ever; else, by this steel, he shall onely have time to confess before I absolve him with one stab.

*Philippo.* What shall I do to assure her or you I love more, then to obey your call; or, when my affairs permit me, come unsent for?

*Sanco.* Your affairs? what are they? stealing Garlick and hearbs at night; The committing Sacriledge on the lamps for oyle for a sallad? And chuse this rather then eat a supper for a Prince with us, unless you have money too: You must be purchas'd, with a pox, with our money, earn'd through a thousand difficulties to give your *Tarantula* a dirty cold whore in a cellar; our Dogs lie better; whose starved poverty, and raw stomach, boyles out in a salt



saltitch; 'Tis two peoples work to claw her, you are fain to scratch a spell too, till the hang-man take the office out of both your hands; and this is the Jewel for whom you must despise my *Patrona*: This you know too, and yet you dote upon him; my life upon't, he has given her some charm, some philter; which either confess, or by this hilt thou dy'st without mercy; do not build upon her foolish pity, let me alone, speak or I strike.

*Philippo.* Hold, *Sanco*; hold and I'll confess.

*Sanco.* Be quick, I say.-----Stand off, by this day you will anger me else.

*Lucetta.* What, will he confess?

*Sanco.* Something of which I have been long jealous; and you should have known my doubts before, but that there was no trusting your fond humour with a secret; Come, be speedy.

*Philippo.* Having heard much of a Mountebanks powder when I was in *Naples*, I purchas'd some; 'tis the same which is now sold in the *Piazza*, and by the same man; I had no faith at first, but gave it you upon adventure; but finding the effect, monethly renewed the dose as the paper prescribes; And had married you, but for a crafty whore, who jealous that my success with you grew from some such cause, call'd to mind that I had formerly mention'd such a powder; she found the box, and gave it unto me unknown; by whose force I am become a slave to that wretch, as you are subject to me.

*Sanco.* O Rogue, Dog! shall I not cut thy throat now?

*Lucetta.* Not for the world; 'tis enough I have hopes of my recovery, and the certain pleasure of his kindness while the frenzy lasts.

*Sanco.* Have you any of this powder left, Sir?

*Philippo.* Yes, three or four doses in a box ty'd to my beads; you *Sanco* will find it in my Reliquery. *searches his pockets.*

*Sanco.* So, now will I give the Countess the Bear a dose in the name of *Philippo*, and the Rogue another in the name of the Bear; and when it works, give him opportunity to ravish *Calipsa*: Then accuse him to the Inquisition, and have him burnt for Sodomy.

*Philippo.* Hold; Madam, have you no pity upon me?

*Lucetta.* Fear not, he shall not hurt you if I have power; I love him yet, and it grieves my Soul to think that I shall hate him, which is the last effect of this powder. Rise pray, and let your kindness make amends for the injuries you have done me.

*Sanco.* A pox of all ill luck; have I been a Bawd these 20 years, and might, for ought I know, have been *Amoroso* to the *Infanta*, and Heir to 16 Kingdoms? I have the dose now, and if I can get an opportunity, she is mine; Then do I come forth King *Sanco*, there is no Heirs Males to pretend but the Comediantes; Nor is it the first Prince *Spain* has seen of the *Sanco's*; why should I dispute? if detected, have not I the loving *Infanta* still to plead? Or, if the worst succeed, 'tis but dying after I have enjoy'd her; And is it not better to be mourn'd for by a Queen, then to live *Sanco*? 'Tis decreed, King *Sanco* if I prevail, or a gallant Villain if I fail.-----Come, Don

*Philippo*, I am friends with you as I am *Sanco*.

Y y

*Philippo.*

*All this while Lucetta makes much of Philippo, and he is sad*

*Philip.* you are, Sir ; 'tis well you can be friends considering---

*Sanco.* Why, there's the difference betwixt an injury done by a Prince, and a subject ; Princes when they do an injury they never forgive him 'tis done to, but hate the man, because they believe he but dissembles, and has not forgot the injury ; now I that am your vassal freely forgive you all the displeasures I have done you ; come, kiss my *Patrona*, and smile out this Moon, and let's follow our design ;---Which, I hope, will put me in equipage for my great work, the Age is destin'd for such a mischief.

*Aside.*

*Philip.* Come, no more tears ; I am satisfi'd, still in doubt ! these deeds of Love are never well seal'd ; come, print that kiss again, and then let me know what the design was I was sent for ; for I believe neither of you know what's happen'd since.

*Sanco.* 'Tis truth, though my fears have long doubt'd what is discover'd ; yet I had no thoughts of inquiring that secret now ; but 'tis past, and you shall know our design ; see who knocks.

*Enter Don Mattheo's man with a Basket.*

*Lucet.* 'Tis Don *Mattheo's* man with his Basket ; I forgot 'twas his day ; prithee, *Sanco*, tell him I am sick, or abroad, or busie, or any thing to be rid of him, or desire him to dine with me to-morrow.

*Philip.* Look out, and then you will be kind to the *Cesto*, what ere you are to the man.

*Sanco.* The Capons and Veale look well, and shall be welcome ; and how bright that Bacon shines, larded with lean.

*Philip.* Such Bacon is a beautiful savory sight in a Kitchen ; and those Pigeons have Olive-branches in their mouths ; they look as if they had flown out of his Holiness Arms to come to you Pamphili-ans ; and will you refuse to receive them with peace ?

*Sanco.* By no means, Lady ; those *Annemellys* too win my soul ; I am resolv'd to let in his Supper, 'tis belly-timber, Child ; consider that, able to build two good meals of when we will ; I love a Larder when 'tis full of such good company ; a clean wash'd Kitchen 'tis as ill as a dry Cellar ; then there's *Dona Borachia* and her hand-maids, their pregnant wombs swell like the Grapes that fill'd 'em ; and can you be so cruel to refuse their great bellies to lye in the Cellar, take heed of being inhospitable to *Bacchus*. Don *Philippo* and I will refer our selves to one of them, that our quarrel may be perfectly reconcil'd.

*Lucet.* See *Mattheo's* be not troublesome, I'll yield to all the rest.

*Sanco.* Let me alone to manage this affair, while you inform *Philippo* of our design.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT.



## ACT. IV. SCENE.

Enter Edwardo, (*drunk.*)

**Edw.** A Pox of this sack, 'tis windy and fuming, would I were lodg'd; the Rogue told me he would stay for me at the corner; but which is the corner of a full Moon, that question will pose a great deal of sack to resolve; I have pass'd twenty corners since; I would the Rogue were nail'd to one with a Planet, that I might see him blaze before me; 'twere easie to ask the way if a man knew whither; here's a door open; If I can hit it, I'll go in and sleep under this great mans arms; perhaps they'l appear to me in a dream; I'm sure I have sack enough about me to breed a vision.

[Exit Edwardo.]

## ACT. IV. SCENE. II.

Enter Serulina, and Calis.

**Serul.** Where are they?

**Cal.** Within still, but upon going. Don John is violently bent upon his revenge. I heard him say, a sword and a Mistress were not to be lost, nor the injuries put off with a rally; but your brother seems more concern'd for your kindness than his own quarrel to him; there is no stirring for me till they are gone.

**Serul.** Only observe those Bravo's well that we may be able to describe them to Don Thomafo; and see my Letter in some safe place till you can deliver it him; you shall find me in the Arbour, when they are gone; dear Calis, be diligent, you know what's at stake.

**Calis.** I shall not fail of my part.

[Exit Calis.]

*She gone, Enter Johanne, stops and hears Serulina's discourse.*

**Serul.** 'Tis not what they have said or threaten'd frights me; for I know Don Thomafo has courage and friends to defend him against them all; and I hope honour enough to deliver him from her charms too; but what am I the better for his being unconcern'd in her, if he do's not love me. In Town thus long and neither see, send nor inquire after me! something like jealousy would fain make me angry; 'tis many years since I saw him, but that's excus'd being engag'd by honour to serve his Prince in his troubles; but being in *Madrid*, my fears tell me if he were a Lover, that ingenuous Diety would have found some way to have seen a Mistress.----Ha!

[She spies Don John.]

**Johan.** Madam, I am glad this chance has gain'd some serious knowledge of your mind; yet 'twas no saucy intrusion nor curious nature of mine that made me give you this interruption, but obedience to your Brothers desires, who has commanded me again



to tell you his fears, that he may, at least, have the satisfaction to know upon what ground you build your faith that *Thomaso* is a Lover.

*Serul.* Don *John* has ever been honour'd by my Father and his Family, and I shall be proud to find I have not lost that value he had once for his Daughter; and to confirm him in my esteem of him, I shall satisfy him 'tis no blind willful passion, but an affection grounded upon reason which I profess (if love can have any reason in his sacrifice) besides those thousands which to day I gave my Brother; who if he found a froward answer must chide himself; for Love, *Johanne*, is a child; and if wak'd too rudely will be out of humour.

*Johan.* Madam, you will honour me in this trust; and I shall not rudely cross your heart in her designs, but joyn to serve you in arguing calmly your reasons with your Brother, who only fears you may be couzen'd of your heart; for Don *Thomaso* yet promises no great stock of love to purchase such a Jewel; what kind of address he has formerly made I know not; but since his arrival, methinks, there has been but little of the Lover seen; then his humour and his actions are too wild and extravagant for a serious heart to consider.

*Serul.* What his humour has been to day, or yesterday, I know not; I shall rather judge by those years I knew him, then by these few hours of which you accuse him; all his addreses to me were still full of humility, and had honour enough for any Maid to avow; nothing of the earthy, heavy, envious Lover, that eats his own heart, if I but praise another man; none of the watry ey'd, whyning sigher, that thinks to gain from a womans pity that favour which he could not deserve or win from her Reason; none of your fiery, cholerick Lover neither, whose bloody rage speaks in his passion war and destruction; one that will frown and look pale upon a Mistress, as if he would win that heart by force and storm, which he has no title to by love or vertue; no, Don *John*, none of these, nor your airy Humorist, your Dresser, Singer, Fencer, Horse-man, Dancer, Poet; all the all that all women, in all men, admire, I can prize, but it shall not slave me; had *Thomaso* lov'd the common way of men, I would have paid him with ordinary favours; and for his Mistresses, that great crime so often urg'd by my Brother and your self, I despise it, and inquire neither who, nor how many he has; I scorn to fear he can be such a fool as to give them his heart; and for his body, 'twas always the least of my thoughts, and only known as it went and came upon Loves Errands betwixt us; and she that is concern'd in her servants bestowing his body till he is hers, (were I the man) I should believe such an anger were but darkly telling me she had a mind to it her self; come *Johanne*, let *Thomaso* keep his heart and mind fit for my value; let them be chaste, and for his body I shall never consider what it doth.

*Johan.* This is a new Doctrine; can you love a man and not be jealous of him? I thought jealousy had been one of the greatest signs.



signs of love, though it be a crime in a Lover.

*Serul.* Jealousie is, no doubt, a sign of Love; but 'tis not of the man I am jealous; I would be as soon jealous of my Cook or Keeper, as of my Lovers person; for they have flesh of mine in keeping too; yet I allow jealousy both proper and honourable in your sex; and were it not troublesome I would wish it in my servant; for it is fit he should be jealous, not only of my heart and person, but every word, look and motion is worth his fear and care; for a Virgin once blown upon by the world, or touch'd in reputation, is for ever stain'd; and yet this stranger, this jealous Lover, the eldest son of Love, is by foolish women traduc'd, and his birth-right deny'd him.

*Johan.* Faith, Madam, as they Marry now, 'tis no matter what either doth, where their friends buy and sell according to the Market; here's a man and such a joyniture; give me a woman and such a portion; so they truck their Children a common coyn in Matrimony; yet I am of opinion most men have this merit of jealousy, and do not know it.

*Serul.* And most women want wit, or justice, to reward, or see it.

*Johan.* I rather believe they want justice, then wit; and dread it as the Cage into which few Birds enter willingly; they do not dislike such love, but fear the consequence of such a Lover; they will not be impal'd, such a passion cuts off their liberty, and his diligence is look'd upon as a spy; most women love servants as they do fruits, in, and of every Season some. 'Tis not the Grape, the Melon, the Peach, will always please; no, nor the old Apple it self; and though few women can deserve one gallant friendship, yet none are contented with a hundred: All would have all, nor do they care so much to be lov'd, as to have it said so; they dress, Feast and Court for the vogue of the Town; and you will find in the Herd a hundred brace of fools, and not one pair of Lovers; though I will hope you may find *Thomaso* one; upon your score, Madam, I shall serve him; I beg your pardon, Madam; your Brother expects me before this.

[Exit Johanne. *She steps into an Arbour, and lyes down.*]

*Serul.* This, I know, goes to my Brothers ear; for *Johanne* doth not brook the fortune *Don Thomaso* hath made in my friendship; and 'tis easie to discern (what he durst never discover) a design, himself to have been admitted a pretender, and that made him pleas'd with my neglect of *Alphonso*; but those are foolish women that will let such mean people, and their weeds grow to look them in the face, when they may frown them down, and with a look tread them into their earthy breasts.

[Enter Edwardo drunk.]

*Edw.* This house is haunted, haunted, By cock; every Room furnish'd, and every door open, and not a servant to be seen; sure they look for the Devil, the Devil *Incognito*; I have reel'd and stumbl'd through all the house, without a Question. What's here? a Garden? it tempts me to take a nap in *Fresco*, I shall sleep with-  
out a Cradle, I have sack enough to rock me.---Who is't? this  
*Greco* is a Witch, and has transform'd me into a Dog; I turn round  
thrice

*He reels, turns round and stumbles.*



*He falls  
down by her,  
she starts and  
would rise,  
but he holds  
her.  
Then he of-  
fers to force a  
kiss.*

thrice, ere I can lye down : How now, what have we here, a wo-  
man ! By this hand, a Wench ; is she drunk too ? 'tis a gay Girl,  
what fine Petti-coats and gilded feet she has ! I'll catch her sit-  
ting, --- Sweet soul, let me kiss thy feet.

*Serul.* How now, what mean you, Sir ? do you know where you  
are ? *[She strives, and he holds her.*

*Edw.* We are here, are we not ? prithee kiss me.

*Serul.* What insolence is this ?

*Edw.* Only good luck, parlous good luck, Child ; 'tis a finer  
Wench then mine ; By this light, she smells as sweet as any Posie ;  
prithee Sirrah, let's not lose the occasion ; I am a very honest fellow  
though I am in pickel now ; thou may'st safely trust me ; By this  
light I will not tell, for I do not know thee.

*Serul.* He is drunk ; let me go ; sure you do not believe your  
self what you say ; I never saw such a beast before.

*Edw.* Therefore be kind the rather ; to lye with me is scarce a  
sin now ; there's neither malice nor design in't ; sollicitation and  
perseverance makes it a sin ; this will be only a venial scape, meer  
chance on both sides ; should I kill you now in my drink, you  
know there are Cities of refuge for such men ; and if I should stab  
you in heat of blood, it would be but chance medly, on my side ;  
and a little fornication in your own defence, for you ; indeed  
should I court you any longer, and vow and swear till you believ'd  
and granted, that were to make it willful whoredom, a crying sin ;  
therefore thou art bound in conscience to lye with me without any  
more words.

*Serul.* Unhand me, wicked impudent beast.

*Edw.* Why wicked ? a jury that had wit or youth, and saw  
that face in this place, would swear you struck first, and fools only  
see that face and doubt the provocation ; come Child, prithee be  
kind, I'll warrant the sin as soon forgiven with me as any man  
alive ; for if I do not make thee as fit for repentance as another,  
Hang me ; you shall not need confess this fault, I'll give you a pe-  
nance with it, 'twas given me lately ; A pox on her curtesie, I'll kiss  
thee. *[He pulls her.*

*Serul.* Help, ho ! who's there ? help.

*Edw.* I, do, call witnesses to see how you use me.

*Serul.* Help, help, murder.

*Edw.* Help, for what ? I warrant thee we need none, I'll do  
thy business well enough alone ; how finely she dissembles ? a  
crafty Rogue, she knows how to grind a man to an edge.

*Serul.* *Calis, Johanne, Carlo, help, Rape, Murder.*

*Edw.* Rape ! you lye, Baggage ; how now, as if you were not  
as willing as I ; what do you do here alone else ? in a Garden at  
this hour, and your door set open, good Spider, but to catch a Pas-  
senger ? do you frown ? By cock, I shall grow angry too ; come,  
and kiss me, and leave your fooling. --- Hold you, there's a piece of  
eight for you. *[He feels in his pocket, and pulls out a Dollar.*

*Serul.* Away, impudent beast.

*Edwardo.* You will not, you are sure, you will not have it. ---



I give no more, and yet I'll have as good a face as yours ; Nay, you <sup>He offers it</sup> shall not go neither. <sup>again, and</sup>

*Serulina.* Where are all these Officious Rascals ? If I had been <sup>then puts</sup> whisp'ring they would have been here long since, to betray a Mi- <sup>it up.</sup> stress ; but now, when my Honour's at Stake, My crys for help cannot reach their Ears.

*Edwardo.* Do you hear, if you cry help again, By Cock I'll leave you, and go sleep ; how now, Manners, where have you been bred, refuse a Gentlemans money, and kindness, when you are alone ; Pox on you, let go my hair.

*Serulina pulls him by the hair, when he offers to lay hold on her.*

*Serulina.* Villain, do not touch me, I'll tear thee to the Street.

*Edwardo.* Let go, or I'll cry Murder, and Rape, if you pull thus.

*Enter Johanne.*

*Johan.* Sure I heard her call for help ; Ha ! what's here ; How now, Sir, what do you mean ?

*Edwardo.* What do I mean ? I mean to be serv'd first, because I came first ?

*Johan.* Let the Lady go, or I shall loose your Fingers with my Dagger.

*Edwardo.* Let me alone, and get thee gone, or I will beat thee with this sword, most unmercifully beat thee, for being so unmannerly to interrupt us.

*Johan.* Drunken beast !

*Johanne strikes him, both draw and fight, she runs away, Johannes sword breaks.*

*Edwardo.* They are both gone ; a Pox on the Rogue, he has got the Wench.

*Enter two Servants, set upon him, he retires, they pursue him. Enter Johanne and two Servants.*

1. *Serv.* Where came the Rogue in ? do you know him, Sir ?

*Johan.* Yes, 'tis one of the English Crew ; I shall find a time to be reveng'd upon that Covey. *[Exit Johanne.]*

2. *Servant.* The Rogue had claw'd us if he had been sober, who left the Gates open ?

1. *Servant.* That's a Question out of season ; Let us go, and shut it. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

## ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

*Enter Lopus the Mountebank's People planting a Stage; To them Celia, and Scarramucha, several Audients; Then Enter Lopus, and addresses himself to the Company.*

*Lopus.* **M**ost Illustrious Dons, and egregiously beautiful and vertuous Madona's, with the rest of my Gentle friends and Auditors; Behold your humble and most officious Servant *Lopus*, arrived from the most ancient and stately City of *Saragosa*, on purpose to make a Present of the wonderful effects of his Physical and Chymical Arts to your fair acceptance, in this most glorious and Courtly Town of *Madrid*; I protest to you, Gentlemen, I and my wife, with all my Servants, are not able to make of this Precious Oyl you see in this Glasse, half so fast, as it is fetch'd away from my Lodging, by Gentlemen and others of this famous Town; and sent for by many of the greatest Dukes and Condees of this much celebrated Nation; Some of which have detain'd me to their private and particular use awhile, since my arrival, by their splendidous Liberalities; And worthily, for what avails it your rich man to have his Cellars stuff'd with the purest grape; and his Tables furnish'd with the rarest variety of dainty Acates, when his Physitians prescribe him (on pain of death) to drink nothing but water-gruel, or over-stewed herbs, in a thin heartless Broth? O health; the blessing of the Rich, the Riches of the poor! who can buy thee at so dear a rate, since they cannot enjoy any happines in this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, Honourable Gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of your lives; For when a humid Flux, or Catarrh, by the mutability of the Air, falls from your head into an Arm or Shoulder, or any other part; take you a Ducat or Castilion of Gold, and apply it to the Place affected, see what good it will do; No no, It is this blessed Unguento, this rare Extraction, that onely hath the power to disperse all malignant humours, from whatsoever ill affected Causes they shall proceed. It has power to fortifie the most indigest and crude stomach in the world, though it be of one that (through extreme weakness) vomits blood; Applying onely a warm Napkin to the place, after the Uction and Fricace; for the Vertigo in the head, putting but a drop into your Nostrils, likewise behind your Ears; a most Sovereign and approved remedy. The Mal Caduco, Cramps, Convulsions, Paralyties, Epilepsies, Tremor Cordis, retired and shrunk Nerves, evil vapours of the Spleen, stoppings of the Liver; the Stone, the Strangury, *Hermia ventosa*, *Iliaca passio*, stops a Dysenteria, immediately easeth the Tortion of the small guts, and cures Melancholia Hypochondriaca, being taken and applied according to my printed Receipt; For this is the Physitian, this the Medicine; this Counsels, this Cures; this gives the Direction, this works the effect; And in Sum, both together may be termed an Abstract of the Theorick and Practick in the Æsculapian



pian Art ; The price is but four Royalls, that is the price, and less I know, in curtesie you cannot offer me ; take it, or leave it ; Howsoever, both I and it are at your service ; I ask you not neer the value of the thing ; For then I should ask you a thousand Duckets ; so several Grandees and Grandessa's have given me. But I despise money, onely to shew my affection to you, Honourable Gentlemen, and this most inclyte Town ; I have neglected the Messages of divers Princes and Nobles, and directed my Journey hither, onely to present you with the fruits of my experience, and travels.

I have here likewise a most inestimable water, or Quintessence of Spirits drawn from all sorts of Medicinable Vegetables, which is equally to be valued with my Oyl ; of Both which if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects, with the Countless Catalogue of those I have cured of the aforesaid, and many more diseases, the Patents and Priviledges of the most Catholick and Christian Kings ; as also of all the Princes and Commonwealths of Christendom ; or but the depositions that have appeared, on my part, before the most learned Collidges of Physitians, where I was Authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my Medicaments and my own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, to disperse them publickly for the common good. And though divers have professed to have as good and experimented Receipts as my self, and have assayed to make both of this Oyl and water ; Bestowed great cost in Furnaces, Stills, Alembicks, continual fires, and preparation of Ingredients (as indeed there goes to each of them six hundred several Simples, at least,) yet they ever lost their labour and cost, both, for want of that large Talent of knowledge, requisite to such a work. For my self, I have always hunted after the most recondite secrets, and to get them. I have spared no rest, or labour, but taken indefatigable pains therein ; Insomuch as, Gentlemen, I will undertake (by vertue of Chymical Art) out of the Honourable Hat that covers your head to extract the four Elements, that is to say, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth, and return you the Felt without burn or Stain ; For, whilst others have been at the Balloo I have been at my Book, and am now pass'd the craggy parts of Study, and come to the flowery plains of Honour and Reputation.

Here is likewise a Powder conceal'd in this Paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, five thousand volumns were but as one Page, that Page as a Line, that Line as a word ; so short is this Pilgrimage of Man (which some call Life) to the expressing of it. Or if I would reflect upon the Price, why the whole world were but as an Empire, that Empire as a Province, that Province as a Bank, that Bank as a private purse, to the purchase of it. I will onely tell you ; It is the very Powder that made *Venus* a Goddess, (given her by *Apollo*) that kept her perpetually young, clear'd her wrinckles, firm'd her gums, fill'd her skin, colour'd her hair ; from her derived to *Helen*, and at the Sack of *Troy* unfortunately lost, till now in this our Age it was as happily recovered by a Studious Antiquary, out of some ruines of *Asia* ; who sent a Moyety.

of it to the Court of *France*, but much sophisticated : The rest, at this present, remains with me, extracted to a Quintessence ; so that, wherever it but touches, in youth, it perpetually preserves ; in Age restores the Complexion, Seats your Teeth ( did they dance like Virginal Jacks ) as firm as a wall, makes them white as Ivory, that were as black as Jeat ; and with the addition of a most wonderful Bath, of my own preparation, It will tinct a gray hair pure Auburn, and make it grow so ; make you cast your old harsh skin for one as fresh and smooth as *Leda's*, and so supple and quicken your Joynts and Nerves, as but seldom using it, you shall ever enjoy your juvenile Activities, Gustos, and total Abilities, to the Admiration of all that formerly knew you ; Many other rare effects there are of this Powder and Bath, too tedious to reckon in this place ; but whosoever has a mind to try them, if they please to repair to me at my lodging, shall be more particularly informed. Onely this I shall add at this present ; This Powder has likewise a wonderfull variety of Amorous effects belonging to it, which are not here to be enumerated ; And for my rare Oyl, though I impart it to the Rich for mony, I often cure the Poor for God-sake.

*And so God preserve his Most Catholick Majesty.*

*Enter Thomaso, Harrigo, Ferdinando, and Cornelio, and  
Listen to the Mountebank.*

*Cornel.* He is a famous Fellow, and has offer'd to restore to their perfect shapes the two Rich Monsters.

*Ferd.* What Monsters ?

*Cornel.* The two Sisters that came from *Mexico* : Jews 'tis thought, of vast Fortunes, no wonder a Guardian of the same Tribe, though the Rogue eats Bacon ; their Fathers and Families were both drown'd coming from the Indies ; they are worth a Million of Crowns.

*Ferd.* And why are they not married ?

*Cornel.* Marry a Monster ? who would have them ? One of them is so little, and so deform'd, 'tis thought she is not Capable of Marriage ; The other is so great an over-grown Gyant, no Body dares venture upon her, shee's out of Fathom.

*Thomaso.* Let's go and see them ; 'twill be good sport to pass an hour ; what do you pay for going in ?

*Cornel.* Pay ? why, they are worth a Million, and cannot be seen, but by particular favour of their Guardian, who is my Friend.

*Eerd.* No words, Captain ; you and I'll talke more of this anon ; I'll venture a paper of powder upon one of them ; 'tis but a royal lost.

*Thomaso.* How shall I do to speak with his Puppet ? I have a question or two I would fain be Resolved of.

*Harr.* I believe I can do it without a Witch ; *Serulina*, and *Angelica*, upon my life ; whither the old love, or the new, will be most lasting ?

*Thom.* Prithee do not name those two together ; Thou know'st that name has divinity in it ; and when my soul is serious it still adores her ;



her; one is my religion, the other my sport and diversion; and though you have not guess'd far from truth, yet this is neither time, company nor place to discourse of her; we must now follow our design to the Sisters, where we are expected; I see *Ferd.* swears in his mind, for being thus long delayed.

*Ferd.* Faith, you let me cool so long upon't, my desire is over; and if she do's not use me mighty kindly, and put my toy in tune, my Fiddle will make no Musick: Pox on't, they have play'd me all this day like a puppy whoremaster; Now put me on, then take me off; you have pull'd me back and forwards so often I am out of humor; You know I am a Country Gentleman, not practiz'd to play at game whores; you should have got me a gay Muzzel'd Harlot, to have tows'd at first, at my pleasure; and if once ent'red, I had been in for all night.

*Enter Helena, an old decayed blind, out of Fashion whore, gay, and fine, as Girls of Fifteen, but out-of-fashion in her cloaths, shee's carried by two Bravo's to the Mountebanks Stage, where she is lifted up.*

*Tho.* See, here comes one muzzel'd by gaffer time, that has neither teeth nor eyes, a blind whore; thou may'st have the whipping of this.

*Har.* She has been a strapping quean in her time; Two couple of Almayns at a course, I have seen stav'd, and tail'd off, on her.

*Thom.* Prithee who is't?

*Harr.* 'Tis *Helena*, a Famous old Curtezan.

*Thom.* She may be that of *Troy*, There's Antiquity enough, both in her Face and Dress; though she be fitter now for *Priapus* his rape, then *Paris*'s.

*Brav.* By your leave, Noble Gentlemen, roome for a patient.

*Scarr.* Gentlemen, Ladies, curteous Gentlemen, room, pray, for the patient to approach the Stage.

*(Then they lift her up upon the Stage.)*

*Celia.* Who is there? a chair for the Lady -- What seek you, Ma- *She sits*  
dam? your Fortune from the old Oracle in the Box? Is't *the powder,*  
or *Elixar,* a Restorative Bath; would you be your self, at Fifteen again, *down.*  
or try our transformation? would you your Sex, or fortune change;  
all rests in your power; Here is the Secret, name your hour.

*Helena.* *Celia*, my Child, I know thy voyce, whose Name has long been my Envy; Yet now thy Fame has brought me hither; see the sad remains of what was *Helena*. Fame doth fill the Worlds Care with thy Husbands skill; They say, he can change Forms and Sexes, and (which is more,) youth restore; He can both wound and Cure a heart; O my Child, 'tis the remedy I seek; Let him try his Art, I have here brought the dart; I love, I love, my Child, and fain would be belov'd again; A proud, and yet (they say) a lovely Man; My Age is burnt with desire; Cold limbs feel that fire, *Blind* as Love, and yet in Love; I sigh, Prithee use thy Art, to cure the smart, or freeze my heart, Why should Lust and desire stay? By what right, since youth and Beauty attain'd their flight? Why should not the Bloods fire

die, with those that sparkled in mine Eye? Age shakes me now, more then fear did then; *Helena* was ever cruel, *Helena*, for all Loves fire, was still the Jewel; 'Twas my pleasure still the youth to please, and the raging Lover ease. O let thy Bath replenish those dark lamps with new Virgin Oyle; Do but fix these Teeth, and trembling Hands, and restore what at fifteen I wore; Give me my Gold or Auburn hair, let time this silver wear.

*Lopus*. Pray retire with my servants, who shall prepare the liquor and the fire, and in few hours give you your hearts desire; You shall have Beauty to your Art, such as shall catch each Lovers Heart; Such amorous lustre in your Eyes, and your gray Hairs so bright shall rise; Your Cheeks shall such fresh Roses bear, your skin so white a slickness wear, as shall a general wonder move and pierce the hardest Hearts with Love. But you must give us your Age.

*Helena*. I have forgot, unless by past accidents you can collect; in *Charles* the Fifth's days I was a Lover.

*Lopus*. And when a Maid?

*Helena*. Ha, ha, ha, you make me laugh, a Maid? Alas, a very little, little while; God knows, if ever; Since I knew what 'twas to be one, I am certain I was none.

*Lopus*. Gentlemen, 'tis late, and my Patients attend their Fate; Come, bring in this Lady, on whom I will shew such Art, shall make you all that see admire my part. [Exit *Lopus*.

Exit *Helena*  
with the  
Servants.

*Scarra*. Help, help, bear her in.-----The chippings of these old women are my fees, as Master *Pantler* to the Devil my Master; Ah Mistris! when shall I have the paring of your crust? This shell which your Soul is in I must have the natural use of; You know the case of the Coney is the Cooks fee.

*Celia*. O *Scarramucha*, if thou wert but faithful, what would not I do for thee?

*Scarra*. Faithful? Venture but a kiss in my keeping, and command what you will.

*Celia*. A kiss, thou shalt have a thousand; All thy Heart can wish, my bed, my purse, my friendship for ever; do but one thing for me, and be secret.

[*Scarramucha* kisses her, groaps, and plaies his knavish tricks.

*Scarra*. Propose, propose, Dear Mistris; how I long to earn a favour from you! This powder works through the box sure; has it virtue by sneezing? Why do you delay the secret? You see they are gone.

*Celia*. Why should I fear? Is any condition worse then to love that wretch? 'Tis resolv'd, I'll venture all kinds of danger, but I'll be rid of this; You shall swear to be secret.

*Scarra*. I swear, I swear, I swear.-----Dispatch, Dear Mistris, for I do so long to deserve your kindness.!

He kisses her  
thrice.

*Celia*. Be faithful and take it; Know then, you shall swear to joyn with me, and as soon as the Bath for Dwarves is ready, help to throw my Husband in; And this Evening, when *Helena's* Bath for Restauration has all the perfect rights in't, you shall dip me thrice,  
and



and thrice repeat my Name, and then command me out, *Celia* at fifteen; Do this, and command me ever; thou shalt find me a faithfull friend, and still as kind as fair.

*Scarra.* 'Tis a bargain, give me onely a Curtesy in earnest, a cast of this old *Celia*'s office, and I'll sit you; and to shew my Dear Mistriss; how faithfull a Lover her *Scarramucha* is; Never shall woman enjoy me after, if you will promise to be as kind to me as I am faithful to my Mistriss; You shall even dip me too.

*Celia.* Why? What would *Scarramucha* be? Is he not young and healthy?

*Scarra.* I am even weary of being *Scarramucha*; I'll be dipt, 'tis resolv'd; I'll be dipt, and my Mistriss shall call me *Helena*, *Hellen* of fifteen, and you shall see what a dainty Lady I'll come out; I'm weary of being a Man, and subject to be beaten. And if a Man have a mind to a Wench, the making Love is so tedious, that 'tis an affliction; then paying is to my Heart unsupportable: No, I will be a Woman, and be courted, have a house of my own, and Servants about me; Live at ease, have both the sport and the money; and 'tis so fine to be without a beard, and speak small, and sing a treble, with a fine little hand and foot, and squeak if the wind but blow upon me; I am sure never to be cudgel'd again, still cocker'd and flatter'd; And Men will take it so kindly too, if I'll but let them put their hands under my coats; I am resolv'd I will be a Woman, unless I could be both; A fine Lady with a dagger and a scabbard too; however, Mistriss, 'tis no bargain unless you will observe Covenants; Either *Scarramucha* must come out *Helen*, or *Celia* dwells in her old cloathes still.

*Celia.* In serious faith, I vow; Be just to me, and I'll diligently observe my part.

*Scarra.* 'Tis agreed, within we'll take our leaves of *Scarramucha* and *Celia*; But what shall we do with the good old Gentlewoman?

*Celia.* Hang her, she is not worth our thoughts.

*Scarra.* Yes faith, when we have done; In Charity let's throw her in, and call her out by any young things name, there is neither pains nor cost in the Charity; Yet, now I think on't, what say you by throwing of her in, and calling her out by the name of *Scarramucha*? Her Soul will make good sport disguis'd in *Scarramucha*'s body, how shall I laugh to see her rise in a beard and breeches? 'Twill be good sport to see her wonder at her self, when she finds the Appurtenances belonging to a Man about her; I'm resolv'd I'll do it for mirths sake.

*Celia.* Any thing, so you will be secret, I consent to.

*Scarra.* Hark, he whistles; a kiss Dear Mistriss, for old Friendships sake at parting, and Fortune guide us.-----Now could I cry and sigh, to part with this old Friend of mine. Do not sob, nor cry, poor *Scarrmucka*; I'll provide for thee; and yet 'tis most ill natur'dly done, to leave an old Friend in misery; How pitifully he looks upon me! The poor Rogue apprehends the misery he is going to suffer, when he shall have the Mind and Heart of a crafty Whore.

*Exit Celia.*

Whore possess him ; What a fit of the Devil must he suffer that acts her desires from fifteen to a hundred year ? What must poor *Scarramucha* suffer ? What will not she expose thee to ? 'Tis not the Sex nor Breeches will save thee , I fore-see it. How, shall I be dishonour'd ? My Countrey and Family despis'd for that black sin ; who would have thought it, sayes one ; I should never have believ'd it, sayes another ; No, no, I must not, will not use thee so ill ; I'll even give her my Masters case for her old Soul to witch in, and put my Master into mine ; I am so divided, I know not what to do : 'Tis fine being a handsome young Curtezan, but 'tis unkind to expose an old Friend to be ill us'd in his Age, after the faithful service of his youth ; No, I'm resolv'd I'll be *Helena*, *Helena* shall be *Lopus*, and *Lopus*, *Scarramucha* ; Nay, nay, no grumbling, Friend ; rest *Lopus*, and be thankful ; You shall now no more play *Zany Scarramucha*, but *Operator*, the secret, the bank, and profit, all your own ; No more conduct a Whore for *Lopus*, no more eat poyson, or be stab'd for *Lopus* ; thou shalt have a Whore, a *Zany*, and a Name thy self ; Nay, do not anger me now by being fullen, when I have taken care and thought for you ; if you be, I'll leave *Scarramucha* in the broth with old *Helena*, where you shall boyle to a *Cullis*. *Scarramucha*, as we have lived Friends, so let us part ; And upon your Life, not a word of what has passed betwixt us, good *Scarramucha*.

*Celia cries  
within, what  
ho Scarra-  
mucha, your  
Patron calls.*

## ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

*Enter Edwardo, and Sanco.*

*Sanco.* Stay here, Sir ; Till I go before and knock, to see if the coast be clear. [Exit Sanco.]

*Edwardo  
feels himself,  
moves his  
Arms and  
shruggs.*

*Edwardo.* I am horribly fore after my apparition in the Garden ; The anguish of their blowes refreshes my Memory ; all the rest is a dream still ; A pox on the unruly Sack ; I would he were come back, I long to be in bed ; Give me a Girl that loves me, I hate a gilded post that must be purchas'd ; 'Tis a fine Girl, and pity she is cast away upon such a jealous Husband ; 'tis a consolation to think upon her ; The Rogues kisses taste still, the savour and the smack are in my Heart yet ; and if the piece prove as good as the pattern, a night with her is worth all the dayes I ere spent at *Totnam* or *Iffington* ; How woollenly those Sisters look and feel to this Silken Girl ! This dainty sinner wears no Coife nor Ear-wyers, to make her Luggs sinell as sour as Runnet or a Dairy ; Now do I call to mind how wretchedly I spent my Estate in the Country, to keep a Kitchin and a Hall stinking ; I would I could prevail with her to go into *Surry* ; we have Whore enough there, But we want some good example to employ the stock ; This would be a dainty Plantation sinner ; she has the finest odd Name to ; our Parson would not have christn'd a Child of it, because 'tis neither in the old nor new Law ; The Rogue stayes long, 'tis late, and they have my supper within ; If they should eat it now without me,

the



the jest would be better then the feast ; a *disgracia* would give my Comrades such a Theam to laugh upon ; a man had better have fin'd twice for Sheriff, then endure their insolent wits in such a case. I hear one whistle.

*Sanco.* Where are you ?

*Edw.* Here, is all clear ?

*Sanco.* Yes, yes ; follow me.

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Lucetta and Philippo, dress'd like a Cook.*

*Philip.* **A**ND how do you like this disguise ? is it natural ? let me alone to fit his pallat ; I'll give him good sauce to night ; for which he shall be our sauce this moneth, or else I'll lose my aim.

*Lucet.* Heark, heark, one knocks ; away to the Kitchen, and observe your Q.

*[Exit Philippo.]*

*Enter Sanco and Edwardo.*

*Edw.* Lady, I must beg your pardon for coming thus late ; there was an accident hapn'd staid me beyond my expectation.

*Lucet.* Sir, you are not only master of your own, but my time too ; nor shall any person, so welcome and deserving as your self, need make excuses here, where all are proud to be commanded by you ; Love, Sir, has that property, 'twill hide faults, and glorifie ev'ry vertue, which is in Love a vertue too he will not be divided from ; nor is it fit for me to say how much your absence afflicts, but what joy your presence brings her eyes that loves and adores her friend ; nor shall you find any of those saucy passions here that imposes upon the mind and person of those they love ; those troublesome humours make friendship heavy, and the delight short, when it must with such slavery be bought.

*Edw.* I'll kill her Husband, and Marry her ; I'm resolv'd ; 'tis a pretty house this, and finely furnish'd ; she loves me so she'l never think of asking a Joynture, nor I a portion ; such a wife is Portion enough.

*[Aside.]*

*Lucet.* You are sad, Sir ; I hope what I have said doth not displease you ; if it should it would be an affliction greater then you believe. --- His eyes are blew too, do you love me ? I know you will say so, though you do not ; and I confes I am such a fool, I had rather you should flatter me with such a lye, then hear any truth that says you love another better.

*Edw.* Gentle soul, why dost thou blush and hide thy head ? canst thou fear I can be false or cruel to such a heart ? what stony breast can hear and see this, and not become a slave to such innocence and sweetness ? I never had but one heart, a plain one, and an honest, and that's thine ; I would thou wert not marry'd ; I would try who would first propose a kindness that the other would refuse.

*Lucet.*

*Lucet.* O, that I were as free, and my fortune as great, as when perjur'd *Philippo* betray'd me here ! I would find a friend, or lose my self. [*She weeps, and leans upon his breast.*]

*Edw.* Come, no fears ; for though those showers are seasonable in the spring of Loves choicest flowers ; yet to good natures such kindness bears a sting ; you should smile on Love, tears but wet his wings ; Come, retire, 'tis late, and love would roost ; this bed gives the Boy both rest and food ; what joys my wanton heart promises it self I want soul enough to comprehend ; sure her embraces will far excel all the pleasures I have tasted ; for I never lov'd, nor was belov'd till now ; this is Loves holy-day ; the rest were working-days, in which I but plow'd the sex ; our dull cold kisses were common seed, thoughtless sown, and full of weed, not of force to kindle a heart ; here every look or touch inflames or burns my blood ; 'tis pleasure thus to be stung ; for though it swells the heart, 'tis with delight, not smart. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Enter Harrigo, Saretta and Cornelio, with Napkins in their hands.*

*Saret.* **I** Et me go ; had I thought Don *Harrigo* had more kindness for me, then to hear an insolent fellow despise one that has ever had an esteem for him.

*Har.* You complain, who are indeed too blame ; do you believe men will spend their money in these houses, and not have the freedom of their humour ?

*Saret.* Let him be as free and wanton as he pleaseth, so he keep it to himself ; why should his mirth chuse us to despise ? bragging, here the beauties and favours of other women ; we know you came all now from the *Angellica's* ; is this friendship ? to make us the subject of your scorn and mirth, as if we could not deserve or distinguish a civility ; if Don *Harrigo* had any esteem for us, he would not have expos'd this place to his insolent rally ; sure you have not observ'd, Sir, any such obsceneness find encouragement or liberty here.

*Har.* 'Tis true, we are merry ; but since it dislikes you we'll be gone ; I never knew you expected Homilies, moral Philosophy, or Lectures in Divinity to be read hear ; you should set up a cross and a pot of holy-water at your door ; 'tis the first Bush or Baudy-house I ere saw exacted more then the reckoning.

*Saret.* I thought Don *Harrigo* had come upon another account ; I took him for a Lover, but I am deceiv'd.

*Har.* Not a whit ; a Lover and a perfect Lover, one that loves but one, and that's my self.

*Saret.* Then 'tis not possible to oblige you !

*Har.* Nothing easier.

*Saret.*



*Saret.* How comes it then you are thus free, after all your professions, and my civility?

*Har.* Because I have wisely resolv'd against the slavery which I see all you women condemn your Lovers to; when I have a nature can lick my self whole, sigh and blow out a passion, or weep to quench the flame, be fullen and kick till I have thrown a Mistress as other Quacking Lovers can; when I have their oyls to cure the burn, then I'll venture to play with his flame.

*Corn.* But, for old acquaintance sake, you may teach a friend how to know these Emp'rick Lovers that have such remedies against a Mistress; prithee, tell her their marks, that she may shut her door against them.

*Saret.* They are easily known by Don *Harrigo's* company.

*Har.* And better by the *Saretta's* folly, who puts out her Birds eyes; not contented they should be her prisoners, but they must be blind too; which cruel curiosity I shall not approve, though the Bird sings better; sure you women have great imperfections, which you are afraid a Lover with his Reason might perceive; therefore upon the first springing of an inclination 'tis your business to depose that.

*Corn.* Pray, tell me how to know him; is there a new mark besides sanguine, fat and merry? will they be so cur'd, as to leave no scars behind them, not a twittering?

*Har.* Scars! yes, and visible ones, which they are proud of too; those that are best heal'd, either by scorn or counsel, choice of wine, or change of women (as fair and kind as they) yet the Cicatrice will stay.

*Corn.* But doth Love leave scars, say you?---Nay, you shall stay and hear Doctor *Harrigo* read upon Love; who knows but you may profit in your own cure, of a sleight wound you say he has given you? the scars, good Don *Harrigo*, the scars.

*Har.* Alas, Sir; they are as many and as different as the wounds the Boy gives, besides his Mothers; but hers are visible, the young mans are more innocent; see here, Knots of old Ribband, Braids of Hair, Rings with Poesies, Seals and broken Gold.

*Cornelio.* What, you are sad; did you think to find men constant?

*Saret.* Not sad, nor much pleas'd; yet I am glad to find Don *Harrigo* is so neer his cure as to know his disease; I see he'll try to cure fire with fire, the remedy has been often prov'd; *Angellica* must now be apply'd to his breast to take out the fire *Saretta's* eyes kindled; yet I doubt not but we shall have the pastime, to divert our selves with him in his days of repentance; when he has given his thousand Crowns, 'twill make us all merry; poor Montebank! she asks a thousand Crowns, and descends to a Ryal; and yet no Chapmen; at last she gave her ware to the standers by, which *Thomaso* took for love; and she'll want none at this rate; Don *Harrigo* will be one too.

*Har.* And that's all your sexes pride, every one would be *Cupids* shepherdes, and govern the whole Flock of Lovers; I have seen

some have a handsome troop, and the poor beasts knew not which was best us'd ; all bleat and run when she calls ; this has the Bell and Garland to day, that the Ribband and Bough to morrow ; they will sing and pipe before their Flock, when each one sighs, and thinks she sings to him, when she but keeps them together ; and if she fold them in her arms by turns, 'tis for the Lamb, and the Fleece ; *Saretta* knows the commodity of a Flock of Lovers is etter then the pleasure of a tame Ram.

*Saret.* Being of this humour, and this opinion of women, I wonder you'll spend so much of your time amongst them ; but fly, and avoid the danger and save your fleece and flesh.

*Enter Thomaso, Paulina, and Ferdinando.*

*Corn.* See who comes here to break off your discourse ; come, pray no frowning, you know his humour ; and say what he will now, I heard him speak kindly of you this morning, and prefer your beauty before your Sister *Paulina's* ; what ? I see Don *Thomaso* can be reconcil'd to a lean woman, though he admires the fat.

*Thom.* I love what loves me, which supplies beauty ; 'tis for young men, *Cornelio*, to flatter and pay.

*Ferd.* 'Tis the way never to come late to Loves Feast ; if any dish be standing you can make a meal upon it ; necessity and kindness will furnish all that beauty wants.

*Thom.* I never saw any man yet cut my piece ; some are for secret, others charity, a third for conversation, and cares neither then for face nor fortune ; a rusty, mouldy Maid, fill'd with Platonique sentences, is the same things to him a Girle of fifteen is to us ; he despiseth the body, yet I love to see that Prince in good clothes when the soul inhabits a Palace built in perfect Symetry ; I know no jest, no eloquence, nor Apothegms, have more favour or pleasure then a voyce, nor more salt then a kiss from a Girle of fifteen, smooth as Rushes, white as Lillies, plump as Grapes after showers ; give me this, and let your Wit take his Sybill and her Oracles instead of teeth in her mouth ; and while he spends his days in such Monuments of women, let me clasp this smiling Girle, whose Ruby folds above her chin, laughs and discovers those pearly flocks within ; and for wit in women, so they say kind things, we know 'tis no matter whether they be true or no.

*Paul.* Can you be contented with flattery, Sir ? sure your heart is easily satisfi'd ; that's a root from which you can expect no constant friendship.

*Thom.* Constant friendship, Child ? Marry God forbid such a curse as constancy should follow me ; I'll leave that for your Anchorit-lovers, whom Matrimony has vow'd to some old womans Cellar of threescore ; there the sin of constancy and rashness of the vow, for better for worse, finds a just judgement in the conversation of Aches, Palseys and Catarrhs, which Wed-lock and Hymen hangs upon fools ; who would have it thought constancy, to dote on Age and wrinkles, and pass their ignorance for



for a vertue ; but the Vine and the Sun teach better things ; beauty cannot be divided from variety, no face is too new, or wine too old, nor a friend too true.

*Ferd.* Faith, Secrecie is even the Brother of that Folly, a foolish humour that women have made a vertue ; because 'tis convenient sometimes.

*Thom.* Secrecie a vertue ; a damn'd ingrateful vice, only known where finall beer is currant, despis'd where *Apollo* or the Vine bleſs the Country ; and though *Joves* Wife was a shrew, yet we find none of his Mistresses hid in Roots or Plants, but fix'd stars in heaven, for all to gaze and wonder at, though few have wit to admire, or power to imitate ; and though I am not *Jove*, to place my *Angellica*, or my *Paulina* there ; yet my kind heart shall proclaim how fit for such places such starry beauties are ; and when my Brother comes from *Salamanca* he shall write our Chronicle.

*Paul.* Pray, when will he be here ? I have heard much of him, and I long to see him ; is he like you ? has he your wild humour ?

*Thom.* No, he's a serious black fellow, he smells like Serge and old Books ; but yet he loves a Wench too, for curiosity, or so ; for he only lyès with them for experiment, to be able to approve or decry the pleasure the more feelingly in a Satyre. When he comes I'll wait upon him to your froward Sister, because their humours will agree ; for she is for a serious threshing Lover,

*Har.* Come, I say, embrace, or I'll break all correspondence with you ; what, fall out with your Brother !

*Paul.* Sister, these frowns must blow over ; I will not see them thrown upon my friends ; you know I love him ; and if you expect I should converse civilly with your interest, you must comply with mine.

*Saret.* I have no mortal quarrel to your servant ; only I would not have him rail upon me, because I have not wit enough to fall in love with him ; 'tis true, his hand and head are white ; but I am past the nursery, no Child to be taken with such Cream and Custard ; yet if you have such kindness for the Dairy, much good may it do you ; give me my old friend, *Don Harrigo* ; I love this colour, fullen Sack ; I love the Kitchin and the Cellar in a man ; this is gravey and mans flesh ; and this Oke will have leaves upon his head when your Rose-tree and all is wither'd.

*Thom.* Nay, now I'll kiss you ; and if you anger me with this humour toſs me in a Blanket ; By this light, I had rather be handsomely abus'd then dully flatter'd ; prithee *Ferd.* call for a bottle and a glaſs ; come, we'll have the Song we made laſt.

*A Song in two parts.*

*Thom.* Come, every man his Glaſs.

[*They hand Paulina.*

*Thom.* **W**omen, Women, Wine and Health,  
The gods, we ask no other wealth ;

*The rest of Nature and of Art,  
For this kiss I'll quit my part.*

Har. *These blessings, though they flow on earth,  
Jove enjoys not but by stealth.*

Thom. *Why else, my Girl, did Juno frown?  
And poor Simele to ashes burn!  
The god turn'd Bull, and Maid a Cow!  
So we know why, no matter how.*

Har. *See, my Love that flaming star,  
'Twas once Ariadnes Aubourn Hair,  
Which her god in Bracelets wore,  
Not less esteem'd cause Theseus whore.*

Thom. *Then in her god, to her god let us drink,  
Of the Vine, in the Vine let us think;  
And sacrifice this glass of Sack,  
To those sparkling grey eyes, and the flaming black.*  
[Exeunt.]

## ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Enter Matthias and Stephano (Matthias knocks at  
Lucetta's door.)*

Kecka. **W**Ho's there?

Mat. 'Tis I, prithee open the door; is your Mistress at home?

Kecka. Yes, Sir; but she's busie, a man of quality sups with her; Sanco was to find you, to desire you would come to morrow; your basket and your bottles are safe.

Mat. Prithee, Kecka, come to the back door that I may speak with thee.

Kecka. Walk off a little till they are quiet; as soon as I can come without being miss'd I'll wait upon you.

Mat. False Devil, how durst she do this? and that dull stranger too enter without my leave?

Steph. Alas, Sir; 'tis their trade; Boat-mans-luck, you know, pass as his freight comes; this is some job of work she has gotten by chance; and you that are her friend must not be against the good of the house.

Mat. I shall know all when her Maid comes; the Queen dotes, that makes me steal a bit now and then from her Mistress to give her.

[Exeunt.]



## A C T. V. S C E N. III.

*Enter Lucetta, and Philippo, in his Cooks habit.*

*Lucet.* **W**ELL, and how think you? was this a purchase to be Lost for a little Coyneſs? where ſhall we make a voyage, if we reſuſe to touch at theſe fortunate Iſles, becauſe they are ſtrangers?

*Phil.* No, I'me of your ſide now; But when you love for ſhadows, and dote upon gay Clothes, ſome young thing for dreſſing himſelf; when a Feather, Giter, or Sarabrand, begets Admiration, or when poor Poetry prevails upon your paſſion, to give your youth and fortune for a Sonnet, when nothing, but the Dedication belongs to you, ſuch Fondneſs makes me rage; I ſpeak without Inter-eſt now; For ſince you know and have forgiven the fault I made, I ſhall hereafter faithfully ſerve you in memory of paſt kindneſs.

*Lucet.* Except your own; and you know I was never guilty of ſuch a Folly; No other wound nor ſcar afflicts my mind; and when once the Moon has preſcrib'd a remedy for that Poiſon, I ſhall quickly recover the old Character, of being inſenſible again; what are you thinking on?

*Philip.* The party within, his ſilver, ſword, gay Clothes, and Rings, beſides that at his Bandſtring, bundles of Seals, Watches, abuſ'd Gold, bow'd into Bracelets? All ſhews the Rogue is at his Eaſe, a merry ſoul, and a wanton Fortune I warrant you; ſuch ſuperfluous Expences ſhews he wants no money; His Breeches too, thoſe ſhells, I believe, have good Kernels in their pockets.

*Lucet.* Thoſe toys are ſuch Feathers that grow upon Fools, for wiſe men to pluck, All the difficulty I find, is, his being a ſtranger; and the noiſe of ſuch an Action will hinder our Trade with them hereafter.

*Philip.* Rather, that will be the ſecurity of the buſineſs. This is not onely a ſtranger to us, but to the Countrey too; This knows nothing, neither your Name, nor ſtreet, ſo far from knowing your Houſe, that he do's not know his own; And when 'tis done, do but change your Quarter, and hee's at a dead loſs for ever; If not, within ten days hee's gone; and I perceive he will be ſlay'd e're he goes; as good you do it as another; he ſhall have no harm a merry Night for his Money; wee'll have the profit, and he the Experience of the Jeſt.

*Lucet.* Hee'll kill me when he miſſes his Clothes and money.

*Phil.* Leave the care of your ſafety to me; he ſhall undreſs himſelf in my Chamber, your Toy let, and night Gown; are lay'd out already; let *Sanco* and me alone to fit him, for a Cook, and a *valet de Chambre*.

*Lucet.* Well, I am not of your opinion; yet, ſo long as you do him no harm, I ſubmit.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Mathias, Kecka, and Stephano.*

*Math.* I Am resolv'd to see the depth of this design; If the stranger stays I'll take my Revenge at Leisure; if he goes, he shall see I am sensible of this Affront, to admit a Visit upon my day, without my consent! Farewell, *Stephano*, lets meet to morrow at the old Rendezvous. [Exit Stephano.]

*Kecka.* Softly, pray, Expect me here; when the strangers gone, I'll call you.

*Math.* Not a word to her, that I am here, I shall put her to another confession fit again.

*Kecka.* Undress you in my Chamber; lest they find the Goose has been here by his Feathers.

*Math.* Mum wench, make haste, lest the pot boil over before you come; I have no patience betwixt the sheets. [Exeunt.]

## ACT. V. SCEN. V.

*Enter Lucetta, and Edwardo unbutton'd, she carries the Candle, and he proffers to take it from her.*

*Lucet.* Softly, I pray, and make no Ceremonies; but follow me, I must carry it my self; For I dare not trust my Maid with your lying here this night; shee's too kind to him that was sent away.

*Edw.* Hang her spy, Turn her to grass; I'll get you a dumb Girl. (He kisses her.)

*Lucet.* Within you will find *Sanco* ready to serve you.

*Edw.* Make haste my Dear, you know the pain longing Lovers suffer, when their Joys are drawn within the afflictions of a few Minutes; All steps move slow, time has lead upon his wings; The youthful Sun runs lazily, and we throw our selves to meet the Embraces of Friends whom with greedy longing we expected.

*Lucet.* You speak my pain, whose love and desires still precede your wish; (Though I blush to say so) and grudges this lost time, though spent in hearing the Musick of thy voyce, that tells my heart you love me.

*Edw.* This kiss onely, and then take thy Flight on Loves wings to return again; Love, that knows no grief nor pain like those that sigh in vain. [Exit Edwardo.]

*Lucet.* 'Tis foolishly done to abuse him, for he is of a humor one need not pick his pocket, hee'l do it himself; 'tis an ill natur'd Crime, twice a sin, to rob such that give so much; The ill natur'd Devil would have had me done it, without giving him a Nights lodging for his money. [Exit Lucetta.]



## ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Edwardo, and Sanco. (Edwardo is in his Night Gown.)*

*Edw.* **H**OW *Propha* this little Rogue is, in every thing ! Night gowne, slippers, Cap, and Toylet ? As brave as if she were to marry some Prince to night ; sure 'tis my wedding Night, at least I'll imagine it so ; And that which is the Excellence of this Blest Countrey, A man may every Night have a several Bride, for a Pistol Joynture ; Prithee call the Lady.

*Sanco.* Assoon as you are in Bed, Sir, I shall.

*Edw.* That fellow too, I took him for a Cavalier at least, and 'tis a Pimp ; He might be a Justice in our Country, by the garb and gravity I met him in.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Philippo, in his own Clothes, and all Edwardo's under his Arm, and meets Lucetta undrest.*

*Philip.* **S**Ee, here is the Nest, I have taken the old one sitting ; you shall have the watch ; the case is Gold, and Cordial. This purse and hundred Pistols, and in the waste and knees of his Breeches a Magazin of *heretical Gold*, old *Besses* Coyn all, our arch Enemy ; the act is now justifiable ; the Inquisidor might have done it ; he should have lost it at *Vittoria* ; If he complain, I'll make his Proceß ; and had it not been a hard heart could have let these Birds sing in another Womans Cage !

*Lucet.* But what shall I do in the morning ?

*Phil.* *Sanco* is to wake you in haste, and cry your husband's come ; you must start out of the Bed, as if to save your self ; then I swagger with my own shadow in the next room, till *Sanco* urges the danger to him, how impossible 'tis to scape with life, if surpriz'd ; that there is no denying or defending the act ; for he had found his Clothes and was now staying for men to destroy him ; having thus frightned him, seduce him, in his drawers, to follow him to some place of safety ; Then convey him out at the Back-door, and lose him in the street, and come round to the foregate, where I'll expect him ; he being then unarm'd & naked, w<sup>th</sup> darknes & fear about him, his anger will open no doors.

*Luc.* This is a most inhumane jest ; and I must not consent to such a Barbarity.

*Phil.* Only a Jest, a Summer Jest, I vow ; if he be met let him pretend h'as been in Fresco. Now *Sanco*, the news.

*Enter Sanco.*

*Sanc.* Why, hee's in Bed, and expects you with much impatience.

*Phil.* Give us the Key of one of your Chests, to lock up these transitory blessings, and then we will wish you good shipping, and a fair wind, till day break ; But then we shall raise a storm shall wake you ; O *Sanco*, little doth hee or you think what price he must pay for this Night ; His Breeches have a Myne of Gold in 'em.

[*Exeunt Philippo and Lucetta.*

*Sanco.*

*Sanco.* My share comes pat for my design, to make me brave in Cloaths ; Being once in order to Court I go ; all there are fine, but the *Infanta* will be onely mine, or the powder shall fail his force.

[*Exit Sanco.*]

ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Mathias, and Kecka.*

*Kecka.* **T**He Stranger is gone, there is some disgust amongst them ; For she is gone sullen to bed ; she would not let me light him because I grumbled at her for disappointing you.

*Mathias.* But where's *Philippo* ?

*Kecka.* He staves ; She's become such a slave to that wretch, that she smiles or frowns upon us just as he commands her ; And I know she has disappointed both the Stranger and you, onely to pursue her extravagant passion with that Beast.

*Mathias.* Thou art a kind Girl, and I shall not forget it ; prithee come quickly back again.

*Kecka.* In a minute ; but pray be quiet and silent lest she discover us ; You must find the way to my Chamber in the dark ; for I dare have no light in't, lest she should be angry at my sitting up ; I'll peep, and as soon as *Philippo* goes to bed I'll return.

*Mathias.* Make haste, I'll not to bed till you come.

*Kecka.* Her sullenness has gotten me an opportunity ; when the Mistris will not, the Maid is handsome. [*Exit Kecka.*]

*Mathias.* Now have I a curious Humour to rout the whole Family, disappoint *Philippo*, and cozen both the Maid and Mistris ; 'Tis but stealing in the dark to *Lucetta's* bed, and surprizing her in her froward Humour, where she lies expecting that crooked Rogue ; But then *Kecka* will be mad, and if she be, there are other dayes and nights to cure her ; If not, 'tis but a Chamber-maids wrath ; and those fires of straw quickly burn out ; 'Tis resolv'd now, if I can find the door ; so, softly, puss, softly.

*Exit Mathias in his drawers only, and his coat.*

ACT. V. SCEN. IX.

*The Scene changes, and discovers a Chamber and a Bed in it, in which Edwardo lies.*

*Edwardo.* **S**He is very long in coming ; Some nicity now, some gentleness, to make her more welcome ; Some perfume'd snock now, or finer night cloaths than ordinary ; These Women are right City Cooks, and stay to garnish the dish while the meat be cold ; I could find in my heart to steal out of the bed and see what she is doing. Hearn, the door opens.

*Enter Mathias.*

*Mathias.* If she be awake, I'll tell her boldly who it is ; if not, I'll surprize her.

*Edwardo.*



*Edwardo.* Whist, who's there?

*Mathias.* 'Tis I.

*Edwardo.* Come, my Dear.

*Mathias.* So kind, she has had some inckling of my designs.-----  
Where are you?

*Edwardo.* Here, my Heart. ----

[*And catches hold of Mathias, and puls him into the Bed.* *Mathias*  
*gropes for the*  
*Bed.*

*Mathias.* You can counterfeit, I see. ----

{*Edwardo kisses him, and they both start and feel each others*  
*faces and find Beards, Mathias shruggs, and would be gone.*

Some trick, I find it; these Whores have laid betwixt them to affront me.

*Edwardo.* How now, what are you? what would you have?

*Mathias.* What would I have? I believe both our businesses here may be guessed without a witch; But I shall be reveng'd. *Mathias*

*Edwardo.* Nay, you stir not, Sir; I can hold a bearded *Venus* as *strives with*  
*him.*  
fast as you; This is some Thief; what ho, *Sanco*, bring some lights here.

*Mathias.* Light *Kecka*, light *Syniora*; Thieves, bring lights.

*Edwardo.* Thief or no Thief, I'll have one bang at him for my kifs.

*Edwardo strikes him, and they cuff in the Bed; Edwardo throws him down, there they cuff and struggle upon the floore, and are both bloody, occasion'd by little sponges ty'd of purpose to their middle fingers in the palmes of their hands. The noyse is heard into Philippos Chamber, where Lucetta, Philippo, and Sanco are undressing her; they open the curtain window and listen to the noyse; Edwardo and Mathias are cuffing still.*

*Lucetta.* What noyse is that in my Chamber?

*Sanco.* 'Twas the Strangers voice.

*Philippo.* And *Mathias*, or I'm mistaken.

*Mathias.* Dog, Rogue, wilt thou worry me?

*Edwardo.* Hah! Traytor; In my Bed take the advantages of a naked man?

*Lucetta.* 'Tis their voices, I am undone; That Whore *Kecka* has let *Mathias* in, who finding the Stranger in the Bed, I fear, has murder'd him; Run, as you love our lives save the Stranger, we are all lost else, confiscate to the Law, and sham'd for ever; This is a just curse upon your covetous mischief.

*Philippo.* That Whore shall dearly pay for it.

*Sanco.* Take your Sword and second me, 'tis no time to waste in talking; If *Mathias* be there, you're sure he's not alone; take your sword, that we may be able to force him to reason; Pray stay you here, that nothing be laid to your charge whatever happens; lest his Rage having power should act some bestial Revenge upon you.

*Lucetta.* Leave talking of mischiefs that may be, and hasten to prevent this certain ruine that threatens us.

*Edwardo.* Be what thou wilt, I'll make thee repent this visit.

Bbb

*Mathias.*

*Mathias.* What a Devill art thou that usest me thus? I neither know thee, nor look'd for such a Bed-fellow.

*Edwardo.* What am I? A Gentleman and a Stranger that is to be abus'd, rob'd, and jeer'd; But if I do not make you repent your share of the Villany, I am a Dog.

*Mathias.* Help, Murther, Murther; his fist lights like a hammer on my Face; a black mischief befall that damn'd *Kecka*.

*Enter Philippo and Sanco, with swords drawn upon them, and lights in their hands, and cut them both.*

*Philippo pursues Mathias all this while.*

*Philippo.* Kill that Rascal; Death, are you become Master of this house? Cannot the *Syniora* dispose of her time and person without your leave? I'll learn you to come when you're sent for.

*Sanco.* Save your self from him by the back door, and follow me; I'll convey you to a friends house, and immediately bring your clothes; and as soon as I can inform my self of this mischief you shall know it; but, by my life, 'tis a mystery yet to all.

*Edwardo.* I'll not stir a foot: Give me thy sword, I'll warrant I'll defend the House against them all, till you fetch a sword and second me.

*Sanco.* No, Sir, I will serve you with it, but not quit mine; where's your own?

*Edwardo.* Would I had but a knife to cut yonder Rogues throat with.

*Sanco.* You know not the Law of this place; we are undone if any such thing should happen in the house; For the *Syniora's* sake, Sir, follow me.

*Edwardo.* I will not stir a step till I am reveng'd on you all.

*Sanco.* Retire, however, and preserve your self till you may be reveng'd; You shall find both the *Syniora* and my self will joyn with you.

*Edwardo.* I'll follow you; but be certain the day shall not surer rise, then I'll find my Revenge.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. X.

*Enter Lucetta, and Philippo.*

*Lucetta.* **W**Hy so; Now you have had your will, and I am destroy'd; what mischief made this encounter?

*Philippo.* I know not, but I can guess; Where's *Kecka*? That Quean has a finger in the business.

*Lucetta.* Well, what remains to remedy this?

*Philippo.* The same remedy will cure it yet, if *Sanco* observes his first Instructions, and lose him in the street; the Stranger knows nothing, neither him, nor us, nor the house.

*Lucetta.* But if he should come to know who we are, what then?

*Philippo.* When that accident happens we must think of a remedy for that too; In the mean time send for *Kecka*, that we may inform our selves what is past.

*Enter*



*Enter Sanco, with Mathias's Sword and Clothes.*

*Lucet.* The news, *Sanco* ; where's the stranger ?

*Sanco.* Where I left him, at the turning behind the Jesuites ; but he is in such a fury, I'm confident he'l hazard a hundred lives rather than sit down with this affront.

*Lucet.* 'Twas well he got not a sword, you would all have paid for your trick.

*Sanco.* And I counsel you to let me carry him his clothes and his money, this morning ; and tell him ingenuously the whole truth ; then you may make friends again ; for I know he loves you, there is nothing lost neither by it ; for I dare say he would give all you can steal where he is kindly us'd.

*Phil.* What hast thou there ?

*Sanco.* *Mathias* his clothes, I found them in *Kecka's* Chamber, who has confess'd all ; you shall have the story within ; *Mathias* and she should have been merry to night, but with no ill intention truly ; but when he heard the stranger was gone, and you alone (which you told *Kecka* yourself, and gave cruel *Mathias* occasion to be false to love and *Kecka* from whose bed he stole to surprize you in yours) there he met his punishment in the martial Maid, who with a Beard and Buffets quickly laid the Knights lust in the dust ; the jest will afford laughter on all sides, if well carried ; *Mathias* can blame no body but himself, nor the stranger accuse any thing but chance ; and if *Mathias* that was beaten can forget, sure the other may forgive the beating ; if you'l be rul'd, I'll heal all to morrow ; if not, somewhat worse will follow.

*Lucet.* Where is that damn'd *Kecka* ? dear *Sanco*, as thou lov'st me turn her naked out ; she shall not sleep in this house, false beast.

*Sanco.* Yes, that she may run and find the stranger, and tell him all that is past ; rather shut her up, and chain her ; lest she break loose and discover us before we reconcile the business.

*Philip.* *Sanco* has Reason ; shut her up, and put out the light ; lest that discover us in the street when the rogue makes a noise ; come retire, and leave the care of him to me.

*Lucet.* No, I am of *Sanco's* opinion, to send him his clothes and money again, and invite him and *Mathias* both to dinner, and make a perfect peace ; the jest will be good too when they shall both see 'twas accident ; so we shall avoid both the scandal of such an action, and the danger of their revenge.

*Philip.* I am not of your mind, I apprehend no such danger ; if he be angry it will be forgot ere he can express himself to be understood ; if not, I can digest my part with this Cordial ; Nor can I repent an action that carries ready money with it ; and when will his friendship be worth a thousand Ryals of Plate apiece to each of us ? if he frowns, we have as good Arguments against his anger as he has for it ; a sword and an arm ; I know no other ; yet if you approve it we'l out of Town, for a day or two, and be gone before day to avoid suspicion : you and *Sanco* shall walk to the

Bridge, and I'll meet you with a Coach ; then we may pretend we were out of Town when this hapned ; we'll take *Mathias* with us and stop all mouths ; come, pray be rul'd ; here's six hundred Arguments in Gold of our side ; we'll see the Escorial in our walk, and be merry a moneth upon the jest ; and is not that better then spoil a good business with a little sneaking repentance ?

*Lucet.* Before that moneth I hope to see you depos'd from that Tyrannick power over my heart, which makes you command thus absolute ; I obey, but if my fears prove true you will dearly pay for it.

*Philip.* I, I ; let me suffer, be you rul'd ; and leave the rest to me.

[*Exeunt Philipppo and Lucetta.*]

*Sanco.* I am not sorry to hear they have abandon'd the thought of restitution ; my share, I'm sure, will be least in the danger, though it be equal in the spoil ; for I can run away and prepare my self for my great design with this ready money, and the powerful powder : I will enter *Sanco*, that must go forth a Prince.

## ACT. V. SCEN. XI.

*Enter Edwardo in his Drawers, he whistles and listens.*

*Edw.* **I** May whistle and whistle, but the Dog will not come ; 'tis dark and late, few people stirring in the street ; the villain is gone, and has left and lost me on purpose ; what course to steer I know not, either to find mine own lodging or theirs ; her name too is jumbled out of my head ; hell and mischief go with it ; now had I as live go to the Gallows as return home ; the rogues will so rejoyce and triumph over me when they hear of this mischief ; their jests will sting worse then a Dog-whip ; what a day and a night has this been ? twice drunk, twice couzen'd, and twice beaten ; mischiefs by couples ; I shall give a fine account of my travels ; a few of these unnatural days will make the journey seem tedious ; what an ass was I to believe such a woman, so cloth'd, so nobly lodg'd, and richly furnish'd, could be maintain'd or had for nothing ! Puppey, blind wilful Puppey ; dull, vain Ass, to believe she could fall in love with me at first sight ; no, I am an Ass, 'tis visible ; she read the fool in my face, the *Essex* Calf ; for what grace indeed, beauty or vertue, can I plead, then this face which I can suffer because I am acquainted with it ; dull Ass, to be flatter'd into a mischief when I was sober too ! I could pull my self by my long ears, which, methinks, I see by star-light they are so visible, there is nothing to redeem such a folly, but a home, full revenge without mercy, upon the whole nest of them. What lights come there ? I must hide my self some where, else the people in the street will pass their time with me.-----More strokes of fortune yet ! A pox of the Whore ; will she expose me to their mirth too ? where shall I hide me ? I'll get upon this stall, and lye as if I slept.

*Enter Don  
Pedro, Car.  
Johan. their  
servants with  
lights.*

*Pedro.* See here's some Lover sleeping in *Fresco*, after his *Serranad* ; what was the business, *Carlo*, at *Lucetta's*, this night ?

*Edw.*



*Edw. Lucetta, Lucetta*, that's the damn'd name. (*Speaks softly.*)

*Job.* Some quarrel amongst her *Amoroso's*; one leap'd the window in his drawers.

*Edwardo.* That's some comfort yet; I went out at the Door. (*Aside softly.*)

*Carlo.* That *Philippo* will undo her; He is still playing the *Bravo* amongst her Lovers; I wonder what she fees In that Beast to love him for?

*Pedro.* Shee's a beast her self, false and proud; Nothing but Pikeroons, and falsehood amongst them; There's that *Sanco*, a Bloody infamous Villain; and while she admits him, No man of Honour, that loves his Throat, will sleep under her roof.

[*Exeunt omnes but Edwardo.*]

*Edw. Lucetta, Philippo*; Those are they against a world; That *Sanco* too is the Squire that lost me. But if my revenge finde not him and them too let them laugh at the dull English man; ha! The light again; I'll step off, e're I am discover'd, and take Sanctuary in some great mans Portico.

[*Exit Edwardo.*]

## A C T. V. S C E N. XII.

*Enter Don Pedro, and his Company, making themselves merry with Mathias in his Drawers.*

*Pedro.* Not know him?

*Math.* No, faith; nor understand him scarce; I'me sure, he is a stranger, one that supp'd there.

*Johan.* What said *Lucetta*? was she of the Plot?

*Math.* No, nor none of them knew of my being in the house; nor was he less amaz'd then I; 'twas in the dark; For I went in Knavery, without a light, to surprize her, who, I thought, had been alone in her bed; We kiss'd, and hug'd each other, till our Beards discover'd; but afterwards, you may see by my face how he set up mine.

*Carlo.* Where are your Clothes?

*Math.* I was even glad to leave them behind me, and escape so; Hee's naked too. I saw him stalk before me, like a Ghost in the shade; you must needs have met him.

*Pedro.* We did so, He was got upon a stall; Do you not remember, I told you there lay a Lover in Fresco; 'Tis one of *Thomaso's* crew upon my life, let's walk; if we find him, wee'l laugh him into a Feaver.

*Math.* Gentlemen, you may laugh, but believe it, I cannot; would I were in my own Bed, I would not quit it for any shee's in *Madrid*. Now do I smell a Ballad to morrow in the *Prado*, of the two Bearded Lovers, kissing like the Divil and the Colliar in a Ladies Bed; If I be not reveng'd I shall pine in my mind.

*Carlo.* You cannot be reveng'd on her; 'tis clear, shee's Innocent; indeed *Sanco* and *Philippo* should be well stroak'd with Cudgels; and

and larded with ponyards, to refresh the Rogues memories, and teach them their duties towards Gentlemen.

*Math.* The Dog made me leap out at a Window; Else I am confident he had kil'd me; he gave me these Three hurts e're I could pass.

*Pedro.* What a Rogue 'twas to strike a naked man! come let's try if we can find your Enemy. Give us but the satisfaction of that mirth, and wee'll all joyn in your Revenge.

*Johan.* There is time and ways enough for a Revenge, for those Rascals have more Enemies then thou hast friends. The Gallies and the Gallows are their Common disease, and all unnatural deaths their natural Ends. [Exeunt omnes.]

---

*Partis primæ Finis.*

---



THE SECOND PART  
OF  
THOMASO,  
OR,  
The Wanderer:  
A  
COMEDY.

The Scene *MADRID*.

---

Written in *MADRID*

BY

*THOMAS KILLIGREW.*

---



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L O N D O N:

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in  
the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

*Dramatis Personæ.*

Don *Pedro*, A Noble Spaniard, and late Commander in the Spanish Army.

Don *Johanne*, } His Friends.  
Don *Carlo*, }

A lean Don, }  
Another Don, } Officers of the Army.  
An Italian. }

Three French Gentlemen.

A Prince of *Poland*.

A *Flanders* Merchant.

Don *Mathias*, One of *Lucetta's* maintainers.

*Stephano*, His Friend.

*Lopus*, The Mountebank.

*Scarramucha*, His Man.

*Thomaso*, The Wanderer. An English Cavaleer, who had serv'd in the Spanish Army.

*Edwardo*, } English Gentlemen, his Friends, late Commanders  
*Ferdinando*, } in that Army.

*Harrigo*, A sober English Gentleman, attending the English Embassadour.

*Cornelius*, A Captain of the Spanish Army.

*Philippo*. Paramour to *Lucetta*.

*Sancho*, Her Bravo.

*Diego*, Servant to Don *Pedro*,

*Rogero*, Servant to *Harrigo*.

Two Bravo's of *Angelica's*.

Porter to the English Embassadour.

*Serulina*, A beauteous Virgin, Sister of Don *Pedro*.

*Angelica Bianca*, A beautiful Curtezan, Mistriß to the slain Spanish General.

*Anna*, Her Bawd.

*Lucetta*, A famous Curtesan.

*Saretta*, } Two Curtezans of the first rank.  
*Paulina*, }

*Celia*, Wife to the Mountebank.

*Helena*, An old decayed Curtezan, that hopes to be restored to 15.  
by the Mountebanks Art.

*Cali s*, Waiting-woman to *Serulina*.

*Kecka*, Servant to *Lucetta*.

Guardian to the two Monsters. (These last onely mentioned.)

Servants to Don *Pedro*.

Spectators (Men and Women) for the Mountebank.





THE SECOND PART  
OF  
THOMASO,  
OR  
The Wanderer.

---

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Thomaso, Ferdinando and Cornelio. Thomaso is not dress'd, he buttons him as he talks.*

*Corn.* **Y**ou rise late, methinks!

*Thom.* At Feasts men sit long, and the Rogue made me a kind one; she bound me in her bed, where we so kiss'd and talk'd over the stories of pass'd love. She swore 'twas not day till the

procession was pass'd.

*Ferd.* 'Tis a kind and a bucksome Girle; but I am for her Sister who has promis'd me we shall be merry at night; but what will your *Angellica* say when she shall hear you lay here?

*Thom.* Say, as much as I do when I hear *Don Pedro* lay there; why, dost thou think I'll be ty'd to one Wench, *Ferdinando*? No, I am for a herd of Whores, or one honest woman; while I am an out-lying Deer, have at any mans Corn; impale me and take me.

*Corn.* What do you resolve this morning?

*Thom.* Why, I must find *Harrigo*, I have some business with him.

*Ferd.* And I am for that visit I told you of.

*Thom.* And pray, Captain, solicit your Taylor not to fail of my clothes to morrow; you know Saint *Cicilia* is my Saint, and we must keep her feast to morrow; and then, *Ferdinando*, you shall see

I'll change my Garb, and step, when I come forth Don *Thomaso*.

*Corn.* And Don *Cornelio* leap into Monsieur *Con*, with long Hose, and a short Coat, and after they have been seen here, sometime away; and become an honour to the Regiment in *Portugal*.

*Ferd.* What, 'tis a bargain then I see, Coat and all?

*Thom.* All, for the new Buff-coat and old kindness sake, upon the condition he wears it at Saint *Cicilia's* feast; and therefore haste your stitcher that I may get my self sheath'd in Don; Come, *Harrigo* expects us at home. [Exit *Cornelia*]

How now, the news? we were coming to you. [Enter *Harrigo*]

*Har.* Have you heard nothing this morning?

*Thom.* No, what is't?

*Har.* Nothing of news?

*Thom.* Nothing, what is it? some roguery I see by his eyes.

*Har.* Such mirth, if you can laugh at the affliction of a friend.

*Thom.* Who? *Edwardo*, upon my life, beaten, robb'd and thrown out at a Window!

*Har.* Not altogether so ill; but beaten he is and robb'd, turn'd out of doors naked, at mid-night; h'as lost six hundred crowns in gold, besides a Watch, Rings and Seals; the Guard brought him to our house, to see who knew him; 'twas such a sight to see him come in torn and bloody; and yet no man durst pity him, or laugh at him; he storms yet, and will not endure a Question; he struck the Porter for asking him who abus'd him.

*Thom.* I am sick till I see him; let's away, and study as we go home to abuse him; the Rogue has been so wantonly bred in perpetual plenty, you shall see how shittently he'll look without money in his Purse, and how sneakingly he'll borrow, and how scurvily he'll ask a curtesie.

*Ferd.* He was never out of his depth before; you shall see him plunge and struggle like a young swimmer to get of the puddle; 'twas well I took the rest of our money from him last night.

*Thom.* He shall bite upon the Bridle, 'twill make him hear reason the sooner hereafter; my Bills are as good as his now; he shall want nothing, but I'm resolv'd I will not offer him a Ryall; I'll have the pleasure of acting his part a while; not one of these black Dogs shall stir out of the Kennel before he whistle; you know, *Ferdinando*, I prophes'd this last night.

*Ferd.* Prithee, let's find him ere he has time to get to bed; for the sight will be half the jest, and I long to see him just as the Wench has drest him for a Comedy; where is he now?

*Har.* Gone home in a chair.

[*Exeunt*.]

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Edwardo with a Sword and Belt, and meets Harrigo and Ferdinando.*

*Ferd.* **E***dw*ardo, how now! bloody, not wounded I hope.

*Edm.* for the blood, I'm sure 'tis none of mine; and I have



I have the fatisfaction of beating my Bed-fellow beyond a Jest, what ere he meant by his visit ; And I had burst my Gall when I found myself couzen'd, had it not been for the vent my Rage took by discharging my Heart upon him, who must needs be as full of wonder to find his Ears beaten with English and blows ; for the Devil a word of Spanish could I get out.

*Ferdin.* Can you not remember their Names yet ?

*Edwardo.* No, that's my trouble now.

*Harrigo.* You'll be quickly out of that pain ; when *Cornelio* comes he can inform you.

*Edwardo.* *Cornelio*, where is he ? Let me but once know where they are, and I am content to suffer your severest Jestts till I am reveng'd.

*Ferdi.* He'll not be long absent, he's onely gone to the Taylors for *Thomaso's* Spanish Habit ; there's a truck betwixt them two for *Thomaso's* lac'd sute ; that's it makes the Captain so diligent.

*Harrigo.* But was the Drab so eloquent, such a fine flattering Devil ; unmerciful Whore, to bring a Lover within an inch of her mirth, and then to beat and rob him not onely of his money, but his Gusto too ! A young longing Lover, that would onely have tasted of her Milk ; what a jadish Cowes trick was that to kick down the pail ?

*Ferdi.* Pish, a Mistriß is nothing to him ; he'll have a pair of new ones the first Mafs : *Ned* has nets and catches the Covey ; were it you or I that flie at single Women, whose *Cupid* makes not above one flight in an Age, and to find her false to Love, 'twere sad ; But for *Ned*, he onely walks the Street, shews the man, and the Town is his own ; The German piper was never more followed then he, when he will apply himself.

*Edwardo.* This, and more, I expected. Alafs, *Fred*, where wilt thou find a wit that is not mortal ? All that are Active must be subject to these calamities ; Yet I had rather venture where these storms threaten, then wear out my dayes dully in some Widows dock at home ; When I miss my voyage I'me as happy as either of you ; one of us Gamesters may win a Fortune : But *Fred*, that dares not hazard, but onely spends himself in stakes, is onely some Plant, some Tree ; and I had as live be a stone or Tree, as know the height of my Fortune : See who comes here ; Don *Thomaso*, by Enter Tho-  
maso. this light, rais'd by virtue of a Taylor, without a Circle, Sieve, or Sheares ; Now would not I play that part naked as I am ; I had rather be *Tege* in my Drawers still, then such a hide-bound Don.

*Ferdi.* Do you hear ? Is there any priviledge due to this habit for Strangers that will wear it ? Can you be admitted into an Hospitall above three nights with these clothes ? Else, if you cannot have two penny loaves for a penny, to wear it, By my troth, I would not be committed to such a Prison as that Doublet and Collar, those shooes too, with the toes longer then the soles ; I would wear the stocks as soon, and I think fit as easie in them.

*Edwardo.* Is it far more justifiable, *Fred*, to ones Friends to be thus at ease against a mans will ? This Liberty of Waste-coat and Drawers in the dog-dayes ; Is it not better then to purchase thy

Penance calmly to be crowded, and stuff'd by a Taylor into a Doublet and Hose, and look like a bag of Bayes full of fools flesh? 'Twas beaten into this *Fresco*, 'tis true; But when you find me leaping windows voluntarily, you may laugh at me.

*Thomaso*. For your part, *Ned*, I'll allow you not onely to dislike the Fashion, but the Nation too. They're twigs of those Rods that jerk'd you so lately; and the Jest stings still so much, that I dare say, thou wilt not endure the sight, nor sound, of Don this moneth. Alas, 'tis ordinary; We see Children that have been frighted with a Cat in the cradle hate the poor Beast for ever; And 'tis to be hop'd, you may come to hate a whore too in time; by that a Fardingale has us'd you as ill as a man in a great belly'd Doublet has done: But for thee, *Fred*, thy dislike is as *Pannick* as his fear who dy'd the next day at the sight of a past danger; So thou tremblest at what's to come, and apprehend'st being couzen'd and beaten to night: You know where you are to go; take heed, it comes with a fear, especially with a Countrey-gentlemans fear; Your *Essex* man in *Madrid*, their prophetick Phantasies make their Dreams Visions still.

*Harrigo*. How came you both to suffer me in the habit? I am an English-man too: How came you to comply with my Breeches?

*Edwardo*. Had we seen your Metamorphosis, as we do his, we should have started at that too; What Friend can see *Circe's* cup given to another? 'Tis an Affliction *Ulysses* cannot bear, to hear his Friend grunt out of a *Gotillio*.

*Thomaso*. Fetch the black box with the Perriwigs, and let us not lose our time, although the Gentlemen do their censure.

*Harrigo*. Prithce make haste, for 'tis late; and the Church will be so full we shall get no place at the Musick.

*Thomaso*. Pray, will you perswade *Edwardo* to go.

*Ferdi*. Whither, to Church? Take him in a Church again till he be carried thither by Torch-light, and I am deceiv'd.

*Enter Cornelio, looks on Edwardo and laughs.*

*Edwardo*. Do you hear, Captain? laugh your laugh and away; for it has been a Jest too much handled; What will you give for my Clothes instead of *Thomaso's*, and be bound to fetch 'em.

*Cornelio*. Why that's not so impossible as you believe; what will you take for my losses last night? Be at a word now.

*Edwardo*. Why, I'll take a good Revenge and a sudden one, if you will but tell me who has abus'd me.

*Cornelio*. I know the woman and the man you follow'd out of the Church yesterday; and if you'll walk, I'll shew you their Door.

*Thomaso*. Yes, and the very window you were thrown out at; he can, *Ned*; Con can do this without conjuring; See Don *Thomaso* play such a trick, and then I'll subscribe to Monsieur *Edward*.

*Edwardo*. Captain, prithce let thee and I talk seriously: Dost thou know their Names? They are damn'd hard ones; I have

*Exit the  
Taylor to  
fetch the  
Perriwigs.*



have heard some like them in a Comedy.

*Cornelio*. Her Man is called *Sanco*, and her Name *Lucetta*; is it not so?

*Edwardo*. Yes, by these Bones; *Luc. Luc. Luc.*

*Ferdi*. How now, what dost thou look for?

*Edwardo*. My black-lead; but now I think on't tis now in my Breeches; Prithee lend me thine. *Luc. Luc. Sanco, Sanco*; the street, good Captain, the street again.

*He writes  
their Names.*

*Cornelio*. By the Jesuits.

*Edwardo*. One Question more, and I have done; Cannot your Taylor cut a pair of Christian Breeches as well as a Catholick Doublet? I'de fain venture one sute more in this unchristian Countrey. Thus would they use the Defender of the Faith were he here.

*Cornelio*. Yes, yes, he'll fit you in both kinds.

*Edwardo*. Farewel, Noble Gentlemen; you may hear News from *Dametas*.

*Cornelio*. Give me the box, I'll put the Perriwigs in order; Is not the sute well made?

*Exit Ed-  
wardo, and  
Enter Tay-  
lor with a  
box of Per-  
riwigs.*

*Ferdi*. Your bargain was better that got his other.

*Cornelio*. What a Devil have we here? These Perriwigs belong to the Tying-house; they are all as black as the Devil is in a Comedy.

*Thomas. Harr. and Ferdin*. How! Black?

*Ferdi*. How came this mistake?

*Thomaso*. That dull Rogue, *Pogio's* man; a pox upon his welch memory.

*Ferdi*. Is't possible he could mistake thus? Why then there is three Crowns cast away; I alwayes told you, you might cut him as often as you would of the simples, you could never cure him; Who is that he speaks of?

*Thomaso*. Even your Brothers wise man, a *Munmoth* Witch; *William ap Merlin ap Roger*, a tame Country-man of yours, that lives as innocently as Ale and fool can keep them; If there were no more Charity then Profit in't, a man would keep a Cough of the Lungs, rather then be troubled with such a fool.

*Ferdi*. There's a couple of them, a *Richard* and a *William*; They have been at the Apes Academy these six moneths to breed them fine Gentlemen; and yet there's a Coblers dog in a Doublet, that lives in a cellar in the lóuvre, has out-revel'd them both, and passes for a finer Gentleman.

*Thomaso*. These are those Perriwigs my Boy bespoke for your Brother, who will be as far to seek with my white ones as I shall be with his black.

*Ferdi*. The mistake is plain, but what's the remedy?

*Thomaso*. 'Tis easie to wonder; But I would fain see all this College of wits now, to prescribe a cure; Shew all your craft now, to make a black Perriwig white.

*Harrigo*. In this extremity the business may be easier reconcil'd, and you come forth a compleat Don; 'tis but dying your Beard and

and Eye-brows black, and a little mouth glew-to your whiskers, and the business is done.

*Thom.* 'Tis but a but, But where's this means for this But, other then walk the streets like a Magpy; else I am not so in love with white hair but I can sleep in a black beard.

*Ferd.* By this hand do; and wee'll say 'tis your brother come from *Salamanca*, till you get a white one.

*Cornel.* Keep but your own Counsel; and no man can betray you; let not Don *Edwardo* know it till you have saluted him in Spanish; you may be resolv'd by him whether your disguise be perfect, or no.

*Harr.* If you resolve, I'll fetch you the Water; Our old Secretary has of it; 'tis that he useth daily to his Beard, and you see it keeps him as Black as a Raven.

*Thom.* Never doubt my resolution; Prithee fetch the water; silly Rogue, to put up the Box without looking into it; My first visit shall be, to try whether the *Angellica* will know me; But we must be all Secret, and serious, till the Jest be over. [Exeunt.

### ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Saretta, Paulina, and Cornelio.*

*Paul.* I See them follow us.

*Cornel.* I We have such a Revenge upon *Edwardo*; he knew nothing, neither the persons, nor the place, till I told him; But then he flew like lightning to his Revenge.

*Saret.* Why, who was it? I am her Friend for ever for it.

*Cornel.* I guess'd right; 'twas *Lucetta*, and her two *Bravo's*.

*Paul.* *Lucetta*? would she be guilty of such an Action? she had a better Reputation in the world; I wonder she is so foolish as to expose her self to the power of a stranger that can fly the country when he has done her an affront? Besides, shee's in danger of the Justice, and the Law.

*Saret.* The Law? She has small friends y'faith, if he get Justice against her; I would it had been his Friend *Thomaso*, so I had answer'd the throwing of him out at Window, and he has good luck if he Escape, for hee'll deserve it richly; where are they now?

*Cornel.* I left them upon a design to visit the *Calatravo's*, 'tis Saint *Cecilia's* Eve; *Thomaso* is full of Money.

*Paul.* I am glad to hear it, a rich Lover makes his Mistress smile; Captain, Farewell, wee'll to the Church. [Exeunt Omnes.

### ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Thomaso, Harrigo, and Ferdinando.*

*Harrigo.* AS you Love mirth, Gentlemen, be secret, till some body discover him; say only, 'tis his Brother Don *Jacomio*,



*como*, newly arrived from *Salamanca*, that we may be all found in one Tale.

*Ferd.* Content ; at the Church we shall meet acquaintance.

*Thom.* Wee'll onely pass, and so to the *Angellica's*, and try if she can know me; see who comes here. [*Enter Saretta and Paulina.*

*Harr.* I know not, pray be serious all, and carry it gravely ; See, now they open ; so, now we shall know them.

*Ferd.* 'Tis the two Sisters.

*Harr.* You have reason, let them pass, see what they will do.

*Paul.* There's Don *Harrigo*, and the other Englishman, your new *Amoroso*.

*Saret.* 'Tis so ; but who's the third ? 'tis a handsome Man and a stranger, but none of their Nation, his Meen is too grave.

*Paul.* Some Merchant, I believe, to whom they are recommended.

*Har.* That Eye has a Fellow; Why hid, Ladies ? would you play the spy upon your Friends ? What is it you are Curious to discover ?

*Saret.* That stranger, what is he ?

*Harr.* A Servant of yours, if you please ; a brother of Don *Thomaso's* that arrived last night from *Salamanca*.

*Sarr.* A brother of his ? The Hen had several Cocks, sure ; This looks as if he were worth a Womans kindness ; 'tis a proper man, would he were less a kin to that wild humor.

*Harr.* This is a man of another Temper ; but we hope to abuse him out of it ; *Thomaso* swears he's a Maid still.

*Paul.* A maid ! so is his brother, 'tis a proper black fellow ; and I dare say 'has as much pride as *Thomaso* has good nature ; This looks as if he would be Courted before a woman had the honour of his Conversation ; where's my Friend ? see, he Eyes us.

*Saret.* Your Friend has more wit then to appear when his brother is in place, for fear of being despised ; 'Twas the first modest action I e're saw in him ; This letting him walk alone ; has this as ready a tongue as t'other ?

*Harr.* Come, I'll bring you acquainted. Don *Jago*, Here are Ladies, Friends of mine, desire the Honour of your acquaintance.

*Thom.* 'Tis an honour, Sir, to me, and such as a stranger ought to be proud of : especially such private persons as we Students, that are not onely barren of Desert, but frustrate of Occasion how to merit the most diminutive favours of so fair a Lady.

*Saret.* Sir, I have had the happiness to know your brother by my sisters Friendship with him ; and though we Quarrel sometimes, that shall not hinder your well-come to me, when your leisure will bestow a Visit upon your Servant.

*Thom.* Truly, Madam, he has much more to do in the world then I pretend to, that has any business beyond receiving the honour of such conversation ; And therefore you are to Expect a sudden trouble, by the importunity of your slave, being conscious to my self my company may be troublesome ; Else I should be  
more

more Ambitious to have the honour to be esteemed your Creature; For yours are the first Eyes that ever yet had power to pierce my heart ; and without vanity let me say, your beauty is the first that ever threw chains upon your *Jago*.

*Paul*. 'Tis a fool, a formal Ass, he talks like a Mountebank, diminutive honour, *Glorious*, *Happiness*, ambitious of Friendship, Chains, and *Flames*, and *Slaves*; Sweet Lady, sure you cannot be so weak as to believe he has wit and means this for one of our Trade, at first sight too? Pox on him, hee's either an Ass, or thinks us so; this is but a *la Parakito*.

*Saret*. Thou art so vers'd in Rallery and Rayling, from thy Lovers tongue, Thou canst not favour any handsome serious reply; thou wilt come to talk baudy, drink and swear too, in time, If Huff Cap and Ale were but a little more Domestick here.

*Harr*. No more of this, now; wee'll come and see you at home, and satisfie all your Doubts.

*Saret*. Your Servant, Sir.

[*Exeunt Saretta and Paulina*.

*Ferd*. Here's mirth, beyond expectation.

*Harr*. I would drive this Jest to the bedside, e're she knew it.

*Thom*. To the bedside, *Hall*? I, behind the bed, and upon the bed, in the Bed, or against the wall: if I do not nail this Jest to her Belly, let a Beadle scratch me with a Dog-whip.

*Ferd*. Fy, two Sisters?

*Thom*. I, Ten, if the Litter be kind and handsome, good Countrey Conscience; What Advantage do I get by turning *Catholick*, if a Saint cannot forgive such a sin? You think a man gets his own Children in this hot Countrey, as they do in *Effex*; Thou art an Ass, *There's not such a thing as two Sisters by Fathers and Mothers side, on this side the Hills*.

*Harr*. I'll leave you to pursue your Fortune, for I am resolv'd to have no hand in't more then the Jest; shee's too much my Friend to betray her.

*Ferd*. I'll go and see how hee'll look, when she discovers him; for 'tis not possible, when we are near, and Converse, but she must find him.

*Thom*. Well, I'm resolv'd to hunt the mischief till she finds her Errour; there's Revenge, as well as Love in the pleasure.

## ACT. I. SCEN. V.

*Enter Angellica, Don Pedro, and Anna, with a Bravo, and the Money.*

*Angel*. **N**OW I find Don Pedro Loves me, when hee'll give this Idol of the World for my Friendship; And you shall find me, Sir, as kind as you are bountiful, and your Arms out-vie her that sighs most for Love.

*Pedro*. 'Tis many Moneths since I offer'd you my Service, without limit; and that which I took ill, was, you doubted my complying with such a poor Summe, which now has open'd



pen'd your door, where Don *Pedro* was shut out.

*Ang.* That's a Quarrel all your Sex has against us, though most unreasonable; *Thomaso* urg'd it yesterday; and he upbraided me with felling of our selves. 'Tis truth, and the same Answer serves you both, when either of you set a price upon your selves; If I have a mind to you I'll pay it, and purchase you; Ours were a fine trade, if we kept shop, and gave our Wares for Love; would it turn to account, think you, to dress and hire this House, and venture our Bodies, and Souls, to receive all that would enter? Try the Trade some one of you.

*Pedro.* I urg'd not that, as a displeasure; that took any Root, only an unkindness, which is blown over; though I wonder to hear you are a Lover, the Insensible being as vulgar, as the fair *Angellica*.

*Angel.* 'Tis but the wonder of a Day; A heart I have, Sir, like other Women too, though no man had wit to find the way to win it; He is dearer to me than all the Earth besides; and if you love me you will not hate him, you cannot embrace me single; My breast is full of *Thomaso*; 'tis his, and Loves Nest.

*Pedro.* Can I give you a greater Argument of my Love than this patience, while you prefer my Enemy and my Rival before me, and avow it to my face?

*Angel.* Can you be an Enemy to my Friend, and Love me? No, Sir, he that loves me loves and hates as I do; My Friend will protect me, and revenge my wrongs; 'Tis not the purchase of my bed that tells me you love; that's your pleasure; Mine is to see you smile when I smile, and embrace what I embrace; and I know there has pass'd nothing between you and *Thomaso* but what may with honour enough be forgotten; as if you were the first that love and anger had blinded; what is there so ordinary as to find those Passions throw friends upon the swords of Friends?

*Pedro.* I confess as much; and when the heat was over my Reason did not condemn him; 'twas accidentall, and his back was toward me, and we were both angry e're we knew with whom; He has been since at my house; but I was not at home. (*One knocks.*)

*Angel.* See, *Anna*, who knocks.

*Anna.* 'Tis a stranger, I know him not; he inquires for Don *Thomaso*.

*Angel.* Call him in. Would you speak with Don *Thomaso*, *Enter Thom-*  
Sir? *maso in his*

*Thom.* Yes, Lady, from a Brother of his.

*Angel.* A Brother of his? --- 'Tis he, I know him --- Well, and what business have you to dispatch from that Brother of his that might not have been done in Gray as well as Black? Good Don, let's know the reason of this Disguise; have you any guilt, that you mourn for? *Aside.*

*Thom.* None; but since I am discover'd give me leave, first, to salute this Gentleman, and then you shall know the Cause. Sir, I know Don *Pedro* has too much Honour to doubt it in his Servant, who if he were a Stranger would not make this Apology; But  
D d d having

having had the honour to be known to you formerly, I venture upon the score of a Gentleman and a Souldier that once was commanded by you ; to whom 'tis known, I left neither the service, nor the Country with blushes ; which will be enough, I hope, to prevail with you to forget the accident of yesterday, in which I am only guilty of having so late call'd to mind a person whom I'll so much honour as I shall ever do Don *Pedro*.

*Pedro*. Sir, you have prevented me by your disguise ; else I had been earlier in the confession of my fault ; but your disguise, to day, must plead for me, as mine begot our mistake yesterday ; and Don *Thomaso* may be secure nothing but mistakes can beget an unkindness from me, who have the same ready heart to serve him.

*They embrace.  
She kisses  
Don Pedro,  
and then  
Thomaso.*

*Angel*. Embrace then----so ; now I am happy ; and this is kinder, and far more welcome to me than all the price you can give---- That is yours, you bought it ; this is mine, I have paid for it ; I am yours, and this is my Mistress ; and now our hearts are free from fear or anger ; for wonder sake, unriddle, why this disguise ? some roguery, upon my life.

*Thom*. No, in earnest ; a meer chance : you know, yesterday I resolv'd to put my self into the habit of the place, and this morning when I was dress'd and call'd for my Perriwigs, there was none but black ones in the Box ; my man mistook when we parted at *Paris*, and put up my Comrades Box for mine ; and to make the chance a jest, *Harrigo* dy'd my Eye-brows and Beard, as you see ; and our chief Plot was to try if you could find it out.

*Angel*. And doth Don *Harrigo*, or my friend, think, 'tis colours or habit can hide a Lover from a Lovers eye ? No, *Thomaso*, neither the Hawk, nor Hound have any sense quicker or more sagacious, than a Lover ; there's too much of the heart pierceth with every look to be deceiv'd by shadows.

*Thom*. Yet I have pass'd this jest upon one whose wit and malice is as great and curious as your Love ; her hate too as full of poyson as your kindness can be of honey ; yet she has been deceiv'd ; and she that despis'd me when I was white dotes upon this shadow ; and takes me for my Brother, whom I hourly expect from *Salamanca* ; yesterday I was a fool, a better kind of *Bravo* only, neither wit nor person to deserve from any serious woman ; but, to day, all the graces and excellencies of our sex scarce express her character ; she invited me to dinner, but I sent my excuse ; else I could, this day, have had that offer'd *gratis* that would not be purchas'd before.

*Angel*. And why did you refuse her ? Fie, a cruel Knight deny a Lady that sighs for you ! especially when such a jest may be follow'd.

*Thom*. Do you ask why I refus'd her ? is not the *Angellica* reason enough ? thinks my Love, I would quit my place here to sleep in any second bosom ? no, I'll buy no jests at that rate as well as I love a piece of knavery.

*Pedro*. Who is't that is fallen into this snare ?

*Thom*.



*Thom.* The *Saretta*, a humourfome Merchant as any Trades, one that has wit and beauty enough to anfwer all his bills.

*Pedro.* I know her, 'tis a friend of yours; ſhe'l grow lean when ſhe hears your Picture is down; ſhe hop'd no man would purchaſe your friendship at the rate propos'd.

*Angel.* I know ſhe hates me for praifing her Siſter, who has much the better nature and the ſweeter voyce; I like *Paulina's* humour, 'tis gay and ingenuous, you may read a real heart in her eyes; there is woman in her aſpect, her very looks are ſoft and kind, yet a Girl of a ſprightly Meen, and graceful in every motion; 'tis pleaſure to converſe with ſuch a humour; I could love her before a hundred of her Siſter; and I am reſolv'd, this buſineſs ſhall not dye, thus if I have power.

*Thom.* I, I; hereafter we'l think on't when 'twill be a cheaper jeſt, that's a work will be done in an afternoon as well as in a night.

*Angel.* I ſwear you dine not here to day, as well as I love you; I'll ſtarve the Boy, or watch him tame, or delay love till he grow deſperate, rather then loſe the ſport of this jeſt. Let me alone to have it ſung in the *Cachery*; the two Foreſters abus'd the two wits of *Madrid* with a Perriwig; 'tis reſolv'd, no reply; but away to your buſineſs, and I'll teach you how to ſtrike two Birds with one ſtone; follow your deſign with *Saretta*, and oblige Don *Pedro*, in giving him your day here, and I'll give *Saretta* mine; be but kind when you are here, I aſk no more; till night, we'l expect the ſucceſs.

*Thom.* Well, 'tis reſolv'd; and the willinglier, becauſe one of the Tribe has abus'd my Comrade; and if I ſucceed, her ſtory ſhall accompany *Edwardo* in the *Prado*.

*Angel.* *Edwardo's* ſtory! what is't, any new accident?

*Thom.* Have you not heard how he was beaten and robb'd, and turn'd out at mid-night by he knows not whom?

*Pedro.* 'Twas laſt night neer the Jeſuites; I paſs'd by when it was done; Don *Mathias* was beaten too and thrown out at a Window; he's out of his Wits to now who did it; 'twas in the *Lucetta's* Houſe.

*Thom.* I know not Don *Mathias* his part; but, *Edwardo*, no thief taken and whipp'd had more ſhame, or worſe uſage; but if ſhe paſſes clearly with it I am deceiv'd in my man; ſhe might have had his heart for a kiſs.

*Angel.* Fye, 'twas baſe and ugly, but not ſtrange amongſt theſe Mulotto's; and leſt you believe all our Tribe ſuch, ſee here's my Argument to buy your faith of me, when I ſay I love,---If you love me you will not reſuſe it, and with it buy thy pleaſure; follow thy *Capricha* with any woman in *Madrid*.

*Thom.* I ſhall not bluſh to receive any favour your kindneſs gives; 'tis the vain and the miſerable that make benefits heavy, and ſlaves the generouſ mind more then want; benefits when they are done with *Bon mine*; 'tis a pleaſure to become a debtor to ſuch a nature when they ſhower upon us. Fair and kind, farewel; and

*She gives him the money Don Pedro gave her.*

if Love can pay my debts, I am certain I'll owe no score amongst women ; and since you will have it so, let this Spanish wit look to her self ; if I do not lay the jest upon her belly, let her lay a cudgel upon my back. Sir, I am your servant, and hope to find some time more seasonable to tell you so. Farewel, be kind to the kind ; and 'tis but just to love where you a Lover finde.

[Exit Thomaso.]

*Angel.* You are sad ; I hate a melancholy Lover ; one that must be kiss'd still out of his trance, else he'll neither pipe nor dance.

*Pedro.* No, I was only admiring what I see and hear ; and wonder, why I could not master my nature as well as you ; this *Thomaso* loves as much as I, with his sword he purchas'd you ; and for your conversation neglects both the fortune and beauty of one that is not to be despis'd ; and for your passion, I have the same Arguments to conclude it that I would use to prove mine own ; for I see you pay the same rate for friendship ; yet you two can both tame your hearts so, that they calmly consent to let each other give and take the fruits of Love ; as if his Tree on the Common grew, enclos'd by no vows.

*Angel.* So he doth not marry and impale the Tree, let him give the fruit to any she ; Me he will not marry, nor shall not if he would ; because I love him he shall not for my sake be guilty of any action he may blush for ; nor will I stand the curse of a chaste bed, whose robb'd sheets, when holy vows have ty'd him, wound as sure and fatal as lightning.

*Pedro.* Why thus severe to your self ? I warrant he may marry you, and with honour and profit enough forget pass'd faults.

*Angel.* No, Sir ; though honour be that I think not of, because the custom of the world has plac'd it beyond our power ; yet I can prize it in others, and despise that man that wants it. Kindness and faith to my Lover, good nature and charity are the height of our ambition ; and 'tis one comfort, that heaven is easier satisfi'd then men ; who think this fault of ours a gallantry in them, a sin so light they sing and dance under it all their days ; a sin so tam'd by custom that few or none hide it, as if honour had no pretence below a mans Girdle ; so his heart be right all is gallant ; chaste men ridiculous, neither believ'd, esteem'd or trusted by either sex, scarce held of honour if once branded with that stain ; Nay, the contrary, both sexes admires him who has the potent'st arms, and gives the frequent'st and mortal'st wounds in *Venus* wars ; while women are so slav'd with custom, that vertue, parts, nor fortune can heal the wound in us, though Nature, Love and Kindness give it ; for which, but that I know we shall have other judges of that well natur'd sin, and never a man of you all be of the jury, I would eat bran ere any he that breathes in breeches should come between my sheets.

*Pedro.* This quarrel would soon be reconcil'd, could you prevail with your own sex to a reconciliation ; 'tis the women, not the men despise ; they cry, Fye, and frown, else we could digest it ; for I observe your severest women that crie whore most, are the likeliest Timber to cut a Cuckold in.

*Angel.*



*Angel.* Nay, on my conscience, the dissemblers of our sex are more then the publick Whores, both for weight and number ; but that will not excuse your partial Idolatry of yours selves.

*Pedro.* Our guilt is not so general, we like and enjoy some one ; you like nor refuse none that will buy ; which truth I would not urge but for Arguments sake.

*Angel.* You must then confess, 'tis not vertue but nature makes you less guilty then women ; for could you act as often as we can suffer, few of you would refrain for the sin sake ; this I believe, because you all boast not only how many women you have known, but how often too ; and lest the sin should want its weight to be currant amongst you you will give him grains of oaths, and belye the number. What partial folly then is that governs the minds of men ; and what fools are women to submit to their Lunacy ? I prize my self as high for having enjoy'd a gallant man, as you would do for having won his sword, or a gallant womans heart ; despis'd because enjoy'd by others ! tell me, to morrow, if you find any paths or steps upon my body where former Lovers trod, or any print of pal'd kisses cleaving to their lips ; if you can miss those Graces, those Roses they gather'd, and find not as fresh and full handfulls for you to reap, as if he or they had not found their harvest. [Exit.

*Pedro.* Yet 'tis the opinion, such credit gives love more reputation then women ; and those bills the oftner drawn, and the oftner paid, make a woman a better Merchant then a Lover. [Exit.

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Serulina and Calis.*

*Serul.* Not find him ?

*Cal.* No, Madam ; yet I came twice just as he went out ; I have hunted him both by the eye and question through the Town, and cannot meet him.

*Serul.* Were you at the *Angellica's* ? I hear my Brother has sent a thousand crowns ; I hope he will be so busie with his new purchase he'll have no leisure to think upon an old quarrel ; else this delay may be fatal.

*Cal.* I was there, and saw Don *Pedro* at the Window, and a Brother of Don *Thomaso's* come out while I was there ; I knew him not till he was past.

*Serul.* His Brother ? which, he that was at *Salamanca* ?

*Cal.* The same, he came last night to Town ; I saw him since with Don *Harrigo* ; 'tis a proper black man ; and has as much of the Don as the other has of the Monsieur ; I left him here hard by, under the *Portico*.

*Serul.* 'Tis strange he should be thus long in Town and neither come nor send ; an injury from him would work more upon me then

Har. *knocks.* then all the Arguments his Enemies can urge.—— See who knocks.

*Calis.* 'Tis Don *Harrigo*.

*Seru.* What can his business be? Some Message from *Thomaso*; I'll seem as unconcern'd as he has been negligent.

*Enter Harrigo and Ferdinando.*

*Harrigo.* This is the House, and there is the Lady.

*Ferdi.* What a dog 'tis to follow such carrion upon every dung-hill, and leave such Manna here?

*Harrigo.* Farewell; and tell him since he resolves to be serious, I'll serve him faithfully, and I hope successfully.

*Seru.* Don *Harrigo*, you are welcome as any man can be that from a familiar friend have made your self a stranger; Since Don *Thomaso* went I have onely seen you as the seasons change; How came you to exceed in your favours? 'Tis not yet the fall of the leaf; And I remember you did me this Honour the last Spring.

*Har.* Faith, Madam, 'tis not for want of Respect or Affection that I pay my visits so seldom here; 'Tis a time that makes all our Nation sneak and hide themselves; There is a National guilt that beats our Hearts, we are out of countenance as we walk the streets; The Ages crime hangs upon us; 'tis not enough that I know my self honest, unless I could make that knowledge general; All can say, there goes an English-man, though but few know what part he plaid.

*Seru.* This is a noble fence to you, but I meant not to beget your trouble; 'twas onely a kind quarrel for your long absence, which has not paid all that trust your friend repos'd in you.

*Harrigo.* And I am now to beg your pardon, not onely for my self, but a servant of yours; who dares not appear till he has made his way by this excuse.

*Seru.* My servant, and you mediate for him? What will your Friend say when he hears it? But pray who can this servant be that sends before?

*Harrigo.* 'Tis Don *Alphonso*, Madam.

*Seru.* You are merry; but when I send you Gloves from his Wedding, they will not smell so sweet as those you expected from Don *Thomaso*; But I would gladly know where Don *Alphonso* gave you this Commission.

*Harrigo.* I had it, Madam, from Don *John*; who told me your Brother and he had a private meeting this morning at the Capuchins; where they resolved your Weddiug should be suddain, and by your consent, having declar'd you had no such intentions for my Friend.

*Aside.* *Seru.* I will know the depth of this; 'Tis some new design to disgust *Thomaso*.-----Why truly, Don *Harrigo*, my Brother, and my Friends, have given many Reasons fit to be consider'd ere I make my self a slave to a stranger; One, that besides his ruin'd Fortune,



Fortune, can (in the time of his pretention, after five years absence) fall in Love with every face he sees, and fight for a whore against my Brother; One that has had three Quarrels, three Ballads, and twenty Mistresses in the *Prado*, ere he could find leisure to pay one visit to me; If I were that foolish Lover he believes, I see how fit for pity and scorn his Heart would leave me.

*Harrigo.* Madam, I am asham'd to hear this; Nor can any ingenuous Nature deny what you have urg'd; and I shall be loath to destroy your Faith of those Truths I come to deliver, by going about to justify him, though he be my Friend; Onely I will confidently say, when you shall know how accidentally he came engag'd in all that has hapned to beget the discourse of the Town, you will say, It has been a day of Chances; at which you will laugh your share, and not condemn his part; Especially your Ladiship being so well acquainted with his humour, which cannot be out at a Jest; But I am confident his serious thoughts and highest value, are confin'd to the happiness you have promis'd him in your Friendship; Though the Condition that Fortune has now thrown him in, since his Princes troubles, makes him not so confident to appear before you, till I had ventur'd to say something in his defence; Which, if you please to retire, I shall deliver; and I hope, with more success than his fears expect.

*Serulina.* I should be sorry to find my self so far concern'd in your Friend, as to be very angry with any Arrives of his; No, Sir, you will find 'tis all *Thomasso* can do to find me, when he shall seek *Serulina*; And I hope you are too noble a Gentleman, either to wish or believe I shall seek him.

*Harrigo.* He scarce hopes to find such a Virtue in your Sex; Yet allow him as ill as your fears, or his Enemies would present; I will prove you are as far out of the way of being happy with *Alphonso*, as with my Friend with all his faults; Nor is *Alphonso* chaster or confidenter than he, onely duller and more niggard, one that fears his flesh more, and loves his money better than *Thomasso*; which are the hedges that keeps him in; 'tis neither Love nor Honour that binds him; only his Craft can dissemble better to gain his own ends, the fair *Serulina* and her Dowry; Besides, the Beauty of her person, and Honour of her Family, are Blessings any man would dissemble to purchase.

*Serulina.* Yet he can pretend a Portion, for he can make a Joynture as honourable as my Dowry; And though he be not so fine a Gentleman as your friend, yet he may be as good a Husband; he can keep a Wife too, he has a fortune will make her live splendidly like her self; and discretion bids us consider those real goods, and not dote upon flowers; and give me a Husband that can feed and cloath me as well as hug me. What Jewels will Don *Thomasso* present his Wife with? those of his eyes and heart; and hang his Arms in stead of Pearl about her neck? or in her ears fine Verses in stead of Pendants? suppose this yet; 'tis a stout man whose sword can defend his Wife from cold; and although Don *Thomasso's* wit be better than *Alphonso's*, yet his bond is worth twenty Colonels.

*Harr.*

Serul. walks  
to and again  
upon the  
Stage, and  
Har. follows  
her and says.

Har. Faith, Madam, since you are in a good humour, I'll argue his Case with you.

Serul. These Arguments you urg'd, Sir, are hazards which the virtuous mind must arm and resolve against.

Har. I doubt not, Madam, but you have virtue enough to digest the worst of these their homely pleasures, which reach only to the body ; but 'tis sin to consent to slave the mind ; for how will she rejoyce or exercise her nobler faculties when that comes in question ; all that have ingenuity must subscribe ; wherein can the soul busie her self in the Country ; but in studying of Simples, and preparing Medecines for nasty Surgery ? and perhaps, kill more by error and mistake, then your charity can expiate ; then to suffer the affliction of such grounded ignorance, such resolute folly, such natural dullness as most Country-families are haunted with.

Serul. Yet 'tis sweet being in the Country with all this ; and when I marry it shall be to become a Wife, not a Slave, Don Harrigo.

Har. That's resolv'd as I could wish ; and for the Country, 'tis no question but 'tis as sweet as Lavander or Rose-mary can make it ; but I think the Orange and Jessamine in a bottle, and the Trees all the year in your house at *Madrid*, as sweet as those in the hedges.

Serul. I, but to walk and gather these flowers, is there no pleasure in that ?

Har. When ? by Moon-shine ? I am sure you dare not meet Signior *Sol* abroad, unless you'l come home, like Rose-cakes from a Still, bak'd and sweating ; which though your dew be sweet (as common civility will make us allow that) yet 'tis troublesome and a new sight to meet Ladies abroad, when the dogs cry as they pass the streets, when to walk in your Court but two turns is evidence for chastity, and out-does the old Law *Ordeal* : 'Tis enough for your *Alphonso* and his Indian breeding to endure such stabs as the Sun strikes in the Dog-days ; 'tis true, they say he will beat the hoof in his woollen-hose, till his feet sweat and stink more then a hunted Bores, and are fain to be steep'd at night as long as the Beef, ere they be fresh again ; this commonly out of freedom is done in my Wives Chamber ; and if he be kind, and dares trust you, perhaps he desires you to cut his Corns and dress his Issue, signs of favour I can assure you ; and such as you must not hope, unless your woman be out of the way ; and that honour being pass'd, the Gyant stretches himself, yawns and sighs a belch or two, stales in your pot, farts as loud as a Musket for a jest ; and then throws himself under the Rug, and expects you in his foul sheets, and aspit-ting cloath, where hangs as much of his Lungs as remains in his body ; and ere you can get into the bed he calls you with a snore or two ; and are not these fine things in a Ladies bed ? who would not rejoyce to meet his woollen-waste-coat and knit-night-cap without a lining ? a shirt so nasty a cleanly Ghost would scarce appear in at the latter day ; for his linen is a kin to him ere he  
puts



puts it off; thus prepar'd for delight you Ladies meet your Country-husbands; the *Alphonso*, high shooes; and there lye and suffer them to abuse you as often as they please to use you, which you'l too late repent; and there you may lye and sigh whole nights away, he'l snore and snore till it be day under the same covers, and in the same bed his forefathers liv'd and dy'd in, and some so lately you may smell the very earthiness of the Corps still; and 'tis a better savour then his arms or breath, a stink compos'd of vile Tobacco and dead Wine, stuffed nose, rotten lungs, and hollow teeth, half whose number has been drawn with dry Cheese, and tuff lean beef; yet this man you must kiss; nay, you must kiss none but this, and muzzle through his beard to find his lips; and this you can submit to for threescore year for a joynture; which you must purchase too; for he sells you that and this Paradise, his bed, for the price of your portion only; and in strict sence you give him so much to lye with him as long as he lives; for unless he dies you have nothing but a place in his Family, and so has his dog, who shall have a pension as well as you; for in these bargains of Wedlock the Wife is to the portion only the handful over measure; a Chattle that he takes to stock his Family, as other Cattle to stock his ground; nay, perhaps he's a blade too, and then you may spin at home, while he is abroad with *Phillis* in the field; by which you find, the *Alphonso's* are as subject to the ills you dread, as the *Thomasso's*; only, as I said before their differences is, the *Alphonso's* are more nasty lusts, and cheaper Whores, and the sin more dirty there then in the City.

*Serul.* Sir, By this I gather a kind of necessity of being miserable; either way affords precipices enough to make a Maid tremble ere she makes a choice.

*Har.* Therefore from frail men chuse the least or best ill; take such a Gentleman as my friend, that you know has wit and honour, and a passion for you; one that you see has liv'd and maintain'd himself in spite of cross fate; and though he has lost his fortune, 'tis with honour enough; never burthening any with his wants, without cheating or tricks, one stain'd with no base action, his name and honour still clear and fair both with his Prince and Comrades; and when your kindness has added a fortune to his experience, his grateful heart will be eternally oblig'd to you, and so busie to serve you and justify your choice to the world, so industrious to deserve new favours as well as pay the old, that 'twill be a joy to your soul to see. What cares Don *Alphonso* for you or your opinion? sick or well, live or dye, he's prepar'd; the funeral cloke is brush'd and laid up for the good day; and if you dye, 'tis upon your own account, for he is sure of your Portion; and your Joynture serves again, never the worse for wearing; and will bait the hook for some other fool to bite at.

*Serul.* And none but fools are taken with such baits, nor none but mad folks suffer such chains; I am yet free, and will be, from all such slavery.

*Har.* In serious earnest, Madam, 'tis nobler far to buy a friend  
 E e e  
 whom

whom you affect, though at price of your fortune, then to be chaffer'd or sold to slavery by friends, who only think upon joyning wealth to wealth ; with my friend you command as much as you must obey there ; Don *Thomaso* has seen the world, and gather'd from every Nation what is excellent ; and can comply with times and natures, for he has been bred in Courts and Armies, those schools of the mind, where men learn to tame their wills and passions ; for Princes are to be studied and obey'd, not disputed with ; with him you'll know no cause of dispute ; with the other you must expect perpetual civil war, a sullen, rude, louting, willful, scowling clown, from whom if you escape blows, 'tis well ; an unhew'd rudeness, whose very kindness bruises ; that when he but stroaks or flatters his dogs, they cry, This will seek and bring all that is pleasure home, either in humour or conversation, to divert you ; the one will devour this youth and beauty that flows with such grace in every form and feature in that lovely body and diviner face, like common food, for his dull appetite, without a thought or value of the feast you set before him ; while Don *Thomaso* with awe and respect and faithful kindness from a ravish'd soul enjoys you. *Alphonso*, Don *Indian* ! By this light, he thinks he's trading at *Gamba* still, and would sell you, himself, that Bell and Bauble for your youth and fortune ; 'tis his last venture, and you'll make a voyage if he catch you.

*Serul*. I am not desperate ; nor find no such disease in a single life, as to drink this poyson to become such a wife ; when I find myself desperately sick, and nothing else can please, I'll send for a Priest and change the disease.

*Har*. Faith, Madam, and Marriage is one disease which women are necessitated to pass ; for an old Maid is an evil without a remedy ; an ill husband may be cur'd by a divorce, but there's no flying the other curse ; a kind husband is the best cordial you can provide against infection of Marriage ; and if you should be sick or sad ( which heaven defend ) *Thomaso* would so divide your griefs with a kind sense of what you suffer, so pity your pain, so feel all your griefs, that you will find sadness vanish, and sickness itself decay, while health, perfect health, by kindness charm'd, returns ; and you'll find so much more pleasure to walk with such a friend in one of his descriptions of a Garden, then in twenty of *Dameta's* Orchards ; and read in his relations the Histories of persons, times and places ; And such such minds, Madam, and such men, are fit for such Brides as the Gentle *Serulina* ; and they only make happy Hymens ; the rest but joyn the sex and beast together ; and such fordid coupling is base and mean, and the herds afford as good Nuptials ; this advantage Colonels (Madam) that have wit and breeding may pretend above those who have nothing good but their Bond and Joynture. Your servant, Lady ; my hour is out, and so much shall serve for this time.

[Exit Harrigo.]

*She stands still with her eyes fix'd on the ground, then walks a little, looks after him, shrugs and shakes her head, till Calis pulls her by the sleeve.*

*Cal.*



*Cal.* Pray, Madam ; where was father *Harrigo's* text ? I hope he will not find it in our family ; after this counsel, it will be fool the first and the second ; and if he do's, pray consider the Doctrine and use, how he cited his Saint without a Kalender, urging his *Thomaso* still to prove his text, and has so confuted Father *Alphonso* for Schism.

*Serul.* If I had been dispos'd to have listned to that clod in the Country, what a character he had given him to have shook a resolution ? but the truth is there was no fear of that punishment ; and this shower of reason hath but given growth to a former aversion.

*Cal.* Marry *Alphonso* ? such a wedlock would have more sins to answer, with him, then adultery with another man ; I had as live follow to the *Hostel de dieu*, to waste your youth in vows there, a handmaid to Lazars and Cripples, as spend it in such a Marriage.

*Serul.* There is no danger, *Calis*, of such a folly ; and I cannot but wonder why my Brother is so bent upon't, as to attempt the forcing of my consent ; sure he knows whose Daughter I am ; and I have so much of the Father in me, as but for modesty sake I should be very sensible of his unkindness, though I love him with all the tenderness a Brother can expect from a Sister ; but I'me resolv'd not to make myself miserable to please him ; and for my honour I shall always be as much concern'd in that as he, and will dye ere throw the least stain upon our Family.

*Calis.* And this he knows, though Don *John* still sollicitates him to a suddain resolution ; *Diego* says, he presses him to see you married, or put into a Monastery, to avoid Don *Thomaso's* pretention, whose fortune he could never brook.

*Serul.* A Monastery ! I am like to make a good Nun ; this passion is an excellent ingredient for a Grate ; no, *Calis*, I have a Saint of mine own to pray to ; and we'll try whether our womens wit can be more ingenious, then his jealous, or my Brothers angry fit ; get me your old Coat and Veil to put over me ; I have a design, if it take, will put all their kennel of spies to cold hunting.

*Cal.* I am glad to see you intend your safety ; for I do believe women may do most of their own business upon earth themselves, if they would but leave their spinning, and try ; wit and handsome, in good clothe, will do our business as well as the *Madona*. [Exe.

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Enter Thomaso, Cornelio and Harrigo. Thomaso dressing himself in his white Suite and white Perriwig.*

*Har.* Did she not suspect at all ?

*Thom.* *Mahomet* as soon as me in her bed, I am confident ; the Quean was so kind, and the finest armful of sweet white sin I have clasp'd in *Madrid* ; I could wish I were black indeed, for

her sake, I would have given her handsomely out of the *Angellica's* present, and, By this light, she refus'd it.

*Har.* Why do you put on these clothes then ?

*Thom.* To meet *Paulina*, who will be here in a minute ; but I must be gone first, and leave word I am upon the *Piazza*.

*Corn.* A pox upon her, I thought to have been so fine in these clothes to morrow.

*Thom.* 'Tis but a little patience till the jest be over, and then they are yours ; this was a chance I could not foresee, nor neglect when kind fortune presents ;-----But all this while, *Harrigo*, you give me no account of our serious business ; what success had your visit to the party ?

*Har.* Come, dress you and walk, and you shall know all ; I have been with her and found her in a good humour, and I believe I left her not in an ill one ; but upon my word 'twas time, if not of the latest, for all your fooling ; 'tis not enough to value her in your heart, but to let her see it in your actions too, unless you mean to quit the thought of it ; women are not to divine a Lovers mind ; 'tis well they will answer when Love questions their heart.

*Thom.* I am of your mind ; and this day I'll find some occasion to see her ; I forgot to tell you, Don *Pedro* and I are friends ; I met him this morning at *Angellica's* ; and she made us embrace.

*Har.* Trust not that friendship ; for I am confident he brooks neither of your interests, either with his Sister, or his Mistress ; and where he has an advantage you'll find it, I know Don *John* presses him hourly to a revenge ; you know the man and his nature, a most implacable enemy, I speak upon sure grounds ; and therefore dispatch your business with *Serulina* ; such a jest, and two hundred thousand crowns, will make one laugh and merry an age ; those you amuse your self with are only for the *Prado*, or to laugh an hour within a Comedy ; where you'll see them better done too, and exceeded by the Mountebank ; I am your friend, else I should not take the privilege to say this.

*Thom.* Dear *Harrigo*, 'tis kindly said, and I am thine for it ; and we'll find some hour, to day, that may be seasonable and safe to visit her ; for I confess to my friend, my journey hither was to see what success that amour could find ; in whose kindness I am more concern'd than any man but your self shall know ; nor can this mist of rallery and mirth blind a friends eyes, to whom I shall say, 'tis no more my nature than my interest, though I chuse rather to put it on than give any womans pride the *Gusto*, to think, because I am poor 'twas in her power to despise me ; but to my friend I shall still be free and serious ; come, we must be gone, to avoid *Paulina's* visit ; I am too much out of cash to accept her Bills of Love to be paid upon sight ; her Sister has had all my ready money.

*Har.* When the trick is known all the load will be laid on me for keeping your counsel ; and pray tell me, am I such a dull fool as you believ'd for continuing kindness for this Girl ? By my life, I would not change her friendship with any she in *Madrid*,  
if



if her spirit were not so furiously raging sometimes.

*Thom.* I love a froward Girle, a storm for variety ; and 'tis Comedy to kiss them when they scratch, and see how quickly a calm will follow their tears and anger.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT. II. SCEN. III.

*Enter Scarramucha and the Mountebanks People, preparing the Stage, as formerly, and divers Mutes, Men and Women, for Spectators.*

*Scarr.* Come, make haste, you see the company begins to gather ;  
 C is my Master return'd yet ?

*Serv.* No, Sir ; he is gone to prepare a pair of Bathes in some private place, and has left my Mistress with the old Lady within, she asks for you.

*Scarr.* 'Tis well, I'll attend her ; salute the Gentlemen now that you may take leave of them and *Scarramucha* with a good grace. Now I love you ; excuse him, Gentlemen, pray now ; for his mind doth so run upon a Lady, that he forgets his respect to me, his old Master.

[*Exit Scarramucha.*]

*Enter Serulina and her Maid ; she's dress'd in an old Coat and Scarfe of her Maids, and mingles her self with the Croud.*

*Serul.* There's few or no company come, let's walk a turn towards the Church.----

*Enter Thomaso, Cornelio, Harrigo, and meet her as she goes off.*

*Cal.* See, there he is, and his friend with him.

*Serul.* 'Tis he, be sure to speak with him ere he goes off the place, and take some opportunity to give him that Letter.

[*As they pass they gaze one upon another.*]

*Thom.* There is one of our Tribe, *Hall* ; and a man were in stock, what commodities he might take up of this kind, and at good rates too !----How now ? another ? By this light, I must get a switch to keep them off ; now, your business, fair one ?

*Cal.* I have some, Sir, and 'tis serious ; which I would impart to you if you please but to follow me to yon Church.

*Calis follows  
and pulls  
him by the  
sleeve.*

*Har.* You had best retire betimes ere they pull thee in pieces ; you see what 'tis to have the reputation of a sufficient man among these Merchants ; 'twill be long enough ere they come to offer their war to me thus.

*Thom.* Sweet Saint, or sinner ; I am now, and have lately been so busie I have no leisure to make a new friendship ; 'tis all I can do to keep credit with my old friends ; if I had but a little little corner of a heart to spare thou should'st have it for kindness sake ; but ask this noble Gentlemen, a friend of mine, if there be not, at this minute, staying in my Chamber one of *Venus* Creditors dunning my

my sheets, for a promise, and I am now going to pay a debt I owe upon my honour ; else I were your man , Courteous and kind ; Another time command me.

*Calis.* Sir, my business is worth your serious thoughts ; I have a letter for you.

*Thom.* Nay, if it be from a writing Lady, shee'll never find me at leisure to read her two leav'd books ; Those humble Ladies that write first, their wits are best when their Faces are at worst ; 'tis fair, if the fair will answer us ; and I dread to find a Lady that dedicates her self, thus, by Epistles to a man ; if it be haste give it to one of my Friends, I'll try if I can perswade one of them to know your business.

*Cornel.* Let's see your face Mistress ; come, shew a sample of the goods you sell ; would you have us buy a Goose in the Feathers ? a woman in a dream is worth a hundred of those visions ; till this shell, this vail be off, who knows what Kernel your Nut holds ?

*Thom.* Where shall I meet you, *Harrigo*, an hour hence ?

*Harr. Con* and I must go about our business, for an hour ; then I am for you, where you'll appoint.

*Thom.* I'll call you at home ---- [*Exeunt Harrigo and Cornelio.*

*Thomaso enters into the Angellica's house.*

*Serul.* What house is that he entred ? follow, and give him the letter, or wait his coming out ; I'll home, and Expect you ; dear *Calis*, make haste ; tell him 'twas I that saluted him ; and if he wonder why I was in this habit , satisfy him I am to make a private devotion to Saint *Cecilia's* Altar this Night.

*Calis.* I'll obey you ; but hee's so full of his wilde humours still 'tis ten to one but he makes sport with me again, before I can deliver it.

*Serul.* Prithee make haste , lest he pass before you speak with him ; you know how much it concerns me ; if it take, We shall be too hard for my Curious ill-natur'd Brother , and his furious friend.

[*Exit Calis.*

*As she goes out she meets her Brother, Don Pedro, and Carlo.*

*Pedro.* Who was that ? how she ey'd us ? See, she looks back still.

*Serul.* If he follows me I am undone for Ever. [*Exit Serulina.*

*Carlo.* Shee's right, I warrant her, and some one that knows you.

*Pedro.* 'Tis the *Angellica* by her *Tallea* ; She told me to day she would go abroad this afternoon ; that Coat and Scarf betrays her, for those shooes and feet are not of a piece ; some knavery in design, who e're she be, I warrant her.

*Carlo.* Let's follow her, and be certain who 'tis ; See where she Sails ; We may fetch her up yet e're she doubles yon Cape ; she looks back as if she were willing to be chas'd, and boarded too, I warrant her Prize ; If you will not chase with the Admiral, let your servant *Carlo* chase with his Frigate of *Cupids* ; I'll make her spread



spread all her Canvas, but I'll speak with her; 'Tis no matter for Commission; Pirat is as good Title to these Carvels, as lawful men of War.

*Pedro.* See, she stops, and looks back still; follow aloof, *Carlo*; I'll see who 'tis. [Exit *Pedro*.]

*Carlo.* What a task it were to make this Don Chaste, or Constant? now is he as mad upon planting this new Island, as the *Angellica's* continent; another thousand Crowns I foresee in Plantation; he is taken with the prospect already; a good Eye, and a white hand, a straight Instep, and a clean pastern, a pair of good feet, the Rogue will follow them to a precipice; Now must I follow, and when he has set the Partridges, draw the Curtains about them; for I warrant her lie whilst a man may draw a sheet over her; and 'twere not ill sport, in paying time, to hawke these mann'd whores, but that they are subject to be green-tayl'd too. [Exit *Carlo*.]

*Enter Serulina and Johanne, at several doors.*

*Scarr. within,* What ho, down with our Banks, Excuse our Patron to the Gentlemen; he is detain'd by urgent occasion.

*Serul.* I am lost, sure he knows me, he follows so fast; 'tis impossible to get home before him, other place I know none, nor where to retire, but to a Church, and there the liberty of being free with women will make him certainly discover me; Is there no door open, no house I could shelter my self in, till he be pass'd? see, he comes, something I must resolve. [Exit *Serulina*.]

*Just as she goes out, Johanne comes in at the same door, and Pedro at the other.*

*Pedro.* There she goes again; 'tis the *Angellica*, I see by her step; I'll follow her, for that look; she has some Roguery in Chase. (*Johanne looks after her.*)

*Johan.* If I were not busie now, there were a Fortune, she looks back; I, sweet soul, I would follow thee with all my heart, but that I have business; is't not pity such Love-Beggars should want an Alms? if I were as able as Charitable, Not a poor whore in *Madrid* should want a kindness; See, Don *Pedro* is leering after her; Now Sir, you are stalking, I see the Game before you; by this light, hee'll draw a whore dry foot.

*Pedr.* 'Tis a pretty wench, by the list; if the Cloath be as good, I am her Man too; 'Tis some of our Friends in disguise; she gave me the sign thrice; prithee let me go, e're she be out of sight.

*Johan.* Never fear her; Shee'll stop at every Streets point; but to our business; 'tis certain *Harrigo* has been with your sister, this morning, from Don *Thomaso*.

*Pedro.* Prithee meet me at the *Calatravoes*, and wee'll talk at large of it; but I must needs see who this is. [Exit *Pedro*.]

*Johan.* Would any man think he had pay'd a thousands Crowns this Morning for a Womans Friendship that he dotes upon, that should

should see him stepping from his first visit ; thus hot in pursuit of a Fresh design, that shews a true-bred, Stanch, stout lover, *Cupids* Kennel love to change.

[*Exit* Johanne.

*Enter* Serulina.

*Serul.* He pursues me still ; If he speaks to me, in this disguise, I am lost, nothing less then certain death to be expected from his Fury ; I know his jealousy has contracted a hatred against me ; 'tis neither my Innocence, nor Justice can protect me ; There is no disputing his rage when it is arm'd with power, and priviledge to destroy ; which the base Custome of this Nation assumes ; and under, pretence of Honour Act all barbarous power, even to murder upon Women ; And so they can but tell a specious tale of honour, they are excus'd, & we condemn'd ; See, fortune, kinder then I expected, offers a relief, here is a door Open ; I'll enter, and shut it after me ; why should I dispute it ? what danger can I apprehend worse then his fury ? this will at least shelter me from his pursuit ; he will not be so impudent to ask for one he knows not, however my necessity has no choice ; Love be thou propitious ; and let once oppress'd vertue find thee and Fortune kind ; else, who will wonder if we stray, or lose the way, when both our guides are blind.

[*Exit* Serulina.

*Enter* Don Pedro, *gazing up and down to find* Serulina, *whom he has lost ; he looks up at the windows, and in all the doors about him.*

*Pedro.* To this place I followed her ; she is entred some of these houses, or turn'd short that damn'd Lane ; a Pox of *Johanne*, his prating has lost her ; perhaps shees gone up the Lane to yonder Church, I'll see ; if I retrive her, shee's mine.

[*Exit* Pedro.

#### A C T. II. S C E N. IV.

*Enter* Edwardo *in his Drawers and Waistcoat, a Sword and Belt, and a Book in his Hand.*

*Edw.* SO, now I am a little at peace ; 'tis some consolation to my minde, the hopes of a Revenge ; would my Cloaths were come home, that I might quit my Fresco ; yet this time I may waste to my advantage, by contemplating and Philosophying upon my own misfortunes ; a young handsome Whore to use me thus ! a young Dissembler must be an old Witch ; if I had got my Night for my money it would never have grieved me ; how like a Boat-swain I am cloath'd, and I have a heart now as hard as any the Galley breeds ; I grow malicious too, and am mad, to see *Thomas's* fortune ; The Rogue is so succesful ; All Trumps turn of his Suit still ; That black Periwig (a mischance as we thought, and laugh'd at) has got as good Fish as any Hook he threw into the Sea,



Sea, this Voyage; Well, all I beg of Fortune is, but to send some one of the Sex into my power; Any thing in Petticoats, that may beat my mercy: By this light, a Cat at *Tower-wharf*, or a Cavalier at *Westminster*, a Whore in *Bridewell*, or a Bear at Stake in *Whitfontide*, shall finde more mercy than I'll shew her: How many ways have I kill'd that *Sanco* and *Lucetta* over, in my minde, since last night? I'll send for a Bottle of Consolation; what cordial comfort, I and counsel too, have I found in Sack! I shall be mad, if I stay at home, and think upon my injuries, without it; here's a damn'd Book too tells me how to avoid such accidents now when 'tis too late; by which I finde, 'tis not amiss sometimes to read as well as hawk or hunt; and yet 'tis some comfort to finde some others have been ill us'd before me; and now I have nothing to do I'll pass my time with other mens injuries, and learn all the causes I can to hate this damn'd Nation, and the false sex.

[*He lies down and reads.*]

*Enter Serulina.*

*Serul.* 'Tis a handsome house, and no body in it; yes, there is one, what is he doing? Arm'd in his Drawers, some Master of Defence, or else a Tumbler; what ere he be I must speak to him--- Sir, if your study be not very importunate, pray let me divert you.

[*Edwardo looks upon her and frowns, and then looks round the Room.* *She goes to him.*]

*Edw.* Ha! a woman, and alone! Fortune thou art kinde.----- What miserable thing art thou? [*He rises and takes hold of her.*]

*Serul.* Your charity, Sir, guesses right: a most unfortunate person; a Virgin, Sir, in distress, that's forc'd to seek protection, though a stranger, from your roof; and if you favour not, shee's lost for ever.

*Edm.* What strange Curse can threaten thee worse than to be thrown thus into the dangers of this place? Dost thou know, wretched thing, where thou art? Does not thy heart bode the ill, that's hanging over thy head? Dost not observe me, and the posture thou find'st me in?

*Serul.* Your words and posture, both, beget my wonder: But alas, Sir, I had no choice of safety; either I must finde it in this house, or fall into the hand of a mortal Enemy, from whose rage and power I was to expect nothing less than a present death. But why you should threaten my misery with new fears, my innocence is yet ignorant of the cause, my heart being guilty of no one injury done you by this visit.

*Edm.* From death you are pretty safe, my anger is not mortal; but for the rest, if any of your sex ever found a more implacable Enemy, let the Hangman shave my throat.

*Serul.* Sir, as you are a Gentleman, I conjure you, consider, ere your passion transports you.---Why are you so barbarous to abuse a Maid, fled to you for protection? [*He pulls her.*]

*Edm.* Yes, yes, talk: I would fain see one of your sex talk me

*He pulls and  
tears it, and  
kisses her.*

into a faith again; Innocent, quoth you! so was I; come, no resisting; By this light I'll bang your bones, if either you make a noise, or struggle: What a pox are you grown so impudent as to follow me into my house? Is the fool so visible in my forehead that you dare attach me here? Enrage the Boar, and pursue him to his den? Am I such a *Du-pe*, as to be robb'd and coozen'd thrice in a day? Come, come, off with this Hood.

*Serul.* You are a barbarous person; and I doubt not but Heaven will protect me from you.

*Edm.* As barbarous as I can be; I'll assure you, I'll kiss, and see thee; not that I care a rotten Orange for't; Nay, I will ly with thee too, and yet you are never the safer from my anger; nay, I'll shew one Whore how another has us'd me; I'll even treat you uplie-dock, for I can kiss, and rob, and kiss, and beat a Whore too, as well as she did me, and strip you too at noon-day, as I was at mid-night, and turn you into the street for Flies to sting and boys to hoot; Come along, or by this light I shall flatter you with such claps as will make your ears ring.

*Serul.* Hold Sir, why do you pull me? Though you be angry, yet hear me speak; you know I am not guilty of the injuries you have receiv'd, and 'twill be most inhumane to revenge your self upon me; this is such a treachery, to set your doors open of purpose to betray the wretched that fly for sanctuary to you; why this violence? your eyes and Reason may tell you, I am not acquainted with such barbarous usage: As you have honour, or any thing of gentle in you, consider, ere you let your rage proceed to further injury: Do not mistake me for one of those vile women; For by all those holy things, I vow, there is nothing innocenter than my self; and this visit onely a chance, and a sad one too; Necessity, dire necessity, to save a life and honour, which were both at stake, made me enter your doors.

*She strives,  
and he pulls  
her.*

*Edm.* Perswade me 'tis night, Tell me I dream, or my beard is gray; any thing shall finde faith assoon as the tears, prayers, or flattery of a Spanish woman; a race of young dissemblers, false and bloody, in their youth, to weep my Purse out of my Pocket, and flatter me into a beating! young Devils, to abuse a stranger for being kinde onely; And I be not reveng'd upon all your sex, let me pass for a tame fool----Come, or by this Hilt I shall bang you with this Scabbard, good Devil.

[Enter Ferdinando.]

*Ferd.* How now, what Scene's this?

*Edm. Fred,* thou art come in the nick. A prize y faith.

*Ferd.* What, she's in love too? One of a great Family, that's fain to steal a visit; some one whose passion has transported her beyond the bounds of modesty and custome? Is't not so, fair one? or some mighty concupiscence which Petticoats cannot tame.

*Edm.* No, she's one that's pursu'd by some near a kin, a Husband or a Brother, and was fain to take sanctuary here at Fools Haven; and this poor innocent simple young virgin had been murder'd, but that by miracle she found the way to pick the Lock of our Door, where she will finde such a Sanctuary. Death, to me for pro-



protection? As if fine words and tales could delude the Fool again! No, young one, curse thy self, for the world shall not save thee, nor any thing in Spanish Petticoats finde mercy here, not a cloven Saint, no, not the Madona, unless she were disguis'd.

*Ferd.* Now Lady fair, is this the story?

*Serul.* Yes Sir, and a most sad and serious truth.

*Fred.* She sighs; Take heed, *Ned*; this is in love with thy skin, she will slay thee; if thou trust her, there are of her Tribe about the Town such excellent Thieves they'll geld a man ere he feels them: I have heard of one that robb'd a mansmouth, while he slept, of a row of teeth; another stole *Jack Smith's* Eye out of his Head at noon-day, and he never miss'd it till he felt the cold; Nay, she made him buy it again; This is true, Dame, as nice as you make it.

*Serul.* Sir, some such ill women, void of honour and shame, there may be; but why you should be so hasty to condemn me for one of them is most uncharitable, till you have cause for your fears; have I ask'd ought of you, or injur'd the place more than by putting my unfortunate foot in your house; nor that, but to have sav'd a life that was pursu'd.

*Ferd.* Come, come, be real and confess, for this Trick will not pass upon us: why here? why in this house? inhabited by strangers onely, that neither knew nor practis'd with any of you till yesterday, and see how we are us'd! Behold that wrack, a tall ship well rigg'd, and a good fraught when he put out of Port, and see how a she-Pyrat of this Isle of Rogues has us'd him, but for sailing one Tide in your Streights; all to be beaten and plunder'd, and set a shore for Dutchmen; but if he will be rul'd by me, you shall curse the story: By this hand we'll both ly with her, one will be enough to beat her.

*Edw.* That I promis'd her before you came; Little one 'tis resolv'd you must pay this score: Honour, Revenge, and Pleasure, all three condemn you to the Couch within.

*Ferd.* Else we shall be alone the sport of the Prado; and the blinde Fidler, who would else have roasted none but the Englishmens names upon his Luteer, now the spit shall turn with a new tune; I would *Thomaso* were here to see us towse this Quarry, in revenge of our affront----Come Sweeting, cry, I, I, poor virgin in distrefs; rude fellows to pull thee thus, and please thee against thy will. Cog, cog. *They both pull her.*

*Serul.* Do you know *Don Thomaso* the English Colonel?

*Edw.* Know him? yes: I would he were here, he would have a leg or a wing of thee, Chicken; but 'tis as well, we'll leave him some of the Carcass till he come home, he's not so nice-stomack'd, but he may make a Collation upon a cold Whore and a Sallad.

*Serul.* For his sake, I conjure you, if you be Friends, use me civilly; and I am confident he'll take it kindlier than if you should pursue this barbarous humour; what is pass'd I can forget, because I have heard something of your story; and if you be that

Englishman that was abus'd, I confess I do not wonder to finde you thus enrag'd; 'twould make a better nature than you profess think of their revenge; and when he comes, if you repent your delay of Justice upon me, I am still in your power to be us'd as barbarously as he or you shall decree.

*Edw.* She speaks sence, but 'tis out of time, and I am deaf to all but revenge; I care not to be just or gallant; I'll be reveng'd on all the sex, Angels in face and voice, but Devils in their hearts; I thought I had made a friendship with a Saint, so young, so innocent; when the dissembling Whore would have coozen'd a Jesuit, false and bloody as the common Stews.

*Serul.* Be you my Judges, my innocence dares appeal to your rage, for the worst that that and malice can say; when you have listn'd to all that anger can prompt you to, suppose me the worst of women, sent upon the blackest Errands, you must confess my journey was either to prostitute my self for mone yor lust; one of these base causes is the worst your heart can think me guilty of; Now to clear my self from those crimes, and to assure you I am fallen by chance into this misery, take this Diamond, 'tis of no common price, I freely give it as a Pledge of my Innocency, and a price to purchase onely your delay of revenge till *Thomaso* comes; and if he doth not allow of my protection, let me suffer all your displeasure threatens; you see I am so confident of my innocency, I refer my self to be judg'd by your Friend.

*Edw.* 'Tis a Diamond. Hum, *Fred*, This mollifies a little; 'tis strange how much more sence this Diamond speaks than her tears or prayers.

*Ferd.* This Ring makes her sence plain, which was hard before; and do you hear, *Ned*, 'twould vex us to be hang'd for ravishing an honest woman, when we think we onely towle a Drab; and but a scurvy Why-not, to oversee a Gallows so.

*Edw.* A pox upon her, I cannot believe she is real; what if this Ring be false? They are all dissemblers; the other talked as parously as this, and gave me a chain too; as false metall as her self, Gipsy

*Ferd.* However, there is nothing lost but time in this venture.

*Edw.* Well, I'll once break a resolution, and delay my revenge, for an hour; come, I'll see you safe in my Chamber till your Friend comes; but I'll make bold to keep you Company, lest you play another Cats Trick, and leap the window.

*Serul.* And if I scape this storm I'll no more to Sea, blind Love in thy Idol Name, To hazard Honour; Life and Fame.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



## ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Enter Thomaſo and Harrigo, and meet Johanne with Don Pedro.*

*Thom.* **D**On Pedro, What occaſion ſtops you here, Sir? will you do us the favour to ſee our houſe? 'tis the poor habitation of ſtrangers; We boaſt nothing Extraordinary; and for Furniture, ſo the Kitchin and the Cellar be well, if the Bottles be good, the Bed cannot be ill.

*Pedr.* 'Tis more then you know, Don Thomaſo, what furniture you have in your houſe; for if I miſtake not there is a moveable more then you imagine, and now I am confident ſhe is entred here; We followed a pretty woman, and (as neer as I can gueſs) to your door, before I loſt ſight of her; ſhe gave the ſign at every Turning.

*Thom.* Upon my life 'tis the ſame I ſaw in the Piazza; If you pleaſe to go in, wee'll inform our ſelves better. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

## ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*Enter Edwardo, Serulina, and Ferdinando.*

*Edm.* **Q**UICK Fred. look out, I heard ſome body open the Street-door.

*Ferd.* 'Tis Thomaſo, and ſtrangers with him, ſome of the ſame Crew we had the Quarrel with; Don Pedro what do you call his Name? he is one of them.

*Serul.* Don Pedro? As you have Honour, By all that is deareſt unto you, let him not ſee me; I conjure you, be not Calmly barbarous; though your Rage has wrong'd me yet now you are collected, be not ſo inhumane as to Expoſe me to miſery, for your ſport onely.

*Ferd.* By this light, ſhe is really Concern'd, I ſee now, by her Paleneſs; poor Girl, Come be not afflicted; by my life, he ſhall neither ſee thee nor Injure thee here; come be confident: poor Rogue how ſhe ſhakes!

*Serul.* Sir, I'll take your word, and if I live I'll deſerve this Favour from you; And now I conſider your Friend better, it calls to mind a former injury, ſo freſhly acted that I cannot but wonder what Star makes me thus ſubject to him? and though I take no delight in Revenge, yet I would not have him urge me too farre.

*Ferd.* What was it ſhe ſaid?

[*Exit Serulina.*]

*Edm.* I neither know nor care.

*Enter Thomaſo, Don Pedro, Don Johanne.*

*Thom.* Ned, ſee here are friends of yours come to give you a viſit; They heard you kept your Chamber.

*Pedro.* Sir, I am both ſorry and aſham'd for your injury; But ſince

since you know who did it I shall gladly have the Honour to joyn in your Revenge.

*Edw.* Why faith, 'tis Lovers luck : but I should not have seen you so confidently as I do, in this Garb, But that I am upon better terms with the Sex then I hoped this morning ; for here is one of the foolishhest, or else unlucky'st wenches fallen into my mercy, that ever was hid under the Curse of a Petty-coat ; By this light she found me and set upon me alone, and brav'd me here in my Chamber ; an Impudent tear-sheet ; and if I had not been arm'd she would have ravish'd me ; she knows you both, and pretends some interest in Don *Thomaso* ; but, for your part, she will not see you ; her cover is none of the best, but she is fine and clean underneath.

*Thom.* 'Tis the same.

*Edw.* I have taken out Letters of Mart for reprisal against her ; and vow'd to make a voyage upon her, e're she go out again ; yet she eats nothing but Bread and Water till she pay it, nor shall she lie alone neither.

*Ferd.* He had boarded her e're I came up ; so she ransom'd her self with this Diamond ; but she is onely Repriv'd till you come, she says you'll be her Bail.

*Pedro.* Hang her poor whore, some common Carryon ; she would never haunt your house else ; 'tis some hungry Kite you see, she flies at all ; your ring is likely to be a good one, when she had rather give it then lie with you.

*Thom.* Ned, take my counsel ; hide your Ring and deny this story as you love your Credit ; Two such affronts in one day ! for the Nations sake hide them before the Boys come to know it ; rob'd and beaten by one Whore, and another rather pay then have you do her work ; where is she, *Fred* ?

*Ferd.* In *Ned's* Chamber, will you go and see her ? I have engag'd my self you must not ; But you may peep, or so.

*Thom.* Give me the key.

*Pedro.* If I but see a Glimpse of her Face, I can tell whether she be a Wench of any Garb or no.

*Thom.* Follow me, Sir ; and when I go in I'll plant my self so, that when she discovers her face to me you may see her.

*Exit Thomaso, and Pedro peeps after him.*

*Pedro.* A pox on her for a crafty Quean ; she has turn'd her back to the door ; there is no knowing her.

*Ferd.* 'Tis no great loss if you lose the sight ; she has been here this hour, yet I was not so curious to lift up her veil ; Come, Don *Harrigo*, We have a Bottle or two in Fresco, let's waste the time with that ; and when *Thomaso* comes we shall hear all the story ; if she prove prize, *Harrigo* shall receive his Majesties tenths and fifteens.

*Harr.* No, Sir, I am not for that Game ; I hate such hawking at the Bush with those Bob-tails ; Give me a long-wing'd Hawke, a high flying whore, 'tis sport to see her stoop.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

A C T.



## ACT. III. SCEN. III.

*Enter Serulina and Thomaſo.*

*Serul.* NO more excuses, Sir ; I am ſatisfi'd, 'twas all full of chance ; no intention of any injury to me, this habit and the liſenſe of the place was only guilty ; and 'tis all forgot, though my part had like to have been ſad ; and thoſe clouds and fears that darkned my mind this morning, this joy, to find you the ſame we parted, has quite diſpers'd ; nor will I fear the frowns or ſtorms that any man can threaten, ſince you are ſatisfi'd ; whoſe protection and opinion is all I would ſeek or find amongſt men ; yet, in kindneſs and civility to my Brother, I would not have him ſee me here ; 'tis not handſome ſo to declare againſt a Brother ; and though his anger be an uſurp'd power, it will be more modeſty to ſuffer ſuch a tyranny then to war againſt it.

*Thom.* I am yet ſo confounded and ſurpriz'd with my joys, ſo amaz'd to meet you here, I can ſcarce ſettle my heart into a faith of what I ſee. The Sea works ſtill, though the ſtorm be paſt ; and my heart trembles to think what a danger you have eſcap'd, knowing the nature and the rage that now poſſeſſes both my friends ; to which is added the accident of your Brothers being within, my ſoul feels the horror ſtill ; what ſtrange miſfortune directed your feet, in that hour of miſchief, into this danger ; yet if ſelf intereſt could govern me, I have cauſe to rejoyce ; this ſtorm having wrought through a thouſand impoſſibilities, and procur'd a bleſſing for which I, in vain, have labour'd many years, and now poſſeſs with fears and doubts ; for I was never ſo vain as to believe I deſerv'd this honour from you, nor never had a thought ſo insolent as durſt aſſure me I ſhould be happy ; yet, 'tis truth, I always ador'd you above your ſex, and ſtill gaz'd upon the vertuous *Serulina*, as that divine perſon from whom I was to believe and expect all that kindneſs honour and juſtice could prompt her heart to ; and ſee how thoſe vows and that faith, have not only paid but exceeded all my hopes, and, heaven knows, ſurpriz'd my very wiſhes ; for which goodneſs, at your feet thus I throw your ſervant, bound by gratitude with eternal vows of faith, to adore the vertuous and fair *Serulina* ; but we muſt be *Thomaſo kneels.* ſhort, and ſilent, Madam ; leſt the dangers from within by ſome new miſchief interrupt our joys : for I'me of your opinion, your Brother ſhould not know you are here ; nor dare I any longer delay the incens'd mind of *Edwardo*, whoſe late injury has made him a beaſt, and ready to act all inhumane things upon your ſex ; which danger I muſt prevent.

*Serul.* I confeſs, when *Edwardo* was alone, I had ſome apprehenſion, becauſe I had formerly known him by that accident that beſell in my garden, where he ſhew'd a moſt untam'd nature, whom neither danger, reaſon, nor tears could ſoften ; but when *Ferdinando* came in I then took courage ; for you ſeldom read of two men  
ſo

so wicked by chance, as to act or consent to such crimes as Murder, or Rape, where the looker on grows as guilty as the actor.

*Thom.* I beseech you, Madam, let me interrupt your discourse; lest while we talk of pass'd dangers, those that are upon the way and drawing neer surprize us; your Brother is without, and expects me; pray be pleas'd to hide your self in your veil, and shut the door till I return, who will with all possible diligence disperse the company within and wait upon you. [Exeunt.

### ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Don Pedro, Edwardo, Johanne and Ferdinando.*

*Pedro.* **W**ELL, Gentlemen, I'll take my leave of you; I see Don *Thomaso* is pleas'd with his visit; and 'twill be but an ill complement to speak in his draught; upon the *Piazza* this evening, I'll meet you and hear his adventure.

*Ferd.* Nay, faith, never part till he comes; we'l have only one bottle more, and then I'll call him; Pox on her, 'tis some crafty Whore, and hopes to flatter and mollifie him; for he's such a good natur'd fool she'l perswade him to any thing.

*Edw.* Let them both use their best Oratory, try if they can prevent her walking in *Fresco* this evening, with a most large Paper on her back full of causes why.

*Pedro.* We'l expect your prize in *spasso*, I'll seek out one of your Ballads against you come; you'l have leisure to write the second part your self; I'll warrant you 'twill sell.

*Edw.* Would there were no worse in the business; but I believe I shall scarce get a thousand crowns by my Ballad; though I'm sure I paid little less for the subject. [Exe. Pedro and Johan.

*Ferd.* What a pox can he be doing all this while with that poor Devil?

*Edw.* Come, let's beat up's Quarters; what if she have cut his throat, and leap'd out at the window? I imagine all mischiefs from all women; yet this is a fine straight tree, I long to be gathering some of her fruit, I could clasp her Bool, and clime her with a good will yet for all my anger.---See, here he comes. Well, Sir, how goes matters? what, you are charm'd, I see; wounded as a man may say, or stroak'd into a calm; not one wrathful billow appears.

*Enter Thomaso.*

*Ferd.* He looks so serious as if we were to beseech him to let us take our turns; come, the story; be quick, for we must have our hour too.

*Thom.* Where are the rest of the company?

*Ferd.* *Harrigo* left us as soon as you. Don *Pedro* staid the share of two bottles; we laugh'd a spell with old *Ned*, and parted; he'l meet us on the *Piazza*; I believe 'tis a good fellow enough, if his mind were quiet; but I perceive by his discourse he is jealous you have too much interest with *Angellica*, which he can scarce digest.

*Edw.* He drank her health, and pledg'd for you; he took it kindly,



kindly, your leaving him there to day ; but this is from my business ; what a pox have you done with our small sinner all this while ? her time of execution draws neer ; if you did but see the Paper within which *Ferdinando* has writ, and I mean to nail upon her shoulders with some Lath-nails when I turn her out, 'twould make you laugh to read the causes ; prethee say, has she clean linen ? dost thou think she is sound ? if I should go now to revenge one mischief, and get another, I should curse my self.

*Thom.* Stay here, and I'll satisfy your Question. *Exit Thom.*

*Edw.* What do's he mean to be thus serious ? By this light, I'll have my revenge in spite of his heart ; let him frown to the Devil.

*Enter Thomaso with Serulina, she hath put off her old Coat and Veil.*

*Thom.* Do you know this Lady ?---nor you, *Edwardo* ?

*Ferd.* I have seen that face, but where I cannot call to mind.

*Edw.* Nor I ; yet there are dark lines in my memory that lead me to her face ; 'tis not *Lucetta* I am certain.

*Thom.* I shall remove this wonder with another ; have you never heard me mention the name of *Serulina*. Horrid beasts ! are you not both struck with the judgement of this vision ?---Do's not your black breasts accuse you of all the villany most barbarous men can be guilty of ? what misery can this oppress'd innocence inflict, that your own souls will not say you ought to suffer ? what mercy can you hope from this provok'd virtue, whose barbarous breasts, even forgetting her sex, could proceed to threaten blows, which she could have suffer'd too with less affliction than those wounds your rage and lust impos'd ? *Fred.* you saw her this morning in *Don Harrigo's* company ; could you so soon forget her and your self ? I should be loath to find you guilty of any malice ; 'tis as much as your ignorance can do to plead that we are friends ; for him, he was a beast in his wine, before, as much as in his rage, now ; and both his injuries crimes to the law, not to our friendship ; else I should have found some other way to have express'd my sence of them.

*They look upon her, and then upon each other.*

*Both of them  
--Serulina--  
aside.*

*Ferd.* Sir, we are your friends, and reason may do much ; but you must not think to threaten us into a repentance ; you know us both too well ; yet I confess this is a cause you may beat us in safe enough, though my part of the injury may find excuse from her Veil, and the place I found her in ; for, to be ingenuous who would have look'd for a person of honour in those clothes and your Chamber ? nor was her veil off ; but when her fears and tears were on, which was such a disguise I am ashamed to plead.

*Edw.* Madam, I am not yet so ill as to defend my faults ; and though I cannot be innocent I can repent my crimes ; and I have now as much shame and sorrow as there was wine or anger in my injury ; and when I can serve you, you shall see that sorrow express'd it self as highly your servant, as those crimes declar'd me beast and

mad-man. And if the fair *Serulina* will still be like the great character *Don Thomaſo* gave us of her, here we ſtand an object fit for ſuch a goodneſs ; whoſe crimes are fit for ſuch a mercy to exerciſe it ſelf upon ; and for my part, I'll never riſe from your ſeet till you forgive me, and command me ſomething to expiate my faults.

*Serul.* Pray, Sir, riſe ; for I am not now to be reconcil'd ; your friend knows my anger fell with my fears ; nor can any man wrong me by chance ; and I am certain *Don Thomaſo* could not make ſo ill a choice of friends, or converſe with men ſo wicked as would injure me when they knew me ; and my faith is as confident in my innocency as you can be in your carriage : and you ſee That innocency has been, this day, ſucceſſful, and overcome all the dangers blind fortune threatned in this accident.

*Ferd.* Now am I ſuch an Aſs I cannot ſpeak a word for my ſelf : By this light, Madam , I was never heartily aſham'd before ; the guilt of this action makes me dumb ; I ſhall never look upwards again till I have redeem'd this fault.

*Serul.* If you will have me believe this ſorrow real, I conjure you be ſtill kind to your friend ; and to confirm you that I am reconcil'd , he ſhall tell you what we have reſolv'd on, in which you muſt both bear your parts ; and when 'tis paſt, if you will give me a viſit at my houſe , I'll uſe you better then you have done me for intruding into yours, though I will not promiſe to kiſs you ſo often.

*Ferd.* Nay faith, Lady, have mercy ; we onely pretend to that.

*Serul.* Why, and I hope a kiſs will hurt neither of you.

*Thom.* Faith, they know not, for I believe they never kiſs'd an honeſt woman before ; and for *Fred*, he is ſo little concern'd in the ſex, if he had been in *Paradiſe* we had ſtaid there.

*Ferd.* Becauſe I do not talk ſo much as you do.

*Thom.* No, but becauſe thou doſt nothing but talk ; and I dare ſay, if thou wert as free from the ſin of the Vine, as thou art from the Apple, thou might'ſt ſafely return and claim the old Gardners place yet.

*Edw.* Prithee, let this ſubject paſs ; and give her this Ring again. By this light, I dare not come ſo neer as to do it my ſelf.

*Thom.* No, no ; give it her your ſelf ; you could towſe her even now, and uſe her like a poor Whore ; tear her veil, kiſs and threaten to beat her without any awe or reverence to the majeſty or divinity in that face or form ; alas, 'tis the ſame woman ſtill, there is not a Ponyard more in thoſe eyes then when you ſaw them weep, without remorſe.

*Edward.* Though ſhe be the ſame Excellency ſtill, yet I am not the ſame Beaſt I was ; Prithee take it, and leave fooling ; 'tis not friendly to urge a folly thus, nor purſue a friend too far.

*Thomaſo.* Nay, never hang a tail, but follow like your ſelves ; See, Madam, the later part of Rogues Reſtitution : This Ring, do you know it ?

*Serul.*



*Serul.* Yes, but I have no pretence to it now ; Nor can I claim it, unless I could pay back the price I received for it ; 'Tis sold, Sir, and at a rate I repent not.

*Thomaso.* Nay, Madam, now I am of their side ; and hope you will not believe them so little Gentlemen , as to keep any such mark of their crime to upbraid them ; This Ring will brand them worse then the Law in such a case ; And I'll say that for *Ned*, (and a pox take him ) I know the Rogue will as soon wear the T and the F in his hand, as this Ring on his finger ; And I am so much his Friend, as to desire you will receive it.

*Serul.* In earnest, I dare not, 'twill be an ill Omen to me ; Should I take back in safety what I gave with joy in Fears and Dangers, 'twere to repent my vows when I have reap'd the blessing ; I am too superstitious to touch it, when I call to mind 'twas the price of my deliverance when both our Honours were at stake.

*Thomaso.* Do you hear this ? Well, Madam, what shall be done with it ? Gentlemen, you hear what the Lady sayes, which of you claims it ? I'll onely write his name in Hebrew and restore it.

*Edwardo.* Madam, if you have any Charity left, pray take it for him ; we must flie the Countrey else, to avoid his bloody Jest.

*Thomaso.* Nay, faith ; If neither of you will have it, what think you, Madam, of giving me leave to offer it to *St. Cecilia's* shrine to morrow, in remembrance of this deliverance upon her Eve, from two English Gentlemen, which shall be hanged up in wax in her Chappel, with an *Ex voto* ; A Spanish Miracle wrought by the Saint upon an *Effex* Calf with two legs, possess'd with a Colliar of *Croyden*.

*Ferd.* This is the Mercy we expect from such a Nature ; Yet if I were better acquainted with this Lady, I would ask her how she comes to forgive you so easily, that are indeed the cause of the mischief ? And in a Lover your crime is greater then ours ; and the neglect you have shewn her a higher offence then what we kneel for ; our Insolence was a chance, and proceeded from Ignorance and passion ; for had we known her, we would have sacrific'd our lives for her, rather then have acted or suffer'd the least of those Crimes. But you that have the Honour not onely to be known, but esteem'd by her, to be thus long in Town, and never pay your own duty, nor inform us how we might pay ours, it makes it our faults your guilt ; You shew'd us all the Whores in Town, and were mad till you had seen them your self ; But, for this noble Lady, I never heard her mention'd in *Madrid* ; Had you paid that respect your Heart knows due to her, we might have had, by such a visit, the Honour of being known to this Lady ; which would have given her Protection, and secur'd our Innocence. Do you blush ? 'Tis time ; and if you had any grace, this Truth would be a Ring in your Nose, as well as the other in ours. Good severe, small Friend, am I with you ?

*Edwardo.* All blessings upon thee, for stinging him on that side ; By this light, my guilt has pick'd all the Guts out of my brains,

*Thomaso.* Shew you this Lady ? Prithee look upon her again, do you think your selves fit conversation for her ? No, Gentlemen, though I afford you my Company, yet this is of another form ; I shewed you all my Whores, they were fit conversation and acquaintance for you ; Meat according to your palat, Souls and Minds of the same size ; This Virtuous Lady, what would you do with her ? She'll neither drink, nor swear ; I dare say, *Ned* is the first that ever belch'd before her, though she might have heard many men sigh ; They are no such Dutch sowre ones, as your Beer breaks.

*Edwardo.* 'Tis well, Sir ; you have the staff in your hand, and you use it.

*Serul.* Nay, now you are too severe, and I must take their parts ; But 'tis no matter, Gentlemen, what he sayes now ; His first Character shall stand with me ; and for what is past, I assure you, it flies and dyes with the hour it was acted in.

*Ferd.* Your goodness, Madam, makes us blush, and ought to shame him too ; But he is so hardned, nothing can disorder him.

*Thomaso.* No more mutiny, lest I produce the Ring ; This Diamond, Madam, will work upon them like *Medusa's* Afs ; And the Rogues are easily turn'd to stone ; For their Hearts are Marble already, though your goodness hath forgiven it. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. V.

*Enter Calis.*

*Calis.* **N**ot come home yet ? Where can she be ? I dare not see her neither, till I have deliver'd this Letter ; All things run cross to day, I would they were honestly lost in the great bed at home ; We shall never have quiet hour till the Priest have knit a knot upon them, and thrown them into a pair of sheets. There he is ; I'll hold him with my teeth ere he escapes me.

*Enter Ferdinando and Thomaso.*

*Thomaso.* Why I, *Pout* ; I would not sup now, were I *Fred.* Nor speak these two dayes ; I would cry too, and not be stil'd with plumms ; What a pox would you have done to come off ? Been grave and serious ? There is nothing you could have said would have made her so soon calm as seeing me storm ; And when you have read Women better, you'll find it easier to make them forgive ten faults committed against 'em, then forget one fault which they commit.-----How now Child, at whose suit ? what have we here, a cloven *Alguazile* ?

*Calis runs  
and catches  
bold on Tho-  
maso.*

*Calis.* Leave fooling, and read that, you know the hand ; A mischief take me but I'll burn it else ; I have hunted Moon-shine in the water for you all this day, till my feet are so in Love, they are scarce sweet or sound.

*Thomaso.* Dear *Calis*, what news ?

*Calis.* You are a kind man, you a Lover ! A Woman has a fine time



time that affects any Souldier of you all, with your Iron Minds, and tough Buff Hearts ; You have all got the Boyes wings, feather'd Lovers all ; The Devil clip them for *Calis*.

*Thomaso*. Come, no more Anger ; Dear *Calis*, your Letter is answer'd ; at home you will find your Lady, to whom you must make haste, she has business for you.

*Calis*. Have you seen her then ?

*Thomaso*. Yes, and by a chance, which she'll tell you ; Here, *Calis*, wear this Ring, you know whose 'twas ; Your Lady will not be displeas'd to see it thus dispos'd ; there is a Story belongs to it, which you shall know hereafter ; Farewel, Dear *Calis* ; be faithfull still, and reap the Harvest of all those Afflictions thou hast sowed.

*Calis*. This was my Ladies Ring, I'll home and take my share of the Jubilee ; Farewel to you and your friend ; methinks, you might have kissed me after five years ; you had wont to do it when you should not, and tell me 'twas the English fashion ; but I find we both grow old ; Nay, now you shall not ; there's neither Grace nor favour in a kiss when a woman begs it. [Exit *Calis*.

. Enter *Carlo* and peeps after her.

*Carlo*. 'Twas *Calis*, and she gave him a Letter but from whom ; I can guess, though I do not know ; What woman was that he parted with at our door ? 'Twas the same shooes and scarf we dog'd from the *Piazza* ; I'll find Don *Pedro*, there is something in this worth his fears and cares, if I guess aright.

*Thomaso*. Come, let us haste to *Harrigo's*, and resolve with him what is best to be done in our business : This Letter should have been given in the Morning ; 'tis Don *Pedro's* Resolution suddenly to put her into a Monastery, till she consents to marry Don *Alphonso*. *Carlo retires.*

*Ferd*. You are both fairly warn'd ; and if you have not wit to prevent threatned mischiefs, you will fall unpitied ; Come, pray lose no time, but make use of her kindness, before he doth of his Power, to both your prejudices.

*Thomaso*. 'Tis resolved already, and with *Harrigo* you shall know all ; We must onely get things ready for her design, 'tis she must Act ; We must onely be diligent to attend her summons.

[Exeunt omnes.

### ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

Enter *Angellica*, *Carlo*, and *Anna*.

*Angel*. **N**O more, Dear *Carlo*, 'tis but too true ; Don *Pedro's* discourse confirms it, and I am miserable ; 'Twas he that saved her in the sack of *Pampelune*, and 'tis my punishment to love one that cannot be oblig'd ; Yet I can bear his scorn, any thing but marry ; though I know he will never be mine, yet I cannot suffer the thought he should be anothers.

*Carlo*.

*Carlo.* If you expect Don *Pedro*, I'll stay ; else, I must be gone and seek him ; for this is not a businesse to be delay'd or sleighted ; 'Tis most certain , she has a Passion for him ; and the intelligence they hold, if not prevented, will produce some suddain mischief.

*Angel.* Pray stay, I know he will not be long absent, unless this news meet and divert him ; As you love me be urgent in it ; I'll tell him how much his Honour is concern'd, and how he is bound, in care and kindness to his Sister, to provide against this danger as the greatest curse can threaten her life ; You see his Nature is unconstant, wild and rash, as common *Bravoes*.

*Carlo.* I shall be faithful and diligent in my part ; but who can prejudice him when you contribute such summs against your own Interest ? But for these chances he had sneak'd long since ; Leave him to his Fortune, and Poverty will quickly deject him below the sawcy thought of such a Woman.

*Angel.* I cannot repent any kindness I have done him ; My fear is rather, that Fortune will not have it in my power to oblige him.-----See here comes the man you ask for.

*Enter Don Pedro.*

*Pedro.* *Carlo*, how now ? the news.

*Angel.* That which you have not a little apprehended : within you shall know all. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Saretta, Paulina, and Lucetta, with her face bound up, cut by Edwardo's Bravo's.*

*Saretta.* **T**homaso in a Perriwig ? 'tis not possible ; Hatred and Aversion have Eyes as curious as Love ; and the Antipathy betwixt us must have discover'd him.

*Paulina.* I am amaz'd too, it cannot be so sleight a disguise should hide him from the Love of one, and hatred of the other ; 'tis but some discourse to vex us.

*Lucetta.* 'Tis a Truth great as his Villany, as publick, and as base, as injurious and as wicked a Villain, to hunt the Bed of two Sisters ; and if you suffer it, may you be us'd as I am, and despis'd by all Men of Honour.

*Saretta.* If it be a Truth, I'll find some way to be reveng'd as he has been curious in his Injury.

*Lucetta.* If it be a Truth ? Are you *Saretta*, so true he is a Villain ; There is no Brother arriv'd from *Salamanca*, Don *John* knows him, (he's a little black fellow) who told me the whole design ; onely two Perriwigs, and two futes of clothes ; which when he comes next, you may easily discover : And if you find not that damn'd *Thomaso* under that black Perriwig cut my throat, as the dog has done my face, just as I had pack'd up his friends things to send them



them back ; for his injury, By heaven was a chance, in which I was as innocent as he; here comes one can resolve you all. [*Ent. Philip.*

*Philip.* To cure your doubts, veil your selves and walk to the *Piazza*, and hear whose names, and what stories fill the crouds with laughter ; while they glory in their mischief in vindication of the affront was done to one of their Comrades ; nay, they threaten new revenge ; the *Angellica* is of their counsel, and I hear the design was laid at her house.

*Saret.* I will not brag, nor threaten ; but if I have any friends, or credit in *Madrid*, I'll make it a black day with some of them.

*Lucet.* And a black mischief light on me, if I joyn not in any revenge at the rate of life and fortune ; and if ever *Philippo* will deserve from me, let him now shew himself a friend ; be bold and kind in our revenge, and command me ever.

*Saret.* Kill him, and name the price ; here's my earnest, be quick and secret. [*She gives him a purse.*

*Lucet.* Here, take this key, and make thy own price ; for 'twas he that set *Edwardo* on, and hir'd the *Bravo's* to my ruine.

*Philip.* And the same men shall cut his throat if you will forgive them.

*Lucet.* Let them but revenge me upon him, and I'll not only forgive, but reward them too.

*Philip.* Well, I'll undertake this business so you will be secret, and dissemble your hatred for a day or two ; perhaps to morrow being a feast may present the occasion ; your best way is not to seem to know you are injur'd, or known ; seem to sleight 'it, and laugh too.

*Saret.* Death, I could tear my very flesh to think that Rascal has touch'd my ; me blood rises to think how kind I was to the thing I hate ; I scarce remember I ere enjoy'd a man with more *Gusto* ; sure *Harrigo* was in the plot, and that hungry Captain too ; I'll be reveng'd upon the whole tribe.

*Philip.* Pray retire, I'll abroad to inform my self of them all ; and, perhaps, this night find those that shall dispatch 'em.

*Saret.* I never hated any man before ; and see the Devil should give me a passion for him only to plague me ; how I hate these eyes that betray'd me ! these arms that embrac'd him ; these lips that prais'd and kiss'd the dog ! methinks, all mankind like my self should despise this body stain'd with that wretch ; sure my flesh is turn'd carrion since he touch'd it. [*Exeunt omnes, manet Paulina.*

*Paul.* These are pure womens passions that neither know what nor why they love, or hate ; the accident vexes me too, but not to that height as to engage my self in the murder of a friend ; for the two Sisters, that part of the story she knows I can unriddle ; though for my interest, I'll let it pass, in the opinion of the world ; nor shall her mischief prevail if I can prevent it ; 'tis the folly of anger to threaten still, which but alarms an enemy, and gives time to arm ; their anger makes their hearts cold and cruel, and love makes mine kind and warm, and resolv'd to save him from the storm. [*Ex.*

## ACT. III. SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Thomaso, Harrigo, and Rogero.*

*Thom.* **N**Ot seen since I went out?

*Rog.* The Mountebank and the Captain have been with 'em all day.

*Har.* Let them alone, they have some new design to redeem themselves; we shall have the story time enough, I'll warrant you; but when you see *Edwardo* tell him he has play'd the fool to cut *Lucetta's* face; for, believe it, she'll be reveng'd; I know the humour of these people; and I could have wish'd you had not made your self so merry, to day, with the *Saretta's* character; there were those by, who though they laugh'd at what you said, yet I know they love not your humour, and will be the first that whet you on to such an errour, and afterwards both do you a mischief and despise you for't; and, believe it, she is a wench that wants neither friends nor malice, and as like to do you a mischief as any she in *Madrid*.

*Thom.* I laugh at her and them; their opinion and their anger too; alas, we are none of them that fear, we are of the number that fright others; I know the trick of a Ponyard as well as they, a dead wall, a dark night and a false light, I know the advantages too of striking first; and wear a sword that will bite as deep upon such occasion as any he's in *Castile*; and if they will play at tricks, let them expect them. But I wonder more what 'tis these fine Gentlemen, our Comrades, have in chase, just now when our business requires their presence, which you know admits no delay; we are both undone if we disappoint her to morrow; the *Angellica* is jealous too, I find it; and how I shall bear my self with her to night, there is another trouble; one business more will make me take my Bow and Arrows, and then lye down to sleep, with the Proverb. Do you hear, *Rogero*, when they come, tell them I am gone with *Harrigo* to his Chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. III. SCEN. IX.

*Enter Cornelino, Edwardo, Ferdinando, and the Mountebank.*

*Corn.* **N**O words, there is the money; it must be a secret for a day or two: what must we do when they wake?

*Mount.* Rub their Temples with that oyl, and give them some of the Vial to drink, and they will come to themselves again.

*Edw.* I hope the loving fit will be over: By this hand, I would not for all her Estate mine should embrace me two hours more: I crack'd like Wickar in her Arms when she laugh'd and grew gay: did you never see a Cow pretend to be merry? even with such ungraceful motions she express'd her self.

*Ferd.* When will the Baths be ready? I long for the good hour, if



if that succeed as well as the powder, we are made for Ever; and wee'll set up thy Statue in *Effex*.

*Mount.* Never doubt it, Sir; my life for yours it takes effect.

[*Exit Mountebank.*]

*Edw.* Let's lose no time then, but In, and vow a Pottle or two to good Luck; and the Joy of the Jest is, all will be done e're *Thomaso* knows of it.

*Ferd.* Their Guardian is a Jew; how the Rogue swell'd at the Ceremonies! yet he was as glad to be discharg'd of them, as we were to have them.

*Cornel.* You will not wonder at that when you consider what a sum he reaps by the bargain; But there was no remedy; you must not have hop'd his consent but upon such advantages; The best is, you are sure to have no noise, nor sute; All parties are contented.

(*They give him a purse.*)

*Ferd.* Hold Captain, there is your share; come, no Nicety; All men must live; and when profit runs round the Mill grinds merrily.

*Cornel.* Well Gentlemen, since you think I deserve this favour, I am not in a Condition to refuse it; But I must desire you will get *Thomaso* to let our Bargain stand for the Clothes; to-morrow is Holy-day, and he wears them still.

*Edw.* To day onely, for Evidence in our Plot; you shall have them at Night, now the Jest is over.

*Cornel.* Then I shall be fitted for this Campania; Clothes and money too! Well, I will pursue my business, to get you the Baths ready; I'll provide a good Dinner, choice wine, and the best Musick in the Town.

*Edwardo.* Prithee be-speak Ten Wheel-barrows of Tripes, for Jugg the Gyant; I cannot but laugh at our Fortunes; How many will envy us, and how many abuse us for these wives! a Pox on the Captain he wink'd upon you; else I had got the longest Straw; would thou had'st had the Gyant; thine is the finest small Divel I ever saw.

*Ferd.* See how hard 'tis to please you; Come, what boot yet between 'em? Yet I know as well as you the Advantage of my small sinner, and what charges yours will bring, both in Food and Cloathing; besides some new Engine, with twelve yoke of Oxen, to draw her into the Countrey, or take the Air after Dinner. Do you mark? after Dinner; which Meal would victual a Kings Ship; Think of this, and propose.

*Edw.* The Rogue is confident; else I know he would not treat this bargain, his is one of the convenient'st Wives; Of such a fine Diamond cut; her Back and Breast are crooked, in Table and Faucet.

*Ferd.* Where will you lodge her? there is no going above stairs; nothing but a ground-room will bear her; Some old English Hall, for a Bed-chamber; And now I think on't, purchase Pauls, old, Idle, and unusefull Pauls; Separate the Isles, and there is a Partment for her; and there she may walk up-

H h h

right,

right, the Gates too are big enough for her to come in at; Then there are some of the Marble Tombs left still, which will serve instead of Benches, to sit upon; There are stone Cisterns too, at the Porch, will serve her to piss in; Do you remember, when she went out of the way to Stale? I thought the Spouts had run when she open'd her Sluce.

*Edw.* I forgot to bid the Captain bring a Ladder; that the Taylor might take her measure.

*Ferd.* The Taylor! fye, fool, 'tis no Taylors work; let those that use to furnish Churches do it; they are us'd to such heights; By this hand, 'twill turn a Womans Taylors head, to look down from her shoulder; Besides, the others, when they have but pac'd her about, will guess how many pieces of Tapestry will serve to furnish her; Think not upon Velvet, or Satten, those paper wares, shee'll take up more then furnisheth Saint Jago's Chappel; They can furnish her with Frutages, and Festunes; for head dress; Neck-lace and Chains, Bobs and Bracelets, they have always in readines, as much as will furnish a Church; Thou must get a Grate in the Bed, shee'll overlay thee else; what a time her husband has, if he be bound to act that part! he may assoon feed Whales with Worms.

*Edw.* If the Baths fail, all my refuge is, I can run away from her; Her portion is big enough to pay the Post.

*Ferd.* Since you will not resolve upon this change, let's finde  
*He shakes his* *Thomaso*; But not a word of what's past; wee'll onely ring these  
*Pocket.* Bells in his Ears; We can Dance to our own Musick now. [*Exeunt.*]

### A C T. III. S C E N. X.

*Enter Johanne and Don Pedro.*

*Johan.* **U**Pon my life, 'twas she, my Author saw her, and the confusion she was in for fear you should know it; 'twill be a fine dishonour, when the Town shall take notice of such a visit; Sir, she is your sister, and all her Actions will reflect upon you; But which is most Impudent, *Carlo* saw him bring her to your door, and was present when *Calis* gave him a Letter in the walks; Be not abus'd, Sir, Two hundred thousand Crowns, and a sister of her merit, are not toys to be lost; they'll expect a better Joynture then a Scarf and a Buff-coat, and will be much better Ornaments in your Family, then a Colonel and his Commission; Take my Counsel; see her in a Nunnery, and I'll make him either fly the Country, or make him a Nest in the Church-yard.

*Pedro.* 'Tis clear, and I am satisfied; But we must be wary in what we do; They have both too much wit and resolution to be surpriz'd; We must dissemble our Intention, lest this Passion betray us; and, for ought we know, the work may be done to our hands: For I am told, the *Lucetta* and the two Sisters are highly incensed, and have some design to be reveng'd upon him; I left the *Angelica* too full of jealousy and rage: There we may inform



Inform Our selves ; and if We can blow that Coal with her, wee'll resolve what's to be done : Women , when Rage and Jealousie possess them , are as good Counsel as Mischief can inquire of ; and what she Resolves wee'll Execute ; who is your Author ?

*Johan.* The *Lucetta*, and she had it from *Cornelio*, who is himself unsatisfied with *Thomaso*. [Exeunt

## ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*Enter* Edwardo, and Ferdinando.

*Ferd.* **N**ot a word, *Ned*, till to morrow, of what is past ; wee'll consummate to night, and then defie the foul Fiend.

*Edw.* I am chain'd, See where they come. --- See the lost sheep ; We thought you had been sunk or stolen : *Fred* has spent three Groats in Cryers to day. *Enter Thomaso, Harri-go, and Rogero.*

*Thomaso.* 'Tis well, I'me glad to see you are not flayed again ; Beware of the *She-shambles*, *Ned* ; There are now snares set , I can assure you , and the whole *Piazza* curse you for debauching the Mountebank , who was absent all day , and Excus'd himself that he was employed by two strangers : Great wonders are expected to morrow from his skill ; 'tis thought he will make you two wise.

*Edwardo.* Well, Sir , Fool on ; We may live to shew the world some *Effex* men have some Wit, though the Calf lie at the Door.

*Ferd.* No more, let time speak for us ; Prithee what is't a Clock ? This noise in my Pocket drowns mine ear so I cannot hear him strike.

*Thom.* A cheerful sound, if no hue and cry pursue it.

*Harr.* What ? there is some secret, I perceive, which we must not partake.

*Thom.* As thou lovest me, do not ask them ; They will never tell, if they but imagine We desire it ; to get a secret out of these men, you must neither listen nor consider what they say : But sleight their discourse, and them, till they hunt and hold thee to tell all they know.

*Ferdinando.* Yes, yes, Trust to that ; To morrow if you be-have your selves well, 'tis Resolved you shall share the Blessing.

*Thom.* Did not I tell you so ? now is he as sick, till he has told it, as one that holds a Glyster too long, 'twill out, *Fred.* Room, *Hall.* let the secret come.

*Edw.* Not a word, onely this sound to afflict you.

*Harr.* Yet, in midst of your mirth 'twill be fit for you to know, you have rais'd a Wasps Nest that may sting you ; the *Lucetta* has vow'd a Revenge.

*Edw.* Her Revenge ? By this day I'll have her throat Cut now ;

I can spare as much as will do it by the Law, whether it be right or wrong.

*Ferd.* Well, the Business we were sent for ? pray dispatch ; For we have affairs of Our own that attend us.

*Thom.* Well, content ; and let the Secret lie till Nature works ; you must be in disguise to morrow, and ready to serve the Lady you wot of ; you must get you fighting swords too, lest you be beaten ; she expects you should pay her the debt ; I have promised her you will be as bold in her cause as you were in her injury.

*Edw.* If you be serious, we will not deceive your Expectation ; but why disguis'd ? you do not mean drunk ?

*Harr.* Be well arm'd ; and 'tis no matter for disguises ; I'll have the Embassadors Coach and Footmen ready to receive us, and then wee'll defie their Anger.

*Thom.* This is the business ; and within *Harrigo* will inform you both of the time and place ; pray be early to morrow. [Exeunt.

# ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

*Enter Angellica, and Anna.*

*Angel.* I Have no Patience till she be in a Monastery ; my heart can find no peace ; Fool that I was not to try my Fortune before ; Why should I believe my self the onely Woman not fit for a man of Honour to marry , when thousands have married Women of as ill life and Fame as mine , and yet find Swords and Friends to defend them ? His Poverty too would have pleaded for me, which his pride now will oppose, his heart being swel'd with the hopes of this Fortune ; and 'twill be in vain to attempt him till she be removed from a possibility of his hopes ; He will not see me neither, though thrice invited ; That base ingratitude in the Sex makes me hate him, to find, he that three days since fought for my door, and would have sold himself to the Calleys but to purchase my Bed, will not now be bought or courted to a visit.

*Anna.* Don *Harrigo* and he are at the door.

*Enter Thomaso, and Harrigo ; Angellica walks up and down the Room, out of humor.*

*Thom.* How now ? turn'd shadow ? fly when I pursue , and follow when I fly ? *Anna*, do's your Lady use to walk in her sleep ? There is no danger in questioning this Noctambule ; I have heard of them would walk upon Ridges of houses, guided by the Fiend, without danger, unless you awake them ; Therefore we must speak softly ; Stay, gentle shadow of my Love, and see how I will prove thy fears vain, and anger light, and thus catch thee in thy flight , by falling on thee in the Night ; is't not so ? Oh ! there's a smile still,



still ; I thought we had been arrived at the Court of sorrow, where Jealousie and despair, with snaky-hair, will not let us kiss away our Care.

(*He kisses her.*)

*Angel.* 'Tis well, Sir ; your joys are full, and fortune smiles, pursu'd by choice of Beauties, oppress'd with those blessings which others sacrifice for in vain ; All the *Cupids* that break loose, and fly from the Cages in others breasts, pearch, and build in yours ; which is become their Nests ; while we poor famish'd Lovers are glad to feed upon such broken bread as your heart will yield ; such wretches as your despis'd *Angellica*. Yet know, fond man, Love poyson'd with a Just Anger ; for perjur'd vows make the mortall'st hatred man can fall under ; Nor doth thy heart know what dangers the fury of a Woman, rob'd of her hopes, and couzend of her Joys, threatens even against her Love.

*Thom.* Her blood was as black as any Inke, for she did nought but think and think ; If I were apt to fear what I love, how this would fright a man ? There are those would scarce recover their humor again to night ; and there are some that such a short speech, next their hearts, would make as Chast as Camphire ; Prithee what Melancholly Planet hath rais'd this dusty storm ? *Harrigo* and I came to be merry, and laugh at other Lovers, whose nests are on fire ; and for ought I see, we shall have enough to do to quench our own ; This is such a Hymne you may sing it to a Drum ; I did not think you could have spoke such a Raw-head and bloody-bones-speech ; What, is your anger so high, a man cannot have credit for a kiss, or two ?

*Angel.* A kiss ; who denies you a kiss ?

(*He kisses her.*)

*Thom.* Now prithee, Sot, tell me, what difference can you find betwixt these and those of yesterday ? What fond idle thoughts jealousie would put into our heads ! Why this fury on a sudden ? What, Don *Pedro* is jealous you will use me too well, and would have you believe I love the *Saretta*.

*Angel.* No, Sir, the *Saretta* cannot be my Fear ; I know you scorn to marry her.

*Thom.* Scorn ? why scorn ? shee's a handsome woman.

*Angel.* I deny not her beauty ; yet I am vain enough to believe neither Beauty nor Fortune shall have power to buy you from me ; No, Sir, not the *Serulina's* ; Do you start ? If her honour did not weigh the Scale more then they, *Angellica* could be proud, and confident as she ; 'tis honour, that Bubble, so priz'd by men, which all Covet, though none catch the shadow.

*Harr.* Come, you are melancholly ; and when your passion is over, you will find this is but some plot of a jealous Rival. *Serulina* ? That's an old story, reviv'd only to Alarm your heart, and lessen your kindness.

*Angel.* Yes, by those that invented the bringing her to his house in disguise too day ; I do not know 'twas she Don *Pedro* followed from the *Piazza* ; nor how *Edwardo* tow'd her ; and how she refus'd to see her brother ; Yes, Sir, I do know it ; and he knows it too, and I believe will prevent your design.

*Harr.*

*Harr.* Upon my life you tell me wonders, and I think 'tis news to him ; What say you ? Is this true, or no ?

*Thom.* Prithee leave fooling, Art thou mad too ? *Serulina* come to my Chamber ! I was not at hers these five years ; Yes, she and the *Infanta* came together, Was it not so ? and we play'd a Match at Foot-ball and a Set at Balloon there, and then went and rubb'd all three in a bed ; the *Infanta* and I drank half a score Beer-glasses and parted : What a devil will not malicious men say, and jealous women believe ? Pray feel, Have not I Horns, and you a Beard ? next time *Don Pedro* comes I expect he should perswade you 'tis so ; I thought you had had more wit and pride than to credit a Rival, or doubt your own power.

*Ang.* Again I tell you Sir, I want neither Pride nor Reason ; but being guilty I have lost that flower which begets esteem as well as kindness, whose airy wealth you have kiss'd and blown away from these lips.

*Tho.* Honour ! what is it ? who ever got it from a woman ? who knows his wife wants it ? or who can say he got it let him produce it ; For though we are bound, by faith, as Christians, to believe in things above Reason, yet I know no Law can make a Cuckold but by ocular proof, though your Christian Cuckolds will receive the opinion they have Horns like any Infidel ; and what Saints have I heard those imaginary Beasts call Whores in my time : And what Whores have I seen the world adore for Saints ! I thought you had known my humour better. Prithee what should I do in a chaste womans company, unless she were mine own ? A chaste woman what is she good for ? A fullen Fool, that makes it her business and her pride to vex Nature, and war with her Tail ; A chaste woman is Fish, and may be eaten in *Lent* ; and never break a Fast : Cold blood distinguishes the Creature ; and if it be natural in her 'tis a Disease and not a Virtue ; if otherwise, 'tis onely humour, and she but thinks she's chaste : I have had a woman my self that has lain with me, and all the while rail'd against Whores : Alas, 'tis but a kinde of Hypochondriack in the brain ; And as some have thought they were Iron, so other men have thought themselves Glas : And some women, perhaps, think themselves chaste. *Bedlam*, O dear *Bedlam* ! how full wouldst thou be if all mad folks were put in, though jealous Lovers were chain'd in their own houses. Come Sot, clear thy brow, and calm thy breast, and let these idle fears vanish ; for I am of the old Race of men, and believe with the wiser part of the world ; And where men had the highest fame, you know *Faustina* had a Temple, and *Bona dea* her Priests : The *Sybills* had their Altars too, and we their Oracles ; but where are those that smother in honour of that pale Disease, which some fools would dispute into fashion ? a womans virtue child with a hard name.

*Ang.* All this blows the fire, which no Reason can quench, till you give me your faith not to marry : I ask no other ty upon you : Be as free as fish that glide through the deep, Be as wanton and unconstant as the fowl of the air ; Fly, perch, bill, nay, roost any



any where ; to this Bed when you will you shall be free and welcome as your home, and to you alone ; Nor will I bid you marry me, because I know your heart will still upbraid me with want of honour.

*Thom.* Again that Herb *John* in the Porrage ? I tell thee, Honour is as troublesome to me as a smoaky house ; and those few women that have it are as impertinent as Bees at their Hives mouth, and will break nine Commandments to patch one ; and to remove your doubts, know, if ever I marry, I pray for a kinde, sweet, rich, young Whore that has wit : How civil I have seen such a Wife to her Husband, so kinde, so tender of him when he comes home, so careful to please him, always in a good humour, and still something to give, or tell him, that agrees with his nature ! but do not mistake me, I would not have a tearing, ranting Whore, no *Doll Common*, no Tear-sheet, a little whorish onely, one that good nature and opportunity might perswade to listen to a man that could beg a curtesie handsomly, or could buy a kindness discreetly, though he does not tell his Tale so feelingly as the other ; such a nature gets a man friends in Court and Countrey, and does more than all the pretence of virtue, old service, or pass'd actions. Give me a Petticoat can speak against the power of Peace or War ; Merit and Virtue may have their fits of Power with the powerful ; but Beauty, kinde Beauty, if we guide her well, still reigns in the hearts and mindes of men ; such an Advocate awes the Judge, and pleads before she speaks, and commands even them she denies ; What then will Beauty do when she grants what we beg, or will her self the Beggar prove ? Besides, such a kinde nature onely season'd with this guilt, so civillizeth a Woman, it awes her, and keeps her in bounds ; a little guilt in that kinde is such a Ring in a kinde natur'd heart, it leads them through fire to make satisfaction ; especially when they see a man has so much love as to make a Why-not, and oversee those faults.

*Harr.* Yet we see what faults and humours men conform to, because they are honest.

*Thom.* Come, no musing ; if women could be wise with thinking, I had as live be a horse as a man ; but thanks to kinde Nature, their mindes are not deep enough for Reason to sink in, onely present accidents that swim above busie their thoughts ; they think, and think onely how often they have been coozen'd, never how to prevent it ; Is it not so, Sweet-heart ? Else *Don Pedro* would never have found your faith, that I am to marry *Serulina* to morrow, and came to whet my Knife upon *Angelica* to night ; What say you, will you set an edge upon't ? It will cut the Bride the better ; Come *Harrigo* ; she's even as serious as we are hungry.

*Ang.* Not so serious as I was ; yet I confess I would be glad to have as much reason for my hopes as I had for my fears.

*Thom.* Come, come, let's sup and to bed, and take both thy arms-full of Reason, Sot.

*Harr.* Dissembling Rogue.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T,

## A C T. IV. S C E N. II.

*Enter Lucetta, Saretta, Paulina, veil'd, and three Bravo's following them.*

*Bravo.* Which was he?

*Sarr.* That which went first, in the gray clothes with silver lace.

*Bravo.* 'Tis enough, leave the rest to us. [*Exeunt all but Paulina.*]

*Paul.* Their mischief is bent against his life, which is too precious, in my esteem, to sell for a black revenge; and though she abuses the world with the opinion of our being Sisters, I that know the secret and my interest in that opinion will not so far wed her folly as to countenance a Ly with the price of his blood whom I love; That Villain *Cornelio*, to eat his bread and betray him!---Here 'twas he entred, I'll knock and speak with him. [*She knocks.*]

*Anna.* Who knocks?

[*From above.*]

*Paul.* A Friend, that must needs speak one word with *Don Thomaso*; 'tis business that concerns him.

*Anna.* Be gone in an evil hour; What do you haunt him in other womens houses? This is fine Impudence; Be gone, or I shall empty an Oleo or two that was eaten three days since upon your reverend Baudships head. My Mistress must not onely pray and pay for his company, but she must have Knights to defend her from Ladies Lovers Errands. Where is your Squire with his shield to defend this Chamber-pot, or his Wisp to cleanse you when I have done? See, here it comes; by *S. Jago*, if you stay but a pissing-while I'll throw it.

*Paul.* I must finde some way to tell him, he is lost else; there is is no disputing now; this Bawd will do me some affront if I stay---  
*Don Harrigo* you are met in a happy hour.

*She meets  
Harrigo as  
he came out.*

*Harr.* Hah! *Paulina*, what, spying! jealous, upon my life; Why you see what frail things men are, especially young healthy men; Not a true Lover, Childe, in a hundred, that is to say, a constant Lover, but true to love Ninety nine. What, you hunt now? Why faith he's within, all to be-hugg'd and kiss'd as if thou hadst him in thine own arms.

*Paul.* You are merry Sir, and I am pleas'd to see it; but when you shall know 'tis no curious jealousy, but serious business, that brings me hither, such as concerns the life of your Friend, I doubt not but you'll assist in his preservation; but you must conceal me, because my Sister is engag'd; if you will walk you shall know the Design.

*Harr.* Since you are serious, let us retire; this comes of fooling; this Climate is too hot to suffer these severe Jest, which will pass in our thick Air. [*Exeunt.*]



## ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

*Enter Angellica, and Anna.*

*Anna.* I Know not what she was ; some impudent thing that playes the spy upon him, and would fain have spoke with him ; but I sent her away without a reply.

*Angel.* I would I had seen her, for my jealous Heart starts at every shadow now ; I am afraid 'twas some one from *Serulina*, some Letter, or some Message. See who knocks.

*Enter Rogero, with Thomafo's black Cloathes.*

*Anna.* 'Tis *Rogero* with a bundle.

*Angel.* Bid him pass into the next Room, and if she returns call me, and be sure to let her in ; I am afraid she has some notice of *Don Pedro*'s design, my Heart will have perpetual Alarms till she be in a Nunnery ; I fear nothing but his Marriage ; I would he were as fit for my Hate, as he is for my Love ; Or would I were as fit for his value, as I am for his desire ; Then I might hope to impale his wandring Mind as he has mine : My Heart was once as unlimited, my Breast as untam'd, and as much common as his ; Yet his Eyes have inclos'd it, which makes me blaspheme Love that has destin'd me a slave to him that will not be my Lord.-----See, he comes, I must retire, he'll be angry to see me sad still ; And I confess he has Reason ; for 'tis most displeasing to meet storms where we seek our Pleasure.

[*Exit Angellica.**Enter Thomafo in a Night-gown, and Rogero with him.*

*Thomafo.* Prithee give thy Master that note, and dispose of the Cloaths as we resolv'd ; You must be certain to deliver them to night, though it be late.

*Rogero.* I shall, Sir.

[*Exit Rogero.*

*Thomafo.* Villain, to betray us ! Now I am certain, 'twas he discover'd *Serulina*'s being at my House ; The difficulty will be to follow our business to morrow, and yet avoid their Malice, unless this design take ; The slave took my money, to hire the men to cut *Lucetta*'s face, and for so much more, told who set him on ; But if I cry not quit to morrow, and stick a feather for his Goose, let him laugh at the change as well as at the Robbery. [*Exit Thom.*

*Rogero as he goes out with the cloathes drops a Letter out of Thomafo's pockets, unseen of either. Enter Anna and takes it up.*

*Anna.* He's a Bed, and I must call my Child, he'll be froward else. What have we here ? A Letter, 'tis a womans hand, and directed to *Don Thomafo* ; 'Tis none of my Mistrisses, 'tis some of his other fools that complains ; Some one whose Beauty he has reap'd ; the Rogue payes not a sigh of Rent for all his Love ; I could afford to

poyson the *Stallion* ; would he were lapp'd in both our sheets, so he were laid in his Grave ; What a life have I had since I saw him ! There has been a perpetual storm in our Mindes ; Reason, Love, and Interest, so disorder'd, so shuffled together ; 'twill waste a year of happy hours to place our thoughts aright again. [*Enter Angellica.*

*Angel.* Where is he, in bed ?

*Anna.* Yes, but here's a Letter, cannot sleep ; I found it alone walking about the Chamber ; the paper is guilty, and full of a foul Conscience sure ; Pray will you shrieve her.

*She opens it  
and reads it  
to her self,  
then stamps  
and tears  
her hair.*

*Anna runs  
to hold her.*

*Angel.* A Letter, give it me.---- 'Tis from her, that cursed name of *Serulina* is subscrib'd, and confirms all my fears ; That name has ripen'd all my miseries.

*Anna.* What ayles you ? For loves sake be quiet ; Wretch that I was to give her the Letter.

*Angel.* 'Tis resolv'd ; Get me a pen and ink and put on your veil, while I write two lines to Don *Pedro* to enclose this Letter ; There's Malice for Malice ; and I shall be Reveng'd at last, though my fears could not obtain his Love. [*Exeunt.*

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Harrigo, and Rogero.*

*Harrigo.* 'TIS late ; but you must be sure to find *Edwardo* and *Ferdinando*, and give them this paper ere they sleep ; and conjure them as they love their lives to observe my directions early to morrow. Treacherous Villain, who could have fear'd such a mischief from one that breathes by our Charity ? And had not this foolish girl exceeded in kindness as much as he has done in Villainy, he had inevitably fallen ; But since we are advis'd, we shall find some way to prevent their Malice ; I onely dread it may hinder our design, and disappoint the fair *Serulina* ; I must find some way to give her notice. [*Exit.*

*Exit Rogero*

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

*Serulina and Calis appear above in her window.*

*Serul.* MY Heart dreads some mischief ; Their stay thus late makes me apprehend they will this night attempt us ; Where are the keys of the Garden ?

*Calis.* Here, Madam.

*Serul.* Is my Cabinet and Jewels put up, and such money as you found in the great box ?

*Calis.* All is done as you ordered.

*Serul.* Then let us sit quiet and hide the light ; if they intend any force, thus disguis'd and thus provided we may by the back door make our escape through the Garden to the Embassadors house ; I have consulted both Nature and Reason, and from neither find



find that right of Empire Brothers claim over Sisters ; and since he resolves to arm himself with those advantages strength and custom gives him over our Sex, 'tis both Justice and Wisdom to provide for our safety ; My desires have neither shame nor dishonour belonging to them ; Justice and Gratitude both guide my Heart to serve him, that saved both Life and Honour.

*Calis.* I have a Dagger, and by my Life, the proudest He that dares lay hand upon you, a black mischief find me if I leave it not in his Breast ; They have all such a care and kindness for your Portion ; But were I you, I would build an Hospital with it ere they should have it.

*Serul.* See who knocks.----

*Calis.* 'Tis too dark.

*Serul.* Listen then.

*Porter within.* Who knocks there ?

*Anna.* A Friend, Master *Porter*; one that hath earnest business with Don *Pedro*; and a Letter for him that concerns him to see it to night.

*Porter.* He is not at home ; but if you leave it he shall be sure of it when he comes in.

*Anna.* Are none of his Gentlemen up ?

*Porter.* All the House, except my self, are a bed.

*Anna.* Pray do you take it, and give it when he comes.

*Anna knocks  
at the door.*

*Enter the Porter with a Light.*

*Calis.* 'Tis *Anna*, the *Angellica's* Nurse. Some mischief upon my Life.

*Porter.* *Signora Anna*, *Caro veccho*, come in and pass an hour ; I have *Esquiritis* and a Bisket ; Come, we'll squeeze a Botto till he comes : Ha ! you old Conjuror, how long is't since the Devil danc'd last in thy bawdy circle ? Come into the Lodge, and let me brush the Cobwebs from thy corner.

*Anna.* You have *Bell Tiempo*, Master *Porter* ; but I am now in haste, my Mistress stays for me, and 'tis late ; What a dumb House is here ? Is this the Eve to such a Feast as a young Ladies Wedding ? No spits going, no Cooks chopping, no pots seething, nor ovens heating ? What, 'twill be a stolne Wedding.---Farewel, Master *Porter*.

[*Exit Anna.*]

*Porter.* What a pox ayles her to talk thus ? I hope they will not offer to marry my young Lady without telling me of it.

*Serul.* 'Tis clear ; we are betray'd, I find by her discourse, and they are now upon some design to prevent us.

*Calis.* Let's be gone before they come ; 'tis better to prevent such a mischief, and easier then to resist it.

*Serul.* I would fain see that Letter first ; There may be some light in our business, something may guide our Resolutions ; Dear *Calis*, no trick to catch it ?

*Calis.* I'll warrant you the Letter, Madam.

[*Exit Calis.*]

*Por.* These flesh flies how they haunt the shambles ! pox take her, she would not see him two days since ; and now a Mid-wife will not be so

*He sticks the Letter in the window.* He sticks the haunted as he.---So, stick thou there, that I may find thee when he comes in; some great concern, no question.

*Enter Calis, and peeps after him.*

*Calis.* So, he's earth'd in his lodge; now for my design, if I can find the window, 'tis done; See, here 'tis; now for a piece of the Chamber-maids virtue, tread lightly; the hundred Arts that we must learn, speak softly, see quickly, hear half sounds, read looks, keep her secrets, and betray all others; smile when she smiles; frown, hate, and love, as she doth; lie with her, for her, either under, or upon her; and (unless a Nunns) on my Conscience ours is the wickedst kind of Innocent Life women can practise.

*Exit Calis.*

*Serul.* She stays long.

*Calis.* The Rogue stood entertaining himself with his own shadow till now: But here 'tis.

*Serul.* Give it me.-----What a chance is this? We had been all undone if this accident had not hapned. By this you'll find mine were no idle fears; 'tis well we are in a readinesse, for we have no time to spare; Early in the Morning we must pursue our design.

*Calis.* What a false Quean is this, to take advantage and abuse his Trust! Malicious and jealous Devil! what mischief must this have bred had it come to Don Pedro's hands?

*Serulina.* Yet I find by this, they are not in a readinesse to execute any plot against us; And they shall find, though I stoop to the God that bears the bow, yet I will not hold the plough; My Heart and Mind shall become his Priest; no stooping Hind.

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Ferdinando, Edwardo, Cornelio:*  
*Edwardo is undressing himself.*

*Cornelio.* Come now, this is but singing a long Psalm, better resolve and leap into her Bed; When you are there, I must leave you; Don Thomaso has sent me the Clothes, and I'll be as fine as any of you to morrow.

*Edwardo.* Now do I tremble to go to bed, lest she should roll me betwixt her fingers, or crack me like vermin against her bed-post: But since it must be, come Captain, let's part like Friends; and if we do live to meet again, this danger will be mirth; Pray Captain get witness ready against the Morning, for I'll not lie with her another night without a grate betwixt us: This night will make my plea good in Law, else nothing but Honour should engage me to charge her breach again.

*Ferd.* And mine is such a small kitt, I fear I shall make no musick upon her; The little fool sits so quiet, and pearches upon my Breast like a bird; I onely chirrip to her when I call her, and she peeps me an answer like a Chicken.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.



## ACT. IV. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Don Pedro, Johanne, and Carlo.*

*Pedro.* **H**OW merry he was when he heard the design was not made to abuse him ! only a trap to catch the Englishman.

*Johan.* Yes, but I observ'd him ; and he is angry still for all his mirth, and not displeas'd when he heard her face was cut.

*Carlo.* His fall from the window was a worse bruise to his body then *Edwardo's* to his purse, and will be longer in recovering ; to morrow we shall hear what her friends will do to revenge her ; I am told the two Sisters and she are upon a design ; *Cornelio* has confest *Thomase* set them on.

*Johan.* I would 'twere done, it might be some advantage to my business.

*Port.* Sir, there's a Letter for you in the Window.

*Pedro.* From whom ?

*Port.* That I know not, Sir ; 'twas a woman brought it, some Caterpillar.

*Pedro.* Send it in ; is my Sister a bed ?

*Port.* A bed ! 'tis almost day, Sir.

*Pedro.* Was any body here to speak with her to night ?

*Port.* Not any body.

*Pedro.* If there be any body inquires for her, give me notice ; we must be early up, ho, to morrow ; and, pray, send to invite *Don Alphonso* to dine with us, and resolve upon our business.

*Johan.* You must be sudden, you know she has a high spirit, and wants neither wit nor resolution to deliver her self from your power, if once she imagine your intention.

*Pedro.* 'Tis resolv'd, and I have already mov'd it to the Abbess, in case she should refuse ; but I hope better, for she knows *Thomase* lyes this night with *Angellica* ; which humour will take off the edge of a womans kindness, what ere they pretend, when she sees a man in the height of his wooing haunt the beds and conversations of common Whores ; what can a discreet woman hope from him when he is surfeited upon her youth and beauty, that can now when a fancy and imagination labours in his longing mind, throw himself into the arms of every prostitute ? but of this to morrow, 'tis late. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. IV. SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Calis and Harrigo, she delivers him a Cabinet and a Letter.*

*Har.* **Y**OU are early ; is your Lady stirring ?

*Cal.* Yes, Sir ; she is early up, for she went not to bed ; her Brothers stay, having notice of his intention, made us expect to

to see the success, still resolv'd by the Garden gate to make our escape hither ; nor will you wonder, Sir, at our trouble when you consider that Letter.

*Calis gives Harrigo the Letters Angellica sent to Don Pedro.*

*He gives her  
a key.  
Exit Calis.*

*Har.* 'Tis enough, I'll take care for all ; and desire your Lady to be confident in her resolution, and she shall find all safety here, and in us a readiness such as our enemies dare not dispute.---Give this key to your Lady, and observe the door ; when the Porter sees this, she may pass without unveiling her self ; I have given him his instructions.---The Devils sure are in the breasts of these women ; what will their malice do, if they express their love thus dangerously ? had this Letter come to *Don Pedro's* hand she had certainly dy'd for't : and *Thomaso* is a beast not to burn Papers of such consequence : this is Wine, and those Women are accurs'd that have a friendship where 'tis lov'd : for though it has a thousand friendships made, all women know how many secrets it hath betray'd.

[*Exit.*]

#### ACT. IV. SCEN. IX.

*Enter Thomaso and Rogero : Thomaso is in his Spanish habit and white Perruwig.*

*Exit Rogero.*

*Thom.* **T**Is well, thank your Master ; tell him I will not fail to observe his directions, and find him at his Chamber.-----I found her chang'd in my arms, she had not craft enough to hide her anger ; what a Dog was I not to burn the Letter ? but see the difference betwixt a vertuous passion and a lustful flame ; *Serulina*, busie to prevent my mischief, her noble mind forgot all my crimes to her ; while the others, malicious and bloody, design'd nothing less then the ruine of us all. But Love and Fortune, kinder then either my merit or hopes could promise, has blown over the storm ; and now I know their malice, if I prevent it not, I ought to fall unpitied ; it vexes me she should be guilty of so mean an action, because I thought her of a gallant temper, but she's a common Whore ; and this life of mine, that which some men may pass some moneths in for humour, but no trade for men of honour ; Wisdom and Conscience bids us seek a Nester Age and Diseases find us ; and where we spend our youth with Faith and Love, there man ought to expect patience for the impertinency of Age : 'tis sad to be out of doors in the Winter of our Age. A gray Wanderer is but a bad Tragedy to himself, though an old Beggar may be a Comedy to others : These thoughts, and the noble nature of this vertuous Maid, have made me resolve to abjure this humour ; and having bid farewell to all the follies of my youth vow my whole thoughts to the friendship of the fair *Serulina* ; a maid, whose Dower and Beauty may satisfy an avaritious heart and a wandering eye ; yet those  
are



are blessings may be found in other women; but her mind is a single virtue, and to me constant kind, her love a chaste full stream, which no out-lets of friendship, or likings, has exhausted or lessen'd. The stream always bent on one object; and my heart shall faithfully meet her, and the Wanderer shall in this friendship prove he has in all his past flames but practis'd how to love. Yet *Paulina's* kindness is as remarkable as the malice and treachery of the rest; poor *Paulina*, for whom I have still regret; whose kind heart has endur'd the test, and is of all ill women that I have known the best.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT. IV. SCEN. X.

*Enter Philip, and three Bravoes, Lucetta her face bound up. Saretta and Paulina.*

*Saret.* Married!

*Lucet.* Yes, married.

*Philip.* Two days since, to the Monsters; and so privately, 'tis yet a secret to *Don Thomaso*; only *Cornelio* and the Mountebank were of the plot, by vertue of whose Powder they were won; their Guardian too consented, and has his share in the Portions; and the Brides are now at *Thomaso's* house, where they have prepar'd a publick dinner.

*Saret.* Hell upon their luck, they are as rich as *Peru*; and those Vagabonds will only remit their money home, and leave them.

*Paul.* 'Tis but justice; the Jews their Parents couzen'd the poor of a Nation to give it to these Monsters; and 'tis but equal the Jew their Guardian should revenge their trust.

*Lucet.* Come, we have no time left to lose in talking; our design expects us; and if all hit right we may light other Torches then Hymens yet ere night.

*Philip.* Their feast will advance our business, and make them less curious to observe or suspect our motions; *Sanco* the Rogue has fail'd us, I met him this morning as gay and fine as the Sun, and flowers in *June*, going in all haste to Court; and promises himself some fortune by my Powder: but he shall find I have malice too, such as shall to the Guard betray the impostor, and make him in the Galley find my *Quondam* Father Boat-swain, fit for such a Rogue a Foister.

*Saret.* At the corner of the *Piazza* we'll expect you, where from the *Carmelites* we may stand and see which way he takes; and when 'tis done 'tis but stepping in and we are safe, or pass through the Venetian Embassadours which is but three doors off.

*Philip.* Take no care for us; be but secret and silent, and leave us to our fortune.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT.

## ACT. IV. SCEN. XI.

*Enter Thomaso, Harrigo, and Rogero.*

*Har.* **T**He news; where are they? will they come?

*Rog.* Yes, Sir; they will follow immediately; but I found them and the house in such a confusion, 'tis a Jubilee at home; there is a whole Kitchen full of Cooks at work all over the yard, and such loads of Meat and Wine.

*Thom.* What cause, prithee, for all this joy, or rather madness? this is *Freds* fooling, a piece of country wit, always out of season; you shall find him play M. Justice *Over-do* to day in spite of counsel, I perceive the Plot; now do they intend to surprize us with a Wedding dinner, which may, perhaps, give such an alarm to her Brothers jealousy as will beget some more mischief, or hasten the old; A pox upon them and their Grand Jury jests; they are as unreasonable here as long Graces at their feast.

*Rog.* Your worship is mistaken, Sir, in the cause; they are both married, and have been these two days.

*Thom.* Married!

*Rog.* Yes, Sir, to the two monsters the Captain us'd to speak of; I saw them both, one sits in the yard, for the house will not hold her; she's as big as the Saint *Christopher* in *Nostre Dame*, and the other looks like the *Christo* upon his shoulders.

*Thom.* Did'st thou see them?

*Rog.* I saw them, Sir, and the Mountebank with 'em, whose Powder got them; they'll be here immediately, and resolve you themselves.

*Thom.* This is what I have always prophesied; marry two Monsters! what chicken-hearted Rogues are these to be cow'd with one misfortune!

*Har.* What work this story will make in Town! By this light, there will be no living in *Madrid* for and English-man; the very name will entitle us to Green Hats; see where they come.

*Enter Edwardo and Ferdinando shaking their pockets, and shewing Rings upon their fingers.*

*Ferd.* Save thee, sweet soul, and thy friend; what, how goes business? is this the day thou vow'dst to Hymen? 'twill be a national Wedding I see.

*Thom.* But is it for certain you two have done this horrible thing?

*Edw.* Yes, By this light, we have done it, By this fire, By this sound, By these clothes, 'tis done and done, a bargain y'faith, wedded and bedded, which we believe no small action; and 'twas I that encounter'd with the Gyant.

*Thom.* This is the common trick of Rogues; when they have done an ill act to stand in it; and these are grown as impudent as carted Bauds.

*Edm.*



*Edwardo.* As Friends we ask your mercy in this case; and if you be good men you will have mercy upon our beasts too.

*Thom.* But 'tis a Monster, an ugly Monster.

*Edwardo.* Not so, she has Beauties, divers and sundry Beauties, which I can really enjoy, and shall last Ages; a House and Family, fed and furnished, me thinks a pleasing Beauty: her Hand has another grace, for the Beauty of her mark onely findes credit, and her Bills are honour'd through the World; Come *Thomaso*, he that has Money has all; Money speaks sence, 'Tis Beauty, 'tis Honour; and he that has it not shall finde the rest but idle nothings: What care I to keep any Mans Opinion, or any Womans friendship: when the old will not I'll buy new; Money will make a Lyar speak true; you see the virtue of a Wager, the new Philosophical Argument lately found out to decide all hard Questions.

*Ferdinando.* These Trappings are the Beauties of our Brides, they give no Ribbands nor Braids of Hair; when I would wear her Favours she can sell a thousand Acres of Wood, Excremental Beauties which their Estate can better spare, and 'twill grow sooner again than a Lock of Hair; from those Lillies with the white Faces which you believ'd had so ty'd up our hearts; No, Childe, we have learn'd to choosse better; for besides these Beauties of the House and Field, you shall see standing at the Door four Foot-men and a Velvet Coach, with six *Flanders* Graces more, which wait ready to hurry us to those Pleasures that expect us; for these Keys open all Doors.

*Thomaso.* And what becomes of all our Vows in *Croyden*? the bowed Two-pence and the Garter which was given with tears because the Present spoil'd the Pair; that Garter so be-kiss'd and worn till 'twas a lousie Relique? All is forgot I see; the Cream and Sugar is digested too, and all the memory of Sack-Posslets, though eaten with the same Spoon, that dainty way of expressing a Countrey passion, so to eat each others Slaver, quite abolish'd, all; neither that nor the Charms of *Valentine*, pluck'd Daisies, nor Yarrow, *St. Ann's* Vision, nor her Fast, nor Ground-Willow under her Lovers Head, charms now: All these Magick Rites, believ'd as oft as try'd, and confirm'd by a Pea with nine, when in stepp'd *Ned* and *Fred*, whose Names had been the Night before nine times chosen out of the Ashes; and what crowns all, the sacred Tomes of *Ptolomy*, who with In and In sent usto *Haly* the first and second for that Fortune which she and you then believ'd next (if not before) the Holy Writ; but all these steps of Love a Monster has trod out with her *Herculean* foot.

*Edm.* Yes, that monster is my Wife, and at worst but my Trade; and good severe Sir, will you not allow a man an honest Calling to get a Living by? You'll sail a storm at Sea in a stinking

ing ship and be lousie, starv'd and roasted under several Climes for the gain of so much *per cent.* or flatter a faithless Tradesman, or a less faithfull Court, and wait upon Preferment till a Dropsie swell your Legs; Why, this Monster is my Place at Court, my Ship at Sea, my Vocation; and when Honour calls me here I charge, and Custome will reconcile all; and the danger grows so common I shall not fear it; and for a little patience here I purchase all my pleasure.

*Ferd.* You or he will let the Dog that loves you kiss you, and cherish every beast that's kinde to you; Is our case worse, what, for their money live with these tame beasts? and is it not better to suffer for a time the Worlds nine days Wonder, than an Agescorn, for being a perpetual Cuckold, as thousands are, who vow to that faithless thing call'd Beauty? Our houses may be haunted with Wonderers; but we are sure to finde no Lovers there; for my small Bird is so lean she's neither good in the Field nor Bed, which makes me secure none of *Cupid's* Falkoners will fly at her; And for *Ned's*, I would fain see him that dares attempt her Honour either by force or flattery.

*Thom.* And when young *Ascupat* shall be born wilt thou make him a Christian Giant, or no? Sir *Bevis* of *Croyden*, by this hand *Ned*, if it were mine it should never be christned; a baptiz'd Giant sounds sneakingly; the last holy one you see shrunk from *Christophoro* to *S. Kit*. Prithee let thine be an *Ethnick* Knight and run wilde in the *Wilde* of *Kent*, a Pagan of the *Pagans* in *Surry*, and breed some new *Romances*; onely breed him a Cavalier, that he may fight with the *Palmerines*, *Olivers*, and the *Rolands* of the Age, for the Legislative Lady, and I promise thee a Patent to shew him thy self; a favour, but that you are a Friend to the Master of the Revels, you should not easily obtain, the shewing your own Monster; and 'twill be worth your care, betimes, lest some Committee be appointed to do it; Thou art undone if thou dost not prevent it, they will so imbezel thy Monster.

*Rogero.* Sir, *Calis* is at door.

*Harrigo.* Tell her we are all ready, and will follow her immediately ----- Come, we are expected; *Calis* has given the sign.

*Ferdinando.* And what is it we are to do, besides being laugh'd at? if that be all we'll return; for there are two Pots boyling, in whose Porrage we are concern'd two hundred thousand deep.

*Thom.* We must be all in a readiness to attend the Design wherein *Serulina* is concern'd; if it thrive we shall have a home too; but that's not all, for *Harrigo* tells me that *Cornelio* has betray'd us to *Lucetta*; and she knows 'twas we that set the *Bravo's* to cut her face; that and the *Serulina's* being at my house, *Harrigo's* message  
to



to her, All, all is betray'd; and we have onely this morning to prevent their mischief; which now we are warn'd of if we fall into we deserve no pity.

*Edw.* Come, let's away; be you sure to strike first, let that be the sign; and if we do not make some of them stand off we'll fall by them; What a pox, abuse me, and think I dare not be angry?

*Thom.* The Embassadour's Coach and Servants attend us, but we must not let them appear in the *Piazza*, for giving jealousy; the onely thing I conjure you as friends is, not to let your passion transport you if any accident happen, so as to pursue your revenge rather than our Design; but keep together, and that woman you see me take by the hand, do what lies in friends to protect her from those that shall attempt us.

*Har.* The Porter will be ready at the Gate to receive all those that retire thither.

*Ferd.* 'Tis enough, we are instructed.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## A C T. IV. S C E N. XII.

*Enter Angellica and Anna.*

*Ang.* 'Tis late, I wonder *Don Pedro* comes not; *Thomaso* I fear suspected my being displeas'd, he was so serious and so silent when we parted; Are you sure my Letter was delivered to *Don Pedro* last night?

*Anna.* Either last night, or early this morning.

*Ang.* Then I hope, he is now about the Design; Come get our old veils, and hide close; if you see *Don Pedro* as we pass, speak to him that he meet me at the *Carmelites*; my heart will finde no peace till she be dispos'd of.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T. V. S C E N. I.

*Enter Don Pedro, Carlo, and Johanne, and meet Lucetta, Saretta, and Paulina.*

*Pedro.* 'T' Here they are; Come Ladies, this Disguise is so thin we see through it.

*Sar.* Pray Sir, let us go; we wonder you are not in disguise too, 'tis a strange confidence; considering your injuries, that you dare be seen; 'tis so poor and so mean an impudence as makes us scorn to

converse with such white *Spaniards*: you *Castilians*! and suffer your swords, Sister, and Mistress, to be taken from you by a flock of *Dutch-men*, a Band of Gipsies, a Troop of vagabond wandering strangers,<sup>2</sup> an old cashier'd Corporal and his Squadron.

*Pedro*. *Smitzers* with two-colour'd Coats, Knaves of divers colours, black and white Knaves, such *Proteans* a Lady knows not when to love or hate them; dissembling Knaves that make women kiss them when they should beat them; froward Rogues that scratch Ladies faces; Fie upon them, go, go, naughty men; come give me a stroke, I'll beat them.

*Luc*. 'Tis well Sir, and an easie thing to wound a naked woman; but though I bear his mark, if we strike not as deep in our revenge let them despise us, as we do you for being such tame *Dons*, such muzzled Knights that dare onely be furious when women displease you, and yet let these wandering strangers put Bits in your mouths, command and ride you, spur your sides till your hearts are galled, and yet you neither kick nor stumble before them; See if we prove such Jadey slaves as to suffer this---- [*Ex. the women.*]

*Job*. Pray let's follow them; 'twill be good sport to see them tear his hair and scratch his eyes.

*Carlo*. I have no great expectation nor apprehension from their anger; I know their humour too well; but believe it, the *Angelicaes* is a resolv'd hatred, and likely to make a mischief; for he has us'd her so courselly that she rages without all bounds.

*Pedro*. I am glad to see him pay my scores there, for she useth me as ill as he useth her, but I shall spoil his great design, and put him in worse company, and fill his minde with lower thoughts.

*Job*. Were that once past, and she in the Monastery, you would quickly see his fire of straw burnt out. [*Exeunt.*]

## A C T. V. S C E N. II.

*Enter the Bravo's, then enter Thomaso and his Company looking after them.*

*Saretta*. **F**ollow close, I saw him cross the *Piazza*, we'll step into this Church, at the corner you'll be sure to meet him.

*Bravo*. Walk not so fast, people observe it.

[*Exeunt Bravo's and Wenches at two several Doors.*]

*Thom*. There they go; and those Souldiers are they *Bravo's*; mark them and be ready, lest they attempt us.

*Ferd*. Attempt us! why they are fewer than we; Prithee let's beat them first; I'll pick his message out of his mouth with my Dagger; What a pox, it shall never be said, Three Rogues made four of us welk muffled in *Madrid*.

*Harr*. Prithee be quiet, the Game plays it self, onely keep an eye upon them. [*Enter Angellica and Anna.*]

*Thom*. See the *Angellica* and *Anna*; let us step into the Church till they are past.

*Exeunt Thomaso and his company.*

*Ang.*



*Angel.* I saw Don *Pedro* follow us; stay at the Corner and deliver your message. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Serulina and Calis.*

*Serul.* Did you see him, *Calis*?

*Calis.* Yes, Madam, they are before; and We shall overtake them at the Church.

*Serul.* Be diligent, dear *Calis*, for all is at stake, my whole peace lay'd down; 'Tis our first, and last venture, if Fortune frown.

*Calis.* Walk softly, Madam, 'tis he, I'll turn, and speak to him.

*Serul.* Who are these that stand at the Church door?

*Calis.* By my life Don *Pedro* is one of them; step off, and stand close, for I see Don *Thomaso* coming. [*Exeunt both to the door.*

*Enter Cornelio, in Thomaso's Lac'd Suit.*

*Cornel.* So, now I have my Ends too, and perhaps those wits will be catch'd, and their scores pay'd by some as malicious as themselves. *Con* is a fool, yes, yes; But the fool has money and Clothes too.

*The Bravoës peep, and shoot Cornelio, he staggers, and falls upon his face; Serulina and Calis shreek, Serulina falls in a swoon as she comes in.*

*Calis.* Lost, undone, for ever ruin'd.

[*Enter Saretta, Lucetta, and Paulina, at the other door.*

*Paul.* So may all Treacherous Villains be rewarded.

*(Saretta and Lucetta spurn Cornelio as he lies.)*

*Saret.* There lie, insolent, and false; now boast the Affronts you have done us.

*Bravo.* Come away, Ladies, there is no staying here.

*Enter Thomaso and his Friends, they draw, and set upon the Bravoës, they wound and beat them off the Stage. Saretta, Lucetta, and Paulina, run off the Stage when they Fight, and as he pursues them finds Serulina and Calis upon the ground.*

*Thom.* Bloody Villains; ha! what's here; by my life, 'tis she; I know the Ribband, there is the sign; *Harrigo, Edwardo, Ferdinando*, hold, as you love me, here's our business.

*Calis.* Don *Harrigo*?

*Harr.* *Calis*? 'tis she, struck with the mistake of the Clothes.

*Thom.* Do you follow, let me alone to carry her off.

*Thomaso takes up Serulina in his arms, carries her, and the rest follows.* [*Exeunt omnes.*

A C T,

## ACT. V. SCEN. III.

*Enter Pedro, Johanne, and Carlo.*

*Pedro.* Shot ?

*Johan.* **S**I, Shot dead they say, and see where he lies.

*Pedro.* Bloody Devils ; see where they stand at the Church-door, and brave the Act. [*Enter Harrigo, Edwardo and Ferdinando.*

*Harr.* So, that work is well over ; Now let's see what is become of that unlucky fool ; who have we here ? Don *Pedro* and his Company, have they a hand in it ? Sir, this is an Action both unworthy your birth, & Profession, to set a Murderer to revenge your quarrel.

*Ferd.* Death, why do you talk with him, have they not Swords by their sides ? beat them till they draw.

*Edw.* Let's fight for our Lives, 'tis better then be shot like birds sitting ; is this your Spanish Gallantry ? draw your sword, Sir.

*Harr.* Hold, what needs this fury ?

*Pedro.* Be not rash in your passion ; Our innocence makes us pass by your trouble, which we know ought to be concern'd in a friends Murther, though we scorn the guilt of so base an action ; and though there were some reasons to make me unsatisfied with your friend, yet I scorn such a Revenge ; and there stand those that will not deny the Act ; 'tis true, I heard they had some design upon him ; But, by my life and honour, I could not imagine it had been bloody, only some mirth to return his Jest ; else it had been easie to have prevented this mischief, which I should have gladly done ; for by my life, I not only lov'd, but valued him.

*Harr.* This Lazy Villain stays so long with the Surgeon too. Sir, We beg your pardon ; For finding you upon the Place, and having notice of your displeasure, it look'd as if you would have avow'd the action ; and I am glad with all my soul to find Don *Pedro* Innocent.

*Pedro.* Sir, I love my Sister, and shall with all honour endeavour the making of her happy ; but if there be no way to compass it without a Murder, 'tis a rate at which I shall neither purchase hers nor mine own happiness ; Nor did I ever urge any thing injurious against *Thomaso*, for I always esteem'd him a Gentleman, and a Souldier ; One, to whom (I confess) she owes her life and honour ; an Obligation I would gladly have pay'd at a cheaper price then a Sister.

*Harr.* See, he stirs, Help *Fred.*

*(They turn him, and shew his face, and discover 'tis Cornelio.)*

*Paul.* So, now they will find their Errour, and my malicious Friends repent their Folly.

*Johan.* Ha ! *Cornelio* !

*Edw.* Yes, Gentlemen, 'tis *Cornelio*.

*Saret.* Ha, the Captain !

*Lucet.* What Devil put this Ass in the Lyons skin ? We are all undone, and forfeit to his scorn, and the Justice too ; lost and destroy'd by a mistake, and shall perish without Revenge ; who went for the Surgeon ?

*Pedro.*



*Pedro.* I am glad 'tis no worfe; though this be a sad accident, yet the safety of the other will allay the grief, and this mischief but just; for I am confident he was guilty of the design, and has through all the day play'd the spy among us. [*They carry off the body of Cornelio.*]

*Lucet.* *Saretta*, how came this wretched fool in these Clothes?

*Har.* I'll inform you; Do you see this Lady? how do's her goodness upbray'd thy malice, that could'st, for the Revenge of a Jest, design the murder of her Friend? Especially knowing how false the pretence of Sister is; which though she was content to hide, for Interest, yet 'twas folly to believe she would with a lie, and a Murder, satisfy thy malice; fear not, *Paulina*; Thy good nature shall finde friends, when justice and shame has made *Saretta* hide her head. And in short, Know, we heard your Bravoës had no other mark to distinguish *Thomaso* by; then those Clothes which made us fit them to a person, who, you see, is taken in his own Plot.

*Edw.* And, for you, Lady bright, that thought to have had me cold meat in your Kitchin; By this light, I will have that Nose, and flay thee here at the Church door; do not think 'tis your scratch'd face shall excuse you. ---- And but that I fear the whores blood is so invenom'd it would spoil a good sword, the earth should not save thee now. *He has bold of Lucetta all this while.*

*Ferd.* Hold, prithee, 'tis the Hangmans Office; he bleeds them twice a year with a whip.

*Lucet.* 'Tis well nature has arm'd you against us; But if I had thought our Revenge would have been thus slow, I would not have been within the danger of your threats now.

*Pedro.* Sir, this is no time to give you the particulars; else I am confident I could remove all your displeasure against this poor girl.

*Enter Angellica and Anna. Angellica runs to Don Pedro.*

*Angel.* What do you amuse your self at in this mistake? haste, and save your sister; Your modest Maiden sister; I saw her fall in a swoond at the shot, while *Thomaso* and another put her into the Embassadors Coach; She, you, and I, are all lost, if not immediately prevented.

*Pedro.* My Sister? This Rape shall be dearly pay'd for; Cannot a Virgin pay her devotions to the Church without violence? Sure there is Law and Power enough to revenge this.

[*Exit Pedro and his Company.*]

*Edw.* Yes faith, the Gentlewoman is gone; and that damn'd Souldier has all to be married her by this time; What a fool 'tis, to neglect the *Angellica* for *Serulina*? There's not above two hundred thousand Crowns to boot; Nay, nay, be no angry sweet heart, nor do not frown, wee'll find thee another man.

*Angel.* Fools cannot Anger me, especially Stript, beaten, couzen'd fools; I despise their Anger and their praise; and 'twas all my Quarrel with *Thomaso*, for keeping such mouthes company, such Monster-Mongers; and he was in the right in his answer; Alas, what can one expect from Hobynoles, that are cut out of Fools Tymber? Prithee enquire

enquire out Fairs and Feasts, and joyn betimes with some motion men, and go halves in your Monsters ; If your Comrade had not been another kind of man you might have drawn like a Team, in your Trots, e're any Jade of you all had found a Stable in my house ; who now, I fear, is gone for ever.

*Saret.* No matter , would thy heart were burst with Envy, or with Grief ; and may thy Love turn to as great a mischief to thy self, as it has been a Curse to us.

*Edw.* No, no, shee's wife, a shrew'd crafty One, a witch of *Lombardy* ; she Couzen'd ? not she ; her thousand Crowns is but put to use ; *Thomaso*, you know, is turn'd Banker ; Faith I would you had some more Bags to spare, here is a poor Cozen'd fool would so love you for them, so sigh out all your Praises ; I can flatter too, and you know what a pleasure 'tis to be couzen'd in good Language.

*Saret.* 'Twas your vanity and Madnes set him up ; His starv'd soul was tame and lean before, till your folly cherish'd the Frozen Viper, who now has bit us all ; What do we stay here for ? to Invite and Tempt the Justice ? Let's away and preserve Our selves ; Who knows but we may yet gain a Revenge ; 'twas *Paulina's* falshood betray'd us all.

*Angel.* I can resolve of nothing, my mind is so divided. [*Exe. Omn.*]

#### A C T. V. S C E N. IV.

*Enter Thomaso, Serulina, and Calis.*

*Thoma.* **P**RAY be at Peace with your self, and all other storms will cease ; *Harrigo* has sent word there is no danger of Death, the shot having struck no mortal part. I confess, This mischief had like to have spoil'd all, had not my Trick been better then theirs ; For the Bravo had no other mark to know me by ; with which I pay'd two debts, his Treachery, and my Promise ; But I must acknowledge my life and safety to poor *Paulina*.

*Serul.* Where are your Friends ? are they in safety ?

*Thom.* From all but their Monsters.

*Serul.* Pray be serious, are they married ?

*Thom.* 'Tis most certain ; why do you Tremble now ? when by a Miracle all is safe, and your self, the chief part of our Care, in a Place where no Injury can touch you ?

*Serul.* I am not troubled now ; But you cannot expect to finde the mind quiet as soon as the Reason ; The Alarm my fears took cannot be so soon compos'd ; you must allow some time to place again what the storm disorder'd ; 'Tis but a Minute since I found my self miserable ; and this change of happy Fortune had like to have finish'd with Joy the dangers which despair begun ; Nor shall I find a perfect peace till my Brother and you are friends ; and here I make it my first suit to you, that you will for my sake bear with his Passion ; And as he by an Extravagant Anger may express the value of a Sister he conceives lost ; so you will shew your Esteem of me, by bearing patiently his Injury.

*Thom.*



*Thomaso.* I were most unworthy of your Commands, if they did not bind me above all Interest or Passion; But this is a Command so agreeable to my own wish, that I am obliged to it by mine Inclination as well as Obedience, which shall alwayes speak me a faithful and an humble Servant.

*Serul.* Were this storm over, how happy should we be!

*Thomaso.* 'Tis over; onely the fear remains which thus raises these billows in your Heart.

## A C T. V. SCEN. V.

*Enter Edwardo.*

*Edw.* **U**NDone, undone; Fool that I was, covetous, unthankful Fool, undone, for ever undone.

*Enter Ferdinando, pulling in the Mountebank all beaten and torne.*

*Ferd.* Slave, Cheat, Villain, Thief; thou shalt die no other death but boyling in thine own broth to a damn'd jelly, spoon-meat for the Devil thy Master, slave.

*Edw.* *Fred!*

*Ferd.* *Ned!*

*Edw.* O Cursed Rogue, two hundred thousand Crowns in porrage! Let's fley the Rogue ere we boyl him, he'll be the tenderer for the old Devils tooth; A Crooked Rogue with a wry Soul too; he'll lie in the dish like a starv'd Hen with two breast-bones; a carion slave, how he looks!

*Ferd.* This was your doings, *Ned*; I am bound to curse thee; he has spoyl'd the finest little tidy Jewel of a wife, just a wife and no more; Fool, that I was, I must be trying conclusions, and make a Monster of a miracle.

*Edw.* And I, that had all things in plenty; Fool, dull Fool, fortune and wife enough for a Parish, to lose all in a Cullice! I have sought and skumm'd the pot, and cannot find a bit of her; I am afraid the Devil and the Cook were agreed to rob the pot of the whole flesh; what a mess of Eve and pudding will the Letcher have to his Supper!

*[The Mountebank as he lies on the ground.]*

*Mount.* Alas Gentlemen, I am not too blame; your wine and kindness made me forget some Rules; I shall never love Mace, nor tope again; I told you then my brain was weak, nor am I faulty; I did my part, and prepar'd your Baths fit for my experiment; A nobler work had never been done, nor prouder Subject of my Art will never be shewn, had not that cursed Wine made us forget to limit the operation and proportion in the charm, to such or such a form; you should have nam'd some body for similitude or shape; you should have seen what miracle our skill would have perform'd; But I too late, remember your dispute, (which was handsomest) held you so long in resolving, drinking to this, and admiring that Beauty, till you forgot to resolve on one whose name but call'd on in the Charm had stood the form or mould to have cast your wives in. And now when Wine and delay, (your own Crimes) have undone us all, unjustly you punish the chance on me, though your nwo Heart knows the Charm was of high force, and wrought but too effectually.

*They look  
upon each  
other and  
shrugg.*

*Ferdin.* And is there no remedy then? must mine continue in this horrid form?

*Edwardo.* Nor no retriving my wife, is she absolutely lost in *fumo*? Is't possible to fix the broth again and recover her? No Art to save so much as is useful of her? Onely so much, good Sir, as will make a wife but to stand good in Law; I desire no more, pray will you use your Interest with his Highness the Devil, to spare me so much of my wife; there will be enough to make him merry besides.

*Mount.* Alas, 'tis neither in Art nor Nature to relieve you; For I confess, the parings, or chips, as we call them, which the Charm has hewn from the Gyant, are the Devils fees by contract; for which he is bound in exchange to furnish so much of his own store as wanted to build your Dwarf; And your Worship knows, how impossible 'twill be to get a pound of sweet womans flesh out of his hungry kitching.

*Ferdin.* Why then, mine is more then three parts Devil.

*Mount.* Not so, Sir! the stock is onely Devil, the graft was your own little wife inoculated.

*Edwardo.* Now, hast thou found my wife? [Enter Rogero.

*Rogero.* Yes, Sir; We have found her at last, but we were fain to strain the broth from her first, and then we found her lying in the Herbs; 'Tis a fine little Gentlewoman, and she sleeps still.

*Ferdin.* And mine, Rogero, prithee how does she bear her burthen?

*Rogero.* Yours, Sir, is lusty, and walks about the house, starts, and wonders at her self; seems angry with her own shadow, then frowns, and listens as if she were frighted; she will not believe she is her self; yet she knows me, and wonders why I call her by her name; she asks for you, then pinches and pricks her self till she squeeks again, ere she would believe that load at her back and belly belong'd to her; in earnest, Sir, 'tis a sad sin to wrong them thus.

[Enter the Guardian.

*Guard.* Gentlemen, is the Report true? have you murther'd your wives? The Town is full of such a mischief.

*Ferdin.* Fie, no Sir; murther'd them? my wife's gone out just before you; we onely try'd the foolish experiment of the Baths, which the famous man professes that sold us the admirable powder.

*Guard.* What Baths?

*Edwardo.* Those of excellent virtue, which make a Dwarf a Gyant, or Gyantize a Dwarf; rendring any person bath'd therein, great or little, as you desire; And we, to express our Affections to our dear wives, willing to spare no cost, forsooth, when their good was concern'd, employed this Artist to prepare two privately; which, by a mistake, or rather omission of some Ceremonies, the unlimited remedies have wrought a little beyond our desires, and have boyl'd away so much of my wife, as I fear the remainder will be of no use; But she is very well in health, and the heartiest little thing, as much Soul as ever; what was a Marble Rock before is contracted into a Diamond; if you'll please to go in; you shall see her, she lies so fine and quiet in her cradle; but she'll grow every day now the Spring comes on.

*Ferdin.*



*Ferdin.* And mine had a mischance to be cast into an evil mould, and is come out like a wry bullet ; But we'll mend all these misfortunes, by being the best Husbands ; and you must speak a good word for us to reconcile the business , and we will yet be more grateful to you for past kindnesse ; Come, *Ned* , let's wait on our noble Kinsman to dinner, and drink down this sorrow.

*Guard.* Gentlemen , this is no drinking nor jesting matter ; I must desire you'll restore the money and Jewels you have received ; Besides an Accompt, before the Justice of both my wards ; where your unlawful using of witchcraft to win them, and now to murder them , shall be presented to the Inquisition ; who, I hope, will not see a couple of lewd Hereticks to murder their Wives, and rob the true Heires of the Estate ; I'll find the Justice for you, and he shall sing your *Epithalamium*. [Exit Guardian.]

*Ferdin.* Witchcraft and Murther ? Fine points for a Member of the English Church to answer in a Spanish Inquisition ! Now do I smell the faggots and the fire, or a rope, for fooling.

*Edwardo.* Not onely lose our fortunes, but come to make a Holly-day for idle folks ! For my part, I am so angry at my luck I care not if I be hangd ; 'tis all the remedy that's left us ; Pox on't, 'tis but an ill quarter of an hour ; and when 'tis past, let Fortune kiss me where I sat a Saturday ; I'll even go hang my self, and be reveng'd of a *Croyden* fool.

*Ferdin.* I and *Thomaso* how he'll Triumph upon this second chance ! His Tongue will sting worse then the *Boatswaines* pistle, if our sentence do find so much grace as the Galley.

*Edwardo.* But first we'll spoyle your Quacking, Sirrah, you dog ; Help *Fred*, by this flesh, you go into your own porrage ; and let me alone to call upon your proportion, as high as my wife, and four times as big, with a stomach equal ; I'll secure you from the Gallies, Sirrah.

*Mount.* Oh noble Gentlemen, have mercy upon me , let my Art plead ; You know who dies with me, the age is wounded, Nations will perish with my secrets ; No mercy ! no pity ! Spare me and I'll redeem all yet.

*Edwardo.* So, there's one Rogue fitted:

*Ferdin.* There are three in already, who are they ?

*Edwardo.* No matter who, I have taken an order for their size ; We'll have such a nest of Gyants to revenge my quarrel against the Country ; I hope they'll plant again the race of true *Moors* and *Saracens* in this damn'd Nation ; four such Gyants will destroy them with two of the three Curses, Sword, and Famine ; I am sure *Castile* cannot feed them, nor fight with them without Auxiliaries ; I am resolv'd I'll flie this unlucky clime.

[Enter Rogero.] *Rog.* There are some Gentlemen without desire to speak with you

*Edwardo.* Prithee call them in.

[Enter Don Pedro, Carlo, and Johanne.]

*Ferdin.* More mischief yet ! what fart blew them hither ?

*Pedro.* Gentlemen, I come to inquire for a Sister ; I am told

he knows the way to this House, and so shall I if not restor'd.

*Edwardo.* Have you lost a Sister, is it a great or little Sister?

*Johanne.* She was no Monster, Sir.

*Ferdin.* 'Twas strange, considering who claims her.

*Pedro.* This Injury will not pass thus; we shall find a way to take a serious and a strict account from some of you.

*Edwardo.* Sir, there are none here but what are in the pot; We have no leisure to think of you nor your losses; We have business and losses of our own; Our Wives and two hundred thousand Crowns boyld to nothing, couzen'd and cheated by a damn'd Mountebank; but the slave is in pickle for it.

*Ferdin.* Yes, Sir; 'tis we that are couzen'd the second and third time, fools in grain, and stand fair to burnt or hang'd too; Judge then whether we are in stealing case; A pox on Bathing, I shall never love broth nor spoon-meat again; Would any man have thought liquor would have been our Enemy?

*Johanne.* Come, Sir; let's lose no time, you see she is not here, and haste to the Embassadors; you may stay short, while I can inform my self.

[Exit Pedro, Johanne, and Carlo.]

*Ferdin.* Where is the Guardian?

*Rogero.* Gone, Sir, long since.

*Edwardo.* Gone? Heark, *Fred*; There is no dallying nor fooling in this case; therefore let us haste, and pack up the money, and save our selves in the Embassadors House, before the Justice seize us; we shall never be Innocent if they know we have that guilt about us; and let *Rogero* shut up all the doors, and follow us when he has done.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

Enter Angellica, and Paulina.

*Angel.* MY Heart's at ease since I saw the mistake; and 'twas but Justice to let that seditious fool fall into that mischief he design'd for others; 'Twas he that embroyld us all; the necessitous fool, to get a fleece from every mans flock, plaid the woolf one day, and the Shep-herd another.

*Paulina.* I was amaz'd at nothing more then to hear them brag that you would joyn in the Murther of one you lov'd.

*Angel.* And I wonder at your Sisters Hatred.

*Paulina.* Sister? That's a story I shall clear some other time.

*Angel.* You have reason, and we ought to consider our safety; for though we are both innocent from the blood of that fool, yet we know how busie the Justice will be to squeeze as many into the guilt as he can, either as Accessories, or Actors in the crime; Therefore I'll take my leave of you, and retire to the Venetian Embassadour's; where my people will, by this, expect me with what they can save of value in my House.

*Paulina.* I believe I shall be safe under the English Armes, from whence (since we have made this Friendship) you shall constantly hear from me.

*Angel.*



*Angel.* Pray let me; and be so just to let him know how innocent I have been in this design; and all my crimes were but so many loves of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

*Enter* Harrigo, Thomafo, Ferdinando, *and* Edwardo.

*Thom.* **A** Re you serious?

*Edm.* I, by this unlucky day, undone for ever; not only lost the Birds but our selves too; unless with these feathers we can make us wings to fly to our safety, if you will not protect us from the Justice and their Guardian.

*Har.* That Guardian is a Jew, a Rogue, I know him, and he'll undo you all; a Bath say you, lost in a Bath!

*Edm.* You know what the Mountebank profest the other day; see, here are his Papers, this is his Powder, and a sovereign one; I'de not give this Dose for the best Diamond in *Europe*: now the secrets gone, do not taste it, unless you mean to run mad for love of me; and I have vexations enough without the addition of such a mischief. Travel, Quoth you? a moneth of such days as I have past will give a man experience enough to be a Witch, if he be so unlucky as to scape hanging.

*Har.* And what wilt thou do with that Powder?

*Edw.* I'll travel till I find some small Princess that pleaseth me, and give it her; with a dose of this I can chuse my woman through the world; and 'twere not for that satisfaction this loss would kill me.

*Ferd.* Nay, By this hand, I'll betray him; he has a Plot upon the *Angellica* with it; she's handsome and rich; and I heard him swear, even now, he thought he should never thrive till he had married one of your season'd Grass-widows.

*Edw.* By my troth, I had as live take her as a Cag'd Nymph, a mew'd Maid from a Grate in a Nunnery that acts what she can, and wishes the rest; whose Maiden-head is a prisoner at the best: all this and more I am arm'd against; and foresaw your mirth and scorn when I got her, and the joy now when you should hear I had lost her: but I am resolv'd, if my Powder do not thrive, to put half my stock in a venture, and away for the Indies, and live where these stories were never heard of.

*Thom.* The Indies!

*Edw.* Yes, the Indies; where we are promis'd six black wives apiece, smooth and comely beauties, naked truths, *Eves*, in the state of innocence, Girles that will neigh and fight for my bed.

*Thom.* Bless the man! three couple of Moores in thy bed! they'll hunt thee to death.

*Ferd.* Hunt their hunt, we are resolv'd, Sir; six plump, smooth, pregnant Girles a piece is the bargain, with flat-noses all, for convenience of kissing, with brave swell'd lips, *Cupid's* Cushions; so soft and sweet, the Rogues dew is sweet in the *Dog-days*; their very sweat

sweat Aromaticque and Balsam'all ; upon these we resolve to plant a *Croyden* Justice, and an *Essex* Captain of the tame bands ; and I warrant thee the seed will thrive.

*Edw.* Your *Fourbisher*, your *Magellan*, your *Drake* and *Rawley* ; all consent your Moors woman has no fellow in nature ; she's your black Garden-mould, the same rich earth *Adam* digg'd in, so full of nature and strength the Sun dwells in her ; and will send forth such Clusters of Boys and Girles, such straw, and such an ear ; so full, so clean, the Cradles will not hold the Barnes : our barren cold red and white clay knows no such harvest ; all the streams the Sun sucks from the parch'd earth you will find in the woman there, as full and luscious as the Greek Vine ; and 'tis true pleasure to pluck a Girle there, so full of juyce she'll fill the Press ; and there women shew their true virtue and their use.

*Har.* Methinks *Edwardo* is an apt Scholar ; and now you are leaving the world, given over by Matrimony to a wedded Bed, even make your will, and entail your Batchelors opinion on him ; I would see this Testament sign'd, for I perceive he's resolv'd to succeed you in the Wanderer ; and 'twill not be an ill journey, Sir, though I'm afraid it will be a long one if you travel till you lose the Justice of Peace : consider upon the business till I return ; I must be gone for fear my stay may bring some misfortune to poor *Paulina*, who will suffer if I provide not for her safety ; and her kindness deserves all our care.

*Thom.* Dear *Harrigo*, find her, and use all possible means to bring her here.

*Har.* Leave that to me ; but you must not fail to give her a present for old kindness sake, since you resolve to see her no more.

*Thom.* I shall not need, there is one within will do it for me, who resolv'd it as soon as I told her 'twas she that sav'd my life : and she now is as kind to *Paulina* as I have been, and loves her for loving me ; she longs to see her, and hopes to perswade her into a Monastery.

*Har.* I'll be gone ; but pray be you two private here till I inform my self how your business stands with the Justice ; and 'twill not be amiss to accuse the Guardian of conspiracy, and try if you can fright him from the pursuit ; I'll ask counsel in the business.

[Exit *Harrigo*.

*Ferd.* Well, Sir ; how goes your business ? better I hope than ours.

*Thom.* I am married too, and settled, I believe, for a hundred years, or so ; if I fall not into a kettle.

*Edw.* Well, Sir ; let the Kettle boil ; and know her Brother is in pursuit of you ; he came to our house to inquire, Pox upon the sad hour, 'tis full of unbidden guests I fear by this time ; we durst not stay to eat our dinner ; and if you give us not some food and remedy for care, a bottle or two apiece to chide sorrow, we are lost ; all the foes of man arm against us.

*Thom.* I warrant you for meat ; those days of affliction are over sure ; a Wife and no meat ! 'twere sin as well as folly to beg single, and



and double too ; no, *Ned* ; I always told you when ever I married I would be happy and honest.---See who comes here ; Sweet heart, prithee, let me present my widow'd friends to you.

*Enter Serulina and Callis.*

*Serul.* They are most welcome, and so are all that bear that title.

*[They salute her.]*

*Ferd.* What a delicate taste an honest womans lips have above a small sinners ? I shall never relish a Whores again, I fear ; I wonder what Country my good fortune is fled to ; I have neither Powder, Wife nor Whore, to build upon ; was ever Gentleman-traveller so out of Cash and Conversation as I am ? would I were at *Paris*, or the *Hague*, again ; did I leave those places of pleasure and quiet civil life to come to this where mischiefs only swarm ; whose very air is lowsie, and that curse would destroy the Country but for another curse that wars with it, that of the dust which flies so hot it would fire powder as it passes ; ev'ry sand is so many sparks in the air : yet here we walk in this furnace without a miracle.

*Thom.* Nay, then I despair of thee ; can one affliction make thee compare *Holland* to *Spain* ? Oh the Fish-pots and Butter of that *Egypt* without a River ; whose Mist of ignorance hangs upon them still, and though the English *Olivers* rod be over them, yet their hearts are hardned against poor Cavaliers ; I thought this heat would have sweat out all the kindness thou suck'dst in with *Rotterdam* Beer : but I'me afraid 'twill stay as long as the gravel in the Kidneys ; the fruits of Hop's, Turneps, and Pickl'd-herrings which paves the back.

*Ferd.* For all this Satyre, the Flesh and Fish is such as your *Madrid* has not shewn us the like in her lean Shambles and starv'd Markets, where the Priests are fain to conjure for Fish, by throwing Tubfuls of Tripes into the water ; and then by vertue of a Bull by *Ignatius's* name, command that they be fish ; and they have faith enough to eat it afterward, and swear there is bones in it too, transubstantiated Tripes : a true Papist Catholick would distinguish what fish he eats with bread of yesterday ; for there is nothing but the Wafer bak'd in the City, and 'tis well they have this trick of fishing by miracle ; for that which comes naturally to the Market, those in the Zodiack are as fresh and sweet, and lay less in the Sun then the Salmon we eat last ; it walk'd like a vision before us for twenty days upon a Mule ; and yet past for fresh, even at the Catholick Kings own board. You us'd to eat such at *Woods* in the *Hague* ?

*Thom.* Who will deny *Holland* has Fish, or who can say they have Flesh ? By this light, their Flesh is Fish, and their Fowl fly-Turf ; their Birds but feather'd Fish ; and their Fish finn'd Mud : all you see, smell or taste, is Fish ; 'tis indeed so many Provinces of Fish-street.

*Ferd.* Yet I have seen you sigh and dye for one of these dishes of Milk ; *Madamoiselle*, what do you call her, *Ned* ?

*Thom.* Skel-fish.

*Ferd.* Pish, *Madamoiselle*.

*Thom.* *Van Knowles, Van Cates.*

*Ferd.*

*Ferd.* Prithee leave fooling ; Lord, *Ned*, you know her ; 'tis the  
*Ufrow Van*----

*Thom.* Stoff, or *Cabillio* ?

*Ferd.* The *Heer Van*-----

*Thom.* *Forman*, *Skipper*, *Crves* and *Buord* ?

*Ferd.* Nay, then you are resolv'd.

*Thom.* By this hand, I have nam'd all the great Names and Families in the Country ; except the Royal *Orange* ; which they have so squeez'd with a clinch, they shall be sure to have my curse.

*Ferd.* Yet last year they were so fair, so white, so smooth, so proper ; I have seen you frown and sigh at the sight ; the grand Mistress shall know what a Knight she has of you.

*Thom.* One Swallow makes no Summer ; though 'tis confess'd the flesh is white, and such as if I would eat a Girl it should be a Dutch-girl, a North *Holland* child, 'tis pure *Vitello*, *Mungany*, or *Capon de Lecho*, as white and sweet as either ; and when 'tis wean'd, the Pigs, her Foster Brothers, that suck'd with her, are as good as she ; In earnest, Madam, a *Rotterdams* Pig, taken from my Hostesses own breast ; dost remember, *Ned*, when we stole the Sowes-baby out of the Cradle where the kind Nurse had hid it ? 'twas cruel *Ned* that kill'd it : the Neighbours ran together at the cry ; and as if we had kill'd her first born, it put all the house in mourning, till Sack and Sugar allay'd the grief.

*Edm.* I remember 'twas at the Saint *John's* head, and it prov'd the purest Babe of grace ; it would have tempted a Jew as it lay in the dish ; old Satan of the *Differ*, and a Scot his Host, in spite of *Moses* fell to the Rost.

*Differ, which  
is Will  
Murrey, L.  
Differ.  
Will Crofts,  
T. Killig.  
Jack Den-  
ham.*

*Ferd.* 'Twas where we met Embassadour *Will*, and Resident *Tom*, with M. Sheriffs Secretary, *John* the Poet with the Nose ; all *Gondiberts* dire Foes ; from *Poland* laden with the spoils of what do you lack, Sir ; and all the Scotch Pedlars Packs on their backs, Sir.

*Serul.* I am pleas'd to find you all in so good humour ; and would bear my part were my Brother and you friends in your heart.

*Thom.* The Embassadour sent a civil Message to him ; and had an Answer both kind and serious, and is now gone himself to speak with him ; and I believe all will end in Comedy, since *Cornelio's* mischief is not mortal ; this story of the Baths will make fit mirth for a Wedding.----*Harrigo*, haste thou found her ? [Enter Har.

*Har.* Yes, she's without, but asham'd, and afraid both ; to see your Lady ; shall I fetch her in ?

*Serul.* Yes, pray Don *Harrigo*, I long to see her.

*Thom.* No, I'll do't my self ; for there is nothing of shame belongs to the kindness of yesterday ; the obligations of to day bear their own date ; and faults hereafter are crimes to you ; what's past is upon mine own score.

*Enter*



*Enter Harrigo, and Paulina; Thomaſo meets her, and leads her to Serulina; ſhe bows to her, Serulina kiſſes her, and holds her in her arms.*

*Serul.* Come, no more tears; I would not have you ſtain my wedding day with your griefs; 'tis ominous to weep on Hymens Altar; pray be not ſad.

*Paul.* There is a guilt and ſhame, as well as ſadneſs in theſe tears; and I muſt hope for nothing but certain miſery from your joys; your virtue may ſmile, you have all the cauſes joy can bring you; in birth happy, in love and fortune bleſt, and in innocence, which crowns the reſt. Yet heaven witneſs, I envy not your youth her peace; for though I cannot be innocent my ſelf, I am not ſo wicked but I can adore both her and virtue in the breſts of others; nor do I lament a grief that has ſurpriz'd me; 'tis long ſince my heart diſcover'd his; and they are fond women, who ſtain'd with our crimes can hope to weep gallant men into ſuch madneſs as to leave the bleſſings the fair and vertuous *Serulina* brings, to bluſh their lives with us.

*Serul.* Pray ceaſe this grief, and know my heart has no ſevere thoughts; I can ſee your good and overſee your error, which I know has many arguments to plead; and if heartily repented leaves your heart as innocent as if it had never been acted.

*Paul.* Cuſtom, impious cuſtom, is guilty of all my ſins, by being the original of all my crimes; whoſe deprav'd liberty not only tolerates, but encourages thoſe follies whoſe guilt I bluſh before ſuch a virtue as the fair and innocent *Serulina*; who has not only honour, but mercy too. Other women may be chaſte, but they are ſo rigid and ſo cruel to our faults; and their counſels ſo full of whips and ſtings, it rather incenſes and hardens then reclaimſ a heart; nor doth their ill nature care to make a convert amongſt us, ſo they may have the vanity to make a Satyr upon us; but here I find the Baſam of true innocence; which is not ſo proud, or vain in her own bleſt condition, as ſollicitous to preſerve and redeem others: and here I ſee the true ſtock of honour, which in your generous breſt has diviner forms and fruits then we can know or imagine in our ſick ſtate; yet I dare boaſt never to have broke the Laws ſhe preſcrib'd to our ſex, faithful, kind, conſtant and obedient to our Lovers, concern'd only in their good, never betraying or abandoning their truſt.

*Serul.* I ſwear there are charms in her tongue, her very griefs are bewitching; what would her mirth and kindneſs do? how graceful, how delightful, when her ſadneſs is thus lovely, thus catching; infectious grief has made me ſad in ſpite of this days joy.

*Thom.* Though this fault be folly in ſtrict ſence; yet you ſee we have ſometimes ſome reaſon to love theſe Girls; and I am confident I'll never want that excuſe; you ſhall always find a handsome witty cauſe of my ſin at leaſt.

*Serul.* Have you no thoughts of retiring, now? methinks, in this handsome ſorrow you ſhould have a ſenſe of your condition, ſuch

as might prompt you to the abandoning this world ; and listen to all those Angels that summon the heart : hark how they call ; see where vertue stands, and beckens thee to come ! prithee, dear *Paulina*, go, and spend some of that youth and beauty with her, try but the difference ; what a peace and calm thy mind will feel, there is no thorns nor dangers ; thy quiet mind fortune and death it self despising : Oh, that thou couldst be so early wise ; what Jewel would I not give to see thee become my penitent ! and once in the *Magdalenes*, what joy it would be to me to converse with such beauty, and such goodness, in the glory of a repentance ! your friend too shall visit you ; dear *Paulina*, consider what I say, and look back upon those dangers both of rocks and seas thou daily venturest in this little barque, how ill guided, and worse man'd, thy youth must be to struggle with those storms and tempests which the world threatens thy beauty having no compass nor star to steer by.

*Paul.* The *Magdalenes*, Madam ; though I bow to your goodness, yet I perceive your Ladiship knows not the place : I was bred sometime amongst 'em, and from my knowledge of their customs take leave to say it ; when I retire from the world it shall not be into a Nunnery, for I am resolv'd to be honest when ever I profess it ; a Nunnery will only add a dissimulation and sacrilege to my fault ; and 'tis less sin and shame to yield to the flatteries of young men then the lust and force of old women ; I speak a known truth of their too common crimes ; young strange women there shall suffer more pollution and rapes then in sack'd Cities.

*Thom.* The *Magdalenes*, my heart ! why, if I would breed a *Thais* or another *Lais*, or put *Ovid* again to School to learn a new art of love, I would send him to study at the grate of the Convertines, where *Aretine* should be made an ass, and blush the publishing his dull postures, compar'd to the ingenious lust that's practis'd in their cells.

*Paul.* My own house is far from chaste, but 'tis a Church, compar'd to theirs ; whose crimes have such blackness in them persons of your honour can neither imagine, nor believe.

*Thom.* How can the world expect better from such multipli'd devils in a nest assembled by want, or condemn'd by the Law for some horrid crime ? the most innocent enter in passion, or drove by the despair of some discontent ; and though divers causes bring them, all are forc'd ; no one whom reason, honour, or conscience guides, which makes them when they have recover'd the anger, fear and despair that threw them in, their minds turn to the old vomit ; for their hearts are slaves still to the same lusts, and burn with the same desires, whose fires are increas'd with the thoughts of past faults, which they are so far from repenting, as with double sin they act them o're again, while the spirit of lust plays two parts alone, the lover and the loved, till what was fornication in their house becomes Sodomy in their Cell ; two or three pill'd sins Nunns wear, 'tis not honour, nor conscience binds ; double grates can only keep them from breaking of their vows ; and were not the hangman of more terror then the Confessor, you should see what swarms their hives would send forth.

*Edw.* I would you would leave this subject, and think of dinner, and take your convert with you.

*Serv.*



*Serul.* I would she were my convert, I would not only dine with her, but fast for her, in hopes of such a blessing.

*Paul.* Truly, Madam; I'm resolv'd, at least to change the place, if not my life, to avoid all occasions of being a further trouble to you and your fortune; for since we are both struck with one Dart, the *Angellica* and my self are design'd for *Italy*, to seek a remedy by absence; she only begs you will forgive her sending your Letter to *Don Pedro*, it being the only crime you can accuse her of; and by this journey avoid the trouble of seeing what can only be our afflictions.

*Thom.* There is nothing of anger, but much of kindness due to both: and since you resolve upon that journey, I am confident you will find them both a kind and civil Nation; and here is a Lover begs you will wear this Ring in memory of her and your kindness yesterday. The *Angellica* shall have her thousand crowns again, 'twas the first money I ever got by the sex; and I cannot but wonder at their narrow minds, as well as their fortunes that can be so poorly spirited as to design farther then the kindness of a woman. I have bought many in my time, but never yet either ask'd or got more of a woman then her flesh. What you'll do, Madam, I know not.

*Serul.* Where I give my faith and friendship I shall never refuse my fortune; and I wonder as much at them who can give their persons and deny their goods, as you do at those who prostitute themselves for money.

*Paul.* Madam, I shall wear this favour to my grave; for I perceive 'tis a debt I owe your goodness; and if your husband doth not change his nature you will not repent your kindness: for *Don Thomaso* had always a heart greater then his fortune; and his presents still held proportion with his love, rather then with his money.

*Serul.* I will not afflict you farther, but wish you a happy journey; and will still hope better resolutions then you promise; for 'tis impossible good nature should be wilfully and resolvedly wicked: 'tis true, Nature has her weakness, and vanity or want may sometimes counsel us against our hearts; and therefore, when ever you can resolve, here am I that will remove those difficulties; and as long as I have any fortune you shall not have that excuse, to become as fit for my love as the kind *Paulina* is for my my pity: Come, you must dine with us.

*Paul.* I should gladly receive the honour, Madam, if I durst avow my being here.

*Thom.* Come, no fears; thy innocency shall be as publick as thy kindness; and as long as I have friends, or fortune, they shall both protect thee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

# ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Don Pedro, and Carlo.*

*Pedro.* Did you see my Sister?

*Carlo.* No, Sir; she desir'd to be excus'd till the Embassadour had spoken with you.

*Ped.* What answer had you from him?

M m m 2

*Car.*

*Carlo.* He confess'd they were married, and was highly satisfied with the civility of your Message; and bid me assure you all the satisfaction you could expect in honour; and that he would immediately wait upon you himself; his Coach was ready when I came out; and I saw him pass the *Piazza* now; it would not be amiss you were in readiness to receive him.

*Pedro.* Call *Johanne*, and get the people in readiness.

*Carlo.* There is no struggling in this case, Sir; the being of years to chuse; 'twas a mischief might have been prevented; but 'tis not to be redeem'd. [Exit.

# ACT. V. SCEN. IX.

*Enter Harrigo, Edwardo, Ferdinando, and Paulina.*

*Har.* **Y**OU must excuse us, we cannot stay, but we'll be with you in a minute; we expect the Embassadors return; Don *Pedro* is coming with him to make a peace between him and *Thomaso*; when that business is over, we'll find you; in the mean time, dear *Paulina*, I'll leave you Mistress of my Chamber; and Gentlemen, look you be civil to this Lady. [Exit Harrigo.

*Edw.* Faith, *Paulina*, I am thinking 'tis but a folly for us to part, being of one mind; for this is no place for the *Edwardos* neither; the air doth not agree with me; especially now they have got the trick of beating and couzening me, I shall never be safe; and home I'm resolv'd not to go, for I have seen the new Catechism; and though I can lay hold of sin by as lively a resolution as any, yet wickedness is so ill drest, so stoln, and so oppress'd; sin doth not favour in that cold air as in this hot climate; the Cooks and Sauce are better here, though the sin and flesh be the same; and now they have spoil'd Wed-lock too; for unless a Wench can steal a man, and run away with him, she must lye alone.

*Ferd.* Faith, Child, having heard your resolutions we are resolv'd (if you and the *Angellica* like our humours) to bear you company into *Italy*; look you *Paulina*, we have not lost all; though the Birds be flown, there are some thousands of Pistols yet, and Jewels, to a sum large enough (I warrant you) to maintain a Souldiers life, which in honour must not be long, for fear of the Proverb: A gray Souldier.

*Edw.* Is it a match? shall we remove the Scene to *Italy*, and swear Comrades? *Fred* and I have a mind to wander with such Planets: young and kind Constellations cannot chuse but have good influence upon mirth: dare you venture your self in our Sphears! I'll undertake to prevail with the *Angellica*.

*Paul.* If she consent, I'll agree, else I cannot; for I am already oblig'd to her and her company.

*Ferd.* If it be a bargain, *Ned* shall give us a Supper at parting; I long to see *Italy*, and taste the description the Rogue useth to make of it, such Wine, such Women, such Musick; and then his heart fires a volley of sighs to their memory; and then a Carnival, such



such as would make a man curse his lot that fell on this side the Hills, as if 'twere out of the bounds of Gods blessings: at thy supper, *Ned*, he shall repeat our lesson; put him but in the humour, and 'twill be both counsel and comfort.

*Edw.* My supper! no *Fred*, no more suppers; I prithee do not so much as mention meat in *Madrid*, there is a curse follows it; I'll not eat again upon mine own score while I am in it; 'twould make a man swear a fast, to think upon the ill luck has follow'd my feasts; and makes me resolve to commit that kind of fault no more; if ever I fill a womans belly at that end again, let them play *Lucetta's* part; I find feasts and banquets are follies of a high rate, *Fred*: and when a man has laid out his money that way; what return doth it yield? Fah, it stinks to name it; and woe be to that bottle of Sack I lay my hands on first; he shall pay for all these griefs.

*Ferd.* And my sorrows are as ready to do you reason as any thirsty sinner in *Madrid*; Come child, be merry, and learn of us to despise sorrow; we'll make thy journey short, and so laugh over these old stories.

*Paul.* I shall not be the saddest in the company, Sir, since I find others have their crosses too: Fellows in misery make the burthen light; 'tis the single loan grief in jolly troops that to all is heavy still, and wounds both the seer and the seen. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. X.

*Enter Pedro, Thomaso, and Carlo.*

*Pedro.* **T**Is past, Sir, and forgot; the name of Brother hath wip'd all other titles from my heart but that of friend, which shall be faithfully preserv'd for you; I know you have honour, and that will make you use her like your self; and still remember how she has preferr'd your friendship before either her Family or her Fortune; pray let me see her, Sir.

*Thom.* Prithee, *Harrigo*, wait upon her in, and desire the company to follow, 'tis late; and we'll to dinner; this had been a merry day if my friends had not lost their Brides; is there no possibility to get them deliver'd to the protection of their Husbands? 'tis the State, not they are guilty to permit such witchcraft to be practis'd in the City.

*Pedro.* That will rest in the breast of the inquisidor, who must be dealt with for a sum of money; who, else, I fear will make their portions as great a crime as the Bathes have been.-----Sister, I wish you all clear and perfect joy, such as your kindest thoughts have promis'd; and, dear *Serulina*, I conjure you not to mistake my past severity; 'twas neither want of value or kindness for either, but a desire to have seen you married into a Family which you know might have given us both advantage: but since 'tis your fortune to fix upon this Gentleman, with all my soul I wish there may be no change in your fortune, but live and dye happy in one another.

*Enter Serulina and all the company, Don Pedro goes and sees his Sister.*

thers Friendship ; And I hope she will not be the less welcome to you when a Brother and a servant thus presents her , the Reward of your first Generous Action : The Portion I shall see with all diligence paid ; and 'tis now the season and Q for mirth, that I may have some share in your Joyes, 'twill, I hope, be neither unseasonable nor unreasonable to expect you should relinquish to me *Angellica* , who, upon my credit, had no hand nor interest in the Murther design'd this day.

*Thomaso*. I am confident she had not ; and though her kindness may want discretion, yet she wants not good Nature ; and I shall not onely relinquish, but use all my power with her to admit *Don Pedro*, and onely him ; for by *Serulina*'s Faith I vow to be as faithful to her Friendship now, as ever I was to my humour before.

*Paulina*. Your desires will come too late ; for I know the *Angellica*'s Resolutions are fixt upon a return to *Venice* ; and I am resolv'd to bear her company.

*Ferdin*. Yes faith, and we are all of a Troop if we can escape the Justice ; Nothing but Witchcraft and Murther stayes us ; would *Rogero* were return'd, that we might know our doom.

*Pedro*. Is this serious ? Or does the *Angellica* say this to Alarm my Heart with her departure ?

*Edwardo*. Yes faith, Sir ; We are all for *Italy* if the Hang-man do not lie in the way ; and merrily we will spend the chippings of the Monsters ; here's as much left of Sir *Mammons* hopes as would cure the Itch in a hot Countrey.

*Pedro*. And what shall I do alone in an empty house ? How say you, *Carlo*, shall you and I make up the Covey ? Shall we be welcome, *Paulina* ?

*Paulina*. I am certain, Sir, you will be most welcome to all the Company ; and a year or two well spent abroad will bury all the wild stories we leave behind ; which is the chief cause makes me resolve upon the Journey.

*Pedro*. Sister, you were yesterday all my care, and now *Don Thomaso* has blown that fear over ; Faith take the house into your Protection too ; for *Carlo* and I am resolved to spend a year or two in *Italy* upon this occasion ; The General once offer'd me a command in *Millain* ; if I like the people and the place, I'll take it ; if not, 'tis a Journey of Pleasure ; the season is good, and the Company better.

*Thomaso*. Sir, I am now ally'd to you ; and there are many reasons, besides the kindness to your person, would make me wish your stay ; yet all interest laid aside, 'tis not onely my opinion, but my desire you should take this Resolution ; and if you be not as highly satisfied with the journey, the people, and the place, as any you have yet seen, I'll forfeit the charge.

*Pedro*. I am resolv'd ; and now, *Serulina*, all cause of Jealousie being past betwixt us, be freely and clearly kind to your Brother, who here vows to my dear Sister all that her Heart can expect from one that loves and values her ; and to give you one  
Argument



Argument to believe it, look you choose me a wife against I come howe.

*Enter Rogero.*

*Thomaso.* How now, *Rogero*, what news?

*Rogero.* All is well, Sir; The Justices came immediately as you went out, and have seiz'd all the goods they found. But those Prodigies in the Baths has made them flie the House; Four such Gyants, Sir *Amadis*, nor the *Palmerins* ever encountred; The German guards are now in Arms to seize them, *Scarramucha* is come out a Lady, as big again as Don *Edwardo's*; And there is a Lady come forth *Scarramucha*, a Gyant amongst Gyants; She doth so wonder at her Beard and Breeches, for she has *Helena's* old Whores Soul in a mans Body; 'twas sport to see the wonder, and what a start she gave at the Ammunition of her own Breeches. The Mountebank keeps his own Features, but in a horrid form; and threatens black destruction to you all: His wife too is one of the loveliest forms and perfect symmetry that such a Monster can present to the judging eye; *Celia* in Youth and Beauty, such as when her charming Hand and Voice led *Rome* in Chains; Yet she is still frighted with the power of that Charm that first enslav'd her, and would hide or flie the Anger and the Love of him who now with frowns and severe looks threatens all; They quickly made the Inquisidors leave the House; which gave me occasion to tell them you were Travellers, guilty onely in the trying a publick experiment; Men that had not a sold to lose, poor cashier'd Cavalliers; whom their Guardian had couzen'd of their Portions, and I'de undertake, for a piece of money, should quit your Interest to them; upon which they seiz'd the Guardian, and expect Don *Harrigo* to treat your Interest; You are sure he's in the Gallies for his Life, and his Estate confiscate to the Church; Your wives will be Prisoners during Life; for to lie with them is held Copulation with the Devil.

*Ferdin.* The summ in hand, did not the Guardian tell of that, nor require Restitution?

*Rogero.* Not a word; he durst not mention that for fear of confessing my accusation; which has nam'd him as a party that conspir'd with the Witch.

*Edwardo.* Ha! not onely free, but hopes of more money; Pri-thee let *Harrigo* treat the Consolation; I will not have above a hundred thousand Crowns; 'tis more then a Souldier of our party ought to possess, unless he will eat alone; for where a Devil shall we find two more to make up our mess?

*Ferdin.* While we feed upon this Ayre, I have a Mind to a reall dinner; for I am a thirsty and a hungry sinner.

*Thomaso.* Love hath his Famine too and Thirst, that drinks the Blood, while the sighing Heart becomes his Food. But we a  
more

more propitious Deity have found ; which with smiling Fates,  
and full Joyes, our Loves has crown'd ; And now, Madam, all  
Fears and Tyranny of the Boy must be remembred onely as  
the salt and seasoning of this Joy ; Whil'st chearful *Hymens* Nup-  
tial Treasures invites to new and surprizing pleasures ; Such, as I in  
all my curious search could never find ; Embraces that are as chaste  
as kind : And I conjure you all, where ere you go, proclaim what I  
shall still adore ; The Virtue of this Star, bright *Serulina*, whose  
Friendship thus has fixt the Wanderer. [Exeunt.

---

FINIS.

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THE FIRST PART  
OF  
Bellamira her Dream:  
OR, THE  
Love of Shadows.  
A  
TRAGI-COMEDY,  
The Scene *NAPLES* and *SICILY*.

---

Written in *VENICE*,  
BY  
*THOMAS KILLIGREW*.

---

DEDICATED  
TO THE  
Lady *MARY VILLIERS*  
*DUCHESS*  
OF  
*RICHMOND* and *LENEX*.

---

✓  
L O N D O N:

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in  
the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.

## The Names of the Actors:

*The King of Naples and Sicily.*

*Ortho*, Brother of the King, slain in a Battel.

*Leopoldo*, Prince of Sicily and Naples.

*Almanzor*, Prince of Spain.

*Roderigo*, His Lieutenant General.

*Bellamira*, Sister to *Leopoldo*.

*Fidelia*, A Lady of the Court.

*Pollidor*, }  
*Phyllora* his Sister, } Two Foresters.

*Ravack*, A banished Lord, of dead *Ortho*'s party.

*Nigro*, }  
*Clytus*, } Three Lords of *Ortho*'s party, in Arms in *Gaietta*.  
*Cleon*, }

*Palantus*, General of the Horse to the King of Sicily and Naples.

*Philemon*, An old Lord at Court.

*A Satyr*, In Love with *Phyllora*.

*Arcus*, A Moor, Slave to *Leopoldo*.

*Juba*, A Moor, Friend to *Arcus*, }  
*Cadefs*, his Sister. } Both Prisoners.

*Souldiers* and *Servants*, such as the Scene Requires.

---

*Bellamira*'s habit, when disguis'd, some Antick handsome Property.

*Pollidor*, *Phyllora*, and *Ravack*, must be habited like Foresters, part Hunters, part Shepherds habit; neither Rich nor Plain, but proper all, of different Colours; For the two young ones, gray and blue, hair Colour, white and some silver; *Phyllora* must have a piece of the Lyons Skin in her habit; *Ravack* must have a very white Curl'd head and Beard of Hair.

The Satyr must have a Call of Silk and Silver, and the Wooll of *Phelice* made into a kind of scrip on one side, and the Horns of *Phelice* gilt tyed to the ends of it.

*Arcus* must be in a Noble habit, Rich, and his Person black, being a Moor.





THE FIRST PART  
OF  
Bellamira her Dream:  
OR, THE  
Love of Shadows.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter Nigro, Ravack, Cleon, and Attendants.*

*Nigro.* **T**Is for certain, the people at last have found a head, to whom *Clytus* is joyned; and I fear will follow the Revenge with as little mercy as the King shew'd his brother, our dead Master, the Royal *Ortho*; whose invasion though we neither counsell'd, nor assisted, yet such is the fate of Courts, when the People Arm against their Princes; which we have sadly proved, who now suffer that punishment which was meant to the Authors of that unnatural War.

*Rav.* Is the Spanish Prince arriv'd at *Naples*? is there a ground for that report?

*Nig.* Most certain; led on by *Clytus*, Their descent in *Sicily* found no resistance; the people were so generally disaffected with the present Government they willingly consented to put themselves under the prince's protection; This news has awaked the King, till then lost in security; and now too late he finds the fire he despis'd has taken hold of his Palace. The prince *Leopoldo* is absent too; A person of that Piety and Virtue, but that he is the cloud that shadows our young King, and unjustly possesses his right, I could joyn with the world in worship of him; and it was indeed his Interest, ioyned with his noble Sisters, which these late years has kept the people quiet;

But the prince and *Palantus* being absent in these late disorders, our Friends have taken hold of the occasion, and prevail'd so far, that the people are now Armed in the Name of our long lost prince; which hope, joyned with their hatred of the present Government, has begot a danger. The King cannot resist, but 'tis thought he will be forc'd to leave *Naples*, and seek a safety in *Capua*, that place in my Opinion being fittest to make his general Rendezvous. This news was the cause of my sending for you, that you might avoy'd the present danger which the prince *Leopoldo* and *Palantus* his Army may bring, who are now upon their march towards *Naples*, and must pass through your Forest, where your abode, during these troubles, will be most unsafe; and to prevent a mischief, pray let me counsel your self, and the Children, to retire hither this Evening. Where did you leave them?

*Rav.* A hunting, in which they both delight; Books, and that, are their great diversion; and I am glad to find their Affections so Innocent, and minds so ready still to take fire at any great Example they meet in Story: I left them this morning in chase of a wild Bore; nor is *Phyllora* less masculine in her Spirit than *Pollidor*, but far from cruell, or Barbarous; I have wondred to see her give such wounds, and then lament them; she has indeed overcome all the Niceties of her Sex, and yet retains the softness of her Nature; and though she loves to be one still in all our Sports, yet a modest, innocent, and most gentle assuredness attends all her Actions.

*Nig.* Nature and Sex are but materials that custome works upon; and both Sexes are Effeminate, or Warlike, as they are bred; ---- but no more of this: time is too precious; Now or Never we must regain our Countrey, Prince and Liberty; *Clytus*, our Friend, is already joyned with the Spanish Prince, and Commands in *Naples*; The Castles are in his hands, declared for the surviving heirs of the dead *Ortho*, and with his our Forces shall this day joyn; and if the gods have enough reveng'd that rash Act of our unfortunate Master, We, the remnant of his friends, that this sixteen years have suffered all kinds of Calamities for his fault, may yet hope to return to our Countrey. In the mean time, *Gleon*, let some diligent spy follow the Princes Army, and learn (if it be possible) his intentions, and observe his motions, numbers, and Affections of his Souldiers.

*Rav.* That my tame Satyr shall do; he is crafty, and seems simple, armed with his Club he shall mingle with them; hee's acquainted too with all the Faits of the Forest, secret paths and Caves, and can, in spite of their swiftest horses, make a retreat; the poor wretch dotes upon my Girl; and if shee'll but promise to sing, or play to him, there is no danger, for her sake, he will not attempt; but I must return ere they miss me.

*Nig.* Farewel, the Gods guide our honest intents; 'tis not for Revenge, but justice, that we strike.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT.



## A C T. I. S C E N. II.

*Enter the King, Philemon, and Attendants.*

*King.* **P***hilemon*, are those returned we sent to mingle themselves with the multitude, to try, if 'twere possible to learn the cause of their taking Arms so suddenly.

*Phil.* Some, Sir, are return'd, all report the same substance in different language, great oppression, no Justice done upon complaint; But the great cause is, the pretended pity they ought to have upon their Countrymen, whose long miseries they publickly lament, whilst others proclaim the joyful news, that their young prince *Genorio* lives, who long since was mourned, as part of his Fathers ruine, whose Injuries to your Majestie, though they were of the highest nature, yet being a Brother, I could have wish'd they had not found so severe a Justice.

*King.* He fell not by any Act of Cruelty that we ought to blush for. --- War, that War which he most unjustly waged, as 'twas his crime, proved his punishment too. *Sicily* was the Conquest of our Father; In which I served him, and with my Blood entituled my self to that Crown which, at his death, was by my Fathers will conferred upon me; *Naples* was my Brothers birth-right; yet the gods witness with me, neither my wishes nor commands were guilty of his or his Childrens death, which to this hour my soul laments; And if the kinder fates have preserved them, as they pretend; May all miseries find me, and pursue me to my Posterity, if I shall not with joy carry these gray hairs to *Sicily*, and deliver *Naples* into their hands, being the undoubted right of their Father.

*Phil.* This Piety, Sir, I am confident had long since produced a happy Peace, could their Party have given faith to it; but their guilt, and doubt of such a goodness has now bred this Civil War; which the desperate condition of their banish'd Nobility I fear will make use of. *Clytus* is certainly with them, and now Commands the Castles where he hath declared the young King *Genorio*, and his Sister, the Princess, *Phidamira* living, with which Joy the people are possest; and your Majesty must look upon that Joy as your Enemy; For I cannot believe the report true, though I confess I wish it; 'tis but a pretence, to set the people against your Majestie, and gain a power to work your ruine; to prevent which, my Counsel is, that your Majestie immediately proclaim *Genorio* King, and pardon to all if they can produce him, and require a cessation of Arms till the people be satisfied, whether your Majestie or their Intentions be most Ingenuous, in restoring the young King to his Right.

*Enter*

*Enter Arcus with a Paper which he gives the King.*

*King.* Arcus, what news? Thy looks are full of trouble; How dost thou find the people inclin'd?

*Arcus.* To the ruine, Sir, of your self and Family; they call the Prince and Princess Dissemblers, and Betrayers of their Trust, your Majesty Usurper, Tyrant, and Murderer of your Brother and his Children. Pardon, Sir, this blunt relation; my gratitude for the freedom I have found makes me unwilling to flatter your Majesty into a Ruine.

*King.* How does this agree with *Clytus* his proclaiming their Prince *Genorio* King?

*Arcus.* Alas, Sir, Reason, Justice, nor Honour, you must not look for in this Beast the Multitude; 'tis all Back and Belly, no Breast, no room for a Heart; All Slave when commanded; All Lust when they have power; they are full of Rage and Wine; Treason and Novelty are the things they worwip; A Slave of the same Gally where I was Prisoner gave me this Paper; 'tis a Declaration the *Spaniards* and Confederates have dispers'd, wherein the Cause and Resolution of this War is most maliciously set down, and I fear findes too much faith among the people; they have intelligence too abroad; some (when I was there) came from *Capua*, that assured them they had no time to lose; for the Prince *Leopoldo* was upon his March, and would within two days be in sight of the City, upon which they purpos'd immediately to attempt the Palace; In short, my fear for your Majesty apprehends the worst that Malice and Treason can act upon your self and royal Family.

*Phil.* Therefore consider, Sir, whether your strength either in the place or number of your Friends, be able to resist this Torrent till the Prince can come to give you aid; and if not, take counsel with your safety, and make retreat to *Aversa*, 'tis in the way to *Capua*, whither your friends shall have private order to repair; 'tis in the Princes way too, whose coming is much sooner than they feared.

*Arcus.* Your Majesties safety has no time to spare; this night you must prepare for Flight or Defence; I have those in readiness shall deliver your Orders for either as it shall be resolved.

*King.* What to resolve I know not; My heart scorns to apprehend these Villains; yet when I consider what Stakes they throw for, how little they can lose, and what they may win, who knows how Fortune may assist the daring of such Villains? My dear *Bellamira*, and *Leopoldo* too, their Fates are woven in this Thred of mine, else they should finde, old as I am I have not lost one grain of that courage that gave me conquest in my youth. Prithee finde my *Bellamira*, she must this night prepare to depart with me. I dare not venture to leave her here; All her Guards of Beauty, Greatness, or Virtue, are but idle nothings when they meet the barbarous



barous force of Treason in a raging Multitude: Have you seen her lately, *Philemon*?

*Phil.* Yes Sir, but so afflicted since the Invasion of the *Spaniard*, and Revolt of *Sicily*, she hath scarce eat or slept, and with vain endures the conversation of her Friends; her minde and fears are still bent upon her Dream, the thought of which she now trembles at, and apprehends it as a prophetick Vision sent by the Gods to us to denounce these miseries.

*King.* 'Twas odd, but my innocence makes me secure; and yet I dare neither believe nor despise it; for though Dreams be the common Issue of Sleep, and are in relation to the thoughts we have been most affected with the day before, or take their Births from the Humours that are most predominant in our Constitutions, yet men may reasonably and piously believe the Gods both do and have by those strange ways sometimes darkly foretold their Designs; which makes me neither believe nor condemn all Dreams, ---But no more of this, the night and *Bellamira*, if habited like her sex, will be unsafe and incommode; therefore desire her to make use of a Disguise, and for my sake chearfully to endure this first difficulty of our adverse fortune; her Jewels may be useful too, if she can convey them with her: this and my blessing, good *Philemon*. Come *Arcus*, you must to my Son this night, and acquaint him with our Resolutions, and that the Rendezvous will be at *Aversa*; whose strength and provisions I dare rely upon as well as the faith of him that commands.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### A C T. I. S C E N. III.

*Enter Bellamira, and Fidelia in her Chamber.*

*Bellam.* **W**Hat thinks *Fidelia*, were my fears vain or no? Is it not visible the Gods in their care foretold our ills? Is not the Stranger landed, and doth not the Dust fly in our faces? 'Twas too true an Exposition the good Hermit made of my Dream, who told us, that kicking the Sand at us would prove a dangerous Rebellion in the People. O *Fidelia*, my soul is full of horror, yet all mine own miseries do not at all deject me; but for my Father, his loss, I must confess, brings a weight of sadness I cannot bear.

*Fidelia.* To deny your cause of grief will but make your anger joyn, and give new wounds to your minde; that fatal Dream I have not dar'd to read, my nature is too superstitious; yet my curiosity would fain know what Stars rule your Highness fortune, to which mine is ty'd, and by a nearer interest, Madam, than your goodness yet imagines.

*Bell.* No, *Fidelia*, though (I confess) thy modest hiding of a Passion has been very discreet, yet all the shadows thou couldst interpose have not obscur'd it so, but my grief and kindness have both seen it; and though I cannot be happy my self, yet tis my joy in the midst

Bellamira  
gives her a  
Paper.

midst of these afflictions I have a power left to give thee some peace of mind; turn not away, I will not put thee to blush the rest; onely thus much, live assur'd, if I can serve thee, thou shalt be happy in the wish'd friendship of thy *Palantus*; and that thou maist give faith to what I say, at thy leasure read this Paper-----'Tis my Dream expounded; in that thou wilt finde my Fate; and I confesse with a clear soul, and as much innocency as the sleeps of Children, I love that fatal figure, that something without a name, that kinde nothing is all the business of my minde; In my sleep he rescu'd me, me thoughts he sav'd my honour in a time of danger when my heart was desperate; and though a Dream the fear has still dwelt here, and a kindness for him, which makes me prefer him before all but honour; cease to wonder, for that shadow is all my conversation, all my joy, and all my misery; Is it not a strange Passion that the Gods have sent me for one I never saw but in my Dream, the similitude of nothing? yet this advantage we have of others, we are secured from jealousy; for as Fate has hid him from my eye, so a kinde power has set me free from the envy or fear his love may bring; by night he makes his visits still; like the *Egyptian Apis* in a Dream he comes; the soft-foot'd God of Sleep is onely Witness to our Love.

*Fid.* Since your Highness has been pleas'd to break this silence, giving thousand joys I never hop'd for, take the secret of my heart; 'tis Love, Madam, so much more than I can master, 'tis more than I can tell, and that makes me fear such a Present as *Palantus* his Love, when he shall finde onely a Shadow for his Rival, may gain an easier Victory than your Highness fears; nor do I blame *Palantus* for loving your Highness, 'tis his greatest virtue to do it; and my crime to tell you so; because I know though 'tis an honour to have you there, yet 'tis the business of his heart to hide it, and ere I can have his friendship, his faith must be blasted; for Inconstancy is the first step to any possibility of my being happy; yet he has ever paid me a Civility; and though I cannot boast his love, yet he has made me believe he was not displeas'd that I love him.

*Bell.* Come, dry thy eyes, and calm thy breast; for though he should prove unkinde I'll be faithful still; and if *Palantus* will hope to act any thing pleasing in my eye, he must pursue his friendship to *Fidelia*; for I believe, with the most excellent *Belleffa*, that Faith and Constancy are so much lovelier in both Sexes, than any other Beauty that I should expect from a gallant Woman; she should sooner spoil her face, than break her faith; and this I shall tell him; who if he be the gallant *Palantus*: the world esteems him, he knows all that Beauty can hope for; nay, all it aspires to is but to create a faith, and binde the heart it loves; and when Beauty and Love have done their best they make but one constant Friendship. Nay, *Fidelia*, how many fair faces do stories mention that could not make one constant Love, though it has been still the business of Youth and Beauty?

*Fid.* Those Ages, Madam, wanted the divine *Bellamira's* minde  
to



to finish that great work, whose Friendship will be the envy of the whole world, and may it never want the pity you have shew'd me ; & as your Scholar I shall pursue *Palantus* with a modest heart, & teach him the virtue of a faithful Lover, a mystery known but to few men:

*Bellam.* Faith is such a strange good, 'tis neither valuable nor communicable beyond two ; I mean the Faith of Love ; a gallant man cannot be twice faithful ; who would be twice, was never once a Lover.

*Fid.* Why are so many Women pleas'd, then, to gain a servant that was anothers ?

*Bellam.* Such women are fit for the Friendship of such of men, and knows not what a nothing they have won ; for instead of a Friendship she onely gains a dead carcass of one that might have been a Lover ; And such women, *Fidelia*, are guiltier then the men, who must be either foolish or wicked ; For Honour is deaf to their prayers, and blind to their tears ; who can say nothing that ought to prevail where there is Virtue.

*Fid.* Unless it be to plead the power of her Beauty that has made him break his faith to another ; quitting Empire there for chains else where.

*Bellam.* I tell thee, *Fidelia*, such a wretch that durst hope a reward from me for such a crime, I should look upon him as one that threw dirt upon my Fame, and my scorn should tell him so ; for he who has impudence enough to plead that guilt for merit, I shall believe, will never care to be innocent.

*Fid.* Oh, Madam, let me kneel to you ; And though I cannot accuse *Palantus* of broken Faith, yet his dissembled pity makes me beg when he bows before this shrine, and pleads rewards from your Breast, for scarrs received in others service : O let your Justice revenge me upon him and in the afflictions of your frowns, teach him to feel those pains he inflicts upon others.

*Bellam.* Rise, *Fidelia*, and believe *Palantus* can never deserve this ; he knows me too well to venture his Passions beyond his thoughts ; and I will rather be unjust to him, then prove unkind to thee ; and when thy griefs have let thee collect thy thoughts, this secret I gave thee even now, must remove all thy feats ; for know, I have a guest here lodged by Fate, and so proud he will dwell alone and reign sole Monarch of this Breast ; And trust me, gentle *Fidelia*, I am proud too, and scorn a part or corner of a Heart ; and he, who ere he be that will be mine, must bring an entire Friendship no divided brest, a Province will not satisfy me ; 'Tis a solitary Heart that affects crowds of Lovers ; In love alone is best company, absolute or nothing in a Heart, if I be one.

*Fid.* Those that err having such a guide must fall unpitied ; O Madam, did I hope this sad day such joy as this ? No, no, this change of my condition confirms me in the uncertainty they build upon that trust to Fortune, who afraid to be thought she loves any one thing long, made me fear she had now design'd my Ruine ; whom she so long indulg'd with the Friendship of two such persons as your Highness and *Palantus*, to shew 'twas she,

not Virtue raised me ; I cannot yet pretend to the least of your Highness favours , being but the youngest child of Love and Fortune ; and can plead but from your pity no interest, nor no inheritance in either's blessings.

*Bellam.* Fortune nor Love shall make me forsake thee ; and for Love, though I find his venome in my Mind, yet this truth I dare proclaim , that god hath no partial customes to difference his Children by. Love has not elder Rights, all are his Heirs that Love with Faith and Honour : This strange madness that afflicts my Mind, call it what you will, Love or madness, to dote upon a shadow, though it hath depth and stream enough to bear me with it ; Yet all this Tempest in my Mind has raised no Billowes there ; no faulty desires , nor dangerous vanity waits upon my Love : This shadow of one, is all men to me ; like wealth contracted into Jewels, so I bear the precious load here.-----See who  
*One knocks.*  
*Enter Phil-* knocks.-----What news, my Lord, from my Brother ? His ab-  
*mon.* sence at this time was most unfortunate ; He hath interest with the people ; But Fate rules all ; are the people in a Body still?

*Phil.* Yes, Madam, and I can give little hope of better dayes, till the sword decide the difference ; The Prince and *Palantus* are upon their March this way, but the disorders are such we dare not attend his coming ; for the King is inform'd that the people will this night force the Palace, how easie it will be to do it I will not counsell the King to make a tryall especially when we consider the consequence ; His guards, though faithful, are too few to conquer, and too many to sacrifice ; Therefore the King has resolved with them to make his retreat this Evening to *Aversa* , whose strength and affections he dares rely upon, 'tis in the way the Prince must march ; to whom notice is already gone, and private instructions to those that are faithful in this Calamity, to make that their Rendezvouz.

*Bellam.* The Gods are still with us ; and to dispute their Actions ; were to incense them, our obedience prevails more then complaints. What are his Majesties Commands to me ? How shall I dispose of my self in these disorders ?

*Phil.* The King, whose chief fear and trouble is your Highness safety, desires your Company this night with him in some disguise, to prevent any accident ; to which your Person ( as your self ) may be subject ; habited like a boy, he thinks will be best he knows ; it will seem strange to your Highness to change your Sex ; but his command and necessity will be excuse for both.

*Bellam.* My obedience shall in all things possible serve his will ; A mans habit ! I have none, you must provide it, who shall go with me ? Has the King appointed any ?

*Fidel.* In this, and all difficulties, my Life and Fortune shall be proud to bear a part ; And though I know I shall blush to see my self in that habit ; yet to bear a share in your Highnesses Fortune is an Honour I shall alwayes covet.

*Bellam.* Welcome, Dear *Fidelia* ; may thy kindness to me be as successful, as I prophesie thy Love will be ; We now begin to tread  
that



that path, which though it be full of thorns and horreur, yet it leads *Fidelia* to Love and Honour.

## ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Pollidor from hunting, and some part of the Quarry in his hand; The Scene must be a fine Land-skip, and a Cave must be in the Scene.*

*Pollidor.* **T**He Woods are full of armed men; Troops of gallant youths pass by me without regard; Me-thoughts a scorn flew from every generous Heart and sparkling Eye, to see such sloth and degenerate youth lie hid in this peaceful shape of mine, when all the world is in Arms; And my Heart tells me, it were as easie to circumvent them, as a Lyon; and as little danger to kill their Tyrant Prince, as to strike a Boar with this trusty spear; *Leopoldo*, he is their Generall; They say his Father kill'd our king, murther'd our Princes, and banish'd my Father, who has often bid me hate him; And now 'twere easie with a well aimed Arrow to lay his Pride upon the earth in the height of all his glories; such a quarry would make a Hunts-man proud, and find matter fit for story; But down, down all thoughts of my Revenge till he bids strike who knows why and when 'tis fit; till then, be quiet, all the troubles of my Heart be gone; and here let *Pollidor* rest contented in this Cave, where thou wert bred and born; Here we live unknown, un-envied, and as free from danger as the glory of this world; This Cave none will fight for sure; 'twas the Habitation of a Satyre, and he has given us leave to possess it; 'tis the Charity of a kind of Beast, whose Love to my Sister is beyond the faith of men, and strange as any accident in our Fortune; She sent him home from hunting with the Venison we kill'd; and under the notion of serving her the poor Beast is to all of us a Servant.

*He goes into the Cave to seek his Sister, and Father, and Satyre, finds none, and returns presently. [The Scene must represent a Cave] Enters as from the Cave.*

There's no body within, yet all things are in order, and all absent; I cannot but wonder where they should be thus late.-----Oh, here *Enter Satyre* comes one can resolve me. How now, where is my Sister, and your Master?

*Satyre.* For the bright Maid, she is gazing, like one that were planet-struck, upon those new kind of men that fill the Woods; I never saw a Mind so soon reconcil'd to her fears; at first sight she shrunk, and lean'd to me till she blush'd, and then bent her brows and bow too, and then gaz'd again; They laugh'd to see her in this disorder, but she pursues them still, without regard to my cries or prayers; and walks as if her Mind were grown greater from the sight: And though my business calls me hither, I was loath to leave her, for fear they should hurt her; Prithee, good Master, seek her,

her, and chide her home, you will find her by the great plaines side ; where the sacred Oak with the Trophies stands.

*Pol.* Well, I'll seek her ; and if my Father returns and ask for me, tell him whither I am gone. *Exit Pollidor.*

*That Altar  
must be ex-  
press'd in the  
Scene.*

*Satyre.* I love them not, yet I dare not hurt them ; for my Love sayes, she shall die if they be hurt, else I would poyson them, I know a root will do it ; But I love the Maid, so sweet a Flower never deck'd *Pan's* Garland ; her Voice charmes the wildest Breast, and her touch cures all wounds but those of the Mind. This Cave was mine, by Birth mine, Ages we have lived in it ; 'Twas *Pan's* gift of old, yet I gave it to my Love but to smile upon me ; My Sire was worshipped in these woods ; and lies buried under yon Altar ; I cry sometimes when I miss him ; seven tedious winters have I waited, in hope they would give me the Maid ; so long though a child she has seduced my Mind : There is a hidden power in her Eyes, that makes me fear and love to see her ; I cannot live out of her sight ; and yet Famine is not so insupportable as to see and not enjoy her. This bottle they drink of, 'tis a precious liquor ; and when I converse with it it makes me bold, and therefore 'tis forbidden me ; I'll taste it though, and fill it up at the Brook ; I can sleep too in spite of Love, when my Mind is charm'd with this.

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Almanzor, Roderigo, Clytus, and Souldiers  
to fill the Scene.*

*Almonzor.* FROM *Gaietta* we are assured of a considerable force to Joyn with us to morrow ; And 'tis believd we shall find the King about the Forest ; for the Prince and he are met ; and what number, *Clytus*, do you judge their Army to be now they are united ?

*Clytus.* The Scouts speak of many thousands more then the King expected, or I believ'd would follow his Fortune ; but all makes not two thirds of our present Army, besides those of *Gaietta*, which will this night lodge in the Forest.

*Almanzor.* Was it for certain, the Princess *Bellamira* fled in Boyes Habit, as was reported ?

*Clytus.* For certain ; and I confess I cannot but lament her part in this Calamity ; for she hath ever born a Mind full of Honour, and upon all occasions been ready to assist them that misfortunes made fit for her Charity.

*Roderigo.* But she gave an unhandsome answer to my Prince, whose Love in a profer'd Marriage ( mention'd by chance by a friend, as a means to compose the present troubles, in Policy as well as Civility ) might have found a handsomer denial then the upbraids of Traytor and Usurper.

*Almanzor.*



*Almanzor speaks aside.* Observe him, *Roderigo*.

*Clytus.* Ha! does your mind run that way? is that the fair pretence of restoring our lost Princes? this I doubted before, but it was too late to prevent it.

*Alman.* Her pride may fall into my power, and then I shall give an answer-like her message; till then let us intend our business, which a woman shall never be with *Almanzor*.

*Aside to Roderigo.* *Roderigo*, a word.--- Now you find the Declaration was well design'd, and before they shall find a power to disprove the truth whether their Prince be in our power or no, I will make these Traytors cut themselves. This *Clytus* is a villain, and begins to grow cold, he likes not the marriage with the Princess; therefore strike that string no more.---*Clytus*, how do the people take the news of their young Kings safety?

*Clytus.* With joy, Sir; and with impatient longing they expect the sight; and 'tis my opinion 'twill be the best way to produce him this day, and present him to the Army; if we should delay their expectations, perhaps we may lose their affections and their faith too; and then we have only arm'd and drawn together a multitude that may, for their revenge, joyn with the enemy; who when he shall hear of their discontents will not neglect to play the best of his Game; 'tis therefore again my counsel to lose no time, but produce the King.

*Alman.* It is his own desire not to be discover'd till things be settled, at least till the Castles and strong places be surrendred, for the better security of his person.

*Roder.* Besides, 'tis now most dangerous to produce him; his enemies and Fathers murderers being in arms, and ready to dispute his title by a day of Battle; in which if he miscarry he is not only lost in this, but in all future hopes of a revenge: but if *Gaietta* will receive him, and a Garison for his safety, or you *Clytus* give up the Castles in *Naples* for his use; then the Prince shall upon his word and honour produce your King; else, till the Battle be over, without breach of faith, he cannot expose his friend to such a visible ruine.

*Clyt.* If the people will be satisfi'd with this, I am; Sir, you know by the contract, *Naples* was to be in my command, which I possess'd in right of my Master; *Sicily* (as 'twas agreed) was resign'd to you; and if I refuse, now, to deliver the Castles of *Naples*, 'tis not to keep out my King that makes me do it, but to be sure who shall be my King when I have done it; for 'tis no question, Sir, when you have the strength of the Kingdom in your hands, and an Army master of the Field, 'tis most easie to shew who shall be King of the Countrey; but if you are a Prince in soul as well as fortune, you will scorn to deceive our trust; and if there be foul play in your heart, small and despicable as our Force are, we shall yet with that venture to call you Enemy.

*Enter*

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Alman.* How now? what's the news?

*Sould.* The party that pursu'd the King last night are beaten in, and the commanded men that were sent to the Pass at *Capua* are cut off by a party of the Kings, who now appears upon the hills, where he possesses the places to his most advantage; and the Officers expect your Highness Orders.

*Alman.* Come *Clytus*, let no jealousy nor fear afflict thee; but take the word of a Prince, I shall be fair and real in all things. Every man to his command; and (if it be possible) joyn with those of *Gaietta*; I confess I did not expect to be call'd to the Battle, 'twas my fear they would fly us; and, but that I believe their despair rather than courage makes them seek us, 'twould startle me; but here let us part like fellows in arms, and men of one interest, faithfully act our parts. (*Genorio King*) that's the word; and if a misfortune find us, let *Mola* be the Rendezvous, from whence we may retreat to *Gaietta*. [Exit Almanzor.

*Roder.* I never fear'd an enemy before, nor till now doubted a day of Battle: these traytors that are joyn'd to us, methinks I see a curse even in their looks; how can the gods fight for treason? would they were all sunk.

*Clytus.* This I fear'd; but to prevent it was not possible; that the young King lives may be truth, but that he is either in his power or knowledge, I fear is as false as he is; but I am now too far engag'd; else he should find *Clytus* drew his sword upon another account then to make *Almanzor* King.

[Exit omnes.

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

*Enter Phillora alone, she looks upon the ground, and then starts into speech.*

*Phil.* **A**N Army!----- I never saw so glorious a sight before:----- There is a beauteous horreur in't, Their very looks command fate; where dares there be any thing so bold, as to declare it self an enemy to such a body, if the soul be answerable to the limbs? sure, Armies are the pride of nature, and her enemies too. There is a strange sweetness in their Musick; yet their Trumpets curdles my blood, and my heart's grown too great for my breast; this Cottage grows too narrow for my mind.

*Enter Ravack and Pollidor.*

*Rav.* See where she is.

*Phil.* Oh Father, I have seen the Army; 'tis the most bewitching sight the Sun e're shew'd my eyes; there is at once a beauty and



and a terrour in't, and makes me love and envy those that command such things; how came you to leave being a Souldier? methinks death only should have made a separation 'twixt you and such a body; it moves with such a Majesty I was afraid at first; but now the awe is not unpleasing, my fear is turn'd into wonder and admiration; did *Pollidor* imagine it such a thing? this is the first my Brother ever saw.

*Pollid.* 'Tis so, *Phillora*; but I have read of many.

*Phil.* So have I, dully and coldly described; of their Battles too ill fought and worse painted in story, presented still by their fears, or partiality of some weak Historian, who delivers them still in their crimes and miseries, like love known onely by the scars, while the crafty happy ones (as they say) jealous of their wealth and envied blessings, conceal their coveted happiness; and methinks we might do something worth story in this approaching day, that foretells so much honour to them that dare meet this storm; and I know not what 'tis that prompts me, but my heart longs to see what fate attends this Army; will my Brother go?

*Rav.* When thou shalt know, gentle *Phillora*, who commands this Army; what Tyranny, Oppression, Usurpation it protects; and that no hand there but wars against the gods, thou wilt then hate and loathe them which thou now admirest, who guard that great ill man that destroy'd his Brother, kill'd his Children, and now usurps his throne, to revenge which the people are arm'd, and now has forc'd him to defend his ill-got greatness; to side with whom is no less then to war with heaven: but these as too distant and general ills I will not oppose. But when thou shalt call to mind thy Fathers banishment, withering here under his oppression; thy self and *Pollidor* buried in these obscure Woods, that owe to the world a better account of their days then this solitude can pay, you will then find other thoughts; yet I am pleas'd to see this impatency in thy mind; but the time is not yet ripe, in which upon a just and honest cause, your swords and minds will have use of your best resolutions to bear your parts. The business is laid, and in *Gaietta* our Scene lyes; but till these troops are past pray, let us retire and lye close till our friends, which are their enemies, appear; and then we'll joyn, to their destruction. The Prince *Leopold* I hear commands the Army.

*Phil.* Is it not our King, and the Prince, you speak of, Sir?

*Ravack.* Yes, but Murther and Usurpation hath made him so.

*Phil.* And may we fight against him? sure 'tis a strange justice you would seem to put in execution; sure such crimes were not appointed to punish crimes; do you believe it such a fault in him to defend himself against a Brother, then turn'd enemy? and no sin in us to arm against our King, whose succession is undoubted now his Brother is dead, slain under a ruine he made himself; for I have heard you say, he was slain in Battle; why did you then defend him no better? 'tis vain to think what heaven thought not just

just then in the person of the King (who you would have me believe thus wicked) should punish their own act in the person of the innocent Prince : but suppose the King as guilty as you would make him ; what has the Prince done, then a Child ? why do you war with him ? whose virtue neither your rage nor hatred can deny ; for to my self you have often given him divine honour ; Oh, Sir, your silence is more noble then your hate ; and lest I may be seduced to lose my loyalty, or my duty, in this dispute, I'll retire.

*Rav.* This is a language I cannot but wonder at, from *Phillora* ; have the injuries of a Father no greater place ? is all my care and love paid with this unjust sence of my misery ?

*Phillora.* Sir, those grounds you laid of truth and piety in my heart when I was young, that seed bears this fruit ; would you have me to obey your passion, hate my King, and prefer your anger before all the gods you made me bow too ? and not only wish, but joyn in the ruine of the Prince, who your soul knows has no guilty share in the least of our misfortunes ? you know, Sir, there can be no interest but honour that moves me to say this, for the Prince is one I never saw.

*Pollid.* What crimes must he act ere you believe him guilty ? go, court with your youth and beauty those armed troops which you thus dote upon, follow till your dishonour hath made you a quarrel ; there are those will not ask twice the pleasures they can force.

*Phil.* This from *Pollidor*, for desiring to be worth his love ! I rather expected to have found that fire which age hath quench'd in our father, should have inflam'd thy generous breast to have joyn'd with me in the search of honour ; methinks thou shouldst be ashamed to look on, and see these Armies bleed, and with a revenge thou dar'st not take.

*Pollid.* You are angry, *Phillora* ; you would not thus mistake my kindness else.

*Phil.* My anger is to see *Pollidor* can consent, with shame, to lye hid in this glorious day of danger, and endure this private life, and thus sleep away thy days, when honour is upon the wing, and Armies striving to catch her ; who hovers over the world, searching only some glorious front to light upon ; do's fear or pale envy hold thee back ? if thou think'st thy self a gallanter man then the Prince, prove thy fate upon him ; 'tis womanish to shoot at him with wishes, or hope to blast his youth with curses ; if my words wrong thee lead the way, give me the lye in that motion ; or blushing follow me ; while a Girl leads *Pollidor* to arms and honour.

*Pollid.* Needs *Phillora* more Arguments that I love her ! if she do's, let her read this patience.

*Rav.* What means this fury ? will you expose your self to dangers, only to be talk'd of ? what honour can you hope in this attempt ? come *Phillora*, let us retreat, and upon our knees make our war ; an old man and a maid must finde their ends in prayer.

*Phil.* I find other thoughts fire my mind ; Fortune thy coy Deity I will worship ; and if thou smilest I'll build thee Altars ; if not, when I am old, and my mind grown heavy, then I'll listen to those



those dull Customs that our thoughtless Sex obey, which perhaps will lead me to the quiet privacy of this place ; but I have yet too much fire, Sir, to be inclosed by Custome, or Pale fears. Woman, and all those nice follies, and shaking heart, that use to possess our soft Sex, as things unknown and unpractised, I put off with my Coats ; and thus, as I was wont to search the Game, so will I hunt my fortune ; The spoilers of thy herds I have often made my prey : A Bore or a Lyon I start not at, you have taught me know they were created my Inferiours ; and with these spears we have not only made them our sport, but our food too ; That I am a woman is no fault of mine, which Custom ( a second and better Nature ) has, ( I thank you ) redeemed, by giving me great thoughts, and weeding out, by your philosophy, all the little low affections that would choak our minds, and learn'd me to despise all the fond false Doctrine that cunning men would insinuate into us, designing all our Sex their Slaves.

*Pol.* Your anger, *Phillora*, comes in still, to justifie all your errours ; yet give me leave to say your Anger's more naked then any other passion ; for angry women, like drunken men, are neither to be valued, nor punish'd ; which priviledge e're I would plead, I'll suffer the penalty of any crime both those faults are subject to.

*Phil.* No, *Pollidor*, 'tis not anger, but my reason that speaks this ; my eyes and heart are open, and the things I see those I speak ; Interest nor hope of any flattery shall bind my tongue ; Tell not me our Sex cannot modestly be angry, and that a maid enraged is an uncomely sight ; that wounds add not to her beauty either given or received, We must onely frown, forsooth, or lament our Injuries. Hence with all those Impostures, and such whose folly or faint souls will be subject to this Doctrine ; while the several passions of your Rage or Lust impose upon us, who like your chained slaves must not only submit our selves and honours, but our Reason too, referring all our griefs and Injuries to the justice of the gods ; which when *Pollidor* sees *Phillora* suffer, let him and all mankind despise me, and stamp slave upon my forehead. --- Honour, thou Diety of both Sexes, Thou male and female virtue, let thy power look friendly on my youth ; Guide my feet this day to follow my heart in the paths thou ledest, and I will have --- A glorious life, or else a handsome grave.

*Pol.* Will you leave us then, and thus throw behind you all the kindness of a Father and a Brother ? has the place no tie upon your grateful Nature ? has my love and conversation ( besides a Brothers Interest in your blood ) gained no place in *Phillora*'s heart ?

*Phil.* Yes, yes, ever dear *Pollidor*, they have, they have ; and know, I leave not this place, because my fond will affects a change, nor am I ungrateful to this place in which thou taught'st me those rules of Love and Honour, whose great Examples ( though yet no Lover ) I now begin to imitate ; and *Pollidor* shall find me ready to pay all those debts when Love and Honour calls ; and for this dear Cave, this beloved Cell, thus I take a sad and kind Farewell ; with tears I part from thee ; and for the blest protection we have found in thy

peaceful shades, may all that shall inhabit thee, when' we are gone, find the same quiet and full content my youth enjoyed here; May no treason design thee for her place, nor traytor find thy shelter, may no impious designs defile thy solitude, nor any oppress'd Innocence like ours seek thee in vain; may this my prayer dwell with thee.

*Rav.* And will *Phillora*, thus upon the sudden then, forsake these gray hairs? is she gone, never to return? Is all my love forgot and past as yesterday? will she abandon her Father, besieg'd with Age and Enemies?

*Phillora* stands, and then lifts up her hands, and goes to the door, and stops.

*Pol.* speaks aside, This passion must not be so severely oppos'd; her Nature, Sir, you know, is too fierce to endure a harsh reproof; something of the Novelty of the sight has possess'd her, let her follow her Fancy a little, my love shall wait upon her; bid her farewell, and retire.

*Rav.* Farewell, *Phillora*; my blessing, and the gods protect thee, till thy return.

[Exit Ravack.]

*Phil.* What shall I do? my divided heart can take no resolution; something, whose power I never felt before, calls me this way; Nature & kindnes bid me follow that good old man; why this day more then all my life should my heart desire to abandon this peaceful place? sure, *Pollidor*, there is some hidden fate in this desire, and a kind of impiety to oppose it; shall we go, and obey this summons, or stay and wither here? --- There is no dispute; the Gods becken me, and I must come; Farewell *Pollidor*; virtue will be virtue in all places, and prithee do not doubt thy sister, for thou shalt find me as chaste and pious in an Army, as some bold ones have dar'd be wicked in the Temple; and tell thee, either by living or dying handsomely, how much less my stars are then my heart, born with a mind far excelling my fortune, or thy faith.

[Exit Phillora.]

*Pol.* This stream will not be resisted, and heaven knows with what difficulty I appear severe, who with greater pain denies her passion then she seems to listen to my reason; my joy is, I have practis'd her mind and know, she has as much modesty as kind nature, and my soul loves her.

[Exit Pollidor.]

Enter Ravack.

*Rav.* That I love you both is as certain, as the cause unknown; This accident distracts me; the general business calls me to *Gaietta*, and this particular pulls me back: *Nigro*, I fear, will doubt some ill accident hath stop'd my journey; and though there be yet no ill befallen me, yet this path she treads leads to a certain Ruine, either of her, or our Design; ye gods that know why we do this, bless the success.



## ACT. II. SCEN. III.

*Enter Satyr alone.*

*Satyr.* **M**Y Mistress is gone alone into the Woods ; displeasure and scorn are both in her Eyes ; she bid me fetch her Bow, I never saw her thus troubled before ; she walks and sees no body, but talks to her self, like men in dreams ; her Brother and Father have their fits too. These mortalls are so humourfome ; you would think they had the Bots ; sometime they are sullen, cry, and kick, and fast ; otherwhiles laugh, sing, and kifs, and gaze in each others Eyes, then the juice of the Grape flies, thus they live by fits, merry by chance, sad by Fortune ; Reason has no power amongst 'em, but given up to Interest, Ambition, Love, or Revenge ; never clothed nor fed but by fancy, either brave till the weight tyres them, or else so thin and light, they starve. ---- Ye Gods, that gave us all skins of our own, to clothe us ; why suffer ye these fond mortalls to kill your creatures, and rob even the worms of their Sepulchres, and Vermin of their Furs, to be proud in ? Nay, from the Excrements of beasts they imagine odours, and perfume themselves with their dung. In fashion is all their business ; loaden with Garlands ; and bound with Ribbands, and gilt like the Bulls for Sacrifice ; till, led by their Lust, they offer themselves, in thousand dangers, to Love and Vanity ; But Death, the lean Slave, sometimes plays the priests part ; Then I laugh, for he leaves them naked, and cold, as the *Satyr* whom their pride despised ; But I must away, shee'll chide me if I stay. [Exit Satyr.]

## ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Leopoldo, Palantus, and Arcus, with Letters from the King.*

*Leop.* **S**Tand, stand *Palantus*, give order for those Horse to draw into a Body, they lie too loose ; These Pickeerings only disorder the Battle, let them lie still, and expect what the Enemy will do ; The King was not easily perswaded, *Arcus*, to believe our number so great as he found them ; my Sister and *Fidelia* disguis'd, surpris'd me, but I hope the gods will turn all things to the best, for the enemy has not advanc'd last night as we apprehended.

*Arcus.* The repulse, Sir, we gave their Troops last night has given a great blow to the credit of their Force, and has begot that change in *Naples* those Letters mention ; the Omen's good, and I hope your Highness shall not find a greater danger in the War then these first apprehensions.

*Palan.* Sir, 'tis visible, occasion offers it self much for our Advantage ; and since the Kings Army has rested, we must think upon some speedy way to force them to a tryal of Fortune with us ;

our retreat to this hill, from whence we fled yesterday, must breed some doubt of the cause; for it must seem strange to finde themselves sought by those men to day which fled them last night; Besides, your Highness knows, Their Army is compos'd of divers Interests, which will make them jealous of each other; and reasonably enough apprehend we have some intelligence in their Army, which time can onely satisfie, and may joyn to them the doubtful part, which expect but the fortune of a day, to declare for the Conqueror; We can hope no more then we are; every day will increase them, both in number and repute; therefore my counsel is, to offer them Battle, while we are in lust, and hope of victory; delay will but abate the Souldiers hearts, and then 'tis easie to master the Limbs.

Leop. I confess, you have reason; and Arcus shall return my sence of it to the King, and desire him to send my Sister, and the Baggage to Capua, there to attend our success.

Palan. What says your Letters?

Leop. They mention some disorders among the Rebels in Naples; But this fatall Paper makes their Army dangerous; 'tis my Sisters dream expounded by the old Hermit, 'tis sent me by Fidelity; there read her letter, thou wilt find something that concerns thee, whilst I rest me here.

(Palantus reads the Dream, the prince lies down.)

### The Dream.

Palan. *Your Highness walk by the Sea-side in a quiet Evening.* Signifies, the peace and security drawing to an end will be Interrupted by the unconstancy of the People; For the Evening Signifies the conclusion of a happiness.  
*And the cloud that landed a Knight in Forreign habit, who Kick'd up the sand in your Faces, in a dangerous proportion;* Signifies a forreign Invasion, which discontents will Countenance; for *Raising the dust* is raising the people, whose Hieroglyphique Sand and dust are, *Flying in your Faces*, is Rebellion, which knows no bound, nor respect;  
*Your being angry, and not able to revenge the injuries,* Foretells this Rebellion will be powerful.  
*The flying from the Dust, and loss of the King, in it;* My fears apprehend his loss in this Rebellion;  
*Your succour in a wood, where shepherds beat down the dust, with boughes,* Signifies a happy relief in the faith and loyalty of the Countrey People. *Trees*, being the Hieroglyphique of Loyalty.  
*And the extravagant desires of the Shepherds, who importune the Prince and your Highness to the marrying of two Trees, affirming Else that the dust and danger would return again,* Signifies, that by some Miraculous manner your Highness Must fix the peoples hearts.



*Enter the Satyr wounded, an Arrow sticking in his Arm, he is amazed when he sees them, and looks with fear upon Arcus.*

*Leop.* How now! what dost thou seek! who gave thee this wound? why this fear and wonder? [*He kneels and holds the prince.*

*Satyr.* Seed of gods, or the god of War himself, what e're thou bee'st, Thus I adore thee, thus I implore thy aid; tell me but where thy Altars stand, I'll haste and fetch a Lamb, and sacrifice him to thee, my great deliverer.

*Leop.* Rise poor wretch, and cease to fear, or worship; there's neither due here; We are mortal as thou art; yet if any Injury threaten thee; we will protect thee; how the poor wretch trembles! prithee, *Palantus*, help to draw the Arrow; how came you by this Shot?

*Satyr.* From a fair and cruel Foe, Divinest, A maid of heavenly Form, brighter than the Evening Star, lovely as the *Syrinx* our great gods Paramour, straight as young hazel wands, or the Cornel Darts by *Diana* thrown; and far the Nymph out-shines all her train.

*Leop.* Well, and what of her? The poor thing loves.

*Satyr.* Love? yes, yes, love, so they call my pain; 'tis a grief grows here ---- Beloved of ---- gods, here, I suck'd the Venom at my Eyes; and my old Master says 'twill never be cured.

*Leop.* And is it troublesome, your pain?

*Satyr.* Troublesome? The Plague or Famine, or the wilde Wolfs tooth, wounds not like it; My mind is all afire. ---- Great, and blest, did thy happy soul never feel the thirst that beauty breeds?

*Leop.* Never; and I wonder how thou comest thus miserable; by my life, *Palantus*, he tells me more of Love and his power than some Poets feign.

*Satyr.* Never Love? Why what do you do all day? how do you spend your thoughts? My very Dreams are Love, my Sinews shrink when she frowns; sure shee's a Witch, there's such Magick in her Eyes; My flock I'll pawn against a Dog, you will like and love her too, 'tis such a Divine form; 'tis not thy Army, nor thy Arms can guard thee from her.

*Leop.* Dost thou know her? what is she?

*Sat.* Yes, yes, in this wood she lives, and hath done from her mothers breast; her father and her brother are my masters (but I serve none but her,) My Sire gave them his Cave to live in, we were bred together, and yet unkind she seeks to destroy me.

*Leop.* Who are her Father and her brother?

*Satyr.* Strange men, and hold strange Opinions, of Names and Places, of pains for ever, Divinest, and talk of Gods, and their rods, above *Pan* and his punishments; which wilde things too they threaten, of being nothing, Master, and yet last ever, and call all that I desire, by nature taught, a fault.

*Leop.*

*Leop.* What urged her to wound you thus?

*Satyr.* I found her sleeping in yonder Grove, and would have stollen a kiss; seven Summers here have I worn this wastful fire in my suffering breast without a hope of rest, and yet she threw me from her, call'd me Beast, and bent her Bowe; yet I have seen her kiss her Brother's Dog a thousand times.

*Pal.* I swear she's very unreasonable to despise thee, and be so kinde to a Dog.

*Satyr.* But I hang'd him for't.

*Pal.* 'Twas wisely done to remove your Rival; but you forget your wound, does it not smart?

*Satyr.* The unkindness does, and she's ungrateful too; for would I have sought a Maid amongst our own kinde, she that has the curledst Horns and crookedst Thighs would have been proud of me; for, despised as I am, there is no subject of our Master *Pan* can hunt, climb, or out-run me, none surer with his Bowe or Dart, none feller with his Club, or bolder in his heart, ally'd to *Pan*; my breast too is broad, smother hoofs, nor wealthier fleece clothes no Satyr's thighs; these unshorn Curls from my birth I wear, they cut theirs (Master) that are poor; these gilded Horns were hers too, the first fruits of her brow, an earlier Musen none casts than she, and thousands wait upon her smile; but she'll have none but me, that pine for this cruel scorn.

*Leop.* Has she a Father and a Brother, say you?

*Satyr.* Yes, great Master, and here they live, converse with none; sure some sad misfortune or great guilt hangs upon them, for they are always sad.

*Leop.* How do they spend their time?

*Satyr.* They read and hunt, I taught them: we have this day slain a Bore and a Lion, divine *Phillora* wears the Spoil: Their Father too is old, and gray as Winter, but stout as young Lions, wise as Oracles, pious too as *Pan*'s Priest; he has been injur'd, he says, by a King of men; I hear him talk of mighty things ----- But hark, I hear her Horn, with that she calls her Brother; I dare not see her eyes, I can charm all rage but hers: Fool that I was, I taught her to resist my Philtres; and now if you protect not I am lost, her heart threatens destruction.

*Leop.* Step behinde, let me meet your danger.

*Enter Phillora with her Bowe bent pursuing the Satyr.*

*Phil.* This way I'm sure he took, he cannot fly far, my Arrow found him; for by his lustful bloud I have track'd him to this place-----I see the Villain.

*She levels her Bowe at the Satyr, but spying Leopoldo gazes upon him, and stands in the posture, and all the Company seems amazed, the Satyr creeps out from behinde Leopoldo, and looks in the face of one, and then of the other.*



*Satyr.* How they gaze upon each other ! thus did I look, thus wonder, and then grew sick in my minde ; her eyes are fix'd, she mindes me not ; I'll seek my safety first, and then dispute my Crime. [ *He cuts her Bowe-string, which makes her collect her self.*

*Phil.* Ha ! do you glory in this wile ? but know, 'tis only deferring of thy doom.

*Leop.* Gentle Maid, may we know the reason of this War ?

*Satyr.* Nought, great Master, but my loving her.

*Leop.* If that be a Crime, where have you seen that dull thing that either could or would be innocent ? By all the divers troubles of my minde, one sight of that divine form has surpriz'd a strength here that never fear'd a womans power till now-----Here Points to his heart.

*Phil.* Ha ! Why do I gaze thus ?-----What have I seen ?----- Is it a God or a Man ?-----Such a Figure my eyes never saw before -----How far he out-shines my Brother ! -----The Pride and Opinion of my self too, those wither'd Leaves I feel fall from my heart-----There's no such Glas as perfect Excellency in others for Pride to see and hate her self in-----O that I had been born blinde, or could tear these Traitors out that thus have robb'd me of my content and peace of minde, to both which Farewell for ever----- What is it that stops me ? Something calls me back, my fond heart would gaze again. Do, do, and be fit for pity, drink deep of that delicious Poyson, so are you past remedy ; yet if you bet ler me fly and inflame the world ; Love and Desire, your winged fire here I feel, yet glory not in my ruine ; for 'tis but a poor Shepherdes breast, and no wonder if a God oppres it. She offers to go out and stops at the Door, and then proceeds.

*Exit Phillora.*

*Leop.* She is gone, and all joys go with her.

*Satyr.* And all my fears ; yet I love even that anger in her eyes.

*Pal.* 'Twas a strange accident, who can this Maid be ? 'tis some delusion sure.

*Arcus.* The Prince is troubled ; pray Sir, leave your wonder, and strive to divert your thoughts : This figure calls to minde the Shepherd in the Princesses Dream, the Sex onely differs.

*Pal.* There's more than ordinary accident in this ; See how his eyes are fix'd. I'll speak to him ; Sir, Sir, your Highnesses minde is so intent upon this Girl you do not hear the Trumpet, Sir, whose call tells us, Something like Danger threatens ; something worthy your presence, and your thought calls away.

*Leop.* Didst thou see her *Palantus* ? The *Arcadian* Nymphs that boast their sable eyes, white-wristed *Juno*, *Venus*, or the Goddess that Woods affects, no nor the Virgin-Deity, she that bears both Shield and Spear, and has eyes that farther wound, yet all their united Graces (though we bow to them) out-shine not this Flower of the Wood ; And thou God of hearts stop this Fate, either call back or bless thy flying Dart ; cure mine, or touch her heart.-----Come hither, dost thou know this Maid, and the place of her abode ?

*Satyr.* Yes, yes, I know thy pain too, fear'd of men ; there's a Feaver in thy breast, a fire that all the Herbs in the Wood  
can-

cannot cure, nor Streames of these Meadows quench.

*Leop.* I must finde this Maid though thousand Difficulties oppose ; 'tis the very Figure in my Sisters Dream.-----O *Bellamira*, thy prophetick soul has foreseen all our Troubles both of minde and body.

*Pal.* Pray, Sir, forget not the business that now stays for us, two Armies in *Battalia*, two Kingdoms in dispute, your Fathers safety, your Life and Honour, all at stake ; will you throw all these by to follow a phantasie, the shadow of a shadow, one like to nothing, seen in anothers Dream ? Me thinks these Dangers and Dutie which are at hand should remove all those light thoughts from your heart ; Pardon this freedom, Sir, 'tis my affection speaks.

*Leop.* Prithee Peace, Father and Sister are empty names, Virtue and Honour, and all the Gods must fly *Leopoldo*, or make my way fit to the enjoying this lovely Maid : My soul is sick, I know not of what Disease, but sudden and deadly as the Plague ; The Infection struck me, Honour and Virtue be still *Leopoldo's* Guides, and cease to take pleasure in opposing his happiness with your difficulties ; 'tis not the distance else between a Crown and a Shepherd shall divide us.

*Satyr.* Art thou a Prince ?

*Leop.* Yes, and one, if thou canst serve in my love, will make thee happy ; my soul longs to enjoy the friendship of this lovely Maid.

*Satyr.* Enjoy her ? She will not be touch'd, Heavens, Fire, and Time, will be touch'd and stay'd as soon as she, if she thought you imagin'd such a hope.

*Leop.* Thou mistak'st me, I dare as soon attempt my Fathers life as stain her chaste bosome with any faulty desires.

*Satyr.* Away Dissembler, I see thy aim ; thou a Prince ? 'Tis false ; Where's the virtue that set thee above a world of men ? Thou art the Satyre, sure ; though thou hast cast thy Horns and Hoofs thou art more a Beast than I. Fool that I was, did I kneel to thee, Abuser of the Gods ; Most ingrate, did they give thee this form and power to betray men, and pollute Virgins ? Defend me ! thou Wretch, wouldst thou make me accessory to the abusing of the thing I love better than my soul, or thou lov'st thy self ?

*Pal.* Hold, fond Beast, hold, and be gone ; your honest ignorance, Sirra, defends you.

*Satyr.* And so it shall do still against such impious Greatness ; if I durst but see my Love I'd home, and tell her what a Villain a Prince may be.

*Arcus.* Why in such haste ? I'll ease you of your Club ; Have you found a remedy for your arm yet ? ----- This strange Accident amazes all my thoughts ; This Wretch too, to finde such a noble anger upon a thought of force being offer'd to his Love : There's nothing in this day but miracle ; something, sure, great and high as the persons design'd in this Tragedy, the Gods are busie to deliver to the world ; for 'tis no common birth that Nature and Nations thus labours with, which makes me with patience bear those throws that

*Arcus stops him as he departs. The Satyr looks upon Arcus the Moor as amazed at him, and gives him no answer.*



that afflict my heart, whose desperate love, though a loser of all those hopes I had at stake, makes me resolved silently to look on, and see this Game plaid.

*Leop.* Prithee, *Arcus*, let our Rival go; and when thou seest the maid tell her, if I out-live this day I'll find her, and doubt not my love shall be less commanded then I would myself be obeyed; here, bind his arm in this Scarfe, *Arcus*; and then haste to my Sister, tell her she must instantly for *Capua*; and assure the King I will not fail to make good this hill. — Love and arms that have so often met, smile on your Priest that has seen what my soul can ne're forget.

*[Exeunt Leopoldo and Arcus.]*

*Satyr.* If my heart can judge she loves this Gay Man, then she'll be glad of this Scarfe, I'll give it her and she shall forgive me; when I can please her my heart rejoices; but she ne're thinks of poor little me but to grieve my heart.

*[Exit. As he speaks and goes out he licks his arm.]*

### ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Enter Bellamira alone.*

*Bellam.* **T**His strange chance that *Arcus* relates makes me fear some sudden issue of my Dream; he describes a Maid, whose beauty took my Brother in an hour when his heart was most opposite to love; and by the habit and the place only her sex differs; for his description most lively paints that shadow which my Dream has thus long enjoy'd; ye gods, if it be your will in Riddles still to wrap your secrets, we mortals can only say Amen. But why do I let this lesser thought fill my breast; when Countries ruine and the death of my dear Father (the great part of my fear, or ought to be) pass by unmourn'd? sure there is a reason for this fault; this weakness has its cause; something that my mind does yield to, prevails; yet I find not my Reason overcome, though there's something in this gentle fear I know not what to call it: I never yet felt love by what I observe of him in others; yet I begin to fear he's knocking at my breast, and would fain get in; sure 'tis he, for I was never till now so neer being a Lover as the fear of it. But I must still these noises in my thoughts; for a Virgins innocency is so coy, so jealous, and so gentle too, she need not take the pains to beat it from her heart; she may think that and her peace away. Therefore, *Bellamira*, wisely in time correct thy thoughts, and suffer them not to play with this dangerous god, lest the sport prove earnest, lest the child thou play'st with grows too strong for Reason; and from innocent thoughts becomes unruly passions. *Fidelia*, though she knows all but my fears, yet I now begin to blush, because there is something like my Love, whilst 'twas lying in shadowes onely; I was confident, there being nothing in Nature to accuse me but this, though a Virgin like myself,

self, yet 'tis something now that my passion builds upon ; and that newness, though no fault, is yet unconquer'd in my mind ; and I cannot yet tell her this new stranger thought, though she know all the other secrets of my heart.

*Fid.* *Arcus* says, since he left the Prince he saw a Shepherd in age and clothes so like the Maid, that he believes it must be her Brother ; and from this sight concludes your safeties neer ; for why should we find the evil part, and not the good prove true, of that fatal Dream ?

*Bellamira.* Ha ! what coldness is this ?----- What trembling ?---- What paleness ? this confusion of mind, what means it ?----- This joy and fear, this mingled nameless passion, of all passions composed.----- What art thou, or what would'st thou be ?----- Why this violence on a Maids heart ?----- Be but honour, and wear what danger, what form, thou wilt command, and I'll obey thee.

*Fid.* She's strangely troubled ; I never saw her thus before : Madam, has my news displeased you ?

*Bellamira,* No, no, *Fidelia* ; my heart has troubles which thy joys to find some ease for me has overseen, whilst the greatest and saddest part of that fatal Dream ; the King, *Fidelia*, the good, the kind, the valiant old King, my friend and Father, must in this dust be lost ; remember that ; what joy then can a safety bring when we cannot hope our victory at a less rate than his precious life ?

*Fid.* Your pardon, Madam ; the Princes love, and strange passage of the Satyr, your interest, and hope of future good, made me forget that piety and pity was due to the King.

*Bellam.* Prithee, *Fidelia*, love, but do not pity us ; for my part, though their ruine threaten, yet I despise a pity ; nor is it due to my fortune ; for I am not miserable so ordinary a way, as to be relieved with so cheap a remedy ; and were the King safe thou shouldst find me resolved, though not contented ; and other joy then that resolution I cannot promise to my self ; yet if I could be satisfi'd with such joys as affect others, I might esteem my self blest ; But my mind, *Fidelia*, is too severe to be taken with such shallow happiness as I see most women pursue, who affect the noise and vanity of the world, whose bubbles deceive and slave the most of women.

[Enter *Arcus*.

*Fidelia.* See, Madam, here's *Arcus* ; let him now describe the Maid, whose beauty he said was equal to all that ever his eye saw.

*Arcus.* Pardon me, Madam ; my heart and reason make one exception.

*Bellam.* *Arcus* is kind to beauty, and where ere he meets admires it ; but what do's the noble *Arcus* think is beauty ? if his eyes chuse what is valued in his Country, there's nothing amongst us he can approve of.

*Arcus.* 'Twas our curse to be born in that Countrey, Madam ; and that slavery, which at first I lamented, I now rejoyce in



in as the means to make me able to distinguish between good and bad ; for beauty, 'tis my contrary, what is not like me is beautiful ; this is the shame and brand of nature ; the curse of an incens'd deity lives in our black.

*Bellam.* Y'are cruel to the colour ; and I rather think, like divine *Belleſſa*, beauty, afraid of injuries, or in revenge of that inconstancy she has found in men, hath thrown off red and white ; and to live safe from the vanity and perjury of both sexes hath made this retreat into black for her security.

*Arcus.* Madam, the story of our change is common ; and the Poet tells whose curse we bear in our faces ; no such reason as your Highness in your goodness imagines, whose charity would persuade us we might yet find acceptance when we lov'd ; but 'tis too sad a truth, that for the sin of one coy *Daphne* all our Nation mourns ; that froward Girle incens'd *Apollo's* rage, and in revenge of her scorn thus he brands us all, lest our Country should again boast a face, that he might love ; yet this good I finde from my black ; all people boldly praise me ; and 'tis such an impossibility to believe any body can love it, that even your Highness will venture to defend it, and safely may ; for 'twill beget no mans jealousy nor womans envy.

*Fidelia.* But if *Arcus* will find the Prince, and tell him how fain his Sister would see him before the Battle, and certainly inform himself whether these two Shepherds are really in nature, or only walking Dreams.

*Bellamira.* *Bellamira* will owe him more then praise, or thanks can pay.

*Arcus.* 'Twas his Highness Order I should expect him here, yet I shall not fail to obey your command, though betwixt this and the Prince the enemy has placed a Guard which I must pass through ; for to go about I fear will be too long for your Highness to expect my return.

*Bellamira.* No, 'tis enough, we'l expect his coming ; I did not know there was a danger in the Pass ; nor will we venture *Arcus*, whose faith shall be reserv'd for greater trusts then to be thrown away upon this common one ; if I doubted his heart or love to my Brother, he should go ; and I'de prefer my curiosity before him ; but to let *Arcus* see I value his faith, I shall still preserve him as he has done it.

*Arcus.* Madam, now I beg upon my knees your commands ; and either you doubt my heart or faith, whose readines to serve you you shall find as constant as my colour ; my life and freedom I value only as the gift of your generous Brother ; and your goodness has made me such a continued happiness, and so far above my merit, I am fain to trust to the report of others ere I can believe I was ever miserable ; my birth in my Country I am not asham'd of, though I am of my fortune ; to redeem which, if your Highness shall fear to command or expose me, I shall rather think you doubt, me then that you have any fears for me. For know, Madam, I cannot be satisfi'd, nor

count my self a grateful receiver of this freedom , but when I expose that and my self to serve you.

*Bellam.* When I have a danger worthy of him he shall be sure to find the trust, and my prayers with it : but since my Brother desires it, whose love has sent him about me, pray expect him here ; for this Letter says, you and old *Philemon* must accompany us to *Capua* ; and should you miscarry, our sex and ignorance of the place may throw us into many dangers.----Sure there is more in this man than his humble heart yet shews : such guests as honour, faith and courage would not lodge in so mean a Cottage as a private slave, unless benighted, or to avoid storms. Good heaven, what fortune do we see dealt to some men, as if justice had no power nor voice in heaven !----Well, *Arcus*, if we live to see this storm blown over, I shall very unwillingly be denyed a better knowledge of your fortune ; for 'tis not this cloud, nor this night that hangs upon thy forehead ; nor those chains thou lately putt'st off can hide thy mind ; it still shews something too great for those misfortunes to pretend to.

*Arcus.* Heaven hide his mercies when I hide a thought from the divine *Bellamira* ; my story , Madam, when your Highness has leisure to wonder at the averfeness of fortune , and would allay your own joys, then you shall know it : for that is a story has tasted of all kind of changes ; and my miseries shall serve for your diversion, Madam ; in which nothing lies heavier upon my heart than the loss of a friend ; which since my being a slave in *Cyprus* I could never hear of ; and by me you may learn what custom can ; do for my heart has of late been so beaten with afflictions they are grown natural to me. [Enter Leopoldo and Palantus to them.

*Bellam.* See, see ; *Arcus*, who is come to decide the difference ? Oh, my Brother ! what new strange misery is this ! *Arcus* has fill'd my heart with fear and wonder ; the truth of my dream makes me tremble too, with the apprehension of the Kings danger.

*Leop.* O *Bellamira*, my distracted soul is grown weary of this habitation ; the new and many strokes that fortune has given of late makes me even turn coward, and yield to her malice ; methinks all she can do, or vertue hope for, is not worth the dispute ; I would I had lost all the aims at so I were dead, or in some place forgotten and unknown to any but the gods.

*Bellam.* I will not compare my griefs with my Brother's ; but sure if I did you'd pity me, and not add your troubles to them ; I hear you have seen a Maid in the Woods, and such a beauty as the Court never shew'd you ; and I have got a Lover too, I was sending now to acquaint you with the person, and his propositions. I can conclude this war without a stroke, at least the Spanish Prince tells me so : 'tis only marrying him, and quitting my Father ; and dear *Leopoldo* ; this is all I am to do, and I shall prove how much he loves me even in this my desperate estate.

*Leop.* This from the false usurper ? what answer sent you back ?

*Bellam.* I bad the Messenger return him, I never saw that man I would marry, nor any one whose company I prefer'd before my Brother's ;



Brothers ; but if there were a necessity, and my choice free, the meanest Gentleman in all his Army that wore a sword, and had not lost his honour, my soul would prefer before him, even in this height of all his pride and power, that could believe my heart so degenerate to let itself be embraced by the destroyer of my Country, and murderer of my Family.

*Leop.* Spoke like my Sister, I never hated an enemy before ; had love or ambition fairly arm'd his men, or desire to have got fame upon us, such a choice honour would have pleaded for ; and I could have fought with him, and lov'd him too : but this treacherous pride and covetousness are too low things and too mean instruments for the gods to use, even when they have decreed a Monarchs ruine. Thunder, Famine, Sword or Pestilence, are nobler far ; sure we shall blush at our fall from this mean hand.----- See, *Fidelia's* engaged, let us leave her ; I have something to tell thee ere I part ; 'tis a new secret, *Bellamira* ; but the richest of my heart. [*Exeunt Leopoldo and Bellamira.*]

*Fidelia.* You'll finde nothing but truth in what I have said ; that she loves, or at least fears so, is as certain as that she cannot love you, which Love and Fortune both has sent to afflict you in revenge of that scorn you have paid my friendship.

*Palan.* The figure of something seen in a Dream ! the shadow of a shadow ! this is a fate as airy as mine own, as hopeless, Nobody, or a Shepherd ! as impossible are her desires as mine ; this being as much below her merit, as she's above mine.

*Fidelia, aside.* Who knows their fate ? their desperate passions make mine possible ; I know 'tis not common nor scarce honourable in Maids to wooe ; yet, I methinks, I may tell him that I love ; if there be no more ill in the word then my desires or thoughts aim at ; I am sure I may with innocency enough, and when I have told him so, if I lose a grain, or grow less in any one good, if I pluck one beauty from a Virgins mind, let howlings find me, and may my crimes in sad repentance unpitied fall in showers upon my cheeks ; therefore arm'd with my innocence I am resolv'd to prove fate further ; for to the vertuous and the fairly daring Fortune still holds out unlook'd for success ; and if mine be like my love, it must prove better then my hopes.

*Palan.* You are sad, *Fidelia* ; is the Prince ready to depart ?

*Fidel.* Will you not go in and resolve your self ? I know there is one from whom you will take a most unwilling leave.

*Palan.* Alas, *Fidelia*, there needs no circumvention to know all the secrets of my heart ; ask and take them, for the gentle *Fidelia* mistakes her friend, if she thinks I have any wish that has a blush attending it ; nor did I ever hide my desires from her, but in kindnesse, being loth to let her see a sight might trouble her.

[*He turns about.*]

*Fidel.* I cannot speak to him, my heart's too big to beg for love. ---Farewel, *Palantus* ; live and love all, but---('twill not out.)

*She offers to*

*Palan.* Stay, gentle maid ; 'tis true I love, I will not lye to thee, *go away, he*  
nor dare I tell her whom I love ; that truth, yet my wishes *calls her back,*

are

as no less innocent, then my hopes desperate; and I wear the fire here, *Fidelia*, without a fault, and shall do till I am earth; Yet my own despairs wound me not so much as *Fidelia's*, when I consider her and Fate; and if thou wilt have patience thou shalt see me revenge thee on my self, decreed to such a misery as will not let me take the pleasure of making thee happy, nor my self; Yet I conjure thee, *Fidelia*, strive with thy Passion; and now thou knowest my Heart, let us smile some time when we meet each other; a sullen sad Love looks as if it mourn'd some past sin, or struggl'd yet to conquer some ill design.

*Fid.* Malice and jealous Lovers make more serious search then death; and what I told you even now was my fears rather then my wishes in thy Fortune; for know, my Heart is too full of Friendship for *Palantus* to wish against him: And farther, though I know all his desires are designed rewards for another, and thou wouldst see thy wishes enjoy'd by one thou canst not question, (being Rival'd by a shadow,) yet I cannot blame thy Love; For *Bellamira* is an Excellence fit for Heaven to covet: Nor doe's *Palantus* rejoyce in those Excellencies more then I, though her graces are to me as so many Enemies. Thus *Fidelia*, though despis'd, will preserve her self fit for better Fortunes, by bearing this with Honour.

*Palantus.* Sure there cannot be such a punishment in store for loving *Bellamira* as thy kind fears apprehend; And since we have touch'd this string, whose harsh sound I have long avoided for thy sake; Yet give me leave to say, Heaven and my Friend can witness, I never made any vows to *Fidelia*; what I have done for her, let the gods prove propitious to them and make us happy yet. And therefore, in Justice, you cannot call me unconstant, or abuser of your Love. Gratitude (if it were not too like vanity to say so) is all I ever could pay to thee; Not that I would not have given more, but 'twas all I had left; This fatal fire sent for my punishment, I fear, is either Child or Parent of that little god; for till then, I never knew or scarce believed there was such a power; nor did your own Heart desire a return of Love more then I have longed to give it you; For I know, Honour in all the heights of excellency produces nothing more glorious then a handsome Friendship: Other Virtues have him in pieces, but intire Honour is in the perfect Love of two; which since we cannot enjoy as we wish, yet you cannot accuse me of a crime which you have confess'd your self; Gentle *Fidelia*, though not at the same Altar, yet I bow to the same power that leads thee in chains; nor will I be so barbarous as to imploy thy Love to advance my wishes with *Bellamira*, nor fear from thee such injustice as to do ill Offices: Let our Friendship pity each other, and while we love with Honour leave the rest to Fate; and thou shalt find, though Love be blind, since he has brought us to this precipice, (I prophecy) he will lend us his wings to save us.

*Fid.* See, see, my Friend, how pleasing Truth is; when thou dissemblest



dissemblest even now, and hid'st thy Love; Thy words came out unwillingly, and their harsh sounds were forc'd through thy teeth, as if thy Tongue had hal'd them to suffer for some crime they had committed: But now there's Musick in them; and though the Tune be sad, yet 'tis well set; and our Souls sometimes affects the serious and the grave, as well as the jolly triumphant noyse of victory; And since *Palantus* values my Friendship, and looks with pity upon my sufferings, my Soul is at peace; for can he do this and not love? What is that but Love? Give me this, and take all the world besides: My Soul has not another wish in store, but that my Friend may find his, and I a pardon for a fault he shall not know until I have redeemed it; The Princess *Bellamira* too shall beg it for me.

*Palantus*. What fault can you be guilty of to me that needs a Mediator? Is there a power beyond our Faith with each other? Come, *Fidelia*, though our parts be hard, yet we have a fair field to act in, and if friends looking on; and I miss my part, prompt me Love, and *Fidelia's* Heart.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

# ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

*Enter Pollidor, Ravack, and the Satyr wounded;  
Pollidor and Ravack seem to be full of troubles, the  
Satyr fawnes upon the old man and speaks.*

*Satyr*. I'll drink no more of this poyson'd Juice; 'tis full of madness, Rage, and Lust; I lost my Reason and my leggs too, and but darkly; yet remember what I did; good Master, calm her Mind, and make my peace, I dare not see her else.

*Ravack*. 'Twas the Prince *Leopoldo*, sure; he sayes they call'd him Prince, the accident is full of mystery; The gods laugh still at the wisest actions men design without them.

*Satyr*. Yes, yes, *Leopoldo*, and Prince, so they call'd him; I thought he would have wrong'd my Love; if he had, lame as I am, my club should have pash'd his skull.

*Pollidor*. The Prince, men say, is gallant; My Father that hates them all for's Masters sake, yet calls him the just *Leopoldo*: And valiant all the world delivers him; sure he cannot then do a base Action; Yet his suddain passion may want reason to counsel him; and listning to his blood and power, who knows how that may prompt him to seek his end upon a Shep-herds Daughter? I'll find *Phillora*, and from her know all the Truth; Her wonder and silence makes me fear she loves.

*Ravack*. She gaz'd, he sayes, and stood dumb; then changed colour, and with fixt eyes lost her self in thoughts, till he cut her bow-string undiscern'd. Come let us find her.

*Polidlor*. Sir, my thoughts upon this accident have been working long, but what to wish or fear, I know not; They have both  
Honour,

Honour, and that secures me from the apprehension of a great misfortune ; though my Reason cannot hope the least happiness from their passion.

*Ravack.* Let's lose no time in finding her, nor take notice, when she comes, that we have heard of this accident ; get her things made up, and we will away to *Gaietta* ; she's too modest to say she loves him ; and we must be so discreet as not to see she's troubled, when she's once in *Gaietta*, the object being removed ; she will not forget him ; 'tis the first gay sight she has seen, and that works upon her phansie : But she has youth enough to out-grow greater blows than this ; Yet I confess, my Heart, since my Master dyed, never felt such divided thoughts as this passage has begot ; let us haste and find them.

*Satyr.* I'll stand the forked lightning sooner than meet her now she's displeas'd ; my flesh trembles to remember she was angry ; either let her forgive me, or I'll be gone ; I'll serve you no more if she frowns ; 'Tis for her sake I am a slave, my Soul has pleasure in obeying her.-----See where she comes, hide me, earth, from that anger that fills her Mind ; I'll not let you go till she forgives me.

*Enter Phillora.*

*Phillora sad.* They bowed to him and call'd him Prince ; Ye gods, what need has he of such Additions ? But Fortune will be Fortune still, lavish to some, and niggard to others, disposing her blessings like her blind self ; What need had that Person (his moderation and his parts) of Titles, as if those vertues were not enough to give him rule over the world.

*Ravak.* *Phillora*, come, dispatch ; we have staid here till it is late ; for you know we have a long walk to *Gaietta*.

*Pollidor.* How came you so incens'd against your poor Lover ? Fie, *Phillora*, could you be so displeas'd with a poor creature who knows no better then to be happy when he can ? One not born subject to the Laws of Honour as we are. Nature was his Parent and his Mistress, she teaches no other Lessons ; and yet, for your sake, he has bound in strict chains his blood and desires, and a thousand times hazarded his Life to meet your dangers ; And could you be so cruel to intend his death for one fault ? O come with wine too ? Come, pray let me make his peace.-----Come hither.

*He calls him.*

*Satyr.* I dare not till she forgives me, and calls me hers again.

*Phillora.* Forgive thee ? yes, with all my Soul I forgive thee, and beg thy pardon, poor thing ; How full of fear he is of me that had forgot him ?

*Pollidor.* I pray dress his arm.

*Phillora.* I shall, Dear *Pollidor*, and then I have other wounds to cure ; First, let me see this, so.----Go fetch me some of the pot of Balsam thy Father taught us to make ; Here, prithee take this Bow and Quiver ; I'll give them thee for being so ready to execute my Anger upon my poor Lover, and burn them if thou wilt.

*She looks  
upon his Arm*

*Satyr.*



*Satyr.* Do, and I'll give thee this Scarf, the Prince gave it me.

*Phil.* The Princes Scarf? did he give it thee?

*Satyr.* Yes, Divineſt. But what care I for him, or it, but to please thee? take it, and forgive me. -- All the gods bleſs thee, fair and gentle; may all that wrong thee bleed like me, In heart too, and find my wounded mind; Shall we go, this night, for *Gaietta*, Maſter, I'll put up the Pyes we made; But I'll deſtroy the bag that holds my enemy, that baneful Liquor; I'll ſpend all my Arrows on that damn'd ſkin, and let his blood out as faſt as he did mine. *Gives her the Scarf.*

*Pol.* And when you have done haſte to yonder hill; and diligently obſerve which way thoſe Troops bend their march that paſs the wood; aſſoon as you return we'll be gone; come *Phillora*; you are ſad, he is not dangerously hurt.

*Phil.* I am glad I miſt my aim; And I would there were no more danger in my wounds, then I wiſh, or fear, in his.

*Pol.* Your wounds, Siſter, where are you wounded?

*Phil.* Come nearer, *Pollidor*, thou art my brother, my dear brother, until this hour, the only ſharer with this good old man, in all the wiſhes and joys of my heart; this morning I had no wiſh, no hope, no joy, beyond us three; Your good was all I pray'd for then. But -- *She ſighs and weeps. Afide.*

*Pol.* But? What dear *Phillora*? ----- Ye gods! 'Tis too true, I fear what the poor *Satyr* ſaid, he knew by himſelf She was in Love, and having felt the ſickneſs confidently deſcribes the diſeaſe; how Nature and Honour ſtrive in her wounded Breſt! but I muſt not ſeem to indulge her paſſion, there being no poſſibility ſhe ſhould be happy; Nor can I, if I would be angry with her; My Counſel I'll give her gently, and uſe a Brothers Interſt to prevail. ----- Let not *Phillora* wonder at my ſilence when ſhe weeps; Tears and Sighs, in thy Fortune, cannot paſs by me, but with pain and amazement, what ayles my Siſter, why do's ſhe hide her Eyes?

*Phil.* Oh that I had been blind this day, then I had not ſeen that god walking amongſt mortal men; his Eyes, *Pollidor*, wound like the Peſtilence; here, here it ſtruck me, I cannot bear the pain, nor would not willingly be cured. -- 'Tis either Love, or death, or both; For both bear darts, and ſometimes death has (they ſay) uſed loves Bowe; if ever, now he has borrowed it; for I find a ſtrange ſadneſs here, ſadneſs even to death, *Pollidor*.

*Pol.* Oh poor *Phillora*, this news flew before thee, but we hop'd thy wounds were not ſo dangerous, nor their pains ſo great, as to make thee cry out for help; doſt thou know, who 'tis whoſe eyes have poiſon'd all thy peace?

*Phil.* The man I know not, But excellent, ſure, above the reſt; his looks appear'd as if he had ſome great place in General Fame; Prince they call'd him too, and like *Mars* he mov'd. ---- In his looks you might have read him a King of men.

*Pol.* But when *Phillora* knows this is that Prince *Leopoldo* ſhe has heard my Father ſo often mention, ſhe will then remember what hatred is due to him, and not heap ſorrow upon her Father's head by loving his Enemy.



*Phyllora.* Leopoldo ? was it the Prince Leopoldo ? then I am miserable not that he deserves our hate, for my soul tells me ; he has no guilty share in our misfortunes ; Did my Father know him when he revil'd him ? could Pollidor know and curse Leopoldo ? sure you never saw him, did you ?

*Pol.* Never I, nor wish not, but to take my Revenge upon him.

*Phil.* That's not kindly answer'd, and I dare swear now thou never saw'st him, else his looks would have reconcil'd thee ; 'tis not possible such a Noble Countenance should have an Enemy in thy breast ; 'tis it self too generous ; If this be the Prince Leopoldo believe the choice my heart has made ; 'tis my first Election, find him out, make acquaintance with him ; if then thou canst find in thy soul to hate him I'll never see him more, But rather die then not comply with my Brothers wishes. Oh Pollidor, see and know him, and thou wilt find a prodigal Star reigned at his birth ; prince and power are Crutches fit for wicked men to lean upon, whose lame souls will fall without such helps ; his very looks Command ; Thou wilt find great things writ in his Eyes, and hee must bee a Prince wheresoever hee will but deign to Reign.

*Phil.* I find your weakness has yielded too far for me to have a power over your passion : yet if you do love him, you ought not to hate me, nor expose my Honour rashly ; But no more now, 'tis late, and we must haste to Gaietta.

*Phil.* To Gaietta ?

*Pol.* Yes, to Gaietta, our safety and our business calls us thither, change of Faces too, may make you forget him.

*The Trumpet  
sounds.*

*Phil.* No, Pollidor, I have no such waxen heart ; I confess I am wounded, the Venom of a Lovers Eye has stung my heart ; I know too, 'tis the common remedy, to decline the Object ; but I scorn to be heal'd that Common way ; let the Scorpion cure the Scorpions poison ; had I never seen the Prince, Not to see him were good counsel ; but having seen him, who can behold any other object ? my mind carries his figure here ; I must blind my reason too, ere I can lose the sight of that bright Star of Honour who now beckens us to come. ---- Hark, now he calls, now flie to him and Honour, they have but one habitation ; Follow me, dear Pollidor, Follow, and learn by him how to conquer with perfect honour, and from me to be overcome by Leopoldo, with no less glory. To stay here, and have our Virtues chain'd up in Solitude, shews but a passive virtue, onely the Courage of Slaves and Beasts ; and they will exceed us too in such a tame Courage that glories onely in what they can endure. The great tryal of great hearts is seen in both Fortunes ; who stoops to either Fate of Prince or Slave is not perfect ; come, and see the Prince labouring himself like the god of War through these dangers ; opposing their Treason with surprizing glories ; see every look speaks ; whose every motion has more grace and Beauty, and binds me more then his Face ; Yet his words were full of Love ; and though I will not say I deserve it, Yet I am confident I have all that



that honour could give, in so short a warning; and I will not doubt but my Love has credit with his Heart, for greater sums than *Phyllora* desires of Fate, to make her happy. Follow, and be witness of this Truth; see him only, if you then condemn me, I'll yield.

*Pollidor*, Stay Sister, *Phyllora*, I am past my reason; whither *She offers to* will you go? will you thrust your youth into the dangers of the *go out.* licentious Souldiers? retire, only for this day, into our peaceful Cave, where we will, with my Fathers Counsel, resolve what is to be done in this Extremity.

*Phil.* Have I not been buried all my life here, and beg but one day to live? give me but this day, and here interr me again.

*Rav.* *Phyllora*, I have with grief and amazement heard thee, and now shall cease to wonder that our counsell cannot prevail, since you have thus thrown off the modesty of your Sex; For this confident avowing of your Love is so immodest, that I fear your *Phyllora* will give sooner than he asks; That I love thee Heaven witness; and that I am not deaf to Love Thy Mother (whose Ghost will scorn thee,) witness for me; nor do's thy youth know that God. 'Tis true Love, of it self, is innocent, and the gods have given it for a tye amongst men, and 'tis the greatest Blessing, even to the happy'st Fortunes; A Beauty in the best minds, if not corrupted. Else That, as all good things in Excess, are ill. Consider then what 'tis you attempt. A Prince, and your Fathers Enemy; One By the Stars set out of your reach; If Honour then be your guide, what can you expect to be (but what I abhor to name?) Are you not born private issue? A Shepherds Daughter? can that condition hope any thing but to become some vile thing, despis'd by him, before enjoy'd, and by all, after? Have you a reason to urge against this? if not, let my truth find place.

*Phyllora.* Scorn me? The Gods we both bow to will revenge me then. A Shepherds daughter? A Herds-mans Childe? the banish'd Issue of a poor Forester? What if this be so? Yet we bow to the same Altars, Worship the same gods, and draw the same free Air; do's he scorn all his Subjects? if not, why me? I ask him nothing; is it a fault to love my Prince? If it be, it is no general Crime; Witness the sad Cause of these Wars; and if my Father did not lend a more Partial ear to his Anger then to my Love he would not now Command me to hate my Prince, nor longer cherish that only crime that stains his Story; That low passion makes us miserable; or can you doubt me so fall'n from virtue, so abandon'd by all the gods, as to forsake all their Sacred Rules, to become a prostitute, or such a Child as to give up all their rights to the first Temptations of my heart? Oh, Sir, reserve your censure till I have play'd my Part in this unfinish'd Story, and you shall find I build not my happiness on any other grounds but those of honour; And if the Prince prove Master  
R r r 2 of

of all those Excellencies I believe in him, they shall be no Argument to make me wicked; but if he prove short of those virtues, you shall finde me scorn him, and pity my self; and if his virtues have no power to tempt me, I am certain his vices shall not; 'Tis the Diety in the Prince, not the Man, *Phillora* stoops to; and when my Father, or dear *Pollidor*, can bring such an Argument against my Love, as to shew me Prince *Leopoldo* acting one thought less then his part, less then a Prince, you shall see *Phillora* prompt him, and Act something more then woman.

*Pollidor*. Could I be confirmed he loves, my fears, I confess, would vanish for there's no such guard to honour; as perfect Love.

*Phil*. I am sure I love, and that shall save me; and I hope he loves; for why should he flatter me? By your own ill rule, if his heart were as wicked, as you would have me believe him, sure he had power enough, he needed no such darkness, as a pretended Love to act a mischief in.

*Pol*. Poor girl, If all that had said, or swore it, had been Lovers, or the half of those that have seal'd it with their Oathes, tears, or bloods, our Stories, *Phillora*, would not have been so full of the mischiefs of that God whose barbarous fires have thrown ruine and destruction into that peace that inhabits amongst the gods themselves.

*Rav*. Nay, of all the herd, The talking Lover, Sir, should find least Faith; the angry and the jealous Lover are to be prefer'd before him; and 'twas a great truth of him that said, 'tis with Lovers as with those that work in Tapestry; they see not the piece until it be done; so he that can describe his passion, and tell how much, the why, the where, and the when he loved, and what throws and pains his heart felt, is awak'd from his Dream, he could not else make a description of a way he never travell'd; and he that has trod loves paths once exactly, may be a good guide to anothers Passion, but never good Lover himself; after such a Journey.

*Pollidor*. When I shall love, give me a Maid with a Virgin passion, and ignorance in Love; that sets out at the Eye, and rests in the heart; Your talking Lover, that strives to gain Love by the Ear, aims at low pleasures, impatient of deserving great ones, and loses his Arrows; Where there is Honour, Love needs no such guide as the tongue, to find out Love; nor company, to tell his story to; Love and a Lover are to each other all the world; they cannot be alone, their thoughts are able to people the world.

*Phillora*. Oh, gentle *Pollidor*, talk on, chide me thus, and I'll be silent; how came you to know this great mystery of Love?

*Pollidor*. For thee, *Phillora*, I have felt a passion, equall to all that Poets feign, and yet never felt one uneasie thought till this hour.



*Phil.* O my Brother! dearer yet than my self; this kindness hasty'd thee to my soul, preferr'd before all but the Prince, second to none but *Leopoldo*. O turn not away from me, but hear the truth I speak: If what I utter be not Reason, yet 'tis Love: a Virgins first and chaste passion for a most excellent object now in danger, pursu'd by treason, and bleeding for the faults of others: O let me do something to help him. I see that smile, now your heart laughs at me; 'tis true, I draw a weak Bowe, but Love will guide the Arrow: I know I hunt all this while impossible things, yet for my peace of minde let me beg, *Pollidor* will be so kinde as to follow me this day; what though I lose my self in some hand-som high Attempts, should thy Sister dy, there would be Fame, though no Victory; and if I live there will be time enough to return hither, and in this private life lament my ambitious passion, and here learn to level my thoughts at something low as my fortune.

*Pol.* 'Tis then too late to counsel; Reason I see has lost his force; All I have to say is, Have you any kindness left, by which I conjure thee, for my sake, defer this business but this day.

*Phil.* No more, for Charity no more; I grant you have reason, but I am mad; Alas, you sue to me as if I had power over my self; Finde the Reason I have lost, and restore it, and *Pollidor* shall finde me the same governable tame *Phillora* I was yesterday. But as it is, you may as soon expect I should sleep when I am bidden, or leave to remember *Pollidor*. I know I am mad, and must plead that Madness, which now must instead of Reason prevail with thee: In desperate Diseases, and with mortal wounds, where nothing can do good, nothing can do hurt: I am that person, so sick, so wounded. Thy Sister hath at her eyes drank mortal Poyson: Here in my heart I bear the wounds *Apollo* himself complain'd he could not cure; since then in Art and Nature there rests no hope, I conjure thee in kindness let me again drink the pleasing Venome in, and refuse not to thy unfortunate Sister (since she cannot live happily) the satisfaction onely of choosing this way to dy.

[He embraces him.]

*Pol.* Dry thy eyes, and far, far away be that sad hour; Look up *Phillora*, thou hast overcome me; Reason, Safety, and Revenge, all but Honour, I freely give to thy Passion, and with a Brothers tender heart I'll serve thee. Ye Gods, what Fruit this fatal bitter Root will bring I know not; I'm sure 'tis planted in our richest ground. Come, lead the way, and since Love thus lays violent hands upon our hearts, and will force us in this publick day to play our parts, let us obey his Messengers, and thou shalt finde how dear *Phillora* is to me, whose Peace I'll hunt through the world with faith and truth to Fame or Death.

*Phil.* And if thou find'st thy Sister made like the common frame of women, in whom a sickly weak honour inhabits, such as want the counsel of Friends, or the poor remedy of Spies, to preserve fit for thy love, let my Brother despise me for ever.

*Pol.* I am confirm'd, and thus will seek our fortunes in this day  
with

with minds prepared for all kinde of chances. And you Monarchs of the World, Fame and Honour, what though we bring no Troops of armed men to court you, yet look down with justice upon our actions, and ye shall finde we have not lost one grain of that virtue the Gods were pleas'd to give us.

*Phil.* My soul takes fire at thy words; and though *Pollidor* be no Prince, but a kinde of Plant bred and nourish'd in the Woods, yet I have seen him act what the best of Princes need not blush to imitate; and I prophesie, though he now begins to build without materials, Fortune will supply him; and Princes looking on shall wonder why *Pollidor* was a Shepherd, and their People wish him a Prince seeing him act such things as we sacrifice to in others; then shall the story of kinde *Pollidor* out-last his Marble, and dy onely with the world.

[*Exeunt Pollidor and Phillora.*]

*Rav.* 'Tis in vain to resist this Passion; yet if the Prince's love prove noble, greater and weightier interest than they imagine may yet hang upon this day; but the time is so distracted, and so short, I cannot listen to the call of those things that concern us most; for they are gone, and I must follow; Love and Innocency protect them.

#### A C T. IV. S C E N. II.

*Enter Nigro, Cleon, and their Company of Souldiers in Gaietta.*

*Nigro.* **R** *Avack's* stay makes me apprehend some danger, the Armies are both in the Woods, and my fears are more for him and those dear Pledges of Fortune; should they miscarry, all our faith would finde but a sad conclusion; *Clytus* too confirms my jealousies of the *spanish* Prince, that he means some foul play, by his desiring to marry with the Princess *Bellamira*; his first confidence to promise the People to produce their long lost and supposed dead Prince begot my fears; but 'twas no time then to discover the fallshood of that Promise, because it did our business; for it armed the People, and shall finish our work too; for before they can be undeceived, or question the truth of that Promise, we'll have play'd our Game; for if we overcome *Leopoldo* their anger's nothing; if *Leopoldo* overcome us, that nor all the world shall win me to survive that day. *Cleon*, we must keep a strong Guard this night; and leave order, if *Ravack* comes, though it be late, that he be let into the Ports, let the Gallies ly loose; and feed your men well, that we may be ready upon all occasions that are presented; I fear the *spaniard*, but we must not seem to mistrust him; yet let all the Officers know *Clytus* is the person they are to follow, if he and the Prince of *Spain* dispute; give this intelligence your self, it is not safe to trust it to a common Messenger, lest our fears wrong the Prince.

*Cleon.* I shall obey, our Forces are this Evening joyn'd with *Clytus*, 'tis a brave Body; and trust me, the King's looks with a minde not less daring; 'tis true, their number is not so great as

ours,



ours, yet their virtues may be equal; for the Gentry fills his Troops, and such whose Fortunes depend upon the Court; in that lies their odds; and 'twas in my opinion no policy to take away their Retreat to *Capua*, 'twill but beget a desperate Charge; for now their flight can promise no safety; many will do more in such a necessity than Honour would have prompted them to.

*Nigro*. 'Tis too late to give that Counsel now, but let us be ready to do our parts when Fortune calls; our Rests are up too, and to Justice I yield my part who knows my heart is honest.

A C T. IV. S C E N. III.

*Enter Almanzor, and Roderigo, Clytus meets them at the other Door.*

*Alman.* **C**lytus, welcome; Are your Troops joyn'd with those of *Gaietta*?

*Clytus*. Yes, Sir, and we have already receiv'd a Visit from the Enemy, we have taken some Prisoners that assure us that the King, Prince, and Princess, are all in the Army.

*Alm.* Why then we shall do all our work at once; I hate delays, let Fortune give me my Answer quickly, whether a Monarch or a Slave;----If my Stars have in this Fate this Crown, This day 'tis *Aside* mine; if not, there's a hope lost.

*Clytus*. If you could produce the person of our King, my prophetick soul tells me the day were ours; such a signal Victory would make all their hearts turn Coward; the justice and vengeance they must expect from his injuries would wound farther and deeper than either Sword or Spear.

*Alm.* Make it safe by Conquest for him, and my life to gage I'll bring him to you; but if his Friends will not give one blow for his safety, I fear he will not be perswaded to trust their jealousy; but this is wide of our business----*Roderigo!* [*He whispers.*]

*Clytus*. 'Tis so, do, whisper; the Gods hear you, still I have acquainted *Nigro* with my fears, and he, I'm certain, will not be circumvented; 'tis for our own interest we fight as well as yours, ere we see the King, else you should stand alone for *Clytus*.

*Rod.* This though it be policy, Sir, is neither honest nor gallant; besides, I cannot be such a Fool as to believe *Clytus* durst say these things, but that he is sure of his Army, who you see has possess'd yon Hill, and stand in a manner divided from us: Take heed how you anger him lest you tempt him to be wise and honest; 'tis easily done; but standing still, or joyning with the King, or if he will look on, he's secure in the advantage of the place, and may laugh at us that must labour for him; and when we have destroyed each other, how easie 'twill be for him to give Laws to both we shall quickly finde. 'Tis my counsel to dissemble still; 'tis true, one blow with this Dagger does it; but what good can you derive from that mischief? when the Battel's over; if you can strike him securely it may signifie something, but till then let us bear

bear him fairly : 'tis late, and the King's men are advanc'd already, and we must not let them take such courage as 'twill give them to finde us unwilling to fight.

*Alm.* Come, *Clytus*, every one to his charge.

*Clytus.* I fear no Enemies; if my Friends be true, I'll look to my Enemy my self; and I'll have a care of false Friends too; *Roderigo*, I shall, and yet I'll fight well to day. [Exit *Clytus*.

*Rod.* See, Sir, my fears are true, upon my life he's jealous; something and quickly must be thought upon, and wisely too, either to confirm him, or remove him hence; but Fortune, if that Trumpet sounds what I believe, it will perhaps take the work into her own hands, and we may see the Traitor fall in his own snare. ----Hark, Sir, 'tis a Charge. [The Trumpet sounds.

*Alm.* Away then, Give the Word round, Command all to march.

*Exeunt omnes.*

# ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Enter Leopoldo, Palantus, and Arcus.*

*Leop.* Farewell *Palantus*: this day is set to decide our hopes or fears; Love be thou propitious, and I shall not fear the rest; the King has his ancient virtue still, his courage, and will command the Battel himself; my Charge lies this way, let us embrace and part, and this day strike, to be always free from such a danger as this false pretence which now hath arm'd these Traitors.

*Pal.* Pray Sir, let *Arcus* attend the Princess in her journey to *Capua*, *Philemon* is old; and though his courage be great 'tis but ill guarded; if I might attend that service he should not have that envied Office.

[*Aside.*

*Asides.*

*Arcus.* Nor wouldst thou grant it me, if thou knew'st my minde, ----I shall not fail to wait upon her Highness; but I believe till those Troops of *Clytus* be forc'd from yonder Hill, it will not be safe for us to pass, for we are still subject to his parties; and we must expect he will not let us pass free unspoke with; and if once we be taken 'tis a great blow to your Highness affairs, as appears by the *Spaniards* Propositions of Mariage; for though he promise to give a King, his business is to get a Queen, and by that Interest of Bloud ally his success unto the Crown; which Curse Heaven with thy Fires forbid, or give *Arcus* leave with his Dagger to remove.

*Leop.* Hark, they receive the Charge; Away, our Place and Interest is first this day, and Honour tells us it ought to be so in danger too.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT.



## ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Enter Almanzor, and Roderigo, both wounded, and their  
Swords drawn.*

*Alman.* **U**Rge them: how *Roderigo*? the aged King acts wonders above man; how the stubborn rock broke our charge; he has many wounds, and in revenge of them his men fight, such resolution I never saw among so few men.

*Roder.* How I abhor that traitor *Clytus*, that could so barbarously charge his King!

*Alman.* He is a villain, but his hand's useful in this work; haste to him and second him in his charge; I'll once more prove the Princes temper; he has a name in Arms, and I long to grapple with him.  
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. III.

*Enter the old King wounded, leaning upon Palantus, with  
their Swords drawn.*

*King.* **N**O, no more, *Palantus*, 'tis enough, Fate has run his circle; here my greatness begun, and here it ends; in a Battle, I set out King, and in a Battle end; the sword gave me my honour, and to the sword I have again surrendred it: and I prithee tell my Son, if he survive the day, and fortune smile, which yet I despair not, (for his virtue must meet greater dangers than these) command him to search out the truth of the Spaniards declarations; and if he can find my Nephew, let him restore the Crown; it had been my voluntary act, had not that traitor *Clytus* crush'd all our intentions; the rest were beaten, I saw them stagger; their Officers and Prince retreated, till *Clytus* false and stout with wicked troops of our own Countrymen charged us, fools and wicked that could not in such an act believe how great a sin their valour was.

*Palan.* Oh, Sir, do not take such hasty leave from your poor and miserable friends; what shall we do when you are gone?

*King.* Thy faith, *Palantus*, will redeem to story the long lost gratitude of Favorites; and 'tis one joy to me I never was deceived where I trusted; I find a blindness that foretels the way I am to go: farewell, be happy for thy kindness to thy old Master, who without trouble dyes, embraced by the arms of him whom he loved; thy faith was always welcome, but in death most pretious; and I prithee fail not to give my blessing to my dear *Bellamira*, whose dream is made good in this my fall; and to let thee see all thy care did not hide from my eyes thy modest passion for *Bellamira*, here from my dying hands take this Legacy; I have worn it as a relick many a day, love it as well as I did, and death can only part ye; could I have loved her less, or consented to see her acting of a  
Sff deed,

deed I could not justifie, long since thou hadst had my consent to have been happy; but she was ever my dear *Bellamira*; and I know *Palantus* though he loved, yet his mind had honour too, and would not see her go less to satisfy his passion. But it grows late, and I find my blood waste apace.—Hark, we are pursu'd; save thyself, leave me, faithful *Palantus*. [*A noise of follow, follow.*]

*The King faints and lyes down.*

*The King swoons.*

*He lyes down and weeps upon the King, and embraces him.*

*Palan.* Oh, Sir! do not bid me believe you love me, and command me this, at least not with I should obey you: this treasure of my life I keep as my soul, and but this shadow have no friend: could you refuse to drink of this fatal cup that treason and murder have prepared, at the rate of my life I'd buy your place. But see, while I talk, death is making his pale unwelcome visit in my Masters noble heart, the seat of a thousand virtues.—Oh! he is gone, set for ever in this cloud; this object and this loneliness how dismal 'tis! none but death and I at a Kings Tragedy; but 'tis just, I had his trust alone, alone his love, his favour, without a Rival, but not without a Nations envy; here I'll stay, here the Conqueror shall find his victory had not power to make me fly to save a short loath'd life, and lose my place in story.—Ye gods, that see these wounds, arm all your vengeful hands, and strike the traytors quick into the earth that thus have brought his sacred head with violence to the grave; may their torn Carcasses never find a grave; see, see this reverend head that you have spared; the double tye of King, and old, found no reverence, nor his gray hairs protection; no friends had they here that had in heaven no enemies; such was his piety that treason and murder were fain to arm against him, to second time, that great enemy of man and nature, who could not alone destroy this sacred Pile, whose ruines I shall not have power to mourn, unless I can save these reliques from the malice of those traytors that pursue us; I'll take off his robe and mine own too; and if I can pass for some private Souldier I'll scape with my load.

*He strips off the Kings and his own upper garments and throws them into the Wood, and covers the body with Souldiers coats, and is pursued by the enemy; he bestrides the dead body of the King, untill Almanzor and Roderigo come in and take him.*

*Alman.* Who are you? disarm, and bind him.

*Palan.* We must ask that of you; the day has given you power to appoint us fates.

*Alman.* What is he you defended?

*Lyes down by the King.*

*Palan.* One that an hour since would have fought with thee, or any man alive; 'twas my Father; may thine again never bless his eyes with a sight of thee, whose ambition has set his in blood.

*Alman.* Thy faith shall plead for thee, though thy curses has struck me more then any danger I ere saw. *Roderigo*, behold a great example of faith and fortune; how pious that young man



man looks in his wounds, and how lovely in his sorrow!

*Roder.* And how black we look that caus'd them! my soul abhors my part of this conquest, I never pitied an enemy before: indeed we never met a gallant one till now; and had not their own swords fought against them, we had not stood here now to mourn their sufferings; how I hate that traitor *Clytus*! he call'd me in the Battle, and bad me witness what he did for his young King. Villain, some old curse will find thee for't.

*Alman.* Well, what's next to be done? the Prince stands still, and *Palantus*'s Troops are rallied.

*Roder.* 'Twas a gallant fellow their Chief; I saw him charge to second the King, when *Clytus* broke him, but since he was not seen,

*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sould.* Sir, the Officers expect you; *Clytus* is press'd by the Prince, and calls for horse to second him.

*Alman.* Away with him to my Quarter, let him receive no injury. *Points to Palantus.*  
[*Exeunt Almanzor and Roderigo.*]

*Sould.* Come, friend, shall we be jogging? you have a kind enemy you see.

*Palan.* His humanity has won me strangely; if I live to see the Princess she shall know how handsomely he gave his character, both of the King and Prince. His general too is a brave fellow; with what scorn and hatred he mention'd that traitor *Clytus*, the cause of all these miseries; that villain laid this Scene of war and death.

*Sould.* Come dispatch, dispatch.

*Palan.* Witness heaven, how unwillingly I part from this dear load; and friend, if thou wilt return and give this old man a grave, and but tell me where you lay his body, poor as I am in fortune, I shall find something to reward such piety.

1. *Sould.* When you are safe we'll talk of that.

2. Let's go through the wood upon the left hand, and there we shall have time to examine his Pockets. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Phillora, Pollidor, Ravack, and Satyr, all wounded.*

*Phil.* This way, this way, *Pollidor*, I see the storm bends; all their wicked force is bent to destroy the best of men.

*She offers to go out.*

*Rav.* Hold, *Phillora*.

*Pollid.* Will you yet retreat, and not with idle passion fondly pursue a lost man? you see the day is lost, you see the gods the juster side have taken, the enemy has all in chase; and if we stay we must expect the same fate that follows their impiety; 'tis ridiculous, this love, that thus with madness you pursue; can you imagine it possible that these swords can redeem the day? you see in kindness to your grief we have given up our Reason, and our revenge; and, for your sake, struck even against our hearts, and all that kindness begets but a wilfulness in you.

*Phil.* I find my Brother has but dissembled then, and *Pollidor* has no sense of the pain he never felt, nor kindness for *Phyllora*; he could not else thus harshly rub her wounded mind : but take heed this despised power thou now contemnest, do's not in vengeance arm some unequal dart against thee; this mornings Sun found my breast as free as thine, proud too as my Brother, both of my form and liberty, and at as high a rate I prize my freedom; yet one sight of his eyes has burnt them all to ashes; and I prophesie those several virtues that now lye idle in your breast, shall but make love a triumph when those torches of thy eyes shall take fire from that star, to whose beauty fate and love have decreed thy pain.

*Ravack.* Alas, *Phyllora*, here's none that chides thy passion; counsel we may; we only tell thee, Love and Honour were born twins, and will endure neither separation nor competitors; you must not divide those friends, together they act great and glorious things; the mind that possesseth them is scarce mortal, but if you separate that cordial, you'll find too late, Love is but the poison; excellent in medicine when prepared and allayed with honour, and but prepares the way; 'tis good, *Phyllora*, at opening the door to let the Treacle in; so much of the venom Love is good as serves to fire the mind with great thoughts; but honour (child) must direct his feet; he will neither find else, nor know his home.

*Phil.* Oh, be not thus cruel, Sir, to wound me with your reason; my sick eyes cannot see the light; have mercy upon me, and let me go.

*Pollid.* You must not go; 'tis kindness to be cruel: your passion grows to madness; and 'tis folly, not friendship, to listen to your prayers; you must not pass.

*Phil.* I shall force my way either through thine, or my own heart.

*Pollid.* Come, pass here; make thy way through my heart, or find it made by grief, ungrateful and unkind *Phyllora*, to see all my love and care thrown behind thee, like the despised things of the world; go, *Phyllora*, follow thy passion, give to a stranger, offer to the pride of one that perhaps will not accept thy present, that love, for nothing which thou wouldst not pay unto a Brother: but when thou returnest here thou shalt find me dead; for know I will not out-live thy honour: go wretched Maid, give that innocence which thou shalt never find again; that innocency for which, this day, thou stood'st the envy of thy time, and wilt hereafter fall below a common pity, cruel, blind, ungrateful and unkind *Phyllora*.

*Phil.* Oh *Pollidor*, *Pollidor*, thou hast struck me to the soul; ungrateful, and unkind! any thing but that, that was cruelly urg'd, witness my broken heart, to which thy unkind kindness has given its mortal wounds: farewell, *Pollidor*; be thou happy though I might not.--- [*She swoons and falls down: the Satyr seems much troubled.*]

*Rav.* She is not well, she looks pale; *Phyllora*, dear *Phyllora*, look up; see thy Brother in tears, beg thy pardon; 'tis the heavens fights



fights in this passion, and their wills must not be disputed; speak kindly to her and heal her mind.

*Pollid.* Alas, Sir, how easie 'tis for me to speak kindly, heaven knows that sees my heart; *Phyllora*, Sister, unlucky Maid, once more pardon the harsh expressions of a Brothers grief, whose love and kindness mistook the way to express it self; all my design was to have recommended reason as a companion for thy love, for love alone is but a passion, and a blind one; Dear *Phyllora*, much care and pains goes to make him a virtue, and then honour must be his parent, and his issue too; this is all I had to say, and this I would fain should have been reason; but thy love shall prevail hereafter; and dear *Phyllora* cease now to be sad, and angry with thy Brother, or to believe me so barbarous as to dispute against that god of passion, but as I fear him thy enemy:---Or think me such a stranger to thy heart as to doubt *Phyllora's* honour; what I have said was only to prompt thy mind, which I found this day so busie obeying of thy love, I was afraid, during this civil war in thy mind, some watchful enemy passion might surprize that strength which I am confident no assault, or siege can win.

*Phil.* Ever lov'd, but never dearer to my heart then now! Oh, let me rest upon thy brest, and hide my blushes there! yet my soul covets no faulty thing; 'tis no whisphers, nor midnights darkness that I seek; no corner to tell my story in; no guilt hangs upon my heart, my mind and desires are as bright as the days guide, as publick as *Leopoldo's* name, I dare avow my love of him; shall we because the gods frown add misery to those which they afflict, who, we know, suffer for others crimes? and joyn with treason to wound the man my soul admires? no Brother, he is my Prince; and let heaven speak to him in thunder, while I obey and follow him to his Grave, or throne; whiles my heart weeps over the one, but never envy him the least glory of the other.

*Enter the Satyr.*

*Satyr.* There are armed men entred the Wood; haste, dear Mistress, and follow me, or we are lost. The Princes party flies in every place; the enemy pursues us close.

*Phyllora.* The gods protect the Prince.

[*Exeunt Pollidor and Phyllora.*]

*Enter Ravack, with a Helmet full of water.*

*Rav.* Here I left her, there's the *Satyr*; where's my Daughter?

*Satyr.* Now gone into the Woods.

*Rav.* What makes you stay behind, what is't you gaze on?

*Satyr.* A man lyes a dying here in the bush, he groans and stirs still.

*Rav.* A man, where? [*Ravack looks upon him very earnestly.*]

*Satyr.* Come, leave him, prithee Master, he's but ill company now, and going a worse journey; and if we stay, perhaps, we may be sent upon the same errand.

*Rav.*

*He looks up-  
on his hand,  
and finds his  
signet.*

*Rav.* Is there any life ? help, hold up his head, he breathes and stirs ; 'tis long since I saw this face, yet there are lines in it my memory retains, 'tis he.----This confirms me, Heaven I accept this offer ; sure some great work is design'd in this chance ; I'll bear him to our Cave, but first I'll take off his Ring for fear the enemy meet us ; come, help to take him up.----Little hast thou deserv'd this charity from me ; but I'll not upbraid thy ashes ; if I can recover him of his wounds we'll find a way to make him useful to us, at least secure him for hindring our designs.

*Satyr.* Carry him to the Cave ; and if he be a friend let me alone to cure him.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. V.

*Enter Palantus bound in the Wood, with two Souldiers whispering together.*

*Palan.* I Do not like these villains whispering, they have made me leave the road ; sure they design some mischief in this wood ; should I seem to fear, that might encourage them in their villany.----How now, What whispering's this ?

*1. Sould.* What we have done already is more than we can answer ; let us search his pockets, and deliver him to the guard at the foot of the Hill.

*They lay hold  
upon him and  
pull out his  
purse.*

*Palantus.* Villaines, this violence shall cost you dear.

*2. Sould.* Ha ! This is no small bird, such feathers few of your kind wear.

*1. Sould.* Search farther ; Here's a Jewel too, and papers, those we shall not use.

*Palantus.* If they find my picture too I'me lost, my Soul cannot indure that separation ; What would you have more, have you not taken all already ?----Hell take your loathed Souls.

*2. Sould.* Oh, this is it ; A picture, what have we here ? Golden Houses for shadows ?

*He resists,  
and they  
throw him  
down.--They  
search his  
breast and  
find the  
picture, he  
kicks and  
bites all the  
while.*

*Palantus.* 'Tis so, a picture onely, after all the rest of your Injuries, restore but that and I'll freely forgive you ; take the case too, onely the picture again ; if you have any humanity you will not deny it ; 'tis to you of no use, but to me the dearest jewel of my life ; 'Tis of a friend, whose Memory I adore ; set any rate upon it and I'll purchase it ; it is your own Interest I propose.

*1. Sould.* Keep our counsel and you shall have it, upon our words we'll restore it ; But if you tell any Tales, or complain to the General of this visitation of your pockets, then down goes Dagon, nothing saves your Saint ; here she shall lie safe till we find you a man of your word ; till then, take a civil leave of her, and let's be gone.

*Palantus.* Without you will restore it I'll not stir one step.

*2. Sould.* Come, come ; if you consent to go in all together, we'll afford you the cutting into quarters, and do it at four.

*Palantus.*



*Palantus.* Villaines, you'll dearly repent this Insolence.----Pray, (and heartily) I get not my hands loose; 'twill be sad to some of you ever if I be free.

1. *Sould.* Come, fret and curse at home, till we repent:

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Leopold, and Arcus, wounded.*

*Leopoldo.* OH *Arcus*, 'twas she, there's nothing like her; She is an original, I saw her and the poor *Satyr* too; labouring in our cause, she acts above a mortal power; My Hearts a fire till I know her Fortune; she had the scarf on I gave the *Satyr*; My Father and *Palantus* are both wounded, and both missing; Haste and try, if possible, in this general mischief, to save some remnant of our family: Find my Sister, conjure her to haste to *Capua*, and there ship for *Rome*; whither (if I can reach my ends) I'll with diligence repair.

*Arcus.* Alas, Sir, I fear she's lost, and so will you be too if you thus pursue your passion; Consider, Sir, how many thousand lives and fortunes hang upon your precious dayes.

*Leop.* Lost! Heaven sleeps not sure, nor will so negligently part with such a Jewel; And Nature, kind Nature, that has care even of Plants, and waits so diligently upon every Season, think'st thou, *Arcus*, she would mind a Bird or Tree and neglect these? No, no, she'd sooner spare the Sun, the Pride of her workmanship, then suffer such a blow; 'twould wound her deeper then her opposites of Sword, Plague, and Famine, though waited on by death; Hark, we are pursu'd; some brave Enemy that would bring a gallant Revenge, or a handsome death, would make me smile upon my Fortune; But I talk, and thou art here still, my Sister will be lost; Flie, *Arcus*, fly, ere it be too late to counsel her.

*Arcus.* Alas, Sir, what sullen Starr rules you? Why would you have me leave you? Why do you choose to fall alone? Do you think I am of so low a spirit, or so base as to leave my Prince in danger, and seek my own safety? Go, and I'll follow you throughout all the world; but if I leave you, Heaven curse me.

*Leop.* We are all lost then; for I am resolved to find this Maid ere I think of safety; I saw her enter this wood. Oh, *Arcus*, 'tis a strange wonder of her Sex; 'Tis a gallant Mind dwells in that private Breast, and blest is he shall find a Friendship there, yet my Love shall out-vie his; For he that is her equal, is mercenary, and proposes to himself her for his reward, which I cannot without injuring her or *Leopoldo*; which ere I will do, thou shalt see me fly where my despaires will carry me, and converse with Beasts or Trees, envying the life of Plants, whil'st I despise my own.

*Arcus.*

*Arcus.* Oh Sir, let me beg once in my dayes to be believed; and lest my fears prove fatal, by her whose fair eyes you love best I beg you'll at least quit this habit and your order, and for a time strike sail to fortune in this storm; you'll sink a brave vessel else, and lose a noble freight.

*Leop.* How? And fall a private man? Pluck from my self my Honour? No, *Arcus*, thou shalt see me frown, and meet the worst of Fortunes; For I dare die, as well as live a Prince; And here, with all the *Triurnio*, and glorious distinctions of a Prince, thou shalt see me fall a crowned sacrifice to Love and Fortune.

*Arcus.* Sir, Wisdom as well as Courage is allowed us in all our accidents of this life; and to be wilful in our miseries upbraids the gods, and looks as if we would glorifie our selves: Besides, if you desire to be capable of enjoying her own wishes in this habit, and like your self, it is impossible. *Leopoldo*, This day was your happiness; But *Leopoldo* now can promise nothing but misfortunes; your misery is the desire of all men. The busie Ambition of the Enemy hunts nothing but the greatness of the Prince; In which time a private man may escape; Besides, the Maid will sooner listen to your words when you stand in a level with her, then when she sees such a desperate height as is betwixt her and her Princes Love.

*Leop.* Ha! What hast thou said? 'Tis Truth he urges, and I submit to thy Reason in hopes to find it succesfull; ----- Thus I consent to a disguise, which this publick Character cannot wear. --- Here, *Arcus*, take this envied Character from my afflicted Breast; This shewes how dangerous these distinctions of Honour are, and how vain men are that seek them. --- Poor and safe; could greatness believe that truth! how happy might we be whose sad experience I now must prove? Would I could lose my self to all the world, but thee *Bellamira*, and this Maid.

*Arcus.* Come, Sir; who knows but this stooping a little to Fortune may make her kind, and take it for satisfaction for all the scornes your Virtue has thrown upon her; trusting still to Justice, and aspiring to that title rather than the fortunate *Leopoldo*: Hark, Sir, the noise draws this way; in this woods thicknes we may hide our selves, and let the danger pass.

*Leop.* Lead the way, but with how ill a will I yield to Fortune, the gods witness; Love, 'tis thy power more then any argument of fear or hope prevails with me.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Ravack and Phillora.*

*Ravack.* 'TIS sure a party of the Enemy that pursues us, but these woods are thick, and we are now near home.

*Phil.* 'Twas the Prince, I know his clothes; His royal slave was with him too, a mark not to be mistaken.

*Ravack.*



*Rav.* If the *Satyr* overtook him he is then retir'd to our Cave, to enjoy the welcome news of the Kings safety, which if his age denies not, I can promise.

*Phil.* How fain I would believe the Prince safe too in this time of penurious hope! that he lived, were all I would ask: Alas, I saw him fall amongst his enemies; and since that sad hour can give my heart no news of his safety; I would fain speak with him, and tell him only how innocent and faithful a passion my heart labours with. Could he then be so barbarous as to scorn me?

*Enter from the Wood Arcus and Leopoldo.*

*Leop.* No, no, gentle Maid; Heaven (if thy rage have a curse yet left in store) throw it upon me if I scorn thee.

*Phil.* 'Tis the Prince; and thus upon my knees I fall to him, in vertue, courage and all that's excellent, a Prince; all but these miseries are his own: Oh Sir, that you are safe is all my joy; and let not the Prince be angry to find a fond Girle hunt his greatness, who begins to fear her self his evil Angel; you were never happy since I saw you.

*Leop.* Fair and dear; what interest in this days chance engaged your virgin hand? why dost thou not fly before our misfortunes crush thee?

*Phil.* Oh Sir; gods and men will fight your cause, and all that have heard of *Leopoldo* (but this band of wicked ones) would dye for you; and if my life could save a hair of that generous head, I'd dye as quietly as little birds in their Nests; for I shall never find a joy but in serving you; and 'tis one great blessing we have saved the King.

*Leop.* The King!

*Rav.* By the appointment of the gods, I hope, he fell into my hands, faint and full of wounds, known by this signet upon his finger; for 'tis long since my age left wandring in the splendid paths of Courts; he is now in our Cave, where he is safe and private; and I hope a blessing in his cure; and if your Highness will vouchsafe to put your royal head under that humble roof till this storm be over, we shall think our selves blest in the occasion.

*Leop.* No more, no more; my life and all that ever was precious I value less then this news; in spite of mischief I grow happy, since I have found a faith here; for I heard your discourse even now, the joy it gave me may your soul never wish in vain; may I not know your name?

*Phil.* *Phillora*, Sir, I am called; Daughter to this good old man; here in these woods I had my birth and abode; I have a Brother too, dear as mine eyes; he's now bleeding in your Highness cause, ambitious to be in wounds, ally'd to your miseries; heaven blest him when he fights your Battles, and curse them that fight against you.

*Arcus.* 'Tis the prettiest and the gallantest innocence that ever

my eyes saw; ye gods, such another excellency but my bright Mistress sure the earth shews not; how my heart pities the disparity of her birth, that forbids them to equal the gods in happiness!

*Leop.* Gentle *Phillora*, is there no hope to find your love has charity for my passion, as well as value for some other object?

*Phil.* Find the means, Sir, to satisfy that question; let the Prince and honour search it, and if I deny, at the rate of my life, to purchase it, let no mercy find me.

*Leop.* Oh *Phillora*, name not those tyrants, honour and opinion, that still persecutes mankind, and impose their severe laws upon our hearts; what have Lovers to do with them, or they with us? we will love beyond their Rules, and suffer beyond their examples, till there be nothing left for us to imitate; and then we will our selves become examples; and to love like us shall be the next ages rule; and *Phillora*, all ages wonder.---- Yet, methinks, in midst of my despairs honour holds out a light, which though it be afar off, it guides me to something that I may hope.

*Phil.* Hope, Sir! why not? all that is honourable; and your virtue will overcome the rest of fate; there's nothing lays such violent hands upon generous minds as to see a Lover despair of being happy: and this doubtful looking upon your wishes, whatever they be, shall make me give sooner than the greatest Argument your vanity can propose; there is a kind of Magick in the eye of a languishing despair, that good nature cannot see without pity, and yields sooner to it than presumptuous confidence, or force.

*Leop.* Yet force has been successful, and many have out-liv'd it.

*Phil.* None, where there was honour.

*Leop.* Will you then deny the fame of those maids that lust and force have injur'd?

*Phil.* If they out-live it unmindful of a just revenge, I shall.

*Leop.* Would you be so cruel to kill the man should thus speak his passion, when this Idol, honour, you adore, has stop'd all other possible ways to his desire?

*Arcus.* Ha! 'twas not well urg'd.

[*Aside.*

*Rav.* If this be serious, I have yet a power to save her honour.

*Phil.* Do you doubt it, Sir? would I live fam'd here, or dye to become a star in heaven? so sure I would kill all that's mortal, if this spear could reach him.

*Leop.* Why, 'tis not for fear of the gods then that you are honest? for, sure, murder is worse than rape, and in this you declare there is something you prefer to them. Suppose I should now by the advantage I could find abuse this opportunity, would you kill me?

*Phil.* The gods forbid; no, Sir, when I find the Prince start back from virtue, and so far quit his own Rules of goodness, that have gain'd him the surname of Just, and for my sake become a Ravisher, I shall quickly let him see how I hate such a tempter; for when I find my innocence too weak to defend my honour I shall at least find honour enough to defend my innocence; and I will always dye worthy your love, Sir, when you shall refuse to let me live so,

*Aside.*



so ; nor is death faulty then, but like a friend to vertue, finding oppressed arms in her defence ; and strikes, not to destroy *Phyllora*, but to rescue her honour.

*Leop.* Upon my soul thou wouldst, thou excellent and single in thy goodness ; come neer old man, and record my vows, that if thy Daughter be but gently born, here I'll fix my heart ; either hers or never womans, so heaven and earth assist me.

*Phil.* Oh hold, Sir, call back that vow ; be still my Prince, while I follow and admire you as far as fame finds faith, or passage ; but to be yours will make me blush for ever, and the guilt will always deject me.

*Leop.* By my love, by beauty, innocency ; and all that's fair, by truth it self, or *Phyllora* (which is all these) I swear, thy honour and my vow I'll most religiously preserve ; and if my life be blest by thy embraces, thou shalt command more in that day then I would beg now ; do not doubt my faith nor your power, which nothing but your fears can lessen.

*Rav.* The gods say, Amen.

*Phil.* Rather all the gods forbid such Hymens should attend your blessed day ; let me first sink forgotten into my little grave, ere I become the subject of such a curse.

*Leop.* Is this *Phyllora's* friendship ?

*Phil.* Do I refuse this for want of love ? no, Sir, when that comes in question my life is ready to clear the doubt ; I know I have nor birth, nor parts to pretend a fellowship to Crowns ; the sin and guilt of such an act would sink me lower then your passion has done you ; let me be still your subject with my innocence ; let your Reason love me as well as your passion, lest I lose your love and your value both ; for in unequal Hymens beauty will find but a short reign. For Princes grow ashamed of their faults ; and the gods protect me from such misery as your depos'd love.

*Leop.* Will *Phyllora* thus cruelly punish my love ? thus, for fear of a possible ill, to make me certainly miserable ?

*Phil.* Alas, Sir ; my love in all its kindness speaks to you ; and when you forget your self you ought to be punish'd for that act more then for your crimes to others. I am sure I shall be severer far when you offend so then when you injure me ; for witness heaven, *Leopoldo* is still most precious in my eyes. Oh, Sir ; rather haste to repair the ruines of this day ; you were never overcome, till now, and sink faster amongst your friends then in the Battle ; and I that would dye to serve you, in this command you would make me the destroyer of my Prince.

*Leop.* 'Tis resolv'd, I will be thine, or else a single life fate shall not deny me.

*Rav.* Ye gods, what do I hear and see ? my glad heart is big with joy.

*Arcus.* I hear a noise of weapons.

[*A noise in the Wood.*]

*Phil.* Alas, Sir, we have talk'd away our safety ; I fear new dangers, or separation, worse then death.

*Rav.* Yet if we can regain the wood, I'll guide you to my Cave.

*Leopoldo.* Oh *Phillora*, 'tis in vain, they are upon us.

*Enter three or four Souldiers, and set upon them, and after the Souldiers the Spanish Prince : the Spanish party drives the rest off the Stage.*

*Enter Almanzor.*

*Leopoldo looks about.*

*They fight,*

*Almanzor is wounded.*

*Leopoldo wounds him,*

*and in the close disarms*

*and throws him.*

*Alman.* Yield thee, wretch, or this bold attempt shall cost thee dear ; thy safety is in yielding.

*Leop.* 'Tis he, and we are alone ; heaven, thou art kind.

*Alman.* The villain has wounded me again ; such a courage in a wretch, and of a beaten party, I never found.

*Leop.* There, take your length on that earth your ambition thought to enslave ; see how one handful of it has check'd that in all thy glory ; my heart has not malice nor baseness enough to strike thee upon thee ground, nor leisure to consider thy fate, until I have found my dear *Phillora* ; sure these woods have paid his debt.

[Exit Leopoldo.]

*Enter Roderigo, and Souldiers.*

*Roder.* These woods are so thick, and the Rogues fly like deer in them ; 'tis in vain to pursue 'em, where left you the Prince ?

1. *Sould.* I saw him not, Sir.

2. *Sould.* Nor I.

*Roder.* Nor you ? ye dogs, where did you leave him ?

*Sould.* We saw him not, Sir, since we left the party.

*Alman.* *Roderigo*, here, thy hand, prithee.

*Roder.* Ha ! wounded, and upon the ground !

*Alman.* My hurts are sleight, by chance of war only ; and it was a gallant fellow, who ere he be, that gave them.

*Rod.* Beat all the woods and plains, he cannot escape ; what was he ?

*Alman.* Seek him, but upon your lives wrong him not ; 'tis but a private person ; but I dare say, a bolder soul tri'd not his fate this day.

*Enter Souldiers, bringing the Prince Leopoldo bound.*

*Sould.* This is he, Sir ; we knew him by your Highness sword.

*Alman.* 'Tis so, use him kindly, and carry him to my quarters. If thy Prince had fought thus well this day he had not been missing now in Battle.

*Leop.* My Prince fought better than the proudest of you ; my Prince stood the last danger of the field, and scorns to fly ; he's either dead, or worse, in chains ; nor can you boast your victory, which you ow to our own swords ; 'twas *Clytus*, not *Almanzor*, beat *Leopoldo*.

*Roder.* Away with him to the Quarters.

*Sould.* We'll through the woods again, and try what ballast he bears in his breeches.

*Roder.* Make haste, and meet us at the hill by the wood side.

[Exeunt omnes.]

*Partis primæ Finis.*



THE SECOND PART  
OF  
Bellamira her Dream:  
OR, THE  
Love of Shadows.  
A  
TRAGI-COMEDY,  
The Scene *NAPLES* and *SICILY*.

---

Written in *VENICE*,  
BY  
*THOMAS KILLIGREW*.

---

DEDICATED  
TO THE  
Lady *ANN VILLIERS*  
*COUNTESS*  
OF  
*SUSSEX*.

---

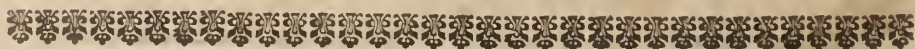
L O N D O N:

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be  
sold at his Shop at the sign of the *Blew Anchor*, in  
the lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1663.



## The Names of the Actors:

The King of *Naples* and *Sicily*.  
*Ortho*, Brother of the King, slain in a Battel.  
*Leopoldo*, Prince of *Sicily* and *Naples*.  
*Almanzor*, Prince of *Spain*.  
*Roderigo*, His Lieutenant General.  
*Bellamira*, Sister to *Leopoldo*.  
*Fidelia*, A Lady of the Court.  
*Pollidor*, }  
*Phillora* his Sister, } Two Foresters.  
*Ravack*, A banished Lord, of dead *Ortho*'s party.  
*Nigro*, }  
*Clytus*, } Three Lords of *Ortho*'s party, in Arms in *Gaietta*.  
*Cleon*, }  
*Palantus*, General of the Horse to the King of *Sicily* and  
*Naples*.  
*Philemon*, An old Lord at Court.  
*A Satyr*, In Love with *Phillora*.  
*Arcus*, A Moor, Slave to *Leopoldo*.  
*Juba*, A Moor, Friend to *Arcus*, }  
*Cadefs*, his Sister. } Both Prisoners.  
*Souldiers* and *Servants*, such as the Scene Requires.







THE SECOND PART  
OF  
Bellamira her Dream :  
OR, THE  
Love of Shadows.

---

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter two Souldiers, with Leopoldo bound.*

1. *Sould.* **N**O Mutiny Friend, the Day being ours, our  
Swords have given us Title to all you have.  
2. *Sould.* Your Throat is mine too, and be still  
while he geld your Pocket, or I shall spoil  
your Drinking.

*Leop.* Can you answer this to your Officer? He commanded  
you to see me safe to his Tent, else no such base hands as yours  
should have had power to have bound me.

1. *Sould.* Come Sir; these hands are as proper to pick your Poc-  
ket as the best in the Army, What's here? A Chain, by my faith,  
and Gold too. *The Souldi-  
ers plucks a  
chain out of  
his pocket,  
and puts it  
about his  
neck.*

2. *Sould.* D'ye hear, Brother, no pocketing; lay all down, fair  
play, and when we have done, divide.

1. *Sould.* Yes, yes, what's that? A Jewel? Is't right?

2. *Sould.* If it prove false we'll have his-----in the room;  
this was no small Fool.

1. And his Ransom will be no Bauble, and let me alone to use  
him ill enough to make him hasten it.

*Leop.* Let me go, and I'll pay it, to either, and by all the Gods  
swear secrecy.

2. *Sould.* Ha! hum!

1. *Sould.*

1. *Sould.* What is't he sayes?

2. *Sould.* Something that carries reason if we durst trust him.

1. *Sould.* D' ye hear? either trust him and let him go, or cut his Throat; for if he lives to see the Prince, he'll tell what he has lost; and then we must not onely restore all, but put fair for hanging.

2. *Sould.* And 'twould be a sad business to change this Gold chain for a halter; My Friend, turn to the Tree and pray, for I am resolved not to lose one link of this chain for your span of dayes; How fine my Girl will be when she has it on!

1. *Sould.* Just as fine as mine, 'twill burn your fingers else; that as the rest must be divided.

2. *Sould.* No, no, 'tis pity to spoile it; take you his Clothes in consideration of half; Come Friend, dispatch this matter.

*The Souldier holds his sword against his Breast. He catches hold of the chaine. They strive for the chain.*

*Leop.* Villain, wilt thou rob me and murther me too? Take heed, thy wants may plead for the one, but no excuse will save thee from that vengeance that sees thee if thou shalt act the other; The Blood thou shed'st in the heat of battle may find some excuse, as drawn from an Enemy, though Treason brought thee there.

2. *Sould.* Nay, nay, no sentences; Pray, if you can, or die, overseen, and say you were fairly advised; 'twill be so, indeed it will; I cannot afford it cheaper, will you dispatch?

*Leop.* Villain!

1. *Sould.* Yet 'ere you do it, I shall make bold with this.---(Half is my right, and I'll have it.)

2. *Sould.* It may be so, but I shall see you prove that right ere I quit it.

*Leop.* Hell that gave a Mind to men full of Avarice, and corrupted Souls, Lust for wealth, send Discord the fruit of that cursed metal to fill their Hearts.

1. *Sould.* Let it go.

2. *Sould.* I will not.

*The first Souldier strikes, they fight.*

*Leop.* So, so, that blow will be reveng'd, I hope; I have a weapon in my boot, could I come but to use it; I might gain my freedom by this strife.----'Tis done, now I am free; But 'ere 'tis known, let me get within reach of them; Hold, as you are *Souldiers*, hold, do not strive for trifles at the rate of lives too.

2. *Sould.* Stand you off, or I shall spoile your expectation; You had hope a good from this, but you are couzen'd: keep off, or I shall find a spare thrust shall do your business.

*Leop.* For wishing your good?

2. *Sould.* A pox on your Charity and your baubles; I would you been both hanged when I met with you; the Rogue has hurt me.

*Leop.* If that Villain scapes me I am strangely couzen'd.

1. *Sould.* I am wounded too, will you divide yet? And not let him laugh at both; he's like to be our Heir and Executor if we agree not.

2. *Sould.* I am content; We are Friends, and thou shalt have half; Here's my Hand, and let's dispatch him.-----Oh, he has kill'd me.

*While they embrace, the Prince stabs the second Souldier, and takes his sword, he falls. The first Souldier sets upon the Prince, they fight; the Souldier falls, his perrwig drops off.*

*Leop.*



*Leop.* Ye gods, that thus have arm'd in defence of my Innocency, to you I acknowledge this strange deliverance; I am free, but whither to go to keep that liberty, you that miraculously have sent it direct me too; I would find *Phyllora*, but I know not where to seek her known and pursu'd in this habit, though not for the Prince, yet as an Enemy, will be dangerous. ---- ha! see what fate presents in this Extremity; 'tis a Perriwig, why not use it, and change habits with this Souldier, and so attempt to pass as one of them? it must be so, my wounds will be my excuse too, for being behind my Fellows; Thus, like an Enemy to my self I'll prove a Friend, and from these bitter flowers this honey gather; and by Fortune made equal to my love, safely enjoy the conversation of that maid, in this private habit, which was refus'd as Prince, when fortune frown'd. ----- I start not at this misery at all; nor will I upbray'd the gods for these afflictions, 'tis the common fate of the best of Princes; no story but is fill'd with these blots of Treason, and the certain Vengeance that pursues 'em; And who e're he be that will venture into the troubled Seas that Empire Sails in must set out with a mind resolv'd for all fortunes; Princes are but men, and when they have resolv'd wisely let them Act with Honour, and leave the rest to Fate.

*[He strips the Souldier, and carries the Clothes off the stage; the Picture Palantus had lost drops out of the Souldiers pocket unseen of the Prince.]*

## A C T. I. S C E N. II.

*Enter Bellamira, Fidelia, Arcus, and Philemon.*

*Bell.* **G**OOD heaven, what a day was this! My soul trembles to retain the sadness in my thoughts; the cries and groans still fill my Ears, The wounds, and death that lies in thousand places are still before my eyes; The horror of so many kinds of Entrances for death makes my soul sad, to think any man can be proud of conquest when they consider at what a Rate of misery and Cruelty 'tis purchas'd; Oh *Fidelia*, the sad means and Lamentations that the deceived hopes will breed from the fate of this day! ---- slaughter yet flying over the Field, waited on by death, who visits the Innocent, the Coward and the valiant, none can refuse him. Yet nothing is fuller of wonder then mine own part, who, this day, the thought of a friends danger would have begot a tear from, yet now am forced to tread upon the blood, and suck in at my Nostrils the souls of wretched men, whose last thick breath hath fill'd the Air.

*Fidel.* Pray, Madam, cease to weep, and employ all your patience to resist the violence of this storm; your Innocency will save us all.

*Bell.* Oh *Fidelia*, This horror, nor the divers dangers of the times, is the load my soul shrinks under; 'tis the loss of my Royal Father, and poor *Leopoldo*, that bows me to the Earth; yet, in midst of these miseries and fears my eyes abuse me, if I saw not this day in the battle that fatal Figure my dreams have thus long convers'd withall.

*Fidel.* 'Twas sure the same the Prince met this morning.

*Bellamira.* No, no, I saw her too; this was not unlike her, in habit, I confess I have labour'd with my grief, and the weakness of my Sex, thus far, to see if fate would guide me once more to his sight.

*Phil.* I pray be pleas'd, Madam, to repose here, whilst *Arcus* and my self see what horse those were that entred the wood.

[*Exeunt Arcus and Philemon.*]

*Fidel.* If there be in nature such a blessing as you imagine, I shall yet smile; for my heart tells me his sight concludes our miseries; yet what can be stranger then the things we have seen and suffred this day? how our fears have reconciled us even to this habit!

*Bell.* We have not leisure to consider those lesser things now; Yesterday I should have blush'd to let *Fidelia* see what is now expos'd to the view of common men; Behold the power of Parents, whose command hides all, and my obedience is as modest as my Coats; but when I consider my mind, and what fate imposes upon me, thus to pursue a flying shadow, ye gods behold, and pity a Virgin wooing, and a Virgin armed; stranger things then these no maidens fortunes know; Yet if I should see him, I can do any thing sooner then tell him that I love (and that too I fear) sooner then leave to do so.

*Fidel.* From one that has felt the same sting pray take a little counsel, and resolve not what you will do, or say, until you see him; for to hope to be wise, thus far afore, in business of Love, is Madness; The heart only prepares love a perfect well-come; They are too much themselves that can speak sence; at such a time your worst Lover will tell his Tale best.

*Bell.* No more, no more, 'tis a Riddle, all; The wise man is not sure to read it, nor is't impossible to the Fool.

*Fidel.* I am yet afraid we are not safe: for the Enemy pursues us in all places, and therefore let us retreat into this wood; yet whether should we fly but from our selves, that carry our griefs along with us?

*Bell.* This sword too, if all fear'd it as I do, though by mine own side, Repentance cannot make this day so Innocent as my fears would have preserv'd it; Behold ye powers, A maid, whose feeble prayers could not reach your throne, thus upbraids ye; & as a more powerful weapon draws her Sword; your anger thus has arm'd our Sex, which has still been taught, Maids can so little glory gain in fights, that they can scarce be modestly angry.

*Fidel.* Treacherous and Injurious men give us a dispensation; and nothing is more lawful nor modest then those wounds a Virgin gives in defence of her Honour.

*Bell.* Alas, *Fidelia*, arm'd women have as far out-shot their mark as cowardly men fall short of theirs; fighting women can add so little to their Fame themselves, that 'tis scarce for their honour to be fought for; and if men cannot add to womens fame by fighting, (which is their Idol virtue,) sure we catch at Shadows when we draw their Swords: and to speak really, that womans honour



nour that must be held by a Sword is not worth a Swords cure ; For who has once been doubted may be innocent, but never fully cleared ; for such a doubt, if it do's not stain, yet it dyes the minds of the best friends ; Men, reasonable enough, fear there was something call'd, some looks or words, some motion, that becken'd him to come, and made her subject to the boldness of that Sex ; some negligence that bad him hope a Surprize, e're the boldest durst attempt such a fort as a modest mind ; if there had not been some intelligence within, or at least the guards of virtue sleeping, they durst not ( I say ) hope ; And this is my guilt, who, in my sleeps, have given up that mind and heart to a shadow, in my Dreams, that waking defended it self against the world ; and now the Conquerour insults.

*Fidel.* Oh Madam, leave to repine at a Fate you cannot change, but calmly obey the gods; your virtue was not wont to dispute their wills ; Remember, Madam, you have much to expect from heaven e're you can reap your wishes ; and obedience is the only well-come price Mortalls can pay. *They sit upon the ground.*

*Bell.* Sure I am not stubborn, *Fidelia* ; Obedience is all I plead ; for I am so far from refusing what they command, that thou see'st I follow a shadow because they sent it ; and I believe all these desires but so many calls, so many becknings to come, which I shall cheerfully Obey ; I know there must be some divine providence shut up in that Figure, some hidden secret some knot in fate that heaven has appointed my mortal hand to untie ; It cannot be they should pick me out of a Nation onely to make me miserable ; No, no *Fidelia*, 'tis but to make our joys taste the sweeter, that they pass them through these difficulties and fears.

*Fidel.* Now I prophesie we shall be happy ; and give me leave to say, your former doubts have been one cause of these sufferings ; for to doubt their power or mercy is the great sin ; for when men dare confine the gods to the capacities of their narrow minds then they cleave the Air with Thunder, and in some high Example speak their Anger ; hark, I hear a noise of weapons, we have talk'd away our safety.

*Enter Arcus and Philemon, pursued by the Enemy.*

*Arcus.* Haste, haste, Madam, or we are lost ; this cursed colour of mine is known to be one that fought on the princes side to day ; This brand of shame, not onely sent to be my curse, but yours ; fly, and I'll kill my self, and let them believe I dy'd of wounds in the battle, 'tis only me, me that they pursue, and what wretch is he, would live, when he might die, to serve ?

*He turns his Sword as if he would fall upon't.*

*Bell.* Hold, *Arcus*, thy faith shall live to be admir'd, as I have a  
V u u 2
life

life and Honour, if thou lay'st the least violent hands upon thy self, here I'll stay, and expect the worst of Fortune.

*Arcus.* Fly then, for Heavens sake.

*Bell.* We have lost the way, and know not where to go.

*Phil.* Enter this wood, Madam, that though we find not the Prince we may not lose each other.

*Bell.* Innocence ! where's thy home ? Alas, she has none ! Innocence as restless is as her Servants, sent upon Journeys, as Fortune, or Oppression pleases ; no certain place assign'd her, They wander still over the Earth ; Courts and Temples are but Inns to virtue, where she lodges for a Night, but early next day she must be gone.

*Fidel.* 'Tis sad, the while, when the Palaces of Princes, nor Empire (beyond which the ambitious Sword aspires not) cannot terminate her wandring steps, nor the Temples Sacred Odours breathe air pure enough for her to live in. But these sad contemplations are not proper now ; leave them, Madam, and seek a safety, for fear of worse evils then we have yet met.

*Bell.* Heaven I obey, and but follow, where thou lead'st the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Almanzor, Roderigo and Souldiers, in pursuit of Bellamira, Fidelia, Arcus, and Philemon.*

*Alman.* Pursue them, *Roderigo*, they hide in every Bush, victory and smiling Fortune beckens us to come.

*Roder.* 'Tis a sullen kind of Courage that despair and anger gives 'em ; they have defended themselves to this place, with a strange daring, and a kind of miracle in success.

*Alman.* 'Tis but this desperate handfull that remains.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Pollidor, Phillora, and the Satyr.*

*Phil.* IT is the Princes party that disputes the hill, I saw the slave, I cannot be mistaken dear *Pollidor*, I know the Moor ; my Imagination, nor my Love, which so oft you have upbraided, cannot change colours, *Pollider*.

*Poll.* See my Reason, Blood, All I have freely given to your Passion ; Follow thy Fate ; for since my Father's satisfied, I shall without dispute obey you ; though his news surprize me, being not apt to believe the Prince though he offer'd marriage ; but heaven has time to punish and reward. -- hark, I hear the noise of weapons, step into this Wood, and see what it means.

Noise of weapons within.

*Enter*



*Enter Bellamira and Fidelia with their Swords drawn, Philemon and Arcus making their Retreat.*

*Fid.* Fly, Madam.

*Bel.* O whither, *Fidelia*?

*Enter Pollidor and Phillora, and sides with the Princes party, and meet Bellamira and Fidelia.*

*Phil.* See, see the Slave I spoke of, and certain they must be Friends to the Prince. [Among the Trees.]

*Pol.* The odds makes the rest our Enemies, and honour calls Swords to their party. Stand, What are you?

*Bel.* We are two that would fain be Friends to thy Fortune what ere it be. O *Fidelia*, this is the same fatal Figure agen.

*Pol.* The Word?

*Bel.* *Bellamira*.

*Pol.* Pass that way while we endeavour your safety here.

*Exeunt Bellamira and Fidelia.*

*Phil.* How they tremble! their fears ly heavy upon them; some secret bosom-sin which they are loth to part with makes the fear of death worse than death.

*Pollidor and Phillora take part with Arcus, and beat the Enemy.*

*Enter Bellamira and Fidelia.*

*Bell.* This way, *Fidelia*; 'tis the Deity that in visions made his visits here, I cannot be mistaken, Love and Fate have stamp'd the Figure in my virgin-minde, let us follow and tell him so.

*Fid.* Stay, Madam, Whither will your distracted griefs transport you? if you be discover'd you are lost for ever; your Honour too calls you back; when Women pursue how full of blushes are the most innocent actions?

*Bell.* But if he goes ere I speak to him my soul will wither still in the fear that this should be a Dream too. O *Fidelia*, it is a cruel Fate that forces me to these precipices; Is there no possibility to be happy, but we must lose some grains of our value? Has Honour no Holy-days? Is her service all toil of minde and body, no reward? Are Chains and Slavery the sole marks she desires to be known by? All Sting, all Thorns, no Roses, no Flowers, no Honey? Why should Man endow'd with a reasonable minde sacrifice to such an Enemy for such shadows as these?

*Fid.* Alas, Madam, is this a time to dispute the power and will of Heaven? Let us seek a safety first before new dangers finde us.

*Bell.* No, *Fidelia*, I fear no new danger; could I finde a cure for this old wound I would despise all the Conquerour, either with  
Sword

Sword or Chains could bring; Why should his youth by fate be made so fit for my love, and then be set so far out of my reach? See how he hunts for honour, how greedy of my dangers, onely as they are glories; for he knows not me; his gentle Sister too faithful by his side without fear of wounds seeks them with more fury than we tremble at the thought, and gives the lie to all that we have said this day, giving and receiving wounds; Yet a Virgin, in whom no stains nor blush can dwell; What would these two have been? What stories would they have made if Fate had set them free, unfetter'd into the world! What parts would they have acted, had not these Minds been hedged in and confin'd with private births! Had not that cloud hung o're'm, who could have beheld the brightness of that Virtue which shines through their humble Fortune? And since my Dreams were not safe from his shadow onely, what would the real Figure do? Oh *Fidelia*!

*Fidel.* Why these tears? Why this grief, when you ought to rejoyce? This day has remov'd a seven years doubt, the fears of an Age are blown over in this one object; That 'twas a shadow is now removed; there rests onely fitness now to compleat your happiness; Heretofore you were to wish a being to your Love; now when your great Heart can descend to meet a private virtue your may be happy. Remember, Madam, your Dream, and how strange a cure was appointed to heal this troubled Age, the marrying of a Tree; and see the sacred plants, the health and wealth of the Forest, designed for that great work.

*Bellam.* To Love and Fate I bow; and what they shall appoint most readily I shall submit to.

*Fidel.* The night will suddenly joyn in our security; This way, Madam, we must expect the faithful *Arcus*. [Exeunt

## A C T. I. S C E N. V.

*Enter Pollidor from the Rescue of Bellamira.*

*Poll.* **T**His Girls passion makes my life a burden to me; but for love of her that's dearer than my self this Sword should with a kinde wound release me, that I should see her doat upon the Son of him that ruin'd us, my self too hunting their dangers, and in our blood write our selves Friends to what we hate---- What have we here? a poor youth slain, and a Picture by him, of his Mistris sure; what may be miserable is still so; I never yet knew that blinde froward, humourfom Deity; Fortune omit a mischief that lay in her power; this Wretch that had but one thing dear to him, and was no doubt precious himself in the eyes of somebody. See how early her malice has found her youth, and cut him off in his first dangers; while to me she has this day afforded a miraculous Victory onely to vex me; had I been unwilling or afraid to dy she would have sought death for me; but finding me weary of life she aids me still against my wishes that has no business here--- Ha! What does my eyes behold? I dream sure-----Ye Gods What,

*He findes the Picture, the Souldiers body lies by the Stage-side till now.*

*He takes the Picture and looks upon it, and at the sight of it is amazed.*



What is your will? Why this strange way to new miseries? What kinde of Curse is this you have sent me? 'tis the sacred Figure sure of some Deity prophand and ravish'd by this Wretch, whose Sacriledge has from Heaven met a punishment----O speak, speak, divine Spirit, command me and I'll revenge thee. 'Twill not speak, 'tis some Witchcraft sure----- I'll fly and call help from Heaven---- What is it that pulls me back? I feel something oppress my breast, my thoughts grow too great and powerful for Reason to command: This Disorder is not unlike *Phyllora's* love, thus she described him. O thou art a Prophetess, I fain would go, but without this strange new acquaintance my heart says no.

*He throws the Picture down: and offers to out.*

*He stoops, takes up the Picture, and gazes on't.*

*Enter Phyllora.*

*Phil.* 'Twas the same my heart told me, I knew the Moor; O *Pollidor*, this was fortunate; to rescue the Princes Friends, he mindes me not. *Pollidor*, Brother, what is that his eyes are fix'd upon? a Picture-----*Pollidor*, Brother! Heaven, what ails he? 'Tis a Picture, and of a lively form, divinely grac'd. Do, start, and sigh, and change colour; that paleness shews the fright and allarm his heart has taken at those eyes: Heavens you are just; and Love, if ever a virgins heart given freely to thy power found grace, be propitious to my prayers, and feed the flame thou hast kindled in his frozen breast, till thy great name has fill'd his minde, and sick with love let him taste that bitter Cup he made me drink so deep of, insensible of the pain he never felt----- So, so, does your heart grow too big for your breast, while your ears are deaf, and your eyes blinde to all other objects? Yes, yes, talk on, she'll hear thee as thou didst me. So, so, now thy minde has business of it's own-----*Pollidor*, what, talking to thy self?

*She looks up on the Picture.*

*Pollidor sighs.*

*She lays hold on him.*

*Pol. Phyllora, Sister.*

*He throws the Picture down, and looks on his Sword. Phyllora takes it up and holds it.*

*Phil.* Ne're cast this from you, in vain thou think'st to be rid of it; a cunning and a great Master has grav'd it with a powerful hand in thy heart, try thy Philosophy now, forget her, *Pollidor*; See what *Lethe* can prevail; haste to *Gaietta*, try if some new Figure, some fresh object can relieve thy minde; Does *Pollidor* now begin to finde there was something like Reason I said to day; O *Pollidor*, I was thy wonder to day, but thou wilt be mine to morrow, and thy own for ever.

*Pol.* Enough, enough, *Phyllora*, unless thy heart hunt revenge; remember 'twas but mistaken kindness; I then was a stranger to love, and therefore ought to be forgiven if I mistook thy passion; but what canst thou plead, after having made acquaintance with the God, if thou despise his Priest? Have but patience, and thou shalt



thalt reap all thy revenge, and with innocence of thy heart be pleased with it, and see thy Brother miserable even to pity.

*Phil.* No, *Pollidor*, 'tis far from me to seek Revenge against thee; yet I must confess I cannot be sorry to see thee a Lover, 'twill polish thy heart; 'twas too harsh, too severe before, a knotty roughness hid much of that beauty which now will shine when this passion shall illustrate it; Love will weed thy minde, and prune all that barbarous wildness that wanted sense for others pains; and thenthy awaked honour and armed thoughts will defend Love and thee against the world, and make thee, if it were possible, more welcome to *Phillora*.

*Pol.* Come near *Phillora*; Does not thy heart finde a decay of my love? Hast thou not mist, this hour, the diligent minde that was employed, solicitous for thy good onely?

*Phil.* Not I, me thinks *Pollidor* is as kinde as ever, and much more lovely in this passion than in all the reason thou wert so proud of.

He takes the  
Picture from  
*Phillora*.

*Pol.* Why then I fear, -----she, this divine figure remains alone still, though my heart be gone to finde her alone, as when the dead, cold hand of her murder'd Lover held her, and none but I, (wretched I) feel this fatal change; sure there's Magick in't, how could it be made? my minde is ty'd to it, no other thoughts can finde a place; hunger and thirst I feel not but what the drought of longing love begets, and that (I fear) will lick up all the warm blood that circles my heart.

*Phil.* No more, no more; let us first attend our safety, and at leisure seek a remedy for this ill, the Enemy pursues us close.

*Pol.* Tell not me of safety, an Enemy at my foot is not so pleasing a sight as this; though it be full of despair, 'tis a poisonous fire, *Phillora*, that's crept in at my eyes, it burns here, and the pain is beyond that which Poets describe Lust, Ambition, or Famine by. Yet my vain heart would fain promise it self something of happiness and pleasure from this strange thing. Victory nor Conquest is not half so welcome to my heart as this object; no such musick as the harmony of this face; it has smooth'd my brow, and calm'd my heart; all forms of past affection, either of love or hate, are cancell'd, all the impressions of former joy or anger one sight of this has destroyed; those eyes have even melted my soul, and *Pollidor* lies ready to receive what form she'll impose.

*Phil.* The Gods have heard my prayers since *Pollidor* is become a Lover, and I shall now hope my words will again be Reason!

*Pol.* I love thee, *Phillora*, but thou art not half so handsome as this; Prithce do not leave me, lest I forget thee and my self too: for all the world will vanish from my minde beholding this; I have already lost my anger, and can forgive *Leopoldo* and the King, so she'll but smile. O that the divine hand that fram'd thee had but given thee a tongue too; 'tis all thou wantest to beget a worship, yet we'll carry it home, and set it upon *Diana's* Altar.

*Phil.* All but Sacrilege I'll joyn in; take heed, *Pollidor*, how you incense the greater Deity; remember how the youthful God has reveng'd himself, remember; I say, and tremble.

*Pol.*



*Pollid.* It cannot be they should be true gods; flies play with 'em and worms destroy them; when they fall we are fain to raise them; I cannot worship my own creature, 'tis a contradiction to make my god; but suppose what thou believest, would *Pallas*, *Venus*, *Juno*, *Minerva*, or the rest of that glorious number, affect such odd poor forms as we adore at home, and give to a mortal this divine frame? See, see if there be not mercy in her eyes, calm peace in that brow, innocence and justice in those fair hands; is there grace that men could wish, or women envy, that grows not in this face; is it not one it self, or rather all the Graces? and therefore kneel.---Thou art a Virgin *Phyllora*, here lay thy hand upon this Virgin turf, which never crooked Plow deflowred, and by yon chaste spring, whose sacred streams with fruitful embraces circles yon flowry Meads, never to worship any other of her sex, nor shall any but ourselves have leave to sacrifice, lest we pollute her shrine with common vows, which I know will displease her, for she cannot be thus excellent but she must be particular, and constant too; for constancy and particularity shew the minds chastity; every forward Girle taught by custom can keep her body chaste, but the mind is seldom so: vanity, *Phyllora*, has a thousand ways to tempt a womans mind, and nothing like love and honour guard it.

*They kneel  
and worship.*

*Phil.* Should I now be as deaf to your reason as you were to mine, and deny all those truths of Love and Honour; what could *Pollidor* say when he should see me dote upon another face, and forget the Prince?

*Pollid.* I'de say a woman that out-lives her love has out-lived her honour, and is from that minute to be esteemed but as her carcass, and the moving figure of such a perjur'd woman but the shadow of what she was, which some licens'd Demon has usurp'd to dispatch his business here on earth in; and such a looseness stains both the fame and figure, the guilt will cast such a poysonous stench that ages cannot waste it; like treason it taints the blood, the grave cannot hide the deformity; a broken heart will out-last the Marble or the Epitaph.

*Phil.* From thee I'll learn to love, be thou my guide; while thy great heart leads the way, who follows thee and Love can never stray.

*Pollid.* No *Phyllora*, if I dye ere I see the substance of this shadow, I conjure thee bury me in this fatal place; and on my Tomb engrave my fate, that the world may know here was enterr'd the betwitch'd Forester; this was he that equall'd *Eccho*, and rival'd *Narcissus*, unless that goddess (who ere she were) that listned to *Pig-maleons* tears, would now look down on wretched *Pollidor*, and lend a life to this beloved shadow; Love let it be thy act, then find thy eyes, that with one sight of her I might pay thy bounty; but then take heed thy youthful deity do's not become my Rival, as she has done the gods in worship.

*Enter Leopoldo in his disguise, and finds Pollidor and  
Phyllora upon the place.*

*She is leaning upon her  
Brother, and looking upon  
a picture,  
Leopoldo  
discovers her.*

*Leop.* This deliverance had all the favourable gods to friend ; my disguise will hide me from the curious eye of all, since 'tis too poor and low to call the search of jealousy or envy upon me ; but to think of saving my self till I know what fortune is befallen *Phyllora* is a thought I cannot let enter my heart, possess'd with care and fear for her.----Ha ! 'tis she ; what sight is this ? a man in her arms ! they are kind too : see she leans upon his breast ; I'll strike the villain to the earth.---Sure 'tis some Phantasm : she refus'd my love when 'twas accompanied with the offers of sacred Hymen ; and yet my soul tells me 'tis not possible there should be such a curse design'd me as to love a false heart ; they are blinded, sure, with their passion , else they could not chuse but see me ; stay, he speaks to her ; I'll observe, but fatally, if she be false ; which my heart trembles to believe.

*Phil.* Oh my *Pollidor*, keep it as the treasure of thy life ; 'tis a jewel I would not part with for the world, the gods have sent it, keep it and love it ; and now pursue thy fate, and heaven witness how much I love and pity *Pollidor*.

*Leop.* Ha ! my heart ! what do I hear and see ?

*All the while  
he looks upon  
the picture.*

*Pollid.* Keep it ? yes, as I would my Reason or my Soul ; this shall be my Buckler against all but thy fair self, whose friendship I'll prefer before Empire ; and if thou smilest Fortune has no sting : these two lessons I have quickly learn'd, *Phyllora*, the unfortunate, and the Lover ; and they are two parts, if thou frown, that I must act for ever.----Love, thy Army would be numerous, couldst thou to the world shew this Commission ; our passion must be happy for the matter and the end is noble, though the subject be yet a mystery.

*Leop.* 'Tis her picture, she has given it him ; my soul is on fire ; and though I cannot hope to enjoy my love, my revenge is still in my power.

*He goes behind them, and snatches the picture from Pollidor ; Pollidor strikes him with his sword.*

*Phyllora  
parts 'em*

*Pollid.* Villain, restore it ; restore it upon thy life, and quickly.

*Phil.* What art thou ? why dost thou commit this outrage ? who sent thee ? why dost thou pursue him, and not regard my words ?

*Pollid.* Let me kill the villain.

*Leop.* The villain will not be kill'd, Sir.

*Phil.* Hold, fond wretch ; though that Jewel be by him priz'd above his life, consider what a vain thing 'tis in thee for a shadow thou knowest not thus to sacrifice thy self, and hazard the becoming one amongst the shadows ; why dost thou frown upon him, and look'st with rage on one thou know'st not ? what, is it for avarice thou would'st have it ? deliver it, and take a better value than thy poor hopes can promise.

*Phil.* Dear *Phyllora*, cease to sue to the villain, let me come ;  
Death,



Death, dost thou think I shall not win when I play this game; where wilt thou venture my sword if I lose her?

*Phil.* I do not doubt thy success, but 'tis base for both of us to destroy him; and my love for *Phollidor* is such, I will not see him hazard that rich heart against a common sword.

*Leop.* False and cruel.

*Phil.* Besides, 'tis some poor Souldier of the enemy, whose wants have engaged him, and for a reward he'll restore it.

*Leop.* No, fond Girl; I'll give thee my part of the earth first, and the short span of days the gods have left here I'll waste ere that villain shall boast his victory o're my Master that sent me hither.

*Phil.* Thy Master? who's thy Master? who sent thee?

*Leop.* Love and Fortune, blind Guides I fear.

*Phil.* What's thy business hither; for heavens sake unriddle thy anger, speak; what wouldst thou have?

*Pollid.* And speak quickly.

*Leop.* From the Prince *Leopoldo*, who now lyes weeping out his drops of life in red tears on yonder hill; and even with his last breath mourns the loss of thee, if thou be'st *Phyllora*, calling on thy name; for love of whom, slowly and unwillingly, he becomes a star, that art giving away thy self into anothers arms.

*Phil.* The Prince *Leopoldo* dye! oh where! guide my desperate feet to that sad place, and thou shalt see how vain his fears are by the haste this heart will make to meet him; for charities sake, for the Princes sake, upon my knees I beg, restore his Picture, and let us go.

*Leop.* What should I believe?

*Phil.* What villain gave the Prince his wounds? could he look upon him and strike?

*Leop.* False and fair have a thousand ways to kill; and there is more danger to *Leopoldo* in those eyes than in his sword; whose frowns nor anger have any terror, 'tis an idle rage; and thy passion only dangerous to thy self.

*Pollid.* Death, shall I be injur'd and despis'd too? sure I am not so weak an enemy as to be beat with words?

*They fight and are both wounded, yet she does all she can to part 'em; in the mean time Almanzor and Roderigo come in with their companies, and seize on both Pollidor and Phyllora.*

*Phil.* Oh my fate, Fortune I defy thee now; dost thou grudge me the mourning for the Prince?

*Pollid.* Dog, treacherous dog, this odds made thee so brave.

*I Sould.* See, Sir, here are two of those that rescued the Princess *Bellamira*, who in boys habit we surprized, together with *Arcus* the Moor.

*Alman.* And what are these?

*Pollid.* We are nothing, at least not worth telling now, ask thy self what we are; foolish fortune has given thee the power of disposing

fools we are that might have look'd on and would not, and now pay for playing others Cards.

*Phil.* 'Tis yet my joy I served the Prince, and sav'd his Sister ; and know, Tyrant, if my faithful heart could redeem him, I could know no misery after it.

*Roder.* What is he there ?

*Pollid.* A villain, one of thy own train ; but had not her fond pity sav'd him, I had paid his score.

*Leop.* You took one prisoner before from me ; but ere you get loose your self you shall pay both scores.

*Alman.* *Roderigo*, did'st ever see a more graceful couple ; there is something of greatness in their looks I have not seen in persons of their rank. Prithee answer me calmly ; what ye are this habit speaks you are no Souldiers.

*Pollid.* The unhappy issue of one chaste bed, the children of a poor Forester bred and born in these woods, led to this fatal day by chance, and kindness to this luckless Girl, who till this hour has always been all my care ; but love, curious love has found my mind business of its own.

*Leopoldo, aside.* Ha ! what do I hear, Brother to my Love, and I wretched villain have ruin'd them.

*Roder.* Convey them safe to *Capua*.

*Leop.* Yes, Sir ; we'll see them safe, I warrant you.—— Something I must do like an enemy until I can prove a friend, this day's full of fate.—— Come Sir, will you march ?-----Had not my jealousy blinded me I might have seen a Brother in his face, and the fatal figure in my Sisters Dream.

[*Exeunt Pollidor, Phillora, Leopoldo, and two Souldiers*

*Manent Almanzor, Roderigo, other Officers and Souldiers of his party : Clytus and his Officers stand on the other side of the Stage, and Clytus looks sullenly.*

*Alman.* At last the cloud's disperst ; and now we may see clear, free and round about a full victory, such a sullen game I never plaid, and had they been of one mind, this had proved a black day.

*Roder.* How I abhor the very victory treason brings us !

*Alman.* If *Bellamira* had not escaped, the whole work had here found an end ; but if that scornful fair one fall into my hands she shall see how I can act her part, whom my anger and revenge pursues more now than my love did heretofore.

*Roder.* Your Highness is in passion, else this anger to a Lady of her birth and virtue is so unlike the rest of your character, I am confident you would not own it ; for to me she stands much greater in esteem for that answer, then if she had shrunk with her fears and sudden change of fortune, and should have listned to your propositions ; for consider her part that was born Daughter to a King, now subject to an invading enemy, the destroyer of her Father, ruiner of her Country, to receive from him in the height of displeasure and anguish of her mind a proposition seconded by force of arms ; it had been strange if she should have sent a better answer.

*Alman.*

*Leopoldo  
returns.*



*Almanzor.* All these Arguments are against her ; for she saw my kindness such , as when she was fallen into my power I offer'd from being a Subject to make her a Queen.

*Clytus.* Subject ? Sir, that's beyond your contract to make any of this Nation your Subjects.

*Almanzor.* Is it beyond the sword, *Clytus* ? I know no other Law nor Contract.

*Clytus.* Yes ; and now in your greatest glory I dare tell you so ; And know, there is not a man amongst us, but will fall upon those swords you owe this victory to, ere yield themselves your Subjects ; You will find *Naples* scorns to acknowledge any other King then their own : And here, in the name of all those that sent me, whose Loyalty sixteen years banishment and oppression could not weary, no nor the virtue of those most generous Princes *Bellamira*, and *Leopoldo* ; whose miseries though we lament, yet they had not power to seduce our Loyalties ; therefore do not hope to fright us into slavery.

*Roderigo.* *Clytus*, you are in Passion, and too suddain with the Prince, and your fears most unreasonable.

*Clytus.* That. Your answer will clear ; Know, in the Name of them whose General I here stand, I again require performance of conditions. In the first place , the delivery of all prisoners into my hands ; Then, that this night our young King be produced and crown'd ; which Ceremony being past , your Highness will please to Command your Army to retire towards *Calabria* ; where, with all conveniency which we shall provide, they may pass for *Sicily* ; and according to conditions leave to us our King and the quiet possession of all those Dominions, that belonged to his Royal Father, the unfortunate *Ortho* ; *Sicily* being by us abandoned to your Highness as 'twas agreed ; though I confess my Heart bleeds to think our ills had no other remedy, nor this diseased State could admit of no gentler cure then the hewing off these branches, as *Leopoldo* and *Bellamira*, from the royal stock to save the Tree.

*Almanzor.* *Clytus*, I have stood silent long, and wonder rather then Patience bred that Attention to this new kind of Language from you. Where's the Oppression , Treason , and Tyranny ; The wrongs to gods and men ; where's the usurper against whom your Flattery and dejected looks and folded Arms ? These postures and these words were *Clytus* his, when he sought my aid ; *Clytus*, there, strove to perswade we were appointed by Heaven the scourge of these mischiefs, and made it appear that Fate had named me in a Dream seven years since to your scornfull Princess ; In which I was pointed at, and the whole successe of this warr most Prophetically foreseen ; How often has thy Flattery called me that stranger that she saw land in that calm Evening ; This, that forreign habit that kick'd up the dust in their faces ? And see the King and Prince, all lost in that dust, the disaffected people. And now I know my strength, and see your Hearts , I will not march one foot farther ; until the Princes and Castles are deliver'd to me as rewards of  
this

this victory ; Nor shall you see your King till I think fit to trust you, lest he find you as false as I have done ; which I shall be yet able to punish in your greatest Pride and strength ; For the Prisoners, poor and contemptible as they are, (for I know onely of two Shep-herds) yet since demanded thus unhandsomely, not one hair of their heads shall be deliver'd ; nor dares *Clytus* fetch them.

*Clytus*. Either produce the King, and perform the Articles you swore to ; or we shall find a power will be too strong for perjury.

*Almanzor*. Perjury !

*Clytus*. Yes, Perjury.-----Death, have we refus'd the Brother of our King, to be usurp'd over and govern'd by a stranger ? No, *Leopoldo*, if any stranger must be our Fate, thy Starr shall guide us ; whose noble Breast, this day, I rob'd of his honour'd Order, and forc'd like a private Souldier to fight for his safety ; yet then, had not thy odds rescued thee, or his noble Mind given a protection, thy proud Heart had found a Justice some worse Nature must pay ; 'Twas he that gave thee thy Life ; that Life thou so insultest with over the ruines of his Father, which (Slave and Villain as I was, to joyn in laying those sad loads of grief upon his great Heart) I'll redeem, or die in the attempt, if you delay this night to produce the King. Your Answer.

*Almanzor*. 'Tis here, double Traytor ; here in this sword, and in the field, I'll make thee read it when 'tis written in thy blood.

*Clytus*. That Traytor, though Truth, shall cost thee dear ; Perjur'd Prince.----March. [Exit *Clytus* and his party.]

*Leopoldo*. Heaven, thy Hand still ! *Clytus*, my Soul forgives thee ; Honest and gallant ; and what I thought crime is but virtue in thee, and loyalty to thy Master ; and I'll find a way to tell thee so if thou persist : This quarrel may give us power to strike once more for our Revenge ; ----*Almanzor*'s full of thoughts ; this quarrel must be fatal, they have both too much Courage to bear such injuries as these.

*Roderigo*. Now, Sir, has your passion had the full swing are you deep enough in dangers ? Have you Enemies enough ? If not, we had best seek for more.

*Almanzor*. 'Tis better to know, then doubt of a foe ; I saw him false from the first hour he had possession of the Castle ; this is but pretence ; A few wretched Prisoners, onely a pretence to pick a quarrel now the work's done ; It was my curse to trust a Traytor ; yet if we had not mist the Princes the Castles had been no losses.

*Roderigo*. Sir, 'tis now no time to talk of why-nots ; this night we must expect some attempt from them, their business is done, the King is slain, the Prince too, for ought we know, his Clothes and order being found upon the ground ; the people too are armed in their defence, and expect we should produce their King ; which abused hope We cannot expect they should forgive ; and we are to believe this party that have defended themselves thus long against the King will never yield to our power by any argument but the Sword : Besides, you may gather from *Clytus* what the rest intend, whose Forces are drawn apart towards *Naples*, and

*They both lay hold on their swords, but are parted by company.*

*Almanzor and Clytus draw.*



and those of *Gaietta* remain still upon the pass; and can if we oppress them, upon occasion, retreat or joyn when 'tis to ruine us.

*Almanzor*. What's to be done then? I am all rage; The Villain *Clytus* has rob'd me of all my hopes.

*Roderigo*. You must resolve to fight with one of them this Evening, whilst divided, else to morrow 'twill be a double business; if not, march immediately to *Capua*, secure the Harbour, and this night dispatch a Galley for *Sicily* for supplies, and therein send the prisoners; for I believe them of more worth then they appear, by the earnest demand of *Clytus*.

*Almanzor*. Give order then, that we may be ready to march. Fortune, if thou smil'st upon this Action I shall yet have time enough to make ready a Revenge for the Villain *Clytus*; whose fallhood in a fatall hour has thrown me from all my hopes of Love and victory.

*Leopoldus*. This *Clytus* shall know.

*Almanzor*. How now, the news!

*Souldier*. Sir, pursuing the Enemy in the wood I have lodged some persons of quality; who, by their lamentations for the King and Prince *Leopoldo*, I know must be of that party; Two of them are remarkable, a Satyr and a Moor.

As Leopoldus goes out, he meets a Souldier coming in haste and stops.

*Almanzor*. Speak softly, 'tis they. The Princess *Bellamira*, I know by that Moor; *Roderigo* take a choice party and let us fly to this remedy: Fortune, I no sooner called upon thy name, but thy kind Deity has sent a medicine for my Mind, a cure for all my ills; Leade the way, and for this chance thy reward shall exceed thy hopes; Come, *Roderigo*, now we may smile again; *Bellamira* will weigh down the scales, and make our Revenge full.

*Roderigo*. A few will do it, the quieter the better, for this wood is full of paths and caves, and there's no hunting of them unless we could do it by the scent like dogs. [Exeunt all but Leopoldo.

*Leopoldo*. Sure some fullen star pursues this girl; I'll follow too, and make it sad to some. [Exit Leopoldo.

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Nigro, Ravack, Clytus, Cleon, and Souldiers.*

*Nigro*. 'T' Was done like *Clytus*, and to morrow we'll second thy words; let the men be well fed to night, and a Donative distributed for this dayes service.

*Ravack*. My Children, *Clytus*, had they many wounds?

*Clytus*. No, nor any dangerous; oppress'd with multitude we took them, and they are now his Prisoners; But this night, I fear, they will be sent away, and the rather that I was earnest for their delivery; And I believe we are deceived all this while; for I am confident the delivery or discovery of our young King is beyond his power, and onely a pretence to engage the people.

*Nigro*. No matter, that pretence has done our work, and now the

the people are arm'd, we'll make them cut our way through all difficulties he can oppose ; and then, *Clytus*, I'll promise thee to produce the young *Genorio*.

*Ravack*. Let *Cleon* immediately to Sea with all his force, and lie dispers'd, that no Boats pass the Harbour but what he speaks with, lest we lose those long preserved reliques, now his Prisoners.

*Nigro*. He has his Orders already, and pray keep a strict guard, *Cleon*, and specially on the Rivers mouth from *Capua*, that nothing pass.

*Cleon*. 'Tis time I were gone ; is there other directions that I am to expect ?

*Nigro*. *Genorio*, King, be the word to night.

*Clyt*. Your accident in the wood was strange ; did the King know you at first ?

*Ravack*. No, we bore him to my cave, where he lay some time oppress'd with loss of blood, till we applyed our remedies ; upon which he began to look like one awak'd out of a Dream, whose horror yet dwelt upon his Mind ; and seeing us by him asked where he was, and who we were, and by degrees came to himself, and with his Reason found the Memory of his late mercies ; Much he asked of the business of the day, his Childrens Fortune, and Fate of the battle : To some I answer'd doubtful, to others the whole truth ; Then he enquired how he came thither which I resolv'd him, and standing in his eye I found it fix'd upon me ; and my discourse no sooner ended, but he inquired what I was, why, and how long I had lived there ; I reply'd, longer in the number of years, then I found it in the neglected time ; yet not led by any curiosity, but to find a safety for my self and children, being persecuted and crush'd by Fortune ; Here I found a safety, and had now forgot the world, and was grown to pity them that ruin'd me ; and from this security I beheld the precipice I fell from, and Philosophiz'd of them that aspire those dangerous heights ; Then, with a serious brow he asked me who were my Enemies ? I replyed, such as Justice, Loyalty, and oppress'd goodness shrunk under, when my Prince, the unfortunate *Ortho*, fell ; After which fatal day I chose this solitude, in whose innocence I had spent my dayes, enjoying here a clear Mind, and Honour free from slavery ; For in this poverty we have preserved a free, though private virtue, Sir, all my joy and business being two pledges of a chaste bed, and fruitful faithful Love, those two Shep-herds you saw me follow in the battle, whose Maiden swords are in this dayes battle no less fortunate then strange ; While I was telling this story I saw his breast heave, and his Colour change, and his Eyes swell with tears ; and with Hands lifted he cries : *Ravack*, *Ravack*, or else my Soul dreams what it wishes : Speak, are my Eyes mistaken or no, if thou beest the same *Ravack* ; for though it be long since I saw thee, yet there are lines of my old Friend in thy face ; speak and make me happy ; for with thee I lost my Nephews ; and if with thee I find 'em, the gods are just to my vows, for they know my Heart, and have preserved what I never had a cruel thought against. Speak and let me die



die in peace, for my Soul hangs upon thy words; it is Life or death thy answer brings; give me that secret, 'twill remove the pains of Death; Thy King and Friend begs this secret: Could thy fears have given faith, Oh *Ravack* (for now I know 'tis thee) what ills has fear of ills begot this day! All that was precious to me is lost; Treason and murder has destroy'd all, Madness and jealousy of some has thrown our Nation into the Slavery of a stranger, rather than trust me their Prince, because they had injur'd me; measuring my innocence by their own narrow hearts, and having listned to that black policy that counsel'd their guilt to destroy me to prevent my revenge; not believing it possible I could be better than they, and forget the wrongs which they cannot forgive themselves; This is that Curse whose punishment still gnaws the mind, and Dogs the sin of Rebellion, whose dangerous paths are so full of sin and horror they dare not look back nor think upon them till grown desperate; thus they seek a false safety in destruction to all; But if my Nephew live I shall die in peace. Then I threw my self at his feet & kiss'd his royal hand, and assur'd him that his Nephews lived, and stranger things in their Fortune than yet his soul imagines; for those Shepherds I told him were his Nephews; at that he started, and call'd upon Fate, and *Bellamira*, whose vision now was clear; then we discoursed of their passions, their strange passions; he propos'd a Treaty, and his coming hither, which I consented to.

*Clytus*. Which Shepherds? those you call'd your Children?

*Ravack*. The same.

*Clytus*. Ye gods, 'twas their genius, sure, that made me so earnest for their delivery; This night we must fall upon the Enemy, or they are lost, sent beyond our reach; My anger too will make them jealous what they are.

*Nigro*. Heaven, to thee we owe our Sacrifice; 'tis thy hand has play'd our game, and I hope a happy one; though the day was sad, and full of Fate to some, yet if the Night crown it, 'twill be Sacred for ever in our Story.

*Clytus*. The gods have done their parts, and we, that are appointed here their Instruments, must now act ours; I'll to Sea this night, with *Cleon*, who knows what may be attempted, and 'twill be fit you go, *Ravack*, lest they doubt me; your report concerning the King, and present affairs, will find that faith I cannot expect, considering my part in these late miseries.

*Ravack*. You have reason, and I'll bear you Company.

*Nigro*. Let this secret dwell with us only till they be deliver'd, lest the wealth of that knowledge be the cause of losing it; for we are sure he wants such a pledge for his safety.

*Clytus*. His Army (now ours is drawn from it) looks like the Pageant that stalks upon others legs, most lame and despicable, and his false soul shall find what a Force his Treachery has given us, that could call all the gods to witness his Falshood, and thus make us destroy each other, to gain him an easie way to victory; I am all impatience, till I have prov'd my fate with him,



*Ravack.* Calmly, *Clytus*, and resolved let us proceed : now we have the game in our hands take heed of rashness or security, which may be as dangerous as his despair ; let us in, and resolve with the King what we shall do, and to whom, e're ye go, let me present you both ; his pardon and blessing will prosper the work. Kings are their Countries Parents, and heaven never blest that people whom a good King curs'd. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

(*A Scene representing a Cave.*)

*Enter Bellamira, Fidelia, Philemon, Arcus, and Satyr.*

*Arc.* **M**Adam, wee'l look out, if you please, and see what we can learn abroad. [*Exeunt Arcus and Philemon.*]

*Fidelia*  
*holds him.*

*Satyr.* Shee's lost, shee's lost, I'll eat no more ; a curse on all their heads that fetch'd us from our quiet home. --- Let me go, what are you to me, or I to you, I loathe your hated sights, 'tis your mischiefs we mourn, my dear Mistress lived quiet here till your impious visit ; Innocence, peace, and Love fill'd every Circle of the Moon till you and mischief came and rob'd us of our peace ; Wounded in mind and body, my Love, and her gentle Brother, rage like Dogs, by the Suns poyson stung, and rob'd of Reason, hunt out your dangers, and Death, I fear ; and I that have but these poor Rags of Nature, See how I am torn with following you ; ----- Hell on both your causes I have lost my love, and know not where to seek her, but here in my wounded mind ; my heart has her still ; would she had ne're stay'd beyond this fold ; if she die I'll starve my self, I will, and poyson you ; I will, by *Pan* I will, you shall not out-live my Love. [*Enter Arcus.*]

*Arcus.* Quick and silently into the Cave, for there are some entered the Wood ; what they are I know not.

*Satyr.* I'll not go in, but stay and tell them where you are, unless you give me my love, or shew me where you have hid her, that I may worship her grave.

*Arcus.* Shee's not dead, man, shee's in the Woods only, and to morrow we shall find 'em.

*Satyr.* To morrow ? why 'tis not night yet ; Cramps and Aches find me, and the Murrain eat my Flocks, if I will eat or sleep till I find her ; all Night, and not know where my Love is ?

*Arcus.* Go in then, and defend these people who thou know'st she loves, for shee'll die if they be hurt.

*Satyr.* Shall we seek her when we have done ? I'll not strike a Dog else.

*Arcus.* See they come, defend this pass, and then wee'll seek her. [*Enter into the Cave Bellamira and Fidelia.*]

*Enter*



*Enter Almanzor, Roderigo and Souldiers, and set upon them; while Arcus and the Satyr are engaged, they force Philemon, and get into the Cave; The Satyr and the Souldier fight, the Satyr gets him down.*

*Satyr.* Yield, and let me bind thee, or I'll pass thy Scull.

*The Souldier thrusts at him while he speaks, and hurts him; he kills the Souldier, and takes his Sword.*

*Arc.* So, so, follow me, and save the Princess; what, art thou lame?

*Satyr.* The Rogue has hurt me with this foolish thing; a Bee's sting is worse, and yet I am lame.

*He looks upon the Sword, and pricks himself with it, and starts.*  
*Exeunt Arcus and Satyr.*

### ACT. II. SCEN. III.

*Enter Bellamira, and Fidelia, prisoners to the Souldiers that discovered where they were.*

*Soul.* **N**O resistance, but patiently expect what the prince commands, or you are dead.

*Bell.* What Prince, Villain? Either be a friend, or enemy; give us our Freedom, or with thy Sword perfect that Treachery thou hast begun with the worst of mischiefs; Kill us, any thing rather than be subject to the impious rage of that insolent Conquerour.

*Enter Leopoldo, in his disguise.*

*Soul.* Ha, Comrade! where's the Prince? here are two of the birds I promised him, the rest are flown. *(Leopoldo looks about him.)*

*Leop.* They are so, Traytor, that thus art armed with success; stare not, but defend thy self; Fly, Madam, to any safety; if this service prove successful, thank me hereafter; if not conceale me, what e're you see me do. *[Exeunt Bellamira and Fidelia.]*

*Soul.* Madam? 'Tis the Princess *Bellamira*, sure. -- Villain, thou'lt live to repent this Act.

*Leop.* Thou shalt not, if I miss not my aim.

*(They fight, and Leopoldo kills him.)*

*Soul.* Hold, 'tis enough; my faults are powerful, and Treason alone is weak, I am lost. *(He dies.)*

*Leop.* This wretch had given up all our hopes to the Invador, had not my fate been above him.

*Enter Almanzor.*

*Alman.* Souldier, which way went *Roderigo*?

As Almanzor goes out  
he meets the  
Souldiers  
bringing  
Bellamira.

*Leop.* That way in pursuit of the Enemy,--- Why not, in this disguise, strike him dead and secure all? why not? because 'tis base, and unworthy of *Leopoldo*; treachery has no Argument strong enough to justify it, success cannot do it; I'll follow him, despise him, and as *Leopoldo* take a full revenge, or give him a perfect victory, --- Nay, then I strive against my Stars; Yield, *Leopoldo*, stoop to Fortune, War no longer against that froward Diety, bent to thy ruine; poor *Bellamira*, something I must do, and by appearing still a violent enemy may gain a power to serve her; Sir, do you not know this Prisoner? 'tis the Princess *Bellamira*, the same that the Shepherds took from us.

*Alman.* 'Tis not possible, this the modest Princess, fighting in Breeches? sure 'tis one of her Pages.

*Bell.* What I am is as heaven appoints, who has delivered me over to your barbarous power; what I was this morning is now no argument, since they are pleas'd to withdraw their blessings; yet in all conditions I can despise the insolent *Almanzor*, prince only in power, slave of Fortune, blest by chance, like her undeserving children, who claim neither by virtue nor merit what they hold.

*Alman.* You are angry now, and I laugh; and since you would not be a Queen, try if you can avoid being a Slave; and all those graces of that Magick form which once I loved, all those Flowers of Youth and Beauty my hate shall look on, and see wither in a scorn'd servitude, under an envious and cruel Mistress, who will make my love to thee as great an affliction as thy scorn hath rendred it my heart; for she loves as violently as thou hatest, to whose revenge I'll give my interest up.

*Bell.* The same impious barbarous *Almanzor* still, upon whose power I'll look with scorn, it cannot be long liv'd; thou art too wicked to be long our Rod; for thy threats, they move me no more than thy promises; Thou knowest I would not sell my honour for the first, nor be frighted from it by the last; for know, when I will be free, (which yet I will not be) 'tis not all thy guards can keep me; and to heighten thy rage, know, it is no cold frozen Nature, no aversion to Loves gentle passion, makes me despise thee; For never Virgins breast had more love in it, that had no more honour than *Bellamira*; and I rejoyce to suffer for thy Rival, and he shall know it, that thy envious soul may gnaw thy heart, which, if thou lovest, 'twill do, when thou shalt see me die for him that's o'recome, and despise thee though a Conquerour.

*Alman.* Away with her to the Castle, and upon your lives secure her, I shall have my time too; what success, *Roderigo*?

Enter  
Roderigo.

*Exit Bellamira, and the Souldiers pulling her.*

*Roder.* 'Tis in vain to hunt them; that *Satyr* and the Moor are a pair of Devils, stout, and subtle; I'll not undertake such another chase, for their skins; they are all flown, but whither I know not; only one boy, I left him crying and shaking in a bush.

*Alman.*



*Alm.* That Boy we have, and with him all our hopes; that in Boys habit was the scornful *Bellamira*; and now *Clytus*, and his insolent Abettors will stoop again, if my heart can be brought to reconcile it self to her, whose injurious words have again enraged it so that Ambition, Love, nor Interest can scarce make me dissemble my hatred of her.

*Rod.* If you be certain 'tis the Princess, away with her this night, or with the morning Floud, for *Sicily*, together with the rest of your Prisoners; leave me to make good *Capua* untill I hear from you; besides, when you and they are gone, they must treat; for to fight signifies nothing; for if they beat us (which is uncertain too) yet they advance not to their end; for *Leopoldo* being dead, and the next Heir, dissemble, flatter, swear you love, any thing to appease her minde, marry her and confirm your Conquest.

*Alman.* 'Tis resolv'd this night privately we'll depart, and in the *interim* order the affairs here to your direction.-----Dissemblati-on be thou my Friend while I banish hence this idle passion Love, and make room for the more noble Ambition, thou Guide of Princes, Love, that precious nothing, that dear I know not what, that makes us finde a difference between a Mistress and other women. Farewell for ever blinde unbodied Boy, that's proud to become both Poyson and Medicine to the minde, the wounder and the wound, where he can finde a faith; else an indifferent common cheap companion for all (but Death) from King to Beggar;----- *Points to his heart.* Here he would have imposed Laws, here threatned Darts, unless I would fondly have worshipp'd him. Fool, that wert made the Slave of Nature! and so thou shalt still be to *Almanzor* when ere thou dar'st appear charm'd by my scorn, and this thy perfect Character; till thou hast tam'd her minde, and till hers be kinde, in spight of all thy Power or Art, Ambition or Revenge, not Love shall fill my heart.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### A C T. III. S C E N. I.

[*And the onely one of this Act.*]

*Enter Leopoldo, solus.*

*Leop.* **T**Oo late I finde my Errour, poyson'd with a dangerous passion, Jealousie, foolishly seeking what it would not finde; the Curse of all the Gods are wrapt in his black thoughts, that yields to that Enemy of man, a Curse both in the Root and Fruit: First he blinded my Reason, against which Reason he made me doubt my Love; Then my eyes, which else must have seen a Brother in his face, and in this cloud made me lose my self; and then to finde a new doubt, another misery. This Picture of my Sister found by him, lost by I know not who, but given by some-body; I would not doubt *Bellamira*, yet I am sure 'tis

'tis hers; neither she nor my eyes are disguised; there is some mystery as well as fate abroad to day; I'll have patience until I speak with her, nor will I be discover'd until I be satisfi'd whose this Picture is. But see how my divided minde forgets her business, and talks away that little time that rests for their safety; for ere I can pursue my Design, and return from *Clytus* his Quarter, (whose faith I now admire and forgive) 'twill be too late to use his friendship; for the Prince is resolv'd with his Prisoners this night to escape for *Sicily*; nor is there a way left to prevent this mischief, unless I take advantage of that trust that this Disguise has given me, and privately arm my friends, so to surprize the Guard and escape to *Clytus* his Quarter: this is our last and desperate hope, and this I must put in execution after the enjoying of some few minutes happiness, thus unknown informing my self of that dear knowledge my heart labours withall, and this benefit my misery will afford me; for being thus levell'd by fortune I may be just to that excellence my better days could neither enjoy nor reward without blushing; such and so cruel are the Laws we our selves are bound to; and though we can give Laws to others, we are yet Slaves to custome and opinion, condemn'd to starve our minde upon the barren heart of some person onely great in birth, and forbid to taste the full blessings this poor Maid is blest with---- Here they are within this place, the darkness will assist my Design, in hearing unseen what they say; and when I will I can by the benefit of this light discover my self. [*He turns his dark Lanthorn.*]

*The Scene opens and discovers a Prison, where Pollidor and Philora appear next the Stage chained to a Ring fastned to the ground upon the other side of the Prison, and in a darker part of the Scene lies Palantus chained behinde them in the dark, Bellamira chained, and as far off in prospective other Prisoners and dead Carcasses.*

*Phil.* Good Heaven, do I lament any thing of Prison? Is not all the World Prison now, and a Prison equal to a Throne when he is gone? O *Pollidor*, he's dead, lost for ever, for ever, that's the great wound Death gives; let that thought excuse my immoderate grief, and awake the guilt that has long slept in thy vengeful minde: Thy Prince is fallen, dead, neglected, and unmourn'd, and thy heart afflicts it self for a Picture, the lost shadow of thou know'st not what, while the best of Princes without a tear from thy eye fills the number, and is by treacherous odds become a shadow: O ye Gods, why should mankind, wretched mankind, desire to stay after him, and wither out some few Ages here; why should the World out-last that gallant Prince, whose death has left it but a Carcass?

*Pol.* Your passion onely tells you he is dead, for none saw him fall; 'tis onely in your fears he's lost, and most unjustly you accuse me now of hate; for though I lov'd not the name of *Leopoldo*, yet Heaven witness I now adore the man.

*Phil.*



*Phil.* Prithee peace, and let me love once, and but once; even *Pollidor* can deceive my heart when the Prince is concern'd. Dissembler, my fears and thy wishes are built upon the same unlucky ground-----See, fond Youth, see the royal distinction of the brave *Leopoldo* from other men, behold his ancient Order, the Chain too *She shews his Order.* I saw him wear this day; but where is the sacred breast, upon which as upon holiest Altars these consecrated Relicks hung? O *Pollidor*, *Pollidor*, that Shrine Murder and Treason have ruin'd; and with prophane hands thrown down a Temple built by and dedicated to all the Gods,

*Pol.* All the Gods forbid.

*Phil.* Now you and my Father may smile, your hatred has found a malicious power to joyn with your wishes; try if all your Sacrifices or penitent prayers can make such a Prince, but I am certain thou hast lost a Friend; for do not think it possible I can be flatter'd to out-live him? and though I cannot hate thee, I can hardly forgive thy hatred to the Prince, whom I shall make haste to follow; Thou art but gone before to prepare the way; nor will I stay here but to dispatch thy business upon earth, and then *Pollidor* thou shalt see me follow; but I talk too much, untill it be time to justify to the world how much I lov'd; here I will mourn my loss till I can finde a handsome when, and glorious how to follow.

*Pol.* When that time appears, *Pollidor* will quit himself of this unkinde thought, and thou shalt finde me ambitious to have it said, I fell in *Leopoldo's* cause.

*Phil.* Such a Monument, (though I love my Brother) I would live to see thee raise thy self and the great *Leopoldo*: And if thou dy'st as handsomely for him as I would have liv'd faithfull to him, who pities thee; or weeps upon thy Grave, are no Friends to either: but these are words, and he's dead. Ye Gods, who would have lost so glorious an Enemy? 'Twas worth thy care to have preserv'd him, though thou didst not love him thou shouldst have kept him for a Pattern, his Virtues were worth thy Love and Envy; though he were bornn to thy Hate; Now thou hast yielded to his fortune; for though *Leopoldo* be dead and fall'n under thy wish, not under thy sword, a gallant man would not have lost such an occasion to have made himself known in his own Revenge: now the world will say, My Brother hated a Prince he could neither love, imitate, nor overcome.

*Leop.* Heaven, can I hear this and not relieve her? I must interrupt this grief, 'tis most unjust to let them be miserable for me that am the happiest man that ever Fortune struck at and mist; How I scorn her poor malice! Prouder of these two Friends than all those airy gifts she has call'd back.

*Bel.* Who these should be I cannot imagine; that so confidently avow their love and hate to my Brother; if it be dissembl'd it is done to the life; 'tis some cunning highly wicked, or else the kindest that our party has this day ruin'd.

*Pal.* What Picture's that they rave of? This discourse confounds my



my thoughts; a Brother and a Sister; by their discourse she loves the Prince too: I will not yet be known, perhaps they'll be free, and I may know more by chance than by question what that Picture is, the loss of mine makes these Chains heavy.

Leopoldo  
steps to his  
Sister.

*Leop.* Madam, start not, I beseech you, nor despise the Proposition I shall make for your safety, because you see me poor.

*Bel.* Sure thou art mistaken, dost thou not see thy Errour?

*Leop.* When 'tis to serve you, Madam, my confidence I hope will finde your pardon, else, miserable as I am, I would die sooner than betray the divine *Bellamira*.

*Bel.* Speak softly then what 'tis you design.

*Leop.* First be pleas'd to know 'twas I redeem'd your Highness, the Souldier that desir'd to be conceal'd, which service I should not remember but to beget your faith. Know the Tyrant boasts your captivity, and vows such miseries as shall make you proud of his embraces ere he'll embrace them; this wak'd my heart; and could my single revenge have serv'd you, upon the place I had struck him to the earth.

*Bel.* Sure I dream, whence comes this gentle sound? and how came so much humanity to get a power in this barbarous place, where Lust, Force, and Treason reigns! How came thy charity to get admittance hither!

*Leop.* Leave to wonder, Madam, and give faith to me, for our time's short, and 'tis not ev'ry hour I can serve you in: This night you must prepare to follow my directions, and attempt your escape; for you are with the morning tide design'd for *Sicily*, where you must prepare to suffer what the Conquerour shall impose.

*Bel.* Wonder not, I prithee, at my want of faith; I have been so little acquainted with civil language since I came into his power that yours amazes me; I have this day received nothing but Injuries from Men and Elements, abandon'd by all, and treated as the scandal and infamy of our Sex, like some Vagabond that had stray'd from Honour and Virtue.

*Leop.* Give me leave to remove even the greatest of your griefs; the King and Prince live, I speak a truth as great as your joy; *Palantus* too is safe, and your fellow Prisoner here, and those two you heard discourse even now are Friends to whom your Highness owes much; they are yet but private virtues, but the world shall know them.

*Bel.* Thou art my good Angel sure; May I know who thou art? Certainly I will not betray thee.

*Leop.* Hereafter, Madam, you shall; let but this night pass, and trust me, and Heaven curse me if I betray you.

*Bel.* He sighs, sure he has been miserable himself he is so sensible of mine, and now some heavy grief hangs upon his heart; I am curious to know what kinde of misery can make this poor Souldier sad.

*Leop.*



*Leop.* What kind of misery? alas, Madam, miseries have not one thing I have not felt, and her bitterest roots are now my food. — Nature cannot be disguis'd, though my body be. [*He weeps.*]

*Bellam.* He weeps; what are the miseries that thus wound thy soul? for tears are her blood; didst thou ever love unfortunately?

*Leop.* Never, Madam.

*Bellam.* Canst thou have wit, courage, kind Nature, and a soft soul, and yet not love? 'tis strange that Love and Honour should be strangers; without love all thy virtues are not thine, they're but Lodgers, Inmate excellencies, and may be seduced, if not ally'd to thy heart by Love; therefore leave to hide thy mind and fortune from me; which I know must have something greater in't than thy words or condition speaks; dare you venture your life rather than your grief?

*Leop.* Take all the secrets of my heart, I love.

*Bellam.* How by instinct I found his grief! humanity and civility but guide to Love, whose paths all that have honour tread.

*Leop.* Once, and but once, Madam; and therefore I may say I lov'd; though my eyes have much beauty seen written in her best characters, yet in all my days I was never pleas'd with more than one story of that fair volumn, and my griefs are now the fear I should lose the Book ere I have read it out; for I have but newly begun the History of her face; but I lose time when 'tis most precious, because 'tis yours; for know, Madam, I must retire to the Guard, of which I am one, but 'tis to serve you; as soon as I have contrived your safety I shall give your Highness notice; in the mean time I'll discover, by this light, who are your fellow prisoners; but pray be pleas'd to conceal your self till I give the sign. —

*Leopoldo walks from Bellamira toward the rest of the prisoners.*

*Bellam.* Sure this soul's mistaken; it cannot be such a princely mind should be hid and buried in a Cottage, nor fate let so much honour grow so neer the earth, while a Prince declines beneath the mean'st wretch, and becomes a slave to his passion, and submits to the worst of ills, a barbarous lust, a sin that shame and repentance attend here, and horror hereafter. —

*Leopoldo opens his dark-lanthorn, they all know and gaze upon him.*

*Pollidor.* Ha! 'tis he, the same Villain that snatch'd my Picture.

*Phil.* His hated sight brings back my anger; oh that I were free, to revenge the Prince upon thy sinful head.

*Bellam.* Good gods, what do I see, protect me heaven; 'tis the same figure, my heart fails me, the Shepherdess is there too; Oh Fate, Fate, there is no resisting thy decrees.

*Palan.* Thanks for this friendly light, now I shall know the Authors of that discourse my soul so much listned to; Ha! 'tis the young Shepherdess, I'll speak to her, I'me sure she's a friend. Fellows in misery, and friends to *Leopold*, such I know you are by your discourse, and to such the name of *Palantus* is not unknown; and gentle Maid, by all thy heart loves best I conjure you tell me what Picture 'tis you lament the loss of; for I, wretched I, have this day in battle lost all my soul doted upon; for my royal Master and his noble Family are this day ruin'd, and in this misery I have lost the jewel of my heart; 'twas a Legacy my Master gave me with his dying hands; 'twas a little Picture, but of the greatest virtue living, if heaven have spar'd her.

*Pollid.* *Palantus* nor his Master I know not, nor his Picture; but if 'twere that I found to day in the Wood, heaven and earth should meet e're I'd part with it to any hand, but death's; his cold Commission should only force it.

*Palan.* 'Tis rudely answer'd, yet if there were no other difficulty in regaining it then thy barbarous mind can oppose.

*Pollid.* You promise your self too fast the victory o're him that would complain neither of you nor fortune, if he lost it when the sword could win it.

*Palan.* Prithee, who art thou that talk'st thus in chains?

*Pollid.* One that neither knows nor fears thee; one that will neither do nor take an injury.

*Palan.* Prithee, who art thou?

*Pollid.* No more nor less than thou art, an honest man.

*Phil.* I'll inform thee what he is; we are two Plants that grew together from the same root in these peaceful Woods; we are two that till this day never saw an enemy; but who can be friends to those that hate the Prince, whose cause drew our swords? and though we be crush'd thus with thy Masters ruine; yet I wish there were no more danger in either of your fortunes then you two will bring upon each other. For know, *Palantus*, thy faith to thy dead Master is admir'd by all; but none values it more then *Phillora*, a name yet a stranger to thee and the world, being sprung this day in blood; know it's the same unfortunate Girl thou saw'st this day in the Forest; and this whom thou threatnest is my Brother; what he and I have done this day to appear friends to those royal names, *Leopoldo* and *Bellamira*, is not unknown, though yet never blest with one sight of them but in their miseries, which are but the ashes of his greatness; let not then a shadow divide such friends; though my Brother love the Picture, yet he has justice as well as love.

*Palan.* Gentle Maid, forgive the passion my love and misery begot; and to you, Sir, the ignorance of whom I answer'd will excuse the wildness of my words; pray let us calmly inquire by what accident your Brother came to find and lose that Picture, by which I can easily collect whether it be mine or no.

*Phil.* Pray describe yours, that will inform us.

*Palan.*



*Palan.* Mine was in a box of gold, enamell'd with Phillamorte and black (the sad colours that are worn by me forlorn) the Cypher two xx crost, within a figure of an armed *Pallas*; the hair brown, the forehead calm and full of peace; *Juno's* eyes, fair and full of mercy; but I want Poetry to express her beauty, to which the gods have give a minde equal to all she bows to.

*Phil.* 'Tis the same my Brother found in the Wood, and that barbarous person there snatch'd it from him; and e're we could regain it again the enemy surpriz'd us.

*Palan.* Which is he?

*Pollidor.* That, there he stands; but if ere I get a freedom I'll make thee repent it at as sad a rate as I lament the loss now.

*Palan.* Villain, restore my Picture, or thou'lt find my chains too weak to hold me from thy throat; 'tis the same, now I see him I know the Perriwig and clothes.

*Leop.* You wrong me, I never took it from you, nor ever saw you before.

*Palan.* Villain and Traytor, thou ly'st; and were I loose I'de make thee acknowledge it in thy hearts blood; I would I could look the slave dead.

*Leop.* You are angry, and I must laugh at it; look here's the Picture you have lost; I have it and I will keep it.

*Palan.* Thou dar'st as soon drink poyson; and as safe either of you may do it when I am free.

*Phil.* No more of this rage; cease to injure a man you know not, and despise not a man you have never proved; your loves are nobler far then your hatreds can be; your love has a gallant cause, your hatred a meer imagin'd one; for a painted Card the curious thief of an Artist's eye; besides, we know *Pallantus* dares as much as any man; and therefore he should not talk; and all honest men dare any thing that's just; and he that will more then is just is a bolder man then *Pollidor*.

*Leop.* Excellent Maid.

*Palan.* Forgive me gentle Maid, and I have done; and now I turn to thee, and calmly I conjure thee by a Souldiers honour, give it the person thou took'st it from.

*Leop.* Neither of your two threats nor prayers shall force it from me; yet such a power those eyes have over me, that you shall command it for one kiss of your fair hand; dispose of it as you please; and let me stand the fury of their displeasure.

*Phil.* Gentle Souldier, give it to my Brother; thou took'st it from him, and with it all his peace of mind; justice is on his side, for I saw thee snatch it from him. [*Leopoldo kisses her hand, and gives her the picture.*]

*Leop.* There, dispose of it as you please.

*Palan.* Oh, for an hours freedom, and a sword to dispute this right.

*Leop.* You shall have both, Sir; and be asham'd of your threats

too ere long ; fear not, I have laid up your lye for you.

*Pollid.* 'Tis the same ; look *Phyllora*, here's our better Angel come again ; so, now I defie Fortune and all her falshood ; frown on, here's my peace which I'll not give for all thy smiles ; how I love my eyes now, better then I did my hands before ! they faithfully held their hold, while these like cowards let thee go ; 'tis the noblest sense of any, and informs the knowing soul, makes acquaintance betwixt us and the great works of heaven, and obliges our hearts more then all the rest ; see how it feasts my mind with these thin colours only ! how gracefull too the eye is ! what it borrows the tongue and heart pays ; how just and innocent the eye is ! it never wrongs in conversation, nor withers one flower in this Garden ; she fills her self, and yet leaves no one beauty less for her delight : Now, *Phyllora*, my soul feeds upon this divine object, and yet neither stains nor begets a blush ; but, oh my fears ! who can this be ? that thought lies heavy upon my soul, and when 'tis known how to be won ; were she to be fought for, I would not doubt my fate ; but this gentle sex must be perswaded and flatter'd from their freedom ; and for me, a rude Woodman, bred in these Forests, where shall I finde soft words to speak my griefs, and rock her gentle mind a sleep ; while her soul listens to the story of my Love and misery ; rough as my life I fear she'll think my nature too, and tremble at the thought of our conversation, and fly my embraces.

*Phil.* No, *Pollidor*, these are not thy faults ; *Pollidor* was never barbarous, rough and cruel are not *Pollidor's* crimes ; that that stains thy heart was want of love ; who else might promise to himself success in all that honour can be engaged in : be therefore a Lover, and that powerful deity will teach thee how to conquer all those doubts.

*Pollid.* Be a Lover ! how like a young Lover thou'speakest ! can all that would be Lovers ? no *Phyllora*, Love puts nothing to the question that God moves in commands ; why else do's this shadow bind me ? which I can thus throw from me ; but how can I remove that that's figur'd in my mind ? no, no ; I may snarle and be angry, like a Wolf in the toil, but 'tis too late ; the Hunter's come, and I am now his prey ; yet if I could but know who I love, and see it possible to be believed how much I love, I should not repine at the price I pay for her faith : But alas ! I catch at air, and my love is spent on shadows ; and when I find it more real I fear my despair must encrease too ; for if she be mortal she's some eminent person sure, and where shall I compass proud titles to heap upon her, to raise her name above the people, to please her vanity, when they shall wonder and reverence as she passes by ? where's that wealth and jewels whose envied worth and charming beauty may affect and emulate her bright eyes ? had I a Scepter, whose power (like *Leopoldo*) I might throw at her feet, and like him to *Phyllora* by such a service speak my love, then I might hope : but alas ! all I have to plead is love ; and all I can do for her is to love her ;

and



and what is that to her? when I shall urge it, she'll say, who do's not? what then is my love in order to my happiness, till she loves too, but idle air, lost and forgot like the sound that breath'd it?

*Phil.* What is love? why, it is sent thy punishment; a revenge that his Deity has taken for being so cruel to my passion; and see if thou hast not already forgotten my griefs, negligent of the misery I suffer for fear of the Princes danger, only mindful of thy own pleasure; and canst thou (unkind) hope I should joyn in thy loy, while thou art so negligent of my sadness? no *Pollidor*, first thou shalt taste my grief; what if she be dead thou lovest?

*Pollid.* Ha! what hast thou said?

*Phil.* Dead, as *Leopoldo*, fallen under some wicked hatred. Suppose murder and treason tearing in pieces that noble form, and *Pollidor* looking on, held back by a Sisters envy only; what thinks *Pollidor*, could my reason hold him? could he be perswaded to look on, and not draw his sword to rescue her? thou art silent now, this was thy Sisters case to day, when thou, unkind, refused'st to lend a hand, or suffer me to go to serve the Prince; and see how the gods have reveng'd my quarrel; and thou that couldst not be perswaded to love the best of things, *Leopoldo*, now dot'st upon the least of things, a shadow of thou know'st not whom, who perhaps is dead for love of another.

*Pollid.* Dead! oh *Phillora*, that doubt has struck me to the soul; pale horror fills my mind; the tapers of my eyes grow dark; struck with that fear they grow drowsie. — If thou be'st dead may the clouds grow hard, and the seasons be shuffled again into Chaos, and destroy the seeds of nature; if thou be'st dead let the spring no more prove a common cradle, but with false conception become their fatal tomb. *He looks on the picture when he speaks.*

*Phil.* Who this should be that thus in shadows walks, and wounds the hearts of men, I cannot guess that know none but my self of all our sex; nor will not doubt my Brothers fortune if she grow not without the reach of honour; but if thy star be placed in a region as high as mine, then we'll sigh, and mourn, and dye, and leave to the world the sad story of our Tragedy.

*Pollid.* Alas *Phillora*, death is the only thing that an honest man ought not to fear; nor did I ever apprehend him; but in the persons of them I loved their dangers make him dreadful; 'tis not these chains, nor thus to be lost in a croud, or buried in a dungeon, frights me; 'tis fear of this and thy fate that wounds me; for I am certain we cannot dye forgotten, we are not worse then Plants. Shall I believe *Phillora* and *Pollidor* can when they perish become lesse then Herbs and Roots? they by dying lose neither kinde nor vertue; nay the ashes of some things my Father says are medicinable; and death sure cannot so quench fame or virtue, but some that have virtuous minds will preserve our story, whose fortune will finde pity, though there be few to imitate.

*Phil.*

*Phyllora.* Yet my Soul is sick with thoughts that we must languish and wither here, then die oppress'd in the dark, and go I know not whither; and if not forgotten our selves, yet ignorant of what Fates our Friends suffer; These, *Pollidor*, are the bitter wounds that strike before death, and wound deeper then death it self.

*She speaks to her self.* *Bellamira.* 'Tis he, but how to believe him or Fate I know not; one of the two deceive me; seven years I have loved his shadow, and now no sooner find him but he's lost beyond redemption; his shadow nor his obscure birth are not so impossible to my Fate, as his Love of another; can it be that I should be so curs'd, to dote upon a man below me, and be despis'd too? Heavens make him worthy of my Love, or me worthy of your care.

*He kisses the Picture.* *Pollidor.* No, *Phyllora*, all other thoughts have given place to this great one; this deare object of mine Eyes and Heart I cannot part with, nor divide from my Mind; *Phyllora* was, but this is now her business; A thousand kisses I'll give each day to this pale shrine, while Love and Grief will lend me life.

*Kisses it again.* *Palantus.* Hold, as thou hast Honour, hold; and prophane not that picture with thy Lips; all but that I can suffer, till kinder Fate will give me leave to dispute my right.

*Pollidor.* Not kiss it for fear of thee? Yes, and die upon it.

*Palantus.* You will, wretch? I shall make thee live to know that Princess is to be kneel'd to, and not be approach'd but with sacrifice of thy life; For know, (to thy despair) 'tis the Princess *Bellamira's* picture that thy lustful Lips have thus prophan'd.

*Bellamira aside.* Ha! what sayes he? my Picture!

*Phyllora and Pollidor gaze upon the Picture.* *Palantus.* Does your Soul shrink at the name of her? Wretch, when thou shalt see her Eyes thy Heart will turn to ashes for this Insolence; and thy proud thoughts find an humbler Altar to offer thy sawcy flames at then thy Princess Breast.

*Phyllora.* The Princess *Bellamira*! Oh *Pollidor*, our Fates are akin still; and 'tis my joy we fell from a height fit for Princes to aspire unto: Great and noble (though unhappy) were our Loves; But if she be that gallant person Fame speaks her, how came you by her Picture? *Palantus* is her Subject as well as *Pollidor*, and all such are set at equal distances in Honour; Any thing that's a Gentleman is as near this hope as *Palantus*; Did she give you this Picture?

*Palantus.* She give it me! no, fond Girl; she has a Soul of another temper, 'tis a Jewel of a double value as 'tis hers; the greatest wealth of my Heart that never loved ought but her, though I never yet durst tell her so: But with care and fear kept diligent watch to hide my passion, as thy fond Brother has done to publish his.

*Phyllora.* If she did not give it, by what right can you pretend to it more then my Brother?

*Palantus.* By my Royal Masters Bounty; who this day when he fell in my arms (full of age and wounds) from his Breast he pluck'd that Jewel and gave it me, with his commands to wear it as his last



last favour, a present fit for my hopes, that never durst aim at more than her shadow, too well acquainted with her generous Mind; whose royal branches will never bear such low fruit as my Love that was born her slave. Her Brother too, (to whom thou hast avowed hate) my God-like Master; A Prince whose great Soul has still been my pattern, and I must die ere I can imitate; whose kindness still kept me warm in my Royal Masters bosome, and honour'd me with his trusts too; His Mind never stayn'd with jealous thoughts of my greatness with the King, which are the great ties upon my Heart, not to abuse their favour as the ungrateful, ambitious pretentions of a slave; But here my Breast has worn in secret that fire whose grief was known onely to one as unhappy as my self, whom I lament no less then I love the other.-- *He speaks to Leopoldo as a Souldier Enemy.*  
 And now I beg from thee, for that royal families sake, be so just to thy King and Princess, as to redeem from that rude hand those sacred reliques; See how he hath stain'd it with his hot breath! Thy hands are loose; or but release mine, and I'll tear the figure from his Heart too. Good gods, I alwayes kneel'd to it, and had thy Soul been fill'd with Honour thou would'st sooner have kiss'd the Plague then have prophan'd it thus.

*Pollidor.* 'Tis Truth he sayes, my Heart condemns me. Here, *Pollidor is sad and full of thoughts all this while*  
*Souldier*, prithee carry it to him, not for fear of thee, but her; such reverence and such fear as we pay the gods her name has bred here, which is the truest Valour: And here I confess my self a young and ignorant Lover, take it and forgive me; take it and be a friend to him that will dote upon thee for loving that Princess with so much more gallantry then himself; Yet you nor she ought to be angry with me for not finding a way I never trod before; This is the first time I ever saw any thing better my self; we are two, a Brother and a Sister, that have loved each other with as much Innocency and Passion as you can boast; and yet we kiss when we love most.

*Palantus.* Now can I scarce resolve to take it, his Heart has high sense of Honour; How rude, and how calm, in one minute! would I had some of that power again that I lost this day but to serve thee with, that all the world might wonder at the Friendship of us Rivals in a desperate Love. *Leopoldo gives Palantus the picture.*

*Pollidor.* Oh *Phillora*, thou sett'st out first, but I shall overtake thee, if not over-run thee; for my Heart is wounded, I hope, to death, with this new kind of grief.

*Palantus.* If we out-live this misfortune thou shalt be my friend; the Brother that lay in the same womb with me shall not be prefer'd before thee.

*Bellamira.* Heaven! thy hand is working, and as invincibly as fatally.

*Phillora.* Oh *Pollidor*, dear as my Souls bliss, leave to stab my Heart with these desperate groans; Look up, or else farewell; do not think to go and leave me behind; We are both miserable, the same cause too, and all our joyes were of kin; we are ally'd in our miseries too, and we will die Brother and Sister; I am now  
 collected

collected; and can chide that passion that accus'd thee even now, and thus kiss those Eyes whose dear light is my Hearts fire; Oh *Pollidor*, thy tears have mortal poyson in them, Farewell; The gods call, and by a thousand wayes becken us to come; and to refuse their summons would look rude in us that have Honour and Peace of Mind gone before to make our way. Oh *Pollidor*, we must part, forc'd by a fullen Fate, and broken heart; Love, and the Prince, give fatal wounds. [*She swoons.*]

*Pollid. Phillora!* Sister! Oh ye gods, spare this poor Girle, and take a stubborn heart; Oh, she's gone! help, as you have charity, some water, fetch some water.

*Leop.* Heaven, and all good things forbid this early mourning for such virtue in the bud; unkind frost, to nip so soon the fairest Rose that Nature ever boasted. Art, thy Envy has destroy'd her, because thou could'st not imitate her Excellency. She breathes; Oh look up, gentle *Phillora*, and hear thy Prince conjure thy Soul; if Love be her errand, bid her stay; *Leopoldo*, thy *Leopoldo* calls her back; for if thou dyest thou hast lost thy way, and to find *Leopoldo*, stay.

*Pollid. Bellam. Palant.* Leopoldo!

*Leopoldo.* Yes, Shep-herd, *Leopoldo*.

*Phillora. Leopoldo!* Sure I heard that name; that voice had a power to call me from my Grave; But why does *Pollidor* abuse his Sister, does he take delight to see her miserable?

*Leopoldo.* Hence all thoughts of low fears, this cloud I thus disperse; See, Gentle Maid, behold thy *Leopoldo*.----Oh thou strangely Excellent, above the merit or weak faith of dull men; whose story will make past Histories blush, and shrink their narrow fame into nothing, when thy faith and excellency is known; And I blush to think how much I owe thy Virtue, and how little Fortune has left me to pay thee with.

*Phillora.* 'Tis he, 'tis the Prince; Oh let me kneel to you, Sir; why does your noble heart thus stoop to save a piece of earth, whose infection you ought to shun?

*Leopoldo.* See, kind Fortune has thrown me down from that greatness that divided us last, onely to make me capable of thy Friendship now; And when I wish my self greater then *Phillora*, may Treason find me; Here is perfect happiness, this is full joy; for what is joy (gentle Maid) but hope strip'd from our fears, that hung like rags upon them and darkened their Beauties?

*Bellamira.* My Brother! Then the gods are careful of poor *Bellamira*.

*Leopoldo.* If my Love be welcome here, but thy safety I have no wish in store.

*Phillora.* Welcome, Sir, as winters sun, or summers shade, welcome as your own wishes, welcome as your safety to my Heart, that loves and fear'd you were betray'd; Oh give me leave to kneel, and in silence at your feet weep out our joyes which are so surprizing I want words to express, and am fain to use these Emblems of grief (my tears) to utter it.

*Palantus.*

*Leopoldo*  
*discovers*  
*himself.*

*Leopoldo*  
*puts off his*  
*Souldiers*  
*clothes.*



*Pal.* The prince *Leopoldo* ; good heaven where was my mind !

*Leop.* From your Brother I beg forgiveness, for taking his picture ; jealous, I confess, he had too much Interest in the Excellent *Phyllora* ; for finding her in his Arms, the sight blinded me so I could not discern the Brother in his face ; Thus love is pleas'd to Triumph still in afflicting our minds with unreasonable hopes, sometimes, and other some with as idle fears. And now, *Palantus*, can you accuse me for having robb'd you of your Picture ? but I can reconcile all ; for I believe the same Souldiers that took me robb'd you, and in the wood spoil'd me of such Jewels as I had about me, for which they quarrel'd in the division ; The advantage I took hold of, and slew them, and then took one of their habits to save my self, and serve my friends, which you are ; who I must now acquaint with the happy news ; the King lives, found and known most miraculously by your Father the old Forester, who knew his Signet upon his finger ; the rest of our friends, I hope, are escaped ; for I hear of no other Prisoners but our selves. ---- And by this my Sister, I hope, believes I am a Lover ; however I know she is dear *Bellamira*. *Points to Pollidor.  
Steps to his Sister.*

*Omnes.* The Princess *Bellamira* ! is she a prisoner too ?

*Leop.* Dear *Bellamira*, hide not thy face ; let us resolve like ourselves, and Act those decrees with honour, and leave the rest to the gods ; for we see how little we can command our own, or rule others fortunes.

*Bell.* This was the Shepherd that rescued me, and saved my brother.

(*Leopoldo looses his Sister, and brings her towards the Company.*)

*Pol.* 'Tis the Princess ; then, oh, be dumb, for ever dumb, since thy guilty tongue has betray'd thy heart. ---- Yes, Madam, 'twas my fortune, and the only grace that she ever shewed me, when she gave me power to save the Prince ; and if she will let me die for your Highness, I have all my wishes.

*Bell.* I pray, Sir, quarrel not with Fortune ; me-thinks you owe her much, and are still likely to be in her debt for more.

*The prince looses all their chains ; Phyllora goes to the princess, and kneels.*

*Phil.* Oh, Madam, upon my knees I fall, and beg a pardon for our unreasonable hatred, which our Ignorance was only guilty of.

*Bell.* Kneel not to me, gentle *Phyllora*, whose friendly heart has Justice to all our kindness ; and if I can live to pay my score to this Company, I shall then die indebted only to the gods, whose mercy will take our Faith for further Sums.

*Phil.* Softly, I pray, lest the busie ear of Jealous mischief (watchful to our destruction) catch this dear Secret.

*Leop.* Pray let me deliver to your Love and Care this Jewel of my life ; for know, *Bellamira*, I have vowed, (and 'tis written in  
A a a a Heaven,

Heaven, and here I again confirm it,) Never to marry any but this Maid ; and if fate frown upon that , a strange curse find me if ever I quit my freedom.

*Phil.* Oh hold, Sir, call back that rash vow, and be still worth the love and envy of all the world.

*Leop.* If *Phillora* says I am happy my joys are currant ; her stamp only can make them so, that's my vow ; for I will purchase thee at the rate of all things but my Honour.

*Phillora.* Why do you vow so rashly, Sir ? before you have call'd your Reason to counsel ? my heart is so much yours it will not consent you wrong your self ; and I am so proud of my Innocence , and reall Love to your Highness , that I must not consent to that vow ; For though I am the private Issue of a poor Forester , yet my heart's too proud to Love every common Virtue ; nor is it every Prince that I could love, nor do I find my mind so subject to the vanity of our Sex, as to be pleas'd with their loving me ; therefore be pleas'd to live my Prince, or I shall die your handmaid, and shew my love was greater then my ambition, which few women arrive at in Story.

*Bell.* No more of this kind war now, for heavens sake ; Put on your disguise, for fear we be all lost in your discovery.

*Leop.* I shall obey, and so must you, *Bellamira* ; Do you not find something like your dream, Sister ? ----- Me-thinks there is so much fate in these accidents, that we war with heaven when we dispute them ; See thy vision reveal'd ; are we not all saved by these Foresters ? the King lost and found, and these two Cedars of the Forest, whose fate heaven only knows ?

*Palantus kneels, and offers Bellamira the picture.*

*Pal.* Upon my knees, Madam, I restore this jewel ; The grief and distraction my soul was in wounded this day with thousand miseries, will plead, I hope, a pardon for the fault my Tongue has made in discovery of a Saucy passion ; yet I could wish the whole Kingdom were as guilty as *Pallantus*, their love would have been less dangerous then their hate.

*Bell.* No, *Pallantus*, if it be dear to thee, keep it ; and value that, as I shall do thy Friendship ; for I have long known thy heart , and shall trust thee hereafter with the Secrets of mine ; my father has found thou art faithful, and grateful ; And all the gods so bless me as I love thee for it, with all that thou canst hope, or I can in honour give ; and if I have Interest in *Pallantus* he will obey me ; What 'tis I command him *Fidelia* shall tell him ; till then I am silent, and her love shall speak the rest.

*Pall.* Madam, I have much pretence to love ; but I shall doubt it, and not hope your reward, when I shall refuse a ready obedience to all your Commands.

*Leop.* Farewell, *Phillora*, our safety calls me, pray be silent here, when I am gone, for they are jealous of me already ; this night if possible wee'll make our escape to *Clytus* his quarter, of whose heart and faith I am fully satisfied ; The keys are now in my power ; and in the dead of night I'll call ye : The word shall be, *Phillora*.



*Omnes.* All the gods protect the Prince. [*Exit Leopoldus.*]

*Pollidor.* What do they mean by his figure in a Dream, and point at me, and talk of her Love? sure I dream; when I have seen the worst of Fortunes, 'Twill always be in my power to die; there's none so wretched but she can afford him a grave; her Eyes are fix'd upon me.

*Bell.* Why do's my heart tremble at the sight of him I thus long have desired to see? why should I apprehend this hour as dangerous? Yet I feel a pain without a name; a power not known; 'tis less or more than Love, Yet not arrived at guilt; 'tis neither fear, nor desire; why should I blush then to own the Joy and kindness I have for him?

# ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

*The Scene shuts, and Leopoldo comes in (alone.)*

*Leopoldo.* **H**OW vain and Insolent is man, that dares call these the weaker Sex! when we consider the Actions of Virtuous Women, the thousand dangers and difficulties they must pass through ere they arrive at that great name; what patience, what courage, what reservedness, what silence, what modesty, how quick of sight, sometimes to apprehend approaching dangers, to shun them, and again not seeming to see such as meet them in the face, their checkings and forbidings of Nature, denying, when she calls loudest, and most pleasing to their sense when she prompts them to be women; Yet we see them many times, in pure sense of their Honour, deaf, and dumb, and lame, even when wealth, dignity, and beauty, becken unto them to come; all these, and thousand difficulties more, almost impossible to our sense (that have taken up a liberty to Act the contrary) they daily perform, with a watchful diligent virtue, whose generous minds have imposed these Laws upon themselves, and now those Laws must be obeyed before they can command a fair name; while vain men assume a Diety, and believe, if they have Courage they can with their Swords build themselves Trophies. In short; from these Excellent sufferers within I may conclude, nature, and all good things ought to be committed by destiny to the care of that soft Sex, who, till they love, and give themselves away to men, can do nothing little.

[*Exit Leopoldus.*]

# ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

*Enter Arcus, Phidelia, Filemon, and Satyr with provisions upon his back,*

*Phil.* **S**O, so, lay down the provisions here; come, Madam, let us retire into this Rock, until the tide serves, then we shall be called; for we have agreed with an old Fisherman, an acquaintance of

of the *Satyrs*, who for his Masters sake will safely convey us to some port that's free from the Conquerours power; but we must lie close till then, for the Enemy are already in the Town, but the height of the Cliffs, when we have the night to friend, will secure us; under whose protection we must make our escape, and leave the rest to Fortune.

*Satyr.* I'll go too, I'll not stay, until I find my gentle Mistress; a curse fall on his head has frighted my love from her home; the plague of Ambition and cross love torment him day and night; may his Eyes ne're shut till I have blest mine with a sight of her; I fear she is hurt, my heart akes so; this busie trouble of my mind was never so unruly as now; it makes me sick, my Spirits grow weary, I faint to death, a cold sweat and sadness is all o're my breast.

*Arcus.* How lively this poor wretch describes my pain! But die *Arcus*, and all the world, e're she knows I have a thought of Love; yet all my resolution cannot keep me from repining at my fortune, made by nature so opposite to what I love, and as if design'd for misery her heart is by fate given to a shadow in a Dream; My first cross lost a friend, dear as my Eyes, whose kindness and faith but speak that love which his modest Sister could neither tell nor hide; together our miseries found us, but to this day I could never know his Fortune, being, by different lots, become the slaves of different Masters, and my heart apprehends his death; our Countrey else would ere this have discover'd him, our colour in this nation, making us as publick as odious; A gallant and a faithful Servant 'twas as ever prince made a Friendship with; and had not our miseries struck us in the spring of our design, something worth story might have befallen us; Curious to see the world our youths ventur'd into dangers; to which slavery was our first step; but my fate was not to be satisfi'd with one Captivity; not miserable enough she thought, while only my body was in chains, and therefore sent these that gall my mind; Love, blind partial Love will have me his prisoner too, only to shew the variety of his slaves; Why else did he throw away a dart upon me, where there is no possibility of being any thing but his slave? But I am resolved neither my condition nor passion shall be known, but in my Epitaph; and there, by a silent Lover, I'll stand distinguish'd from the croud of Rivals, which my heart only emulates in worship; but see the fate of men, the least deserving is most successful; And barbarous *Almanzor* by an impious conquest has power to revenge himself, and insult over the miseries of that Princess; But I am still a wretch to talk while shee's in chains; Yet if I out-live her, let base and ingrateful be writ upon my name; This night I'll find the proud Conquerour, and print a thousand wounds upon his breast, or fall a Martyr to those great names, *Leopoldo* and *Bellamira*, which, though they were guests too great for my sad heart to contain, yet their loss is death.

*Fidel.* Alas, *Arcus*, we have all the same interest in this general grief; This grief and common Calamities (like the infected Air) wounds all, to whose dangers I must add a wound of mine  
own



own, and the cure grows still more desperate; I have lost my friend, the kind and faithful *Pallantus* is fallen; and I must fear, though I cannot know, his misery, the uncertainty of whose ill wounds deeper then any danger that can threaten my self.

*Phil.* No more of this imagin'd danger; but retire, and wisely attend our own safeties, that we may preserve our selves till we know what fortune has befallen our great Master; which we cannot hope, unless this Night we make our escape; within we may resolve what to do. [Exeunt omnes.

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

*Enter Almanzor, with his servants only.*

*Alman.* **S**End for *Roderigo*, put all things in readiness, 'tis resolv'd this morning tyde I'll be gone; and with me bear the scornful cause of my affliction; That blind foolish boy is neither won by reason, Interest, nor flattery, and set without my Swords reach; he is not to be bribed nor won by sacrifice, neither, like his friend fortune; some way I must find to reconcile myself to that fond Diety, or all my hopes are lost. [Enter *Roderigo*.

*Alman.* *Roderigo*, I am thinking.---

*Roder.* Of Loye, Sir, I know you were.

*Alman.* Of Love, yes of Love, and sent for---

*Roder.* Me, to inform your Highness of his humour; faith, Sir, I know him as little as you reverence him; his kinsman, and his mother, I have practis'd, (a Bottle, and a Girle,) these kind friends I can serve you in; for the other young Gentleman, he spoils conversation, and affects corners, either to kiss or cry in; I hope your Highness is not inclin'd to that Idle humour; pray will you let me hear you sigh; upon my Conscience you will make but an ill Lover; I dare assoon undertake to hedge the Eagle in, as you win the Princess; yet they say there are as many and certain ways to win a woman, and as many holes into her heart, as there are upon her ---- Basta. --- But believe me, Sir, there's one, if you can hit it, is worth them all.

*Alman.* This is a kind of knowledge, *Roderigo*, that few are ignorant in; but yet let the god despise me if I fear either of them; and though Poets and Lovers still conspire to beget a terrour in our hearts, yet my reason tells me, even from those lamentable Stories that make love seem so dangerous, that we most unjustly blame Love when 'tis the Lover that's in fault; for Love is not in himself our Enemy; Love is as wholsome and as natural a passion as any that affects the heart; and only corrupted loves are dangerous; Love and Wine may both be poyson'd; should we therefore curse the Vine? No, 'tis Love, wounded with Jealousie and Inconstancy, or Infected with disdain; Love set too high, or too low, by birth or Nature oppos'd, which, thus set out of her reach, or so low in the Earth that Honour cannot stoop to gather her blessings; or else



else at such a height that even Hope loses his Leap, and the noble Fruit hangs still to tempt us : or a worse Curse than all these, which is my fate, to love a scornful Maid that loves another : these are the true grounds of Lovers miseries, and their Errours are falsely laid upon Love, and all our stubbornness call'd his Crimes, when we, not Love, are blinde, who is indeed the gentle Ty of all Mankind, though he be made many times the most innocent Root of many mischiefs, and would be all Honey still but that our Reason gives him a sting ; Reason, *Roderigo*, which Chain the Gods, have thrown upon us ; for we no sooner covet and know what would please us, but we finde it still forbidden ; and from this Root (this Reason) all the foregoing miseries are deriv'd ; kinde Nature else would be obey'd, and all these troubles pass without a thought or grief. But to our business, which I'm sure, Love shall never be with *Almanzor*.

*Rod.* Yet 'twould be fit to be civil, and either send or go your self to the Prison, you have handsome cause enough to yield you an Excuse ; dissemble your past anger, being in the heat of battel, incens'd by her scorn, whose sharp language and your wounds smarting made you speak and act beyond your Reason : Come Sir, when you can win two Crowns with a few fair words never refuse to play at any game Fortune proposes : besides, I have observ'd it, Women sooner forgive faults done to them, than those they do to others ; for their shame is more than their anger can be ; and 'tis easier flatt'ring their weakness into pity than ripening their Reason into Justice or Discretion : The left-side is predominant in them still : could I love one Woman better than another, (which I am so far from believing Virtue, that I think I ought to be beaten for't) if I did not with your game win any Woman I'd never command Men again. Death, what Cards would you have to play if these lose ? A young handsome General, a Prince, and Conquerour, that has wit and courage, and yet be strangled in an Apron-string ! sigh and let a Smock smother me ! They shall bury me under the Gallows when I dy of that Disease ; No faith, if any of them be too hard for me it shall be in Bed, and there let them use me as they please ; I care not whether I win or lose in their arms, and he that desires more of Love than such a kindness is mad : when I embrace her if she smile and do speak like a Lover, let her heart be as busie as she pleases, and make any other happy till I miss her company. I do not remember I ever sigh'd, yet I think I have had my share of Women, but I would not be so miserable as to remember any of their faces for a Kingdom, for then I might be subject to Constancy, a Disease harder to be cur'd than the Pox ; Constancy is really a weak-stomack'd Lover : My heart digests a Mistress presently, and hungers for another ; thirsts and enjoys her without any thought of Constancy and Remembrance ; but the last is as dangerous as if my Supper should ly in my belly always, where should my Dinner go ? If ever your fine Arguments perswade me to be one of your one Meals men, you shall geld me ; give me an appetite every meal in the day, and kinde hearts to feed



feed on, Wit and Beauty will finde a Cook, and we'll make our Sauce our selves.

*Alm.* This Doctrine I am no Heretick in, *Roderigo*; yet I believe you will allow a man may love one Dish better than another, and so far I am a Lover.

*Rod.* Fast and get a stomach, Sir; then all that's young and kinde is fair and pleasing; so far I am happy though no Lover.

*Enter to them Leopoldo, and another Souldier.*

*Sould.* All things are in readines for your Highness departure, and we onely stay for your direction.

*Rod.* I'll wait upon your Highness to the Prison.

*Alm.* Is all ready?

*Sould.* Yes, Sir, but 'tis somewhat of the darkest to put to Sea, within two hours the Moon will rise; and being not streightn'd in our time, I shall counsel your Highness to stay a little; two hours of the Ebb carries us out of all dangers.

*Alm.* When 'tis time call at my Quarters; Come, *Roderigo*, within we'll resolve of this new business, Love.

*[Exeunt omnes except Leopoldo.]*

*Leop.* This I feared; but how to prevent it, something as speedy as their mischief must be thought of.

*Exit Leopoldo.*

#### A C T. IV. S C E N. IV.

*The Scene of the Prison is discovered, and the Prisoners in it.*

*Bellam.* **W**Hy this sadness now when our great griefs and fears are over? Why thus ingratelully in silence do we receive blessings we scarce could hope for? when all our Fates both of Love and Hate were doubtful, none were sad; the great and general calamity past without concern, *Pollidor* and *Palantus* with all their Faith and Loyalty could finde room for Love and Anger; and now when our losses are repair'd they sigh and droop for shadows.

*Phil.* And *Pollidor* that never knew Love, Fear, nor Grief, but mine, till this Figure fill'd his breast, now when he should sacrifice droops and hangs his head like Flowers oppress'd with showers; now when kinder Fate has unriddl'd all our doubts beyond our hopes, dispersing all those mists we must have wandred in, by the bright eyes of the divine *Bellamira*. Fy *Pollidor*, canst thou be sorry for any honour the Gods have heap'd upon thy Mistress? Thy sadness now is self-love, and shews her Excellence is too great a Guest to lodge in thy narrow heart. Fond Man, wouldst thou be happier than to love and be belov'd by such a person; a begging Lover with her alms is richer than those that triumph in the spoils and embraces of another Queen.

*Bel.* I see our passions, *Phillora*, are the innocent thoughts of pure mindes;

mindes; we love Honour and Virtue onely; and when they are in safety we know no fears: these men have Designs and farther ends in their desires than their blushings dare declare, else our joys must have found theirs.

*Phil.* 'Tis too great a truth, Madam, I can prove it in my self; for my condition is equally miserable to theirs; Are not my youth and hopes equal to *Pollidor's*? Are not my dangers great as yours? Is not my stake as great and rich as any that now distrusts their fortune? Is there not the same distance betwixt me and my happiness that you tremble at? Yet I smile, because I know I desire no unreasonable thing; all my wishes are to see these Princes happy.

*Bel.* Can you hear this and not blush to finde two Maids prompt you to finde your resolution? We that are esteem'd the weak Sex, that Shadows have led in Chains, I that have suffer'd under a desperate Love without groaning or crying out for help, seven tedious Winters afflicted with a Figure in a Dream, and till this day never saw the thing I lov'd, yet now 'tis met it shall not make me guilty of a blush for any action, though I know there be a Fate and future Prophecy wrapt in this Cloud (which thou art) and even my own wishes have something in them which I can fear; but *Bellamira* will dy rather than stain her story; and if *Pollidor* and *Palantus* have that honour they pretend they will cease to afflict our mindes with their sadness, and patiently expect that Birth Heaven and Nations have thus labour'd to bring forth.

*Pal.* Thus at your feet I fall, struck more by this Virtue now, than by your Beauty heretofore: O ye Gods, the divine *Bellamira's* miseries but set her off, and upbraid your justice that could neglect such a minde when they had taken pains to make it. And now be pleas'd to know my silence was no guilty fear of my own misfortunes, but revolving in my minde your fatal Dream, whose every particular is explain'd, which makes me wonder who this Youth can be whom Fate has mark'd out for the Envy of Mankind, though Nature have conspir'd against him, and set him as far from the reach of his happiness as there is distance between a Cottage and a Crown; yet see, Madam, if sadness have not seiz'd his heart, destin'd to lodge the greatest Guest that ever yet possess'd the minde of man, *Bellamira's* love.

*Phil.* Sure *Pollidor* has not so poor a spirit as to be sad for himself; I should hate him more than I love him now if I believ'd his heart could be so narrow as to wish his own happiness at such a rate as prophaning of this Princess; add for less thou canst not hope to purchase her: Let not this grieve *Pollidor*, but resolve to follow thy Sister still. Remember 'twas she that led thee to this degree of Honour: Remember how, contrary to Nature, Sex, and Custome, inspir'd by the Deity of Love, I laid violent hands upon thy heart, and forc'd thee to receive those glories thou now art proud of, in spite of that low mean hatred of a gallant Prince which would have held thee back: Look upon these wounds, there is a beauty in them, and a grace even in these scars,

such



such as no Virgin can excel with all the art of dress; and I glory more for having receiv'd them for these Princes, then in any my revenge gave this day upon our enemy.

*Pollid.* Certainly, when your Highness shall consider my part, 'twill not appear strange that my mind is possess'd with wonder; and then I hope my silence will find your pardon: I would I had lost my Reason with my hopes; that enemy Reason that inform'd my soul, and made me aspire that happiness; the loss of which she now presents with horreur to my mind. Yet, know all the world, *Pollidor* can neither repent, dissemble, nor tame his love, though he can dye when a less cause then your Highness displeasure calls; but will not be hired to live at a less rate then your pardon. And *Phillora* may call to mind something consonant to this fatal Dream; do's she not remember how in our most innocent days, the Dreams our distracted sleeps have had? what honours and what worship has been paid us from crouds of unknown faces? which compar'd with this waking Dream seem to revive, though darkly and afar off, something from those nothings; and these thoughts begot that guilty silence which displeas'd my Sister. But though *Phillora* can chide my silence now, I fear she will shortly find her heart subject to thoughts too, whose strange kind of fortune is like troubled waters now, and the storm is yet in her streams; but when 'tis settled, honour and quiet of mind will divide thy heart; for though she thinks now her heart will desire nothing but leave to love the Prince; know, *Phillora*, those roots that are in the spring contented to send forth a bud, their sollicitous natures are busie still to nourish them; such is thy heart now Love but buds in it, and it will break to see that after all thy care that flower thou doest on should hang upon anothers bosome; and all thy sweets and graces wither in that shadow; and while thou dy'st to make a handsome story, some one less excellent, but more fortunate, surfeit on those sweets thou pine'st for; then thou wilt find how vain and idle a good pity is, and that fruit (if they love) poor and virtuous *Phillora* may reap; for pity is a good that's still attended with misery, dear bought, being never purchas'd at less rates then ruine; and they may be happy that can pity, but the wretched are still their subject; now thou hang'st thy head, blasted with this sad truth; and now thy soul is awakned I desie thy heart to be at peace.

*Bellam.* Alas, *Phillora*, ignorant of the dangers we were in made us laugh in this storm; and those waves which we were pleased with to see toss our Barque, threaten destruction to us, unpractis'd in that dangerous element, which *Pollidor*, like a Pilot, wisely apprehends, and arms against the known ill, whose dangers I dare not now behold: something above Reason must secure our Reason, else sadness and despair must find us all.

*Phil.* Madam, I have heard all, and shall conclude, as to play a Game that must be lost, is childish; so to throw up all Cards that agree not with our wishes, shews covetousness and impatience; we do not always play for gain, sometime company and pastime en-

*A prisoner  
within the  
Cave, cries  
for help.*

gage us ; and I am resolved such fates as are dealt me I'll receive ; and shew how much I am above that fortune that opposes me ; and if I cannot be happy, yet (against my miseries) I have this remedy, I dare dye ; that pale guest needs but little invitation ; especially to those that care not to live, nothing is so easie, nor so pleasing as to dye : and we, *Pollidor*, that are but beggars at this feast, may go when we will without taking leave, or being mis'd.

*[A prisoner within the Cave cries for help.]*

*Prisoner within.* Help, help for charity.

*Bellam.* Whence came that cry for help ?

*Prisoner.* As you have charity help the wretched ; oh my fate ! must I look on and see his dear limbs torn, and not have power to help him ?

*Bellam.* What strange misery is that that stands in need of our help to relieve him, that are our selves loaden with misfortunes ?

*Phil.* Heaven blest the Prince from use of such a succour ; hark, whence came the cry ? sure 'twas from above ; I fear the Prince may be discovered in his design of our safety ; if so, lasie slow death, in spite of thy envy, I'll find a way to meet the Prince, and hasten thy visit hither.

*Prisoner.* Are you all deaf to our miseries ? have the wretched no sense of others misery ? are your hearts hardned to our sufferings, who beg nothing but the mercy of a speedy death ?

*Pollid.* 'Tis in the Cave ; some other prisoners, sure, I'll take a light and see in what our charity can serve them.

*Palan.* Hold, I hear the Prison door open, and that light comes this way ; be silent and observe, lest some unlook'd for danger happen.

*Pollid.* 'Tis about the hour the Prince bad us expect him.

*The door opens, Enter the Prince Leopoldo seeming somewhat sad.*

*Bellam.* Some new calamity, I read it in thy eyes, *Leopoldo* ; speak, what fate must we expect ?

*Leop.* The time's too short to execute my design, for now at this instant the Guards are coming to fetch you forth ; and this night you must away for *Sicily*, in company of the Tyrant, whose designs my heart dreads to think of, which e're he shall execute I am resolv'd, though I sacrifice my life, I'll strike him to the earth ; this must suddenly be done, unless we can surprize the Guards, and thus, in the dead of night make an escape ; see, here are Weapons for all.----Thus armed and thus unexpected, who knows what success may attend the justice and resolution of this action ? *Phillora* is the Word ; Here then let us embrace, as friends and fellows in a great calamity, whose sad estates admits no cure but this desperate attempt.

*He gives  
them all  
weapons.*

*They embrace  
one another.*

*Phil.* The gods, and Prince *Leopoldo's* fortunes guide us.

*Prisoner.* Oh the misery of men, fall'n below the pity even of the wretched themselves !

*Leop.*



*Leop.* What voyce was that ?

*Palan.* 'Tis some wretch in the Dungeon ; just as your Highness op'ned the door he call'd for help, and your coming put us on from inquiring what it meant.

*Leopoldo takes the Candle and Lanthorn, and his Dagger in his hand, goes to him, discovers in the Scene with his light carcasses of dead men, and other prisoners chain'd upon the ground ; and at the appearance of the light some Foxes run away.*

*Leop.* Alas, alas ! how cruel are men to men ! See, if the very beasts do not prey upon the living members of the wretched.

*Prisoner.* Sir, your habit speaks you a Souldier, and since you are Master of those great blessings, Arms and Freedom, be merciful to the wretched, who only beg some charitable wounds to relieve them ; I hope you will not find your sword the power for such an alms. See, Sir, two of many, two in number, one in blood and misery, the dearer part of my soul, all that the Plague and Famine has left to finish such sad fates as a cruel enemy shall impose, despised and forgotten, neither worth his cruelty nor his care, unless your sword relieve us ; and yet our crimes are onely our Nation.—

*[They are Moors.]*

*Leop.* Your colour speaks you strangers ; and your miseries have begot a pity, which I have time onely to relieve, but not to inform my self of ; what were those that run away ?

*Prisoner.* Foxes, who daily haunt this place, and will scarce expect while we are dead, but grown bold upon our afflictions prey upon the living ; yonder lyes my friend oppress'd with sickness whose words they despise ; nor could all our threats nor cries prevail ; slavery has so defaced the image of the gods in miserable man, that the creatures have lost the respect and reverence due to him ; dull captivity has given such strange allay to that rich metal that man was at first coin'd in, that we are not currant among beasts.

*Here he releases the prisoners.*

*Leop.* Sir, we are prisoners too ; and now upon forcing our freedoms a sword and liberty I can give ; and if you will take your fortune with us you shall be welcome.

*Prisoner.* When I have afforded this charity to my friend I shall most readily joyn in any design, to be reveng'd on this barbarous enemy.

*Leop.* One of those keys I believe will open his locks ; and while you perform that charity I'll satisfie my self concerning those Foxes. — How should they come hither ? surely there is a way out, else how could they come in ? I'll see the issue of this chance.---

*[The prisoner runs to his Sister and releases her.]*

*Sister-prisoner.* Oh Brother, what new blessing's this that gives thee to my Arms, what means this freedom ? will they at last be kind, and let us dye ?

*Brother-prisoner.* No, gentle Sister, a better star guides us ; and far from hence be those sad rites of Funeral, till we have taken

some revenge upon that barbarous power under which we have thus long suffer'd. [Bellamira and the rest come to them.]

*Bellam.* Sir, your goodness I hope will excuse our tardy visit, when you shall know we are under the same slavery, and but this hour releas'd from our chains.

*Bother-prisoner.* Our gratitude, not our excuse is due; and all my past miseries you have buried in this great blessing, and I shall at last be free, or dye revenging the injuries this poor Girle has suffer'd, the only precious part of my soul; whose youth has been persecuted with the worst of ills that Love or Fortune could threaten, and all for loving a gallant man; whose noble heart I know would bleed could he but fear the miseries she suffers for him, though he be her Prince. This ambitious passion has made her taste many a bitter thought: Her colour makes this story strange to your ears, and this black makes it look like a fable, when we say we love; though here be the sad example of that little god, great in power; whose dart has fir'd her private mind, and the saucy flame aspires her Prince's breast; yet she's nobly born, and what was my blessing proved her misery; for had not I been blest with his friendship she had not ne're been miserable with the sight of him; this as a secret her troubled mind conceal'd till the Prince was lost at the fatal battle of *Carthage*; since which misery I have wasted my days in slavery, and by chance met this poor Girle, hunting through divers miseries a peaceful grave, seduced by a Witch, who ignorant of her sex, being ask'd her fortune, bad her seek her happiness in the hand of a white woman, strange and impossible.

*Sister-prisoner.* I am very faint, yet my heart divines some blessing from the sight of those fair eyes.—— [To Phillora.]

*Bellam.* How my soul shakes to hear this poor Maids misery! and my pity would fain believe, amongst us, she might find that blessing that seems most desperate in her fortunes. *Palantus*, pray give her something to drink.—— And be not dejected with thoughts of past ills; you are now amongst a company that dare vie with your most desperate thoughts; and yet will not doubt the rewards due to their innocence.

*Phil.* Her fortune is so like my own I cannot but love her, I grow concern'd too in her miseries.

*Sister-prisoner.* My thanks is due to all; but the joy and wonder of this hour has made me neglect the payment, which I shall do in prayers to all the gods, that ye may never know the use of such a kindness, by having tasted those sad calamities that wound my mind.

*Palan.* Be quiet and resolved; for I hear some noise at the Prison door; which way went the Prince? let us retire, for they are now shutting of the door.



## ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*The Scene of the Prison shuts.*

*Enter as out of a Cave, by the Sea side, frighted, the Satyr and Fidelia, Arcus and Philemon.*

Saty. **E**ither my Eyes deceived me, or they were foxes; I saw them leap.

Arcus. Foxes, fool? whence should they come?

Phil. Why from their burrow among the Rocks, forc'd with hunger to seek their prey; finding us in their way, what's more natural for those beasts then to force through us? Let us return and see if we can find any sign of their passage.

Arcus. How easie 'tis to give fire to fear! Our late danger makes us apprehend every noise. Hark, 'tis something scrapes within.----See, see, the furs hang upon the Rocks still; how contemptible a thing this fear is!

*They no sooner enter the grot, (which must be made in perspective to present a Cave by the Sea side,) but they hear one knock within.*

*Arcus takes the light, and goes towards the hole, and finds the Foxes furs upon the Rock.*

Fidel. How long are the hours that sorrow loves! Time passeth like a thought when we are happy; But Oh, how tedious will my grief make the few dayes I have to live! Ha! 'tis fire, some star sure; Arcus, do you see that light?

Arcus. 'Tis something strange, but what Heaven knows; A light in the earth! Be not amazed, collect your selves; If our fears be true, what is there in fortune left for fear? Hark, I hear a noise too, listen.----Do you not hear a noyse and strokes? 'Tis some Witchcraft sure.-----'Tis a man, I hear his voice, and his words have reason; I'll speak to it what e're it be.-----Ho! within, what art thou? how cam'st thou to this cave? what seek'st thou in this place of misery?

Leop. I'll answer it.-----A wretched Prisoner whom the merciless Enemy hath expos'd in chains to the rage of wild Beasts; What e're thou art, for charity give some relief to the wretched, by informing our miseries where thou art, for thy light has deceived me pursuing of those Beasts that would have devoured us; I hoped to have found a passage this way, which now is desperate.

Arcus. Hark, sure I know that voice.

Le. And I that sound, or else my miseries deceive me. Arcus! Arcus

Arcus. Prince Leopoldo!

Leopoldo. The same; struck with wonder and amaz'd, what are we next to expect from Fate? Are we all Prisoners then?

Arcus. No, Royal Sir; we are in freedom yet, though their nets are pitch'd about us; Help; help, Philemon, to remove these stones, and force a passage here.

*[They pluck stone after stone away, till the Prince comes out.]*

*Philemon.*

*Phil.* Oh Sir, this is a blessed chance, and gives some hope of better fortune.

*Arcus.* Are you alone, Sir? are all your royal branches lop'd from you? All our great marks to which we bent our loyal hearts, is all lost? All dead in this fatal day but wretched *Arcus*? Is the noblest piece of earth, the Princess, lost? Is she gone to make a star in Heaven?

*Leop.* No, kind and faithful, no such sadness is due to this dayes loss; The King, my Sister, *Palantus*, and the gentle Forester, all are safe; But how is the story of an age; and this time too precious to be spent in any thing but saving those friends that are all within this dungeon, Just now resolv'd to attempt our escape, which I propos'd by the advantage of this habit, being yet unknown to the Enemy, and trusted as one of their guard; and while we design'd our business two wretches in the Prison cried for help; and going to inquire the cause I saw two foxes fly the light, which I pursued, believing reasonably enough they had some passage forth.

*Arcus.* These were the foxes that frighted us; For Heavens sake, Sir, let us return and bring forth those dear pledges of our Lives; we have a boat and all things ready to escape this tyde.

*Satyr.* Is my Love there too? Is her Brother well? Shall I go see her? My Soul melts with fear of losing her; I'll worship thee, if thou wilt love and not hurt her; King of men I have been sick, and my Mind pines when my Eyes lose sight of her.

*Arcus.* No, *Satyr*, you must stay and steal through the Rocks, to hasten the Barque away, and then you shall see your Love; Else, not a sight; let the rest stay and expect the *Satyrs* return and the Sea-men with the Barque.

*Leop.* *Arcus* and I'll return, and do you expect us here.

[*Exeunt Arcus and Leopoldo by the hole.*]

*Enter Satyr and Sea-men.*

*Satyr.* See, see, the old man's come.

*Phil.* So, so, where's the boat?

*Fisher-man.* Behind the cliff, where I was commanded to expect; where we have both wind and tyde to friend.

*Exeunt  
Sea-men  
with pro-  
visions.*

*Phil.* Away then with these provisions aboard, expect us and lie quiet till we come.----Hark, I hear their tread, that light is theirs.

*Fid.* At length, I hope, the fury of the gods is past, and we may yet live to see an hour of joy; they come, they come.

*Enter the Prince and Bellamira at the hole, then Pollidor and Phillora; Arcus goes before with the light, then Palantus and the two Moors prisoners; Bellamira embraces Fidelia, and the Satyr cries, and runs to Phillora's feet and kisses them.*

*Bellam.* What thinks *Fidelia*? Have we yet overcome the misery threatned in that fatal Dream?

*Leop.* No more; silence is now our next part; nor is there  
time



time to tell our joyes ; away, *Arcus*, guide us to the boat ; and till we have a fit time and place to express it let every joy keep in the kind Heart that bred it.

*Bellam.* But where's our new friends and fellow-prisoners ? Alas, *Fidelia*, 'tis not we alone that are miserable ; for here's one of the saddest and most miserable pieces of Innocence and Beauty that e're yet begat a story.

[*Arcus and the Moor's gaze upon one another.*

*Arcus.* What strange sight is this ? 'tis he.

*Prisoner.* I cannot be deceived ; Love has as curious Eyes as Malice, and we may as soon hide our selves from death as friendship ; And the gods are kind, since our Eyes are again blest with the sight of the Princely *Arcus*.

[*He runs and kneels to him.*

*Arcus.* Welcome, faithful ; but as thou lovest me yet conceal me ; therefore rise, and excuse my parting thus abruptly from thee, to flie to one to whose virtue I'll pay that duty thy knee hath given me.----*Cadesse* ? It must be so, and this cloud's too thin to hide thee from my Eyes and Heart.

*He runs and kneels to the Maiden*

*Cadesse.* *Cadesse*, and the humblest of all that bows to the Princely *Arcus* ; But why does your Highness bow to me ?

*Moor, and she kneels to him.*

*Arcus.* The reason thou shalt find in the Love and service of my life, if *Cadesse* will receive my vows.

[*Bellamira, Leopoldo, and the rest, wonder to see them kneel to Arcus.*

*Bellam.* Did they kneel to him ?

*Fidelia.* I saw them kneel.

*Leopoldo goes to them.*

*Leop.* Sir, this posture of your friends does not at all surprise us ; for your Mind, where you are known, has ever spoke you Prince ; and if you have not been treated like one, you cannot blame *Leopoldo*, whose value was equal to all you would set upon your self ; And now, Sir, I conjure you by all our kindness, let not our miseries make you hide this secret from us.

*Arcus.* Sir, I shall no longer hide my self from the great *Leopoldo*, of whom I beg pardon for having thus long done it ; 'Twas a Vow made when our curiosities had by chance engaged us in the battle of *Carthage*, where the *Syracusians* got the day, if we were taken, to conceal our names untill we met again ; which being here absolved in *Pyrrhus*, *Leopoldo* shall find a servant faithful as *Arcus*.

*Bellam.* *Pyrrhus* ! See, *Phyllora*, this is that Prince she even now mourn'd in prison ; Sir, when you were *Arcus*, I considered er'e I would command ; But as *Pyrrhus*, I shall onely beg you'll give me leave to fullfil a Prophecy ; and from my hand give a present to this Maid ; which when she shall know I am a Virgin too, perhaps she'll find as much wonder as I shall joy to see another happy.

*Phyllora.* This Omen begets a strange thought in my troubled Mind.

*Cadesse.* Madam, I have neither will nor power of my self, by double tyes a servant to the Prince ; and shall with joy obey what ever he commands.

*Pyrrh.* Nor will I pretend a power there greater then I shall give the Princess *Bellamira* here, whose commands are the welcomest things

things my Heart can wish, glad to find my Love approved by so great a Mistress in the School of Honour ; By whose name I vow to the gentle *Cadessa* an eternal Faith, and *Hymen* shall witness my Vow.

*Omnes.* All the gods say Amen.

*Bellam.* We must be gone, but whither, oh whither ! Sad Fate ! that must be gone, but knows not where to find a safety !

*Leopol.* Not whither ? Yes, to *Gaietta*, where faithful *Clytus* resides ; Wonder not that I call him faithful, time will unriddle all ; and (I hope) my Sister will not refuse to trust those that I esteem faithful, untill we gain *Gaietta* ; Love and *Bellamira*'s Fortune shall guide us.

*Bellam.* I submit, and where *Leopoldo* trusts will not ask a why ; and if *Clytus* be faithful, and we escape, let us hereafter no more throw the scandal of blind guides on Love and Fortune ; but freely deliver our selves to their protection. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Enter Clytus, Ravack, Cleon, Souldiers and Sea-men, supposed aboard their Galley.*

*Cleon.* **C**OMmand them pique their Oars, and let her drive with the Tyde, lest the quietness of the night discover us with the noise ; the Moon is risen too.

*Sea-men.* Sir, The boat that came from the Town is put under the Cliff, and there we saw lights.

*Cleon.* Give order to hide ours, lest they betray us as theirs have done them.

*Sea-men.* Ours are hid.

*Clytus.* We have the wind and tyde to friend, she cannot to sea but we must meet her ; if she fall into the Bay, the other Gallies are ready to oppose her ; Come, Sir, let us look out, 'tis a fine Evening.

*Ravack.* 'Tis so, and if our honest intentions find their gods, I hope to see a glorious day in *Naples*. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

### ACT. V. SCEN. III.

*Enter Almanzor, Roderigo, and Souldiers.*

*Almanzor.* **R**oderigo, if you can think of any thing to be added to your Commission or Instructions, send after me and it shall be confirm'd.

*Roderigo.* At present I can think of nothing ; for till your Highness and the purchase be arrived in *Sicily*, (which is indeed the root of all your business) all other thoughts are idle ; and pray, Sir, let me prevail with your passion this night to treat them civilly, and make excuses to the Princess for your past neglects ; Confess you know the debts are great you must pay ere she can believe you a Lover ; and if you prevail not with her Heart, consider how miserable



miserable you must be though you should force her to a Marriage, when you must sleep in the bosome of an oppress'd princess that looks upon you as the Murtherer of her father, brother, and destroyer of her Countrey; Which, with that soft gentle passionate Sex is a grief above all the rest; her heart must tell her 'twas prince *Almanzor*, that destroyer of the man she loved, to your face, the anguish of soul threw out that secret knowledge which upon my life the person himself could never win from her; but distracted with her affliction, or anger, to spight your heart, has given you a secret her bosome friend ne're was partaker of.

*Alman.* 'Tis reason all thou urgest, and I confess my self a beast when my passion rules me; but I will now endeavour to redeem my fault.

*Roder.* Sir, your Civility, If it does not get you a wife, yet it will oblige her, and make her your friend; 'twill be no small advantage to your success; and having her in your power, it may divers ways advance your affairs in *Sicily*; Her love and passion for another, with the right she has to the Crown, and Interest in the people, you may by compounding her freedom secure your Conquest in *Sicily*; think on't, Sir, and let not passion for a woman seduce you; and Remember Kingdoms, Sir, are scarce, and there are many chapmen, and women are common, and grow every where; let us be wise men, Sir, and when we cannot do what we would, do what we can.

*Alm.* How now, where's your fellow, that we sent for? [*En.* *Sould.*

*Sould.* And please your Highness, we cannot find him; 'tis not above an hour since he went into the prison, whose doors are still lock'd, and the key in the Inward side.

*Alman.* Did you knock?

*Sould.* Yes, Sir, but no body would answer.

*Roder.* Death! not answer, Sir, let's force the doors.

*They all go out towards the doors of the prison, which they force open; They all draw their Swords, and with Torches in their hands enter the prison, which is the same Scene where Bellamira and the prisoners lay.*

*Roder.* Here's the nest, but the Birds are fled.

*Alman.* Haste to the guard, command no person whatsoever pass without my order, let them seize all.

*Sould.* Perhaps, Sir, they're hid; for 'tis not possible they should be gone, and the door shut.

*Alman.* Search, Villains, 'twill concern you, for your lives are at stake.

*Sould.* Your Highness found us upon our duties, the doors shut, we cannot answer for a prison.

*Roder.* What Path is this? it is full of the new steps of many feet; let's follow these signs, see whither it leads.

*They follow, and the Scene shuts, and they come all out with their Torches at the hole of the Cave where the princes came out.*

C c c c

*Alman.*

*Alman.* Here they have escap'd, but 'tis certain this pass was found by chance; and being so lately gone cannot be far from hence; search the Rocks hereabouts, they are but three men, unarm'd, and two women; let's lose no time, *Roderigo*, but divide, and call if you see any body; this Accident has destroy'd all our hopes; fool, fool, too late thou findest the punishment of thy barbarous rage.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Leopoldo, Pollidor, Pallantus, Arcus, Cadesse, Bellamira, Phillora, and the other Moor.*

*Leop.* IS it far, we must go?

*Arcus.* No, Sir, the Boat Rides under yon Cliff.

*Enter to them the Satyr and Philemon.*

*Philem.* Haste, haste aboard, for we are all lost; a party of arm'd men pursues us, I saw them and their lights Issue from the Cave.

*Leop.* To the Boat then dear *Bellamira*, and with thee take these our friends, and dearest pledges of our lives; *Philemon*, by all thy past kindness I conjure thee, take it not unkindly that I desire thy age to retire with these to a place of safety.

*Bell.* I'll not stir unless *Phillora* will be my Guard.

*Poll.* Gentle *Phillora*, let me once prevail, and now wait upon the princess *Bellamira* while I with Faith and Duty follow the brave *Leopoldo*.

*Phillora.* I obey, and scorn to doubt that fate, that the prince, and *Pollidor's* swords strike, to defend.

*Leop.* Away, away, I hear their noise; when we are engaged lie off from the Shore; if we be fortunate we'll call you back; The word shall be Victory and *Phillora*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

#### ACT. V. SCEN. V.

*Enter Almanzor, Roderigo, and their Company.*

*Roder.* Courage, Sir, it must be they, they fly us; 'tis impossible they should have means to escape.

*Alman.* Let's pursue them close then.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



## ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Clytus, Ravack, Cleon, and Seamen.*

*Cleon.* **T**Hose lights a shoar must be they ; they have now doubled the Point, the Boat too is but a small Fisherman.

*Clytus.* I counted them by their lights, they are not above a dozen in number ; let us land a small party upon this Point , and 'tis impossible they should escape us , for we are now betwixt them and their Boat , which I have commanded the Galley to surprize.

*Rav.* I am of *Clytus* his opinion , and that it be executed with diligence.

*Cleon.* I'll command the Boat a shoar then.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Leopoldo, Pollidor, Pallantus, Arcus, and the Moor prisoner.*

*Leop.* **S**Tand, and make good this pass, by this, our Friends are secur'd ; and let us make them find the danger of pursuing a Lyon to his Den.

*Enter to them three Souldiers, Almanzor and Roderigo.*

*Alman.* See *Roderigo*, here they are.

*Leop.* Ha ! *Almanzor* ! nay, then the Fates are kind.

*Pol.* Is there no more of you ? Fools, what made you venture upon even terms ? do you think our Innocency, and the Princess *Bellamira*'s cause, is no odds ?

*Roder.* Ha, how the devil came they Arm'd ?

*Leop.* Hence this disguise. --- Shall stories say *Leopoldo* feared to be known when Fate set him, Man to man, to dispute Fortunes with *Almanzor* ? no Tyrant, see *Leopoldo*.

*Almanzor* }  
and } Ha ! *Leopoldo*.  
*Roderigo.* }

*Whilst Leopoldo throws off his Souldiers Coat, and makes himself known, Pollidor speaks.*

*Pol.* Yes, *Almanzor* ; but see a Saucy Wood-man, that will strike the fairest Deer in the herd, or fall at his foot. [*Poll. and Alman. fight.*]

*Roder.* And the best is best cheap.

*He fights with Leopoldo, and the rest man to man ; Pollidor wounds Almanzor, and cries, that for Bellamira. -- and that. And kills him.*

*Alman.* O! and this last sigh for *Bellamira*.

[*He dies.*

[*Leopoldo disarms Roderigo, and he falls too.*

*Leo.* Ly thou there.

*Rod.* To fall under *Leopoldo*, though it be ill luck, 'tis no shame; your chance is good.

*Leop.* And so is *Roderigo's*; and let him thank this Disguise for his Life, under whose protection this day I safely heard him speak like a Man of Honour, which has made me forget he was an Enemy----Hold, every man hold. Let us not use our Advantage with cruelty, while I embrace the noble *Pollidor*, and congratulate with Princely *Pyrrhus* our strange delivery.

*Pyrrhus.* Though nothing be welcomer than the Princely embraces of *Leopoldo*, yet let us remember how dear these pawns are which yet are expos'd to Fortune; and when they are safe let us rejoyce as Winners.

*Enter to them Ravack, Clytus, Cleon, Bellamira, Fidelia, Phillora, Cadesse, Philemon, and the Satyr; they being all together, Ravack discovers to all the Company who Pollidor and Phillora were.*

*Pollidor.* Ha! the Princess taken! this my Soul apprehended: See Sir how busie mischief has been, and prepare to redeem the Princess.

[*Pollidor offers to fight with Clytus, and Ravack appears.*

*Ravack.* Hold, *Pollidor*, while I to Prince *Leopoldo* discover a Secret which will seem strange and full of wonder; yet witness Heaven; I shall deliver nothing but a happy Truth, a Truth that has already found the wish and faith of the persons most concern'd; and to gain the speedier credit with your Highness, be pleas'd to receive this Signet from your Royal Father, who impatiently expects your Highness at *Gaietta*; the Princess and this joyfull Company are already satisfied with my news which I shall begin with throwing at your feet the old *Ravack*.

*Leopoldo.* Ha! *Ravack* alive!

*Ravack.* A Name sometimes well known to *Palantus*, who here presents to your embraces our King, and your Kinsman, the young *Genorio*, Son to the unfortunate *Ortho*, whom cross Fate has thus long hid in the person of the gallant *Pollidor*. A Secret not less to him than to your Highness, for which upon my knees I beg his pardon.

*Leopoldo.* Is this my Royal Kinsman?

[*He runs to Genorio and embraces him.*



*Pollidor.* What do I hear?

*Ravack.* Be not amaz'd at this new Truth; for it was by the counsel of your Friends we conceal'd your Birth and Quality, which I should have discover'd could I have promis'd my self your safety.

*Pollidor.* Have I lost the dear *Phyllora* by this knowledge, Is not she my Sister still?

*Ravack.* Yes, Royal Sir, *Phyllora* is a Branch from the same great Stock-----And what change this knowledge may bring her Fortune we must consult your Highness breast; my heart flatters it self with hopes of happy *Hymens*. *He turns to Leopoldo.*

*Leopoldo.* Then the Gods have been careful of poor *Leopoldo*, whose heart *Phyllora* knows was resolv'd (at the price of all things, but my Honour) to have purchas'd her friendship; and I will not now be so faulty to her as to fear her faith.

*Phyllora.* If fullen Fate had robb'd the noble minde of the great *Leopoldo* of all those Royal Dignities that distinguish'd him from common men (as Fortune threatn'd once this day, acting her worst to destroy him). yet my Soul witness I should have torn from my head all those unlook'd-for Glories she has heap'd upon me, to have repair'd the Prince, from whom I beg that *Hymen* now I refus'd, and defie the World (being *Leopoldo's*) to make me miserable or faulty.

*Leopoldo.* To *Gaietta*, and there let the Gods see us possess the blessing they have prepar'd for us; but first let me embrace the faithfull and kinde *Ravack*, who as a Father shall ever be lov'd and reverenc'd by us; and to you, Sir, though once an Enemy, thus I open my arms; no Excuses, *Clytus*, this habit gave a sufficient satisfaction, in which as a private Souldier I heard thy dispute with that unhappy Prince, by whose discourse I can witness *Clytus* his faith to his Prince, which has reconcil'd me to all his Errours.

*Clytus.* Your goodness, Sir, has bound my heart for ever; I confess 'twas a blinde zeal I follow'd my Master's interest with; and my faithfull heart has found this great blessing for his reward. *[He runs and kneels to Genorio.]*

*Leopold.* *Bellamira*, thy Hand *Bellamira*; Is there so much of *Pollidor* remaining in *Genorio*, as still to desire to change a Sister? If there be, let *Bellamira* strive to out-vy *Phyllora* in Love and Faith, and thus become one Root again, while the different Branches bear the same Fruit, Love and Friendship. *[They all four embrace.]*

*Pollidor.* Sure 'tis not believ'd I should finde words to express my joys; this is a blessing I must thus approach upon my knees, and shall always possess as Servant to *Bellamira*.

*[He kneels to Bellamira:]*

*Bellamira.* Your knee, Sir, but teaches me what I owe the King,  
nor

nor will I allow you have a greater share in this joy than I : this blest discovery has clear'd us of all the guilt that stain'd our Family, while the precious blood of your self and *Phyllora* lay upon our name. This Storm has happily wak'd me from a fatal Dream, and now is settling into Innocence and Peace. Heaven witness how dear the name of *Genorio* was ever to me ; and since the kinder Fates have made him and *Pollidor* all one, my heart has nothing left me to wish : Now I can rejoyce when I call to minde the doubtfull hopes *Genorio* (as *Pollidor*) lately pursu'd ; and I hope this confession that I believ'd *Pollidor* lov'd will satisfie *Genorio* ; he that desires more Arguments of my Love than a Faith of his must dy unsatisfi'd by *Bellamira* ; for I can tell it all the World sooner than *Pollidor*, and hide it too from all but him ; what is the rest of Fortune that should make *Pollidor* thus sad ?

*Pollidor*. My silence, Madam, is neither sad nor dulness, but a busie minde, confus'd and surpriz'd with joy of un-imaginable blessings, in which the Crown was the least part. They were the thoughts of the divine *Bellamira* that drew my Reason into my self, that I might with an humble thankfull heart contemplate the great Giver and the glorious Gift. Can you believe, Madam, your Friendship is to be possess'd with less than distracting joys ? At this time to be deaf and dumb speaks Love best, and my ambitious heart whispers there is a hope in this change that I may out-live my despairs.

*Bellamira*. No more of Fear, Sir ; for know, I do not hide my joys, curious to conceal them or my thoughts from *Pollidor* ; but because I fear 'twould look like Dissimulation to tell him how happy this day has made me ; and now I beg he will let me conceal my joy for my own sake, as I did my grief this day in tenderness of *Pollidor*, whose griefs were then the afflictions of my heart.

*Pollidor*. Vanity and folly would onely ask more than your great heart freely gives : Know, Madam, when I have wasted my life in gratitude my last breath shall be my last thanks, if I possess such a blessing as to be yours for ever.

*Palantus and Fidelia are all this while talking together, and Leopoldo and Phyllora ; Leopoldo kisses Phyllora's hand.*

*Leopoldo*. By this, and by this *Phyllora*, I conjure thee no more of doubt nor fear. Heaven and Earth are reconcil'd, and we shall stand the marks of their blessings here.

*Phyllora*. With you, Sir, there is fulness of joy ; and I shall be forc'd to use all the virtue Heaven has sent me to receive this blessing of *Leopoldo's* friendship ; therefore cease to ask any thing of *Phyllora* that has nothing left in her heart to give but your self again, and when unkinde you will rob me of that I will dy to make me a  
passage



passage through my heart, for nothing but death can force that dear name from thence.

*Leop.* No more, no more; this kinde strife and emulation in your love will make us waste a happy age together.

*Pal.* From your hands, Madam, with joy I receive and give this faith, and I doubt not but *Fidelia* will approve my faith the better, for having seen it try'd by despair, and approv'd by so great a Judge in Love as the divine *Bellamira*.

*Palantus  
kneels to  
Bellamira.*

*Fid.* Nor shall I think my heart less brave for being folded in those arms your Highness refus'd, nor esteem the love and friendship of *Palantus* worse for having been worn by so brave a Princess.

*Bel.* This, *Palantus*, is that I had to beg; and now I conjure thee by all that love and gallantry thou hast been so diligent to shew the world, pay here thy vows to friendship, and I shall be happy by being able to make my dear *Fidelia* so.

*Pal.* Madam, my love was always obedient, but here is no occasion to shew it; and now I lament the virtues of the sad and kinde *Fidelia* which give me no room to express your power. *Fidelia* has a Beauty and a Virtue to be sought after at the price of Kingdoms, and hazard of all that's most dear to man, and 'tis to injure her to receive her as curtesie from her who knows my soul had always a value and kindness for her; and truth still dwelt in my heart; for since I would not ly to thee that lov'd, but plainly told I lov'd another, be confident I shall never ly hereafter; and now I have said that here before the Gods of Gratitude and Truth, in the presence of this Princess, I vow a faithful friendship to the gentle *Fidelia*.

*Bel.* Your hand, *Fidelia*; this days misery shall beget to morrows joy and wonder.

*Arcus.* These strange unlook'd-for blessings, like Dreams of troubled mindes, are so far beyond our hopes they can scarce finde our faiths: See, Madam, the first change of Fortune was of this your Servant; you'll laugh, Madam, and scorn, when you shall know *Arcus* was one of your Train, and those eyes made me forget my Love, till the miseries and kindness of this Maid strangely struck my heart; and I beg the Honour to let our *Hymen's* Torch be lighted at your blessed fire; the black is but the shadow of a beauteous soul, and secures us from Rivals in our Loves.

*Rav.* Untill your Highness has seen the King I beg we may defer the rest of this story, where there are many Friends that long to pay their duty here; you'll be pleas'd, Sir, to give *Clytus* your Commission to publish this joyful news to the Army?

*Pal.* Why this Ceremony to me? If I be your King, I command you live still like a Father with me; and may Heaven frown upon me when I forget the affection of a Son. O *Phillora*! this day is thine, and (if we out-live it) our peaceful Cell we'll to a Temple turn; but where's our Friend the Satyr?

*Phillora.* Fled, with Joy, to bear these tydings to the King.

*Leop.*

*Leop.* Let not our Joys rob us of our Humanity towards these, the Enemies of our peace, since fortune used them as the means to the happy discovery. *Pallantus*, let that unfortunate prince be taken up, and his body embalm'd, and mourn'd, as becomes his birth ; his miseries were his own seeking, no fault of ours ; To you, *Roderigo*, the body shall be delivered ; and to let you taste part of our Joys, in this your misery, you shall have fair leave, and all things fit, to make your retreat ; provided you withdraw your Forces out of *Sicily*, and quit all you pretend to there ; to this, I hope, Prince *Genorio* will agree.

*Roder.* This generosity is like the Character the world gives of great *Leopoldo* ; and he shall find his humanity has overcome more than his Sword ; and from such an Enemy We shall not be ashamed to have received Conditions, nor fail to Magnifie the just *Leopoldo*.

*Leop.* This Charity being done, we may safely review our happiness, mine has his Centre here. Lead the way, *Clytus*, to the Temple ; there let us finish those blessings that the Sword has but begun.

*Pollidor.* And since such blessings from our Dreams we see ;  
And that I still may happy be,  
Let Bellamira Dream for me.

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F I N I S.


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CLARICILLA:  
A  
TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Scene *SICILY*.

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Written by  
*THOMAS KILLIGREW,*  
IN  
ROME. 

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DEDICATED  
To His Dear SISTER  
THE  
Lady *SHANNON*.

---

LONDON,

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold  
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lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1664.

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## The Names of the Actors.

The King of *Sicily*.

*Appius*, the Prince of *Calabria*.

*Melintus*, } A Lover of *Claricilla*.

and

*Philemon*, } Both Sons to the Kings Brother.

*Timillus*, Friend to *Melintus*.

*Silvander*, the Usurper, in love with *Claricilla*.

*Manlius*,

and

*Tullius*, } Two Pyrates disguis'd, of *Silvander's* Party.

*Seleucus*, a Lord, and Favourite to the King, in love with  
*Claricilla*.

*Carillus*, his Friend.

*Ravack*, a Slave, but a great man of *Sicily*.

*Jacomo*, Servant to *Melintus*.

*Claricilla*, the Princess.

*Olinda*, her Maid.

Attendants.

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# CLARICILLA,

A

## TRAGI-COMEDY,

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### ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter King, Appius, Seleucus, and Attendants.*

*King.* **S**eleucus, you know the soul of our Design lies in the speedy and silent execution of the Plot; let us not then presume in their security till we fall in our own; but go, and when they have begirt the place give us notice, that with our Charge they may at once fear and feel their danger, and by us be cloath'd in Ruine ere they know whose Livery they wear----- This, if Fortune be kinde, *Exit Seleucus.* must be; for where Justice and she strike in what corner of the Earth can Victory hide her self, and that youthful hand not finde her?

[Turning to Appius.]  
*Appius.* I should blush at this, if there needed more Arguments to confirm I shall be victorious than the reward propos'd; for had the Gods intended the far-fam'd *Claricilla's* Virtues a Reward for Treason they would not then have left her Virtue such a Guard, whose power hath stood amongst Traitors when yours fell upon the faith that bore it.

*King.* You oblige me, Sir, and this goodness makes me beg you would be pleas'd to let me once again call to your memory some particulars of that tedious story which so often in my miseries I recounted to your Highness: This Traitor *Silvander* having by my love gain'd an interest, and by my smiles climb'd o're the Heads of all his Fellows in the strength of that trust grew too powerfull for me, and in a Battel (where my cause onely struck) our Forces being not half the Traitors number we lost the day, to which Theft, not Conquest, was joyn'd the Murder of my Brother and loss both of my Crown and Daughter.

*Appius.* That fault the Gods will punish; but his usurpation of the Princess, and intended Rape which in a forc'd Marriage he labours, are those that blow my rage.

*King.* 'Tis true, it has always been his aim, but his Love, by Heaven appointed for his punishment and our Guard, has given her a constant power over him, which we have so directed that she has prevail'd with him to quit his greatest strength, and retreat with her to this private *Villa*, where now he remains attended onely with some few Troops of Horse: This opportunity we owe her piety, that has put it in our power to strike for our Revenge and Right again.

*Enter Seleucus.*

*Seleuc.* Arm, Sir, and behold how in the obedience to your commands they are lost; Ruine in silence like Growth steals upon them; th'are now empal'd, and destruction hovers yet undiscover'd to the Prey; but defer not, for Night makes haste away, and the Cause hath such a Glory cast about the Souldier that it forceth Day, and Victory in their resolution waits but your Command to send her forth.

*King.* Sir, pray be pleas'd to give these lost men their Dooms; the Signal's yours.

*He draws  
his Sword.*

*Appius.* 'Tis an Honour, and I accept it----And thus I give it, Follow me. *[Exit Appius.]*

*King.* And that Souldier that refuses such a Signal, let his weighty fears sink him where he stands. Come, *Seleucus.* *Exit King.*

*A Charge  
within.*

*Seleuc.* Come, *Seleucus* had not wont to be the Word upon a Charge; O Love, thy power hath disarm'd me, or rather Envy hath disarm'd my Love; could it be else that I should stand thus unspirited in *Claricilla's* cause, while others gild their Swords in her revenge? it could not be----Hark, how eagerly they pursue my misery; cruel Honour too puts in, and tells me, I lose my interest in her, unless by giving wounds I pull on mine own by making way for this Prince's hopes. *[Exit.]*

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Melintus, Timillus, and Jacomo.*

*Melintus.* Come, *Timillus*, let us haste to the Charge, lest our Friends believe Fear declin'd our Peace; and we are early enough, if we succeed, to let them see we have brought the wishes of Friends.

*Tim.* Faith, if we do not succeed we shall finde we came too soon, I am sure I shall; In an overthrow I am certain to get my share; when I live to want an Enemy my Friends shall knock me o'th' head; for I thank my Fates, Fortune has been as bountiful of her mischiefs to me as an Enemy could wish, and that's but a hard condition, you'll say, for a man that cannot ask rewards when he does well.

*Melint.* Mention not that here where reward grows within thy reach in every daring forehead; and if *Timillus* dares not gather them,



them he must go without 'em ; jests brings none of the swords harvest home.

*Timil.* You are ever thus snappish till I am angry, and then I fight to my own ruine not mine enemies ; one would think you might allow a man his humor, and not be forc'd to fight your quarrel, but he must fight your way too.

*Melin.* Prithee no more, leave this discourse and follow me.

[Exit Melintus.]

*Timil.* And what wilt thou do, *Jacomo* ?

*Jac.* Who I ? I'll follow my Master.

*Timil.* No prithee, let us be friends, chuse some other place, for I'm resolv'd to keep that my self till I am beaten from it.

*Jac.* Y'are merry, Sir, but I have seen them claw'd ere now that have taken it ; but I hope you'll find better fortune.

*Timil.* A pox of Fortune, she has no such thing as good or bad belongs to her ; follow me and if we gain the day I'll give her thee.

[Exeunt.]

### ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Claricilla and Olinda.*

*Olinda.* Fly, Madam, and leave 'em, for these enemies bring our freedom.

*Clar.* Be constant heaven.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Silvander wounded, and sees Claricilla fly to his enemies.*

*Silvand.* What, ho *Claricilla*, gentle *Claricilla*, do'st thou fly me too ? nay then I'm lost indeed ; thou might'st have had mercy, though no love, and preserv'd me for thine own sake ; for in this fall of mine thou hast a hand in ruining thine own Temple ; nor can'st thou after this ingratitude be term'd the just, however the fair

*Claricilla.*——No, since *Claricilla's* cruel I will not stir a foot that leads from danger, nor vainly attempt to escape the hand of heaven, unless I could hide me from his eye too.——What art thou that wear'st such death about thee, and look'st as if thou cam'st to put off thy habit here ?

*Melin.* 'Tis not you I look for,——'Tis something that shot from heaven before me ; she appear'd like innocence her self, striking in her own cause ; saw you not that star, did she not in her descent pass this way ?——He minds me not.

*Silvand.* 'Tis so ; this youth but saw her, and he's overcome.——Stay, what ere thou art, that once again I may see thy face, and read the story which Love and Anger appears so mingled in.——

Now, By all our gods, 'tis nobly writ ; and had I met it when I commanded fortune, I would have studied thee, and by obligations have grafted thee my friend ; but since that power is gone, by this——and my name, I command thee be my Priest, know *Silvander* the unfortunate calls thee back.

*Melin.*

*Within, fly,*

*fly.*

*Enter Melintus wounded.*

*He saw Claricilla in her flight.*

*He draws his sword.*

*Aside.*

*Melin.* *Silvander!* Oh ye gods! what power ye give to treason? that name hath dispers'd the cloud that passion threw betwixt him and the revenge a Fathers murder call'd---Unfortunate as wicked; what fate rul'd thee thus to call me back!

*Silv.* Prithee youth, no noise; I was a traytor, but true to Love. A King, and yet his power commanded me; and could my love to *Claricilla* have consented to have worn such a Jewel in less than a Crown, or been satisfied to have seen her whom I prefer'd before the gods stand second to any; thou in all thy wounds and faith which thus adorn thee, should'st not have out-shin'd me this day in loyalty.

*Melin.* Love and Treason mixt! know, though thou hast prov'd thy self a cunning Chymist in attempting to destroy that noble body; yet I have that here shall in spite of all thy adulterate mixtures restore and fix it: Guard thee.

*Silvand.* Prithee threaten not, for though I prophesie thou bring'st my winding-sheet, yet thou shalt see my smiles in scorns wreath it about me; and yet I mean not to fall unlike a Souldier, nor be buried without my Rights about me, my sword upon my breast thus: and therefore guard thee.

*He draws his sword.*

*Melin.* Guard me! 'tis the office of the gods.——To kill thee is to do the execution, and the way as safe as that the Ministers of Justice tread: and were it as noble as just, I would command thee hold thy neck out; but I scorn such ways to my revenge; and therefore take an equal trial.——Yield, and your Person's safe; for 'twas against your cause, not you, I drew my sword, which scorns to strike even *Silvander* upon the ground. [*Silvander wounded.*]

*They fight.*

*Silvand.* Hold, and ere this darkness hath quite shadowed me, hear my story; that as thou hast punish'd my treason, thou may'st pity my misfortune: and thus (when I am gone) report of me, *Silvander* bow'd to a cruel power, who when he had offer'd all that a Lovers thought could compass, and the power of a King worn only to serve in when that power lessen'd, and my offerings came to be in the heart, not hand, the way to his mercy was shut, and my prayers because unperfum'd unheard, and I the offerer thus made the sacrifice: Oh gentle youth, would any bow to such a power as flies us in our miseries, or worship that image which thus falls upon her Priest.

[*He dies.*]

*Melin.* Unfortunate indeed, as all men are that build upon faults; but I will not say I pity thee; for where a King once grew to sow pity is the worst of changes.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Appius and Seleucus.*

*Selen.* This way he went, Sir, if he be mortal; but his stay's so short that we but seem to follow in the tract he makes.

*Appius.* Let us lose no time then in overtaking him, that we may assist his work.

*Selen.* I will not fight a foot farther that way; if there be no enemies backwards, I'll make some; S'death, I'll not take *Mars* his leavings in the field.

*Appius.*



*Appius.* Come *Selencus*, turn this fire the right way, and 'twill light thee to find out honour.

*Selen.* It has don't; but to day she's so busie in obeying one mans fortune that my wounds are not currant pay to purchase her.

*Appius.* We're sure he's this way, for here's his mark; where ere he goes he makes death his character; know you this that bears it?

*Selen.* Know him? yes, this stroke kill'd not a traytor, but treason it self fell here: this is *Silvander*, and he's gone.—Envy, be not prophetick; his aims beyond a Crown: it must be *Claricilla* then, ye gods! whither else tends this youths flight, or what but she will satisfie; when a King cannot make his quarry! this doubt makes me pursue him, though to a dangerous knowledge.

[*Exeunt.*

# ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Claricilla, Melintus following her.*

*Clar.* SURE this stranger knows me not; he pursues me as if I were part of the enemy.

*Melin.* O stay; for know, since I have once again seen my fate I'll read it what ere it be, 'tis written in so fair a book.—See, unconfident of my arms I beg your stay; he begs that dealt death as oft as wounds to his opposers in your pursuit; your fears wrong me; he that dares fight with men will not war with beauty; and this sword that hath cut through so many fates, this day, to find mine own, tremble not at it, for it hath ever been the servant of justice, not cruelty. *He kneels.*

*Clar.* Sir, I know not guilt enough to beget a fear; yet if you mean me no harm, why do you pursue me, and neglect the advantage Fortune throws upon your daring youth? have you such choice of honours you scorn to stoop for this you have ventur'd so far for? what dress would you wear? what beauties would your youth put on to make it lovely, when those wounds a Crown and conquest cannot satisfie? when your heart thinks these no harvest, where would your sword sow your hazards to reap one more glorious?

*Melin.* Fair soul go on; and whilst you blame the effect, I'll read, the cause, and thus look upon the conquest; Crown and reward I struck for, and if ever I have triumph it must pass through those Arches in gentle smiles; and whilst I enjoy this happiness, let the Crown and Victory pass by as the lesser good. Nor would I give this fight to possess the blessings that attend them both.

*Clar.* Heaven grant this fruit be from a noble stock, and yet 'tis safer 'twere not; for I fear I am not proof against such virtues; 'twas the dress my *Melintus* wore when he appear'd most comely (nor need I doubt him) for never honour grew where 'twas not sow'd; Sir, you forget your wounds, they exact a care.

*Melin.*

*She turns  
from him.*

*Melin.* No, fair one; I am now pouring Balm into them; and could I hope you would afford this way of cure, it would be one health not to be heal'd.——Why do you turn away, and let my truths fall ere they reach your ears? is it your fears that would remove you? let this truth secure you; though I appear in this bloody dress, more like a Priest, yet know I am a sacrifice, and that sacrifice which once was acceptable to you.

*Clar.* Sure I have heard that voice.——Sir, for heavens sake, wound me not with doubt, but tell me who you are.

*Melin.* Are there no lines in all this misery that you can call to minde?——Nor the print of one joy left which you set there. [*He pulls a patch from his eyes, she leans on him and weeps.*]

*Clar.* Oh yes! there is.

*Melin.* O *Claricilla*!——Soul of honour, why do you not in charity quit your vertue, 'tis single here, that I may throw off my pain.

*Clar.* O *Melintus*, you must not wish it; *Melintus* can bravely suffer, he's a Souldier, Loves Souldier, but Honours Leader; let me weep my soul into thy noble breast; this payment I can make to none but to thy self; those tears that were due to absence sadness paid thy memory; Oh let me rest upon thee, my joys are too great a load to bear; and feel how the *Melintus* here beats to meet *Melintus* there.

*Melin.* Oh ye gods, 'tis Paradise sure; the way was so rugged that lead to it.

*Clar.* 'Tis a great power we serve; nor is it more seen in his punishment that parted us, then in this reward; but let us not, my soul, unhand somely, or saucily, express our joyes; it may displease those powers that have been thus favourable; and my *Melintus* had not wont to sacrifice to himself and forget the gods.

[*She offers to go from him.*]

*Melin.* Oh gentle *Claricilla*, remove not from me; for you mistake the posture, the breast is Loves Altar, and the seat of friendship; and for sacrifice, is not *Claricilla* a fuller offering in either kind then a Cake or Spice? but I submit, for *Melintus* shall never know a reason that contradicts *Claricilla*,

*Clar.* Yet let us remember what we owe to your safety; your wounds too (but that I know *Melintus* ever plac'd dangers behind his Love) I should ere this have prompted you to a care of.

*Melin.* For my wounds, the cause will heal 'em; to me you owe nothing for your deliverance; your freedom grew here, and your enemies mistaking the place, in search of my dangers, digg'd it out; and you shall find this truth in the beauty of the scars they leave. Oh *Claricilla*, thy faith makes me smile through all this blood; but hark, I fear we are pursu'd; this upon your fair hand, and then let me hide my love and name under my disguise.

*He puts on  
his patch.*

*Clar.* Good night, *Melintus*; for thou hast now put out the light, and like Love himself thou art blind, and thou art all I worship of that god.

[*Enter Appius and Seleucus.*]

*Selen.* See where the Eagle stands, my fears were true; the  
Princess



Princess in his hand too, he holds her like his prey in the foot. — *He takes her*  
 Sir, though you fought well, this Lady will not prove your re- *from him.*  
 ward, she cannot be a prisoner here, Sir.

*Melin.* What I did well was rewarded in the act; and for this Lady I am so far from hoping she should be my prisoner, that I would have suffer'd all the miseries of war ere struck one blow against her freedom. *[Seleucus turns sleightly from Melintus.]*

*Selen.* Here is a Prince whose youthful fire blown with desire to serve your Highness has through thousand dangers, this day, courted your favour, and in his hand you'll seem more aptly worne.

*Appius.* Madam, though his friendship seem to direct, your highness has an interest that commands here; and 'tis honour enough if you please to let me kiss your hand.

*Clar.* Sir, civilities are always fruitful, and beget civilities, if they meet with honour; which I hope shall not be wanting to give a growth to what you venture here.

*Melin.* Madam, I see 'tis not my opinion only, but this Lords too, that I am unworthy of this honour.

*Clar.* If it be an honour, Sir, wear it; you first secur'd it.

*Selen.* Will you make your hand the reward of Fortune then, and scatter your favours so that they may be had for stooping? is that an honour due to the first comer? if so, I grudge it not, for such favours and upon such tyes he may wear; else I should be loath to stoop to her that bows to him. *She gives him her hand again.*

*Clar.* You are insolent.

*Melin.* Thus, Madam, be pleas'd to accept your due, and then give me leave to exact mine. — Sir, let not your interest here and the opinion you have but a single enemy, make you presume to injure me, nor so mistake my bounty as to think I have thrown my blood away in vanity; for though I set no price upon my wounds, and contract not for killing of a Traytor, yet I can tell whether I am bid fair or no when I have don't; and 'tis nobler far to give a courtesie then sell it under. — Do you smile? it may be you have had good markets, and such weak chapmen for those few good deeds you have done. *He turns to Seleucus.*

*Selen.* Yes, but if thou wert from this place I would make thee pay dear for one which should on thy heart write, Thou wert but my factor; and all the honour thou art thus proud of but my store.

*Melin.* You promise to your self too fair; and noises fright only when we are ignorant of the cause, and there's too much in thee to have a dangerous depth. *[Seleucus offers to strike.]*

*Appius.* Hold, *Seleucus*, — Sir, when you know his good, you will pardon this ill; nor do I conceive it an injury to shew by his envy what value he sets upon your glories; and I make no doubt when his reason hath purg'd this choler from his honour, you'll find him a healthy friend, and his acquaintance not subject to these sickly passions; if he does, as of a surety, command my faith to make this good.



*Melin.* Sir, I can easier bear injuries that I deserve not, then receive obligations that I cannot pay; for injuries have a cure growing within my reach; but obligations I must suffer under their weight, if you propose not the remedy too.

*Appius.* Come embrace; *Selencus* had not wont to hate the person of an enemy, much less fall in love with injuries; especially when jealous honour begets them upon mistakes among friends. [*They embrace coldly.*]

*Selen.* Love and Honour, farewell to both; my ends are the gods I'll worship now; and my Net once thrown, I'll catch 'em though they swim in blood. [*Enter King and attendants.*]

*Clar.* See my royal Father; and I have reap'd my blessings ere I have paid my sacrifice: thus, Sir, to the gods I bow, in pious obedience here to you.

*King.* Welcome, dear *Claricilla*, rise, twice born to a Crown, twice parent and twice the issue of my joys; live and enjoy all the blessings that my prayers and sacrifice can call down upon thee; and you, Sir, to whom we stand thus oblig'd for unmerited favours, since you have left no other way to return them, take the blushes you have begot; and be pleas'd to let us know your name and Country, that our grateful mentions may not fall like darts thrown at nothing: Sure 'tis a happy one that hath such store of vertues, that she can spare from her helm such a Pilot in the course of honour.

*Melin.* Your pardon, royal Sir, for disobeying your command; my Country I dare not tell; for as my Parent, I would hide her faults; and my name is, where 'tis known, so displeasing that I dare not venture it here where I would remain an humble servant.

*King.* Come, my *Claricilla*, let us not forget the heart to sacrifice unto the hand; thus acknowledging the means, and forget the power that commands them; but remember that the gods, though they oft-times are seen but in the success and latter end of things, yet their place is first, and ought to be so in our worship.

*Melin.* In the morning I shall beg leave to visit your Highness.

*Clar.* I hope so. *Exeunt King, Claricilla, and attendants.*

*Enter Timillus.*

*Melin.* Sure I have surpriz'd my joys; they had not wont to come thus naked, thus like Angels, whose cloathing is all we see, the rest a mystery. — My friend, pardon, when I forget my self, if thou appear'st lost in my joys.

*Selen.* He's alone, and something I'll do, — But stay, who's this?

*Timil.* Prithee call thy bird back again, for mine is flown, that we may have something to trust to; this is the comfort of a Comrade, a man may go halves, and be both saviors.

*Melin.* Thou art wounded.

*Timil.* Why, do you wonder I should get a wound? I wonder I got no more; I am sure I have been where fewer have been dealt ere now, and yet more has fallen to my share; but, by this hand, I am glad thou hast got some of Fortunes goods, as they call 'em, by this wrack; I had a sinock too, but it tore in taking up; what are those that stand so at distance, are they enemies or no?

*Melin.*



*Mel.* Where? - - - O no. [*Seleucus gazes in a corner upon them.*

*Tim.* Why then they are worse, for they are friends that will be enemies.

*Mel.* They are Enemies to nothing but this days fortune; for yet they know not me.

*Tim.* Enemies to nothing but this days fortune? I prithee what subject is there else for their hate; or wish, but thy wounds? and those are things I believe few court, else on my Conscience one or other would have had mine ere this time.

*Sel.* I must take some other time.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

*Mel.* They are gone.

*Tim.* Let 'em go----And now prithee tell me what was that, ----that she that went in; as thou lov'st me; let her not be ransom'd till I have hung these Fetters about her for a night; By this hand we'll share.

*Mel.* Dost thou know what thou hast said?

*Tim.* Know what I have said? No, nor I don't care; but pray, what have I said?

*Melint.* That thou'lt be asham'd of, when thou know'st of whom.

*Tim.* Why? I have not ly'd, *Melintus*; and for the Who in woman 'tis a thing I look not after; when my eye is pleas'd the Sex blesses all the rest; the Who and What belong to those Fools inquiry that hunt Mariage.

*Mel.* Come, thou'lt be asham'd when thou shalt know; This is that Princess *Claricilla* that thou hast heard me in tears so often mention; that virtue which thou so admir'd'st from my relation, whose noble sweetness has made kindred and duty to my King the least ties of love and respect I bear her.

*Tim.* She is honest then----and no hope left: By this hand I'll be o'recome hereafter and get more by it than such a Conquest, where a Manget's nothing but cold Honour: Do you hear *Melintus*, though she be a Virtue as you call it, yet I hope there's a vice belongs to her.

*Mel.* Prithee put off this humour, Repine at the growth of Honour! Sad, because a fair woman's honest!

*Tim.* No, Sir; I'm glad she's honest, because it seems honesty pleases you; but an honest woman to me is a book I could never read in nor I imagine why we should study them, they're secrets that reach but to one mans knowledge, and the best of 'em are worst; a knowledge whose virtue is ignorance; and I'll not traffick for such Commodities as are not vendible; and by this hand the very thought she should be handsome and honest hath made me dry; Look how white I spit; let me go that I may be drunk and forget the sad cause.

*Mel.* Drunk? thou canst not, thou hast a Leak will preserve thee, 'twill pass out there ere it come to fuming; you had best look to that.

*Tim.* This? what? whoe Pox, I can stop this with my finger.

*Mel.* Come, prithee leave thy fooling, and let me see't; I hope 'tis not dangerous.

*Tim.* No, no, ne're fear it; this narrow Lane will ne're prove my High-way to Heaven.

*Mel.* Prithee come away then, we shall be observ'd to be so long together.

*Tim.* Hang observers, for I am sure I ne're had any.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT. II. SCEN. I.

*Enter Manlius, and Tullius.*

*Manlius.* **S** Trip those Slaves, and to the Bank chain the Cowards; Slavery is no new thing to such as fear: and *Tullius*, loose the *Rhodian* on the Star-board bank: Me-thinks that Fellow looks as if he were unjustly yoked with his misery; in the heat of the fight I saw him shake his Chain like a fierce Dog held from the Chase.

*Tul.* Sir.

*Man.* Urge me no more; Justice as well as Bloud has an interest in the Revenge I take; and that makes it healthy, though it may be that which Anger hunts would taste as sweet.

*Tul.* Sir, your pardon; 'tis my ignorance in the cause of your displeasure made me mediate for them.

*Enter Philemon.*

*Philemon  
aside*

*Ha! Manlius.*

*Man.* And because *Tullius* shall not think that *Manlius* would in misery expect the compassion that he would not give you shall know why I refuse these my Countrey-men in misery that mercy I found from thee in mine.

*Tul.* Sir, not that I doubt you have one, but the desire to know it, makes me beg you would relate the cause; *Tullius* can be but faithful when he has heard it, and that I hope is not to be question'd now.

*Man.* Know then, in that day when Treason flew above Justice, and false *Silvander* enrich'd by his Master's trust out-vy'd the noble King with his own bounty, who too late found his love had not gain'd a Friend, but begot a Traitor, 'twas in that day the brave *Thisander* fell. The interest I had in this fault Heaven, I hope, hath pardon'd as well as punish'd; but to be short, our party having gain'd the day, the Crown and Beauty that attended it, the fair *Claricilla* fell into the hands of false *Silvander*, where her virtues by daily seeing them dispers'd the Cloud Ambition had set betwixt my Loyalty and me, and then too late I repented what I had done; yet not willing to despair before I had attempted something, I undertook an act, which if Heaven had smil'd on, might have redeem'd my forfeit Honour; 'twas to heal the wounds I had made,



made with the blood of the surpriz'd Traitor, whose fall I had decreed in the midst of all his false glories.

*Tullius.* How came it, Justice was so absent in her own cause?

*Man.* His sins it seems were not ripe, nor this punishment that Heaven design'd him, which by I hope this is fully paid: But to the particular; one night being in the Princesses chamber contriving her escape, which we resolv'd should be ere I gave the blow, a Guard seiz'd me, and no cause given; I was sent unto my ruine, as he design'd, there your gratitude preserv'd me, I afterwards learn'd the occasion of my imprisonment; these men whom Fortune now has given into my power urg'd the lust-burnt Traitor to a Rape upon the Princess, and with a forc'd Mariage counsel'd him to confirm his Title, blowing in his ear that there was love betwixt the Princess and me, which if his care remov'd not would be a hindrance to his designs; from his guilt and jealousy grew that necessity which made me receive the command my better fortunes gave your merit: And now judge whether or no there be a justice in this punishment.

*Tul.* 'Tis visible they bow under a weight that justice hath laid upon them, and my Galley is both a Prison and a Sanctuary.

*Phil.* Is this *Manlius*, and the cause of his disgrace? [*Aside.*

*Man.* But see the Slave I have sent for, *Tullius*; Was he bought or taken?

*Tul.* 'Tis one of that *Ging* defended the *Rhodian* when we lost so many men in fight.

*Man.* I remember the story; but how came it he was left when you sold the rest?

*Tul.* They did not like the price; besides he was dogged, and that made me put him to the Oar.

*Man.* Of what Countrey art thou, and thy name?

*Phil.* Of no Countrey,---nor no name, in Chains; Slave is a being----That what has been is of no force against; else my Name and Countrey are not things to be asham'd of.

*Man.* Yet if you think they have power to gain your freedom you are too blame to keep 'em hid.

*Phil.* I have vow'd never to discover either till I have my freedom, and I will not break my vow.

*Man.* Why so dogged in your answer?

*Phil.* Why not? What is there in my fortune that needs fear a [worse] condition? or what danger in a Slave worth your consideration what he says? If you dare a venture 'good deed, give me credit for one and set me free.

*Man.* No, no, we must not be forc'd to a benefit. *Tullius*, command the Galley to put from shoar, and ly loose to night to be ready if there be occasion offer'd, we will stay a shoar to night and expect what issue this days trouble hath. [*Exeunt all but Philemon.*

*Phil.* Yes, I was of the *Rhodian* *Ging*, and chief, though you know it not; and had our Seconds been men of souls and not made up of fears, might have plaid your parts now. To what a miserable condition am I fallen? The last Mart, because I was wounded,  
no

no body would buy me; the soul of a Slave in their esteem not weighing down his limbs: Ye Gods, either send me liberty or take your gifts again: Honour and her Issue, Courage, Justice, Faithfulness, are of no use to me; Who would be judg'd by a Slave? Courage in Chains, what can it hurt? or to be faithful, of what use when we are not trusted? O my fate! Why was I born free? Had I been bred a Slave I could have sung in Chains; nay, to have perish'd in them had been dying in my Calling; but to fall from greatness, and without a fault be punish'd with the guilty! nay, where the guilty scape! False *Rhodes*! my Curse kindle a fire within thee; the freedom that my soul brought thither threw me into her dangers which their Cowardice had made such certain ruine; in their apprehension that not one amongst them had man enough to look upon their fears; I then a God was held, because I durst venture thus to become a Sacrifice.

## A C T. II. S C E N. II.

*Enter Seleucus solus.*

*Seleucus.* YE Gods, by what ways or marks should men follow what is good? when virtue it self does not always keep one path; when *Claricilla* who has all I know of virtue shall quit the God-like attribute of Truth, and the Guard which Innocence secures her from impious men with, and fly for safety to an Excuse? She deny'd my visit at the price of a Ly, and at that rate of sin bought a strangers company: *Olinda* assures me he's at this time with her; but why do I thus without dangers bark against him, and let this Tree without a Root, this Ly stand in my prospect? It shall not, I will see her; and since she can so put off her Honour, as to ly for one man, who knows but she may ly with two? *Exit.*

## A C T. II. S C E N. III.

*Enter Melintus, and Claricilla.*

*Mil.* YOU have now heard all the passages of my life since that sad day we parted to this joyful hour; which if poor *Philemon* had liv'd to see, how happy had we three been!

*Clar.* Have you not heard of him since his loss at *Rhodes*? Do you believe him dead?

*Mel.* My love makes me believe what I fear, for he had many wounds; besides, I know his Ransom would have pleas'd the Conquerour better than his bonds, for they were Pirates; but no more of this sad subject now.

*Clar.* O *Melintus*, grow not weary of mentioning a Friend; though it be sad, 'tis just, and let that bear the weight; had *Philemon* liv'd to have seen me and *Melintus* lost, we should have spent our days



days in your story ere suffer'd your name to have past un-mention'd. *Philemon*, to his Friend a Lamb, and in such softness he always wore his Lions heart; *Philemon*, whose youth had growth with us, a Plant by the same hand set, a flower from our own stock, and all his sweets akin to us; and we ought to be ally'd to his misfortunes too: but why do I teach *Melintus*? 'tis boldly done to give Laws to him that is such a Master in the rights of friendship.

[*She weeps.*]

*Mel.* To let you see I love *Philemon*, I do not grudge him that precious dew; and gentle *Claricilla*, to witness my soul hath one consent with yours, See, I can bear you company in your own Sex.

*Clar.* O ye Gods! he weeps, *Melintus* weeps; What Agony must this noble Youth feel when his Soul sweats such drops? Pardon me for thus stirring thy grief.

*Mel.* Do not think I left the subject because I was weary of the discourse, or could enough mention *Philemon*, that durst be my Friend when 'twas certain ruine; and now he's dead I break no trust to tell you the cause was a greater tie than any effect it had. Know, *Philemon* was in love with *Claricilla*, and it was with *Claricilla* and not himself; for when by my trust he found your softness had receiv'd impression from my constant love, and you were pleas'd to call me your *Melintus*, I became his too; and to serve us in our wishes was all the Heaven he aimed at. And now (my Soul) you must either confess me unworthy, or else grant, such daring courage, and such fearful love as *Philemon* commanded, could never sink from the soul of *Melintus*.

*Clar.* Since *Melintus* hath begun, take my confession too; know I saw it long ago, and decreed rewards of friendship for the noble youth; but when 'twas beyond my power to cure, it had been cruelty to have inquired the pain, and therefore would not see what I pity'd. And now you have all the secrets of my heart; those of joy thy friendship multiplies, and those of grief; thus thou divid'st the pains.

[*Enter Olinda.*]

*Mel.* O lay the whole weight here.

*Ol.* Madam, *Seleucus* upon earnest business, as he pretends, will see you.

*Clar.* How? will see me? Tell him-----

*Enter Seleucus and surprizes them, Melintus is transported into rage.*

*Seleuc.* Nothing, Madam, he knows too much already; and though my Anger, which Envy and your Cause begot, was grown to such a destructive height that I could not rule it till it found mine own ruine in your frown, yet a Souldiers envy is no sin; nor ought his anger be punished by his friends, when he appears not in love with his fault, nor seeks to justify it. This day I begg'd leave to crave your pardon for my offence; and your Highness refus'd my visit, and made an Excuse to admit this----Madam, 'twill be  
He points in  
scorn to Me-  
 no glory to you that you could withstand the sieges which *Silvander* *lintus*,  
 and

and my self laid against you by many services, when it shall be known you were o'recome by a single one, and yielded at first sight to a stranger.

*Clar. Seleucus*, when I take you for my friend I'll take your counsel, and not till then; for the services you urge they have been always drest so in commands that they appear'd unbecoming.

*Sel.* Madam, you did not look with equal eyes upon them, else their passion would have appear'd their greatest beauty; and I never spake Loves language more than when I was least a Poet.

*Clar.* The love of Subjects to their Prince is duty; and those whom we pay we do not thank; the Hireling ought to serve.

*Sel.* Madam, you speak as if I serv'd for bread, and forget that Subjects are Heavens servants; and 'tis the Gods that appoint us Kings, and I am doom'd to it. 'Tis that, not want that makes me a Subject, which condition your Highness is not exempt from. But I wonder what mighty Prince this is that thus vouchsafes to hide himself.

*Clar.* This insolence here?

*Mel.* Your pardon, Madam, 'tis my Q. your Sex cannot strike, and 'twas the respect which this place claims made me stand his mark thus long—Now to you who this second time have with scorn look'd upon my temper when a calm has hid it. Know in the best of all thy ills, thy love, thou art a Traitor; else thou durst not hope this Princess would be food for servants; and though thy fawning on thy Masters feet hath been cherish'd so that thou hast left the Crums there, and are now set by him, snatching at his own dish.

*Sel.* This to me?

*Mel.* Yes, to thee whose pride hath now but begun its leap, which I prophesie will end at his throat; nor are such Dogs strange in this state. Remember yesterday, when one of that hated breed fell unpitied.

*Sel.* Sure you take me for a Coward, you durst not urge me thus else.

*Mel.* No, Sir, that would secure you; nor do I believe, though you have many faults, coward any of them.

*Sel.* I'll expect you in the garden then. [Exit Seleucus.

*Mel.* I'll follow you----Madam, let not this threatn'd storm fright you; your interest lies in the security of my innocence, which cannot fall here.

*Clar.* O that *Melintus* would hear my Reasons for what I say ere accuse me for having too much woman in my suit, and then I would tell him he must not fight, at least not now.

*Mel.* Not fight? My honour is concern'd.

*Clar.* And my honour is concern'd; twill look like fighting for me; and I hope, *Melintus* will not set that at stake against opinion, especially when his courage is so far from being in question, 'tis become a Proverb. Besides, though you conquer you are lost; you see his interest in my Father makes him not look with justice on your merits; and to kill his creature may threaten your own  
ruine,



ruine, but these Arguments have their period in fears still; and therefore I'll not urge the reasons they bring, as of force against the danger that honour threatens.

*Melin.* And those that come not so attended are commands to *Melintus*, who covets only to keep those beauties of his mind, that you may not be put to make excuses for your love.

*Clar.* Then gently thus, let me prevail with you to appoint a farther day, to determine this angry question, whilst I acquaint my Father with his ambitious hopes, which he not dreams are levell'd at me, and consequently the Crown; I'll tell him of his insolence now, and at the Battle; then I will urge the late treason, and bid him call to mind the dangers that Traytors hopes threatned, which sprung from this root. I know 'twill startle his soul; and if it fail to ruine him, yet 'twill take the edge o'th Kings faith off from what he says, and with jealous eyes he will look upon his growing greatness; and when he is thus shook, thus parted from the Cedar that shelters him, then let thy justice pour a storm upon his head: And now by the power *Melintus* hath given me I command him deliver his honour for a time into my protection; this (if I have not appear'd too careless of mine own) you cannot deny me.

*Melin.* You have o'recome me, take my honour which I have preserved through thousand hazards, I freely give it you, and now rest secure I am yours forever; for my love and honour being gone, what remains is fit for nothing; I will not meet this angry man; his insolence shall have justice on her side; and I will give him cause to scorn me.

*Clar.* *Melintus* shoots his presents, and then they wound, not oblige; curtesies done unwillingly is throwing the frozen into the fire, where too much heat kills the charity, and proves but altering, not rescuing the danger.

*Melin.* Pardon, Madam, if you find me unvers'd in the way that leads to dishonour; for though I submit to your reason, yet *Seleucus* nor the world (to whom he will barely tell the fault) will know what argument with-held me.

*Clar.* Pray obey me once without dispute; and I hope this cloud is all that is left of many that lowr'd upon our joys, and we shall see a clear evening yet to crown our wishes. Farewell.

[ *Exeunt several ways.* ]

## ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Seleucus.*

*Selen.* **H**ENCE Love, and thy pale dew of tears be gone; Revenge and her beauteous purple, 'tis to thee I bow, Love cannot now reach my ends; though at first I stalk'd with it, 'twas indeed a proper Nurse, and rock'd the Cradle while my designs were young; but now they walk alone waited on by my resolutions; and confident of my strength I need not suck her milky miracles, to confirm my faith; nor ought the event (though ill) be  
[ c ] laid

Enter Melin-  
tur.

laid to me; for to dare speaks the great soul, not the success; since Prophets well seen in things to come have been themselves o'rtaken with an unknown doom; but stay, the business now in hand requires my being present here.—Now, Sir, y'are something slow in justifying, though quick in doing injuries; sure you believe me the dog you call'd me, you would not have made me wait thus else.

*Melin.* 'Tis true, injuries are things I am as slow to justify, as commit; they are commonly the children of choler, and such bastard issue shame the Parents; and if through weakness at any time I get them I hide them if I can with satisfaction.

*Selen.* Words are too neer akin to heal words; your sword hath a more certain cure, and I repair to that, draw.—Do you not understand the word? draw. [*Seleucus draws his sword.*]

*Melin.* First hear me; that I came un-invited, and now am going without taking leave, shews 'twas choice put me upon these hazards, not necessity; and that I dare fight I have it written in my face, here under my enemies hand, to witness; and such torn Ensigns tell the bearer fled no dangers; let that satisfy 'tis not fear binds my hands, and yet I will not fight.

*Selen.* 'Twas the cause I see gave you fire; and I am ashamed to call that man enemy which I must bid twice draw his sword, which do or I'll kill thee.

*Melin.* I tell thee I will not fight.

*Selen.* You will not fight? By my life I'll kill thee then.

*Melin.* When I will not fight any body may do it; but when I will thou canst not; and once again I tell thee I will not fight, nor dar'st thou kill me.

*Selen.* Not dare? why what hast thou about thee that can protect thee from the justice this brings?

*Melin.* Thou hast that about thee that protects me; and though I hate thee yet I can be just.

*Selen.* Do me justice with your hand, your tongue has lost his power; draw your sword, 'tis her proper emblem, or, By my anger, thou art lost; nor shall this new kind of coward save thee; Turn, and do not tempt me, or, By him that rules the day, I'll kill thy fame too with a cowards wound in thy back.

*Melin.* Thou dar'st not do it; I know thou wilt not take so little for thine honour; it cost thee too dear to be sold so cheap as to take a naked life, that's undefended, for't; thou seest I am resolv'd not to fight to day; so bound by a resolution that coward could not lose it, therefore in vain thou tempt'st me.

*Selen.* Why the devil did you take this resolution against me that long to fight with you?

*Melin.* 'Tis but for a time.

*Selen.* Will you then hereafter?

*Melin.* Yes, by all my hopes; and nothing but this resolution then in thee shall protect one of us.

*Selen.* Till this fit be over, then, I'll leave you.

[Exit.

*Melin.* 'Tis strange, having both one business, our way should lye so



so several, *Claricilla*, thy commands can put me into any form, that can bow me thus.

## ACT. II. SCEN. V.

*Enter Seleucus and Carillus.*

*Selen.* **W**As the Prince in the garden when you left him?

*Car.* Yes, my Lord; and he had newly parted with the King; he's this morning to make his visit to the Princess; your Lordship is appointed by the King to accompany him.

*Selen.* You saw not *Olinda* since?

*Car.* No, my Lord.

*Selen.* Go find her and tell her of this visit; bid her single her self from the company, tell her I must speak with her this morning-----

*Claricilla* will think me very bold, to dare thus soon to press into her presence; but 'tis no matter; her thoughts have now no power to punish me that have set my self free; nor will I again stand in fear of ought but that power which does create cause as well as beget the fear; that power that made Fate to be Fate, and yet his servant; there I will pay all that I have for fear; here to tremble is to fear the Idol I my self have made. *Exit Carillus.*

[*Exit.*]

## ACT. II. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Claricilla, and Olinda following her.*

*Olinda.* **M**Adam, the Prince is without attended with *Seleucus*, and desires to kiss your Highness hand.

*Clar.* Wait him in; this Prince is in report a man of a noble soul, I guess his business, and must with pain impose that which will sound what depth of honour is in him.—He comes.

*Appius.* Now those clouds which thus long have hid your virtues, and that storm is again blown over; so that your Highness begins to break like your self among us; *Appius* is come, though unconfident in the success, lab'ring with ambitious hopes to beg you will give the services of his life leave to wait upon your happy days. *Enter Appius and Seleucus.*

*Clar.* Ere your Highness proceed be pleas'd to hear a suit that I must blushing make, and to your own ear only; and if you please to retire with me I shall acquaint you with it.

*Appius.* Command me, Madam.

*Selen.* *Olinda*, a word with you.

*Olinda.* This way then.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Enter Claricilla and Appius.*

*Clar.* SIR, 'twas his Counsel, thus, by a trust, to oblige your Highness to be our friend, rather then by injuries (which has been the common way of States) to decline your pretensions.

*Appius.* 'Twas charitably done not to let my hopes lead me too much astray; and since 'tis to so gallant a Rivall as *Melintus*, I shall without envy, though not pain, lay down my hopes.

*Enter Olinda, over-hearing their discourse.*

*Clar.* He's now in Court, but yet unknown; 'tis the stranger that yesterday made such way to my rescue; at first I fled him that with such love pursu'd; for his disguise kept me ignorant who it was; within I shall acquaint you with our design, and beg your counsel; and sometime this night I would fain speak with him in the Garden.

*Appius.* I shall not fail to serve you. [Exit.

*Olinda.* The stranger! is he the man, and must you meet him in the Garden this night? this shall to *Seleucus*; I'm sure of my pay, for I have my reward already. [Exit.

## ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*Enter Seleucus.*

*Selen.* I See 'tis neither so easie, nor so safe to be a Villain, as I thought; 'tis true, wicked any fool may be; but to be a Villain and Master in that Art, oh the baseness that we stoop to! the hated means, the loath'd subjects that with Chymists patience we must extract our ends through! and when the work's done we have but whet the sword of Justice, and with our own hands pull'd down unpit'rd dooms.—The thought strikes amazement into my soul, which has not yet consented to my ills: What shall not I fall to, that could consent, for the knowledge of a secret, to make my self the steps by which a Whore climb'd to her ambitious lust? the baseness of the act hath awak'd my sleeping honour; and I'll be honest ere I'll again pay such a rate for sin. No Love, 'its thy cruelty has begot this distraction in me.

*He lyes down  
on the  
ground.*

*Enter Olinda.*

*Olinda.* Ha! upon the ground? up, my *Seleucus*, up, I am yet breathless; my Love in her descent has made such haste that it begot a fire in the motion that had like to have burnt our *Cupid's* wings.

*Selen.* What ailes thee? is it impudence, or distraction begets this  
this



this boldness; what is it that thou thus labour'st with, has it no name?

*Olinda.* It had a name, and 'twas call'd a secret whilst but by two known, and *Claricilla's* secret; but it shall become a general knowledge, I overheard it when she gave it to the Prince, and by this name, the onely secret of her soul; she is in love, and by honour engag'd, Does that move you? when you know to whom, your love will sacrifice her to your anger: 'Tis the st anger; and but that her bashfulness could not name him aloud, I now might have told you who he was, for she nam'd him, and he is this night to meet her in the Garden; the Prince is of their party too, and has promis'd to quit his pretension; and onely stays to serve her in her love; so there's but I faithful to *Seleucus*; now, do I rave or no?

*Sel.* No, my *Olinda*; 'tis I that rave, and beg of one that lives upon anothers alms.

*Olind.* Thus would I sacrifice the Gods should they scorn what I love.

*Sel.* Thou art my Goddess.

*Olind.* Will *Seleucus* then be just, and reward that faith that thus has flown o're those poysonous Plants, and from them with danger suck'd this honey-secret? Will he, I say, be just, and give me leave to unlade this precious Dew in his gentle bosom, and there finde my Hive when I return from travelling in his service?

*Sel.* Thou shalt have any thing, but be gone now, 'twill breed suspicion to be seen with me alone: Art certain they are to meet to night?

*Olind.* Be gone! *Seleucus*, there was more discretion than love in that Injunction. Urge me not to jealousy; for I that could betray a Mistress and a Friend for love of thee, if injur'd, I would have thee know, for my revenge my love shall go. But I hope better, and I obey.

[Exit *Olinda*.]

*Sel.* This the King shall know----Yield at first blow! 'Tis worshipping a stranger God, and a sin in honour though he were so----But stay, who are these? the Prince and the stranger. He, *Enter Appi-* she says, is of their party; as I could wish, I hope it shall ruine him *us and Me-* too. *lintus.*

*Mel.* Be pleas'd to urge it as a thing you are displeas'd with, and that the Princess made it her complaint, and desir'd your Highness would acquaint his Majesty with it; and Sir, when you have compleated this work which thus nobly you have begun, and finish'd your creation, command us and our happiness as the Creatures that owe their being to your favour.

*Appius.* Noble *Melintus*, when I have serv'd you, 'twill but pay the expectation your early faith gave me credit for.

*Mel.* Look, *Seleucus*! Sir, I hope his ears have not met our words. Your pardon, Sir. I'll step off ere I am discover'd; after I have this night waited on the Princess in the Garden I shall in your Chamber acquaint you with all our proceedings, and there hope to hear how

how the King entertains the complaint against this great man; 'tis the first step to a Favourite's fall when the Prince will hear complaints of him----I kiss your hand. [Exit Melintus.

*Sel.* This Letter will make me seem not to have seen them; Diffimulation do thou assist me, and I'll break as 'twere from a cloud of thoughts; and chance that threw me into this way---- My Lord, the Prince, whither so fast with your spoil? Me-thinks I see conquest in your eyes. How did the Princess entertain your noble offer? Do you not finde the path that leads to her heart untrod by Lovers feet? Were not her Guard of blushes call'd to defend her against your assault? Loves treaties, my Lord, are strangers to her maiden ears.

*Appius.* Against impious men the Sanctuary is no Guard, else the reserv'd modesty with the privilege of birth and beauty that wait upon the Princess might have defended her against your saucy flames, which too late have aim'd at the top of thy Masters house; but that injury was not so great as this, that thou durst think thy Poyson would not break her Crystill, but with this injurious hope believe she should conceal thy insolence, which I'll spread. [Exit Appius.

*Sel.* Ha! Is't come to this? either prevent this danger, or thou art lost, *Seleucus*: The Prince is flying with my ruine to the King; Thanks yet to his choler that thus has arm'd me. Passion is no deadly Weapon; we hear her noise before she does the execution, and then we arm. Now, my brain, be ready with excuses, thy womans weapon, to defend me. [Exit.

### A C T. III. S C E N. III.

*Enter King, Appius, and Attendants.*

*King.* Is it possible?

*App.* Sir, if you please but to go to your Daughters Chamber you shall yet finde the storm not laid which her anger rais'd, to think such a scorn should be design'd for her.

*King.* Some one go finde *Seleucus*, and command him hither immediately; we'll take him with us, and by all our Gods this poysonous ingratitude that swells him thus ambitiously shall burst him. [Within.

*Sel.* I cannot stay, for I have earnest business with the King; Are you sure he is not in the Lodgings? in your return you shall finde me in the Garden; if I meet him there---Hold, *Carillus*, the Kings here. [Enter Seleucus.

*King. Seleucus!*

*Sel.* Sir, I have been this morning in search of you, I have a business for your own ear onely, let your Guard attend, Sir.

*King.* Yes, it shall stay. Noble *Appius*, your pardon, I'll meet you at my Daughters. [Exit Appius.

*Sel.* This morning I have discover'd----

*King.* So have I, that which thou shalt rue, fond Wretch.

*Sel.*



*Sel.* Sir!

*King.* Impudence, with what brow dar'st thou thus meet my fury? Think'st thou to scape? Art thou again raising new Treasons ere the fire has consum'd the Sacrifice for our last delivery, again to put my preservation into the power of a miracle onely to relieve me? No, thou shalt finde thy ingratitude hath destroy'd my mercy, and begot an anger that shall consume thee. Seize him.

[*The Guard seize Seleucus.*]

*Sel.* That you have the power of the Gods, and I am subject to your Thunder, is confest: but my innocence protect me; as yet I know not the cause why it singles me out. 'Tis true, I came to see you drest like *Jove*, for now 'tis just you wear your Lightning, but not for me who have with longing sought you to deliver the greatest service that ever yet my faith pleaded reward for; but why you thus meet me in displeasure, Heaven strike me if I can guess; nor do I believe I am guilty; for you proceed not with me as I were a Delinquent, the worst of which are heard ere condemn'd: But I see you repent your favours and desire my fall, which is the time I ought not to out-live; and therefore by this wound I'll plead my faith and readiness to serve.

[*He offers to stab himself.*]

*King.* Disarm him.

*Sel.* They cannot; but when I am gone you'll hear a mischief my life might have prevented.

*King.* Hold, or I shall conclude thy fear of deserv'd torture makes thee thus by a sudden stroke execute thy self.

*Sel.* Fear? No, I fear but one more than a King trembles at, and that's the Gods, and him; and to let your Majesty see I apprehend not Torture, thus I throw away all dangers that my own act threatens; and now, Sir, be so just as to let me know the cause of your anger ere it strikes.

*King.* Were not you this morning with my Daughter, and there made the traiterous offer of your love?

*Sel.* Yes.

*King.* Yes! Dar'st thou avow it, and know'st how lately that danger threatn'd our ruine in *Silvander*?

*Sel.* Will you be pleas'd to hear me? if I be guilty punish me; if not, give me leave to tell you, a King can onely cure such a wound as your suspicion, Sir, hath given my diligent faith, which has ever been watchful in your Majesties service.

*King.* Speak, let him loose.

*Sel.* Know, Sir, though I am amaz'd to finde this news before me, I came now from the Princess Chamber, drawn thither by an occasion; which if you please to lend your ear to, I am confident you'll say I had reason for what I did.

[*They whisper,*]

*King.* Can you prove this?

*Sel.* Can I prove it? Yes, Sir, I can prove it; but Jealousie is a Weed whose Root lies so many ways that if once it take growth it is hardly digg'd out; and this sad truth (if once suspected, and never confident) is fallen upon me, else what I shall say would

would finde a faith with you ; but I desire not now to have my words clear me ; take but my counsel, and I shall give your Majesty the satisfaction you desire ; seem still to frown on me, and require not the Princess company this night in the Court ; the rest, Sir, in *They whisper.* your ear. — Will this confirm you I am loyal, and by several ways hunt your safety ?

*King.* Come, *Seleucus*, this trouble shews thy loyalty ; th'art my friend, and shalt ever have an interest here.

[*Exeunt King and attendants. Manet Seleucus.*]

*Selen.* Yes, I will have an interest in the Crown, whatever I have in thee ; and now thou believ'st thou art safe thy dangers but begin.

[*Exit.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Tullius.*

*Philemon asleep on the Stage. He tumbles on Philemon.* *Tull.* 'Tis a brave clear night, and something may be attempted from the Town, we must keep a strong watch to night. — How now, who have were here ? rouze up, I say.

*Phil.* Who's there ? lye down, why do you kick me ? ye gods ! one would think this bed were large enough ; if the earth be not, where shall the wretched lye ? that thus you kick me out as if you wanted room ?

*Tull.* Up I say, leave your snarling, you dog ; sleeping in your watch ?

*Phil.* If I am a dog, why should I be punish'd for obeying nature, the only Deity that beasts bow to ? if not, why am I refus'd the benefit of reason ?

*Tull.* Are you grumbling ? look to your duty ; you'll find you have use of other thoughts else.

[*Exit Tullius.*]

*Phil.* Oh ye gods ! why do you thus load a youth ? I was not proud when I was bow'd to ; nor ever with repinings did I bow to you ; why then on my free-born soul do you lay the load of slavery, and thus let your justice sleep, that she does not now guide my prayers ; but suffers them to lose their way 'twixt heaven and my sufferings : which I have been so long acquainted with, that I am now grown a kin unto my woes, ally'd unto my oar, where I have set, forc'd to unwilling haste, fighting for my freedom, till through a thousand eyes I have sweating wept my miseries : oh look down in time upon them, ere I yield to those irreligious thoughts that tempt me to question my faith ; for ye cannot blame me if I grow weary of praying, when I find that mighty power that threw me here want mercy to break the snare.

*Enter Manlius and Tullius, bringing in a Slave that had stabb'd the Captain.*

*Man.* Strike an Anchor through the body of the slave ; he has not hurt you, I hope.

*Tull.*



*Tull.* No, h'as mist me.

*Man.* What urg'd the villain to this bold undertaking?

*Tull.* Unless the opportunity that the night afforded, and the needness of the Town made him attempt it for his freedom, I know not else.

*Man.* Look that to morrow early as the day the dog be sacrific'd to the parting shades, that their black may still be friendly to our deliverance; and d'you hear, let him be broke upon an Anchor, that, on Hopes Emblem, the wretch may meet his despairing cross.—When dogs thus fly at their Masters, 'tis just we strangle them, neither their kind nor use consider'd; go, *Tullius*, let the watch be set, and some good guard put into the wood to secure the Passage from the Town:

*Tull.* It shall.

*Man.* *Tullius*, did the Pefant say the King was crown'd again, and the Usurper dead, and the Princess to be married to the stranger, Prince *Appius*, that came in aid of the King; and that *Selenus* has been in some disgrace to day?

*Tull.* So the fellow says, for certain.

*Man.* To morrow then we'll fit us with our disguise, and to Court we'll go; for now virtue sits at Helm and holds the purse; gratitude will find some reward for me that wish'd well to her power; for this night see the Galley at road, and when the watch is set, to rest; and to morrow call at my Cabine.

*Tull.* I shall.

[*Exit Tullius.*

*Man.* Lye you there, and let no body, without exception, trouble, till I call, unless some dangers threaten; then give me notice. *Speaks to Philemon.*

[*Exit Manlius.*

*Phil.* Methinks, in that condemn'd slave I read mine own fortune, whose cross fate hath forfeited him to eternal bonds for stoutly attempting his freedom; which if ever it comes within my power, here stands another mark'd for sacrifice, if he fails in the attempt; for death frights not me, nor binds the innocent, but comes to set them free; I cannot let it sinke with patience into my thoughts, I have not man enough, nor Religion to continue an acquaintance with that vertue that says, endure: when I consider I was born a Prince by the consent of all, distinguish'd from a Chaos of common people, created their head, and so stood the man of men, till this misfortune struck me, in which I am not sure I shall have a burying place; for a slave can call so little in this world his own, that the very earth he wears about him is not his, nor can I command this handful, not this, not mine own clay: But lost like yesterday; when my Masters *Fiat* comes, I fall and dissolve to the first Mass of things.

*Lays his hand on his breast.*  
[*Exit.*

## ACT. III. SCEN. V.

*Enter Melintus, Claricilla, Olinda, and Timillus.*

*Clar.* SO, now leave us ; and if any body ask for me, say, I am laid to rest.

*Olinda.* I shall.-----And where you rest too.

[*Exit.*

*Melin.* Dear *Timillus*, is *Jacomo* ready with the horses ?

*Timil.* He is, and waits us at the Postern.

*Melin.* Let us not lose a minute then of this precious time ; 'twill be a reward for thy faith too, when they shall say *Timillus* had a hand in this great work : prithee, let thy friendship secure the passage that leads from the Kings lodgings.

*Timil.* So, now have I an honourable excuse to take cold with ; 'tis a strange bold venture he makes ; and a confident vertue, that of hers, that dare trust themselves in the hands of my opinion, when I am alone to guess how they mean to imploy this opportunity.

*Melin.* Madam, 'tis not the fear of my particular that makes me urge this sad parting, but your interest which is joyn'd to it ; and when your Highness is concern'd, 'tis a civility to fear, and an obligation to doubt my joys ; for *Claricilla* knows despair is no sin in Loves Religion.

*Clar.* Let me not understand thee, nor let not reason bind up that you urge ; oh *Melintus*, 'tis the first time that ever I was grieved to hear thee in the right ; and you must pardon it ; for though parting be the only way to confirm my joy, I cannot consent at such a rate to buy my happiness.

*Melin.* Thus you encrease the wish'd number of my bonds ; the Prince until my return will observe all your commands, and assist us in our escape, and by his favour countenance the act ; for *Messina*, if my Father commanded there in chief, I could not hope a greater power then I am confident *Pelius* will allow your worth when you arrive there ; and e're this Moon hath felt her change, I will again attend you with the Gallies here.

*Clar.* Must you then be gone ? and again with absence spin our loves into a thred which is fastned to our fates ; I hope that no distance may find the end ; say, must you go ? must it needs be so ?

*Melin.* I would there were not such a strict necessity, but that I might say, no.

[*She turns and looks on the Tree.*

*Clar.* Well, since it must be, resolved then, but not contented, I submit unto my fate ; and thou Lawrel-tree which so oft hast been a witness of our sad parting, if within thy Barque the angry god hath with the trembling Virgin any of his passion hid, thou know'st what pain they feel that with longing love follow their flying joys ; and see, look, *Melintus*, casting mine eye by chance, I have spy'd one of the witnesses of our infant love ; do you remember when we chang'd our characters, and with them printed our

our



our faith on this yielding barque, 'twas then but a small scratch we gave; but now like our miseries by time encreas'd, 'tis in her tender side to a large wound grown.

*Melin.* Why should we not for ever grow thus? why should the gods with thunder part what themselves have joyn'd? we that have known but one wish, and to each others thoughts have parent been; why should not we thus gazing sit, and tie with kind smiles soft fetters for the eyes? but this cannot be; and therefore hear me pronounce mine own doom. Farewell, but e're I obey this sad necessity let me on your fair hand print my faith, and with holy vows bind my self to you for ever.

*Clar.* Oh hold, give me no contract, gentle *Melintus*; no ties but love; these are bonds I scorn to throw on such who from mine eyes can go.

*She lays her arms upon him.*

*Enter Seleucus, betraying them to the King while they are thus embracing.*

*Selen.* Doth this object satisfy, have I perform'd, nor no?

*[The King surprizes them, and takes Claricilla away, Melintus sits in a maze.]*

*King.* Yes. *Claricilla*, this act, when thy story shall be written, will not appear a kin unto the rest, that have had honour and duty still their guide, and not thus lead astray by passion.

*Clar.* Sir, I must not be beaten from my strength here, though you frown; a fault, I confess, but dishonour has no share in't.

*King.* Sir, you came a friend, and you are a stranger; nor will I while I labour to punish commit a fault by being ungrateful; or break the laws of hospitality, by laying hands upon you; only thus much, the injuries you have done me and the Prince bid me tell you, if to morrows Sun set upon you within my Court, his shades will bring yours upon you.

*[Exeunt King, Claricilla, and Attendants.]*

*Selen.* Revenge, th'art prosperous, and in my anger this is lost; Craft, be thou as friendly to my designs upon that shallow Prince, and I alone stand fair for *Claricilla* still; I'll watch how it works; oh how he'll fume anon! *[Mel. is amaz'd, & lost in his rage a little while.]*

*Melin.* The wounds that amazement gives strike all our senses, and like lightning destroy without a breach; and yet I see some food for my Revenge; and whilst that fuel lasts this flame shall not perish. *Seleucus*, come back, and let your friend stay.

*Selen.* *Carillus*, stay; what, your fit is off then I perceive, and you can be angry upon your own score, and fight when women are not by you.

*Melin.* Yes, thou shalt find I can, fond man! and the flame that thou hast kindled in my breast I will husband so that it shall consume thee; and neither hold it so high as to lose it in my choler, nor so low as to let patience tread it out.

*Selen.* Spare your threats; your words wound not; when I refuse to fight upon a strange resolution then rant and rail, and I'll excuse it.

*Mel.* No, I am no Railer; I could wish thee rather a more glorious Enemy, on whose name scandal of no kinde had ever lighted; by my life I wish it, and that thou wert clear from this base act, whose weight has sunk all the honour that swam in thy bloud; and I am asham'd to think this necessity forceth me to offer one so lame in honour, and in passion blinde, to the power I worship; for the imperfect are not fit for sacrifice.

*Sel.* I hope you have none of those faults, but will become an Altar. Lead the way, and you shall finde *Seleucus* dares follow without being pull'd to slaughter.

*Mel.* Under the Woods side that borders on the Haven will be a fit place; 'tis near the Town, and I believe free from company.

*Sel.* There I'll meet you then.

*Claps his hands.*

*Tim.* Hift, hift, to him. So, now they are come within my way to put in: I am no good Talker; but when opinions are to be maintain'd thus, I think I have as strong an Argument as another.

*Exeunt omnes.*

### ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Claricilla and Olinda.*

*Exit Olinda Clar.* **H**Aste to Prince *Appius*, and desire him immediately to do me the honour to speak with me. O me most miserable! this night has ruin'd me; my Fame which was like a Star, bright and fix'd in the Court till this sad hour; Treachery black Treachery in some body, has made appear a Meteor; but if it portend my *Melintus* fall, my night at Court is come too; and in that vast Element I'll shoot, and be no more remembred.

### ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Melintus, Timillus, Seleucus and Carillus, severally.*

*Tim.* **S**Ec, here 'come two of the long-staff-men that strook so desperately under the Hedge to night; I hope, to apprehend one of them by virtue of this Warrant.

*Mel.* Bold and injurious *Seleucus* still.

*Sel.* Let your anger pass, and hear what I say, for this is the last talk I'll have with thee what ere thou art; Know, since first thou cross'd these eyes my Jealousie and Envy have waited upon thee; and now I have gain'd my end; 'twas to see whether Conquest grew upon thy Sword or no, when this (not us'd to lose) should go forth thy Enemy and Rival; and therefore guard thee, and with thy Sword onely make reply.

*Melin.* 'Tis my wish, for words are not the weapons I fight with. [They fight.]

*Tim.* Do you hear, *Carillus*, may not you and I fall to at this feast before your Lord has supp'd?

*Car.* Yes, and be mine own Carver too.

*Tim.*



*Tim.* That I believe, for I ever took thee for a sawcy Serving-man.

*Sel.* I am lost.

[*Seleucus wounded by Melintus.*]

*Mel.* Does your load sink you? thy faults wil grow too heavy anon.

*Sel.* I know no fault but that I am unfortunate.

*Car.* Lie there Talker.

[*Timillus falls.*]

*Tim.* A pox upon thee, thou hast don't.

*Melin.* Yield, or by my hopes in thy heart I'll write my Conquest.

[*Seleucus falls.*]

*Sel.* Strike, Dog; I'll perisHERE I'll have so base a sin to answer for.

[*They struggle, and Carillus parts 'em, just as Melintus disarms Seleucus.*]

*Car.* Hold, or I'll write the same story here.

*Mel.* Ha! *Timillus* fall'n? though it speaks his praise, my Friend calls for revenge, and thus I bring it.

[*They fight.*]

*Car.* I fear no single arm.

*Sel.* Be prosp'rous, *Carillus*, and I will call thee Friend, the Sa-  
ver of my Fame-----twill not be. That wound hath sent me

*wounded,*

*Seleucus*

*swoons.*

*Tim.* A pox of Fortune, have I scap'd the Master so often to be  
serv'd in thus, like broken cold meat for the Serving-men? I finde  
I cannot live, I begin to have serious thoughts----- No, Faith, I am  
gone. I always fear'd such sober wounds as these; they are in such  
earnest I know they'll kill me, if they would endure a yeast there  
were some hopes.

*He strives to  
rise but can-  
not.*

*Car.* Hold, if thou hast honour, and tell me who thou art, that  
strick'st with such a constant fortune.

[*Melintus leaves Carillus and goes to Timillus.*]

*Mel.* I have no leasure now----- O *Timillus*, speak to thy unfor-  
tunate Friend, whose acquaintance hath never brought thy faith  
to any thing but misery and dangers: How dost? I hope thy  
wounds are not mortal.

*Tim.* No, nor our troubles; would they were, that we might  
once see an end of them-----But no more of this now. I hear a *Within* Fol-  
noise, and I know we shall be pursu'd; therefore make haste low, follow,  
and fly.

*Mel.* For shame urge like thy self, if thou wouldst have me  
take thy counsel; bring my Friend into a danger, and leave  
him there? No, *Timillus*, we grew Friends, and we will fall toge-  
ther

*Tim.* Leave me, and provide for thy safety, or by my life I'll be-  
tray thee, and tell who thou art; nor will I, if thou stay'st, attempt  
the possibility of my own cures. S' Death? because I could kill  
my Enemy, must I destroy my Friend?

*Mel.* Why thus passionate!

*Tim.* If *Melintus* lov'd me he would obey the passion of his *Within*  
Friend, and not chide-----Hark, you will be taken, step into the Follow.  
Wood, and in some Disguise you may come to Court.

*Mel.* Farewell, *Timillus*, I obey.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter*

*Enter King, Appius, and Attendants.*

1 *Attend.* This way they went, Sir, and here lies one.

*King.* *Seleucus* slain?

*Appius.* And here lies *Carillus*.

*King.* Who's the third?

*Tim.* A Bird of the same flight, that had worse luck than my fellows; for my wings only broke, that I might live miserably, to make sport for the Fool that laid the snare; Shall I never be so happy as to be knock'd o'th' head when 'tis to do me a curtesie?

*King.* The bodies are yet warm; bring them with all possible speed to the Town, that no care may be wanting to save my Friend; bring him along too, he shall finde our love till he be well; I will not offer a ruine to my Friend; when he's repair'd he'll scarce be a full satisfaction. Some other pursue the bold Murderer; if he once come within my reach he shall finde his Sword has no power to protect him against that which my justice brings.

[*They take up Timillus.*

*Tim.* So, thus much honour I am sure of; but how much more I know not, do you my Friend?

2 *Attend.* No, Sir; and yet I think you'll finde what you deserve.

*Tim.* Y'are courteous and liberal of your opinion, and therefore I will not be sparing of mine; it may be I shall be honourably hang'd for having a hand in killing *Seleucus*.

2 *Attend.* It may be so.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## A C T. IV. S C E N. I.

*Enter Philemon presently after Tullius.*

*A noise with- in.* *Phil.* **W**Hat noise is this that thus circles us?

*Tul.* This noise is every where, and begirts us round; I'll go wake *Manlius*, 'twill be worth our care to search the cause.

*Phil.* Stand, who goes there?

*Tul.* I, *Tullius*; Have you wak'd the Captain?

*Phil.* No.

*Tul.* 'Tis time he were wak'd.

[*He offers to go on, Philemon holds him.*

*Phil.* Hold.

*Tul.* How now!

*Phil.* 'Twas his command, that no man, without exception, should come to him till he had notice, nor be call'd unless some danger threatn'd.

*Tul.* Did you not hear the noise?

*Phil.* Yes, but noise is no danger, nor will I call him.

*Tul.* You will not call him? Who am I that thou dar'st tempt me thus? Call him, and call him quickly, or thou shalt call thy last.

*Phil.*



*Phil.* I serve but one Master, and him I will not call; nor shall you break his rest while I can hinder it. [*Phil. stands in his way.*]

*Tul.* Do not play with my anger; by all our Gods with a wound I'll make my way; and it shall ly over thy belly (Slave) if thou provok'st me.

*Phil.* Wounds are easily given to naked men; and thou wilt sooner bring 'em than I fear 'em.

*Tul.* S' Death! brav'd by my Slave? Thus, Villain, and then I tread under my feet thy scorn'd earth. [*Tullius draws.*]

*Phil.* Help, *Manlius*, help. [*Phil. takes hold of Tullius sword.*]

*Tul.* Unloose thy hold, or by my vex'd soul I'll print Deaths cold Seal on thy Heart.

*Phil.* I will not loose it: O my Vow, to what strict Laws thou bind'st me; else here I would throw off my bonds, and with thy own knife cut thy hated throat; Dog, thou art more a Slave than my Chains can make me. [*While they are struggling, Enter Manlius, Tullius on the ground, Phil. upon him.*]

*Man.* Ha! what sudden cry was that call'd for help?----The *Rhodian* grapled? How's this? and *Tullius* under? Let go, or I'll part thee with death. Is this a posture for a Slave? [*Draws his Dagger*]

*Phil.* No; if I would have been a Slave I had been safe, and you it may be might have felt these wounds.

*Man.* *Tullius*, what mean these wounds?

*Phil.* Wounds are the food of Slaves, else I deserve not these for my faith; but Loyalty is against kinde in me, and therefore I am punish'd for obeying your command, which was that no man without exception, should pass this way till I had given you notice, which he would have done, and because I refus'd him thus my faith's rewarded.

*Man.* Is this true?

*Tul.* In 'part 'tis; the Wood this night was full of noise, and I awak'd with the Alarm, would have given you notice, and he refus'd to let me pass, and therefore----

*Man.* You would have kill'd him?----Come, 'twas not well, such a piety as faithfulness among Slaves is so scarce it ought to have been cherish'd not punish'd. Every day by one act or other this Fellow begets my wonder, Honour and Courage still striking in him----Come hither; once again I command thee tell me who thou art, and by my life I'll set thee free. [*He turns to Philemon.*]

*Phil.* I see you have honour, Sir, and therefore presume when you shall know I am bound by a Vow never to disclose my self whilest I am in bonds, you'll call it Religion, not disobedience, when I refuse to tell.

*Man.* Wilt thou be faithful when thou art free?

*Phil.* I will be faithful though I am not free.

*Man.* Vow that, and I will immediately knock off thy Chains.

*Phil.* Arm but my hand, and set me free, and then I'll take a Vow; and having sworn faith to thee all the earth's wealth shall not make me false. [*He calls one to take off his chains, and gives him a Dagger.*]

*Man.* Here, by this I manumize thee; and if thou prov'st a Gentleman, henceforth thou art my Friend, however thou art free. [*Phil.*]

*Phil.* And, Sir, since your pity hath thus made my joys put off my fears that I should have fell forgotten, and return'd to my Mother Earth like her common Issue-----Thus in thankfulness with eyes to Heaven bent, and a soul full of gratitude, I vow a constant faith to virtue, and-----

*Enter Melintus, pursuing a Souldier, who cries help; Melintus kills and disarms him.*

*Mel.* To what strange fate am I reserv'd, or by what sin have I pull'd down this Curse of a general hate that all paths I tread are arm'd against me? Ha! more Enemies? Nay then, *Melintus*, yield, for 'tis visible thou warr'st with Heaven. [*He spies 'em.*]

*Man.* What art thou that with such pains hast to this place hunted thy ruine, and thus with injurious wounds in the dead of night awak'd our anger?

*Mel.* Prithee go forward with thy injury; such another Charm will call back my anger; and then I shall be safe; for it hath ever yet been prosperous, though that success made me unfortunate.

*Man.* Leave thus vaingloriously to urge your former success, for 'twill be no ground now to build a future conquest on; and therefore yield thy Sword, and quickly, before I command it and thy head; Know my power here rules even thy fate.

*Mel. shows  
his wounds.*

*Mel.* Yield my Sword? By what other priviledge do I hold my life among my Enemies? Prithee look upon me, and if thou canst read these Characters, they'll tell thee I was not born to yield; and though thou art the glorious Master of the sport, and I unfortunate by a cross fate am hunted into the Toil where dangers on all sides begirt my innocence, yet with the Lion I dare be angry with my bonds; and although I may become thy Prey yet I will not be thy scorn.

*Man.* I'll dispute no longer; Seize him; if he resist, in his heart seal the first stroke of thy freedom.

*Phil. goes towards him,  
and knows him.*

*Phil.* Ha! *Melintus!*

*Mel.* He nam'd me; What art thou that call'st me by my name? Ye Gods, is misery so near akin that by instinct the wretched know me?

*Man.* How now! what do you muze on? Had you daring onely while you were unarm'd?

*Phil.* No, 'twas a consideration of the baseness of the act, not fear, made me stop, and the remembrance that I am free held me from staining that maiden liberty the Gods have sent me with so base an act as to strike where there's three to one: besides, his posture and his habit speak him a Gentleman, and his misfortunes rather to be pitied than increas'd.

*Mel.* A help from Heaven if this be real.

*Man.* Slave, and ungrateful, thou shalt finde thou hast too soon mention'd thy freedom; Fool, onely free in hope; and this act hath but increas'd thy load of chains. Curse thy self for thy increase



crease of miseries shall make thee finde th'art more a slave then ever.

*Phil.* Do not deceive thy self; look there and here.——And ere thou art lost in thine anger, hear this truth I speak, he that is master of this and will become a slave must be a coward too; and now I'me arm'd I scorn to ow my freedom to any but the gods. *Points to chains, and shews his Dagger.*

*Man.* Death, dog do'st thou brave me with my courtesie? draw, *Tullius*, my thirsty rage will be quench'd with nothing but the slaves blood. *They both draw and run at Philemon.*

*Melin.* Heaven! for ought I know we are by thy direction thus cast two to two; if not, I'me sure by honour we are——here, take this sword. *[He runs in between 'em, and gives Philemon the Souldiers sword.]*

*Phil.* Now, *Tullius*, thou shalt see how mortal thy power is, which so like a god thou wear'st among thy slaves. Revenge and freedom guide me to thy ruine; and you, Sir, strike to prevent the use of such an opportunity; a vow forbids me to tell you who I am——Now the wound that thou basely gav'st me when I was bound and naked shall be reveng'd. *Speaks to Tullius.*

*Tull.* I have but few words.

*Man.* I am your choice then.

*Melin.* As it happens.

*Tull.* I am slain, and by my Slave bound for ever. *They fight, Tullius falls.*

*Man.* Nay, then I'll smiling fall now I have my revenge; for I see thou wert born to be a slave, and all thy acts of honour were but distempers in thee; and now thy nature is strong thou appear'st thy self a slave in thy soul; come, what stays thee, I have a breast so clear it defies thy Ponyard, Traytor. *Philemon leaves him, and runs to Melintus and parts 'em.*

*Phil.* No, I was born free, and *Manlius*'s rage once over he will say he has injur'd me:——And, Sir, as I drew my sword against my Master when Honour bad me; so when you shall seek to make me faulty, I am your enemy; and therefore attempt no farther this mans danger, 'tis not safe. *To Melintus.*

*Man.* My wonder waits upon all this fellows acts.

*Melin.* What art thou that thus in less then a man hides more then a god?

*Phil.* What am I? a soul with her old clothes on, a slave with wounds and crosses torn; and yet in better fortune I have known your face.

*Melin.* If thou hast mercy in thee tell me who thou art.

*Phil.* Mark me well, dost thou not see thy self here? not yet?——Now I am sure thou do'st in these Crystal drops; friendship will guide *Melintus* to know *Philemon*. *He weeps.*

*Melin.* *Philemon*! Oh yegods! new weights to sink me!

*Phil.* Oh! 'tis a powerful rod that *Melintus* friendship strikes with; a thousand miseries have smote upon this rock; but never any that made water issue through till now.

*Melin.* Oh *Philemon*, *Philemon*, what cannot friendship do? 'tis from her living springs this dew falls.

*Man.* *Melintus* and *Philemon*! good heaven, what change hath  
[e] begot

Manlius  
kneels to Me-  
lintus and  
Philemon.

begot this misery? Oh noble Princes, upon my knees I beg, when your surprized joys are over, you'll shower a pardon upon unfortunate *Manlius*.

*Melin.* *Manlius*! is this *Manlius*? he was *Claricilla*'s friend.

*Phil.* 'Tis *Manlius*, and I hope a fair day will break from this bloody evening.

*Melin.* Your pardon, Sir, or here upon my breast return the wounds my rage directed against yours.

*Man.* Repeat it not, Sir; you make me but call to mind my shame, which I must ever blushing wear when I remember a slave could look further into honour than my self.

*Phil.* Oh *Melintus*, I have a story for thee, that we shall weep out together.

*Melin.* When I look upon thee, I am distracted to think the gods would consent thus to let their temples be ruin'd, and virtue always walk naked like truth's Emblem, while better fates clothe the wicked.

*Phil.* Dear *Melintus*, let not the sense of my misfortunes urge a consideration from thee at the rate of sin, nor dare those powers which I know thou fearest.

*Melin.* I have done, noble youth; yet when I look upon thee, joy and amazement will seize me, I have strange things to tell thee, but this nor time nor place.—Who is this that thus unfortunately met thy anger? [Turns to Tullius that lies wounded by.

*Man.* A stout and grateful fellow; 'twas the Captain that sav'd me when I was doom'd to death by the Usurper, *Silvander*, 'cause I design'd *Claricilla*'s freedom.

*Melin.* He stirs; heaven, I hope, will not let the guilt of one accidental fault hang upon this evening to cross our joys.

*Phil.* I am sorry, since there dwelt such honour in him, that he prov'd my enemy; this was the Pirate took me at *Rhodes*, in that unfortunate fight where we were parted.

*Man.* Pray help him aboard my Galley, where we may all repose until to-morrow; and resolve what is to be done in this new change in *Sicily*.

*Phil.* Lay thy hands here, *Melintus*, for these bonds can only set *Philemon* free.

[Exeunt omnes.

## ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Enter Appius and Claricilla.

*Clar.* I Have done; passion can be a friend to none, she's so unconstant; give her way, and she destroys her self; if I had been so fortunate to have spoke with you last night, I had prevented this sad chance; for I knew *Melintus*'s anger would take a dangerous leap, when by amazement he had contracted it.

*Appius.* If I could have fear'd such a danger, I should not have been so absent with the remedy; but I am not satisfi'd how it was discover'd



discover'd by the King; yet if civility had not prevented me ere now I had spoke my fears; and long since said, beware of *Olinda*.

*Clar.* *Olinda*! she betray me! it cannot be, 'tis such a common fate I blush to think it; I cannot fear a punishment that comes such a road way; and yet I'll observe her: but pray what said *Timillus*, was *Melintus* wounded?

*Appius.* Not dangerous, some sleight hurts he had, and upon our approach he took covert in the Wood; *Timillus* says he is resolv'd in some disguise to attempt to speak with you; and my counsel is to send some one that's trusty in search of him.

*Clar.* I shall; and then if you please we'll walk into the Garden.

*Appius.* I'll wait upon you. [Exeunt,

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Enter *Melintus*, *Philemon*, *Manlius*, *Ravack*, all, but *Manlius*,  
in *Slaves habits*.

*Phil.* Rejoyce that this day has prov'd so fortunate as to bring your youth a freedom with less sadness, then last nights storm threatned.

*Rav.* Sir, my safety is a debt I owe your watchful mercy, that thus amongst the earliest of your joys could let your noble pity hunt for so lost a thing as *Ravack*.

*Melin.* Now we are arrived we have no spare time to clothe truth fine, therefore give my naked faith a hearing; I am confident you will not refuse to take our fortunes in this design, whose innocence, though we are thus forc'd to hide with the marks of guilt, and slaves habits, yet know there is so much justice on our side, that though we fall in the attempt, and this haste prove but running to embrace the stake, yet we shall in our stories be distinguished, and live in the glorious shine which breaks from the Brows of Honours Martyrs.

*Rav.* I am but one, and I'll not say I shall be fortunate; but I am certain I shall attempt any thing that may speak my gratitude.

*Man.* Give me leave to break this discourse; and since you are pleas'd to trust me with this service let me not lose time; but while this expectation is in the Court let me see whether I can walk unseen, or no; and because *Seleucus* danger was only loss of blood, they will be more intent about him then if he had fallen; I'll be gone, the day grows old, in the Garden you say 'tis likely I shall find her, and the Prince is a young man, fair hair'd.

*Melin.* Yes.

*Man.* I am instructed.

[Exit *Manlius*.

*Phil.* 'Tis the mind I see that binds or sets us free; for that being satisf'd we have made our fears our sports, and thus mask in our miseries; but, by my life, the earnest they once were in makes me start to think thee thus miserable in jest.

*Melin.* *Philemon*'s love is more fortunate then *Melintus*; for it

finds kind ways to express it self, while I unfortunate only wish and cry how fain I would rejoyce in the lasting knot, which we have thus triply tied : By blood, by love, by miseries alli'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

*Enter Manlius, Appius, and Claricilla.*

*Man.* **T**His place returns my forgotten miseries, by calling to mind how happy once I was ; but who are these ?

*Appius.* Who's that that walks there ?

*Clar.* I know not, is he not of your acquaintance ?

*Appius.* No, Madam ; walk on, and mind him not. [*He follows 'em.*]

*Clar.* Who would the man speak with all ?

*Appius.* What would you, friend ? would you speak with the Princess ?

*Man.* Yes, Sir ; Madam, I am one that wants, but cannot beg ; yet when I have put off my blushes, be pleas'd to cast your eye upon a Souldiers scars, and pity a Gentleman bow'd by misfortunes, not faults, to this wretched lowness ; if then your bounty find not a charity, your pardon, and I am gone.

*Clar.* A Souldier is the god I worship, and to him I offer this charity. — Here take all that at this time I have about me ; pray, of what Country are you ?

*Gives him a purse.*

*Man.* The name of Souldier is such a common Theam to beg with, and a disguise so many cheat under, that I should not dare ask like my self, but that I can shew under the honour'd hands of those Commanders where I serv'd, who and what I am ; and had it been my fortune to have met the brave Princess, *Melintus*, and *Philemon* here, the service I once did them they would not have seen unrewarded.

*Clar.* Prithce softly ; dost thou know *Melintus* and *Philemon* ? say, and be not amaz'd I ask thus hastily ; where did'st thou know them ? gentle Souldier, speak.

*Man.* Yes, Madam, I do know 'em ; and here under their hands I have to shew the service I did them, which if you please you may read. [*He delivers her Melintus's Letter, she reads aside.*]

*Appius.* Prithce has't of late heard of *Philemon*, or can'st thou tell whether he be alive or no ; or can'st thou give any account of *Melintus* lately ?

*Clar.* Oh yes, yes, he can ; read there and satisfy your self. Oh noble *Manlius*, where is *Melintus*, where is the Galley, where is *Philemon* ? why do I stay, cannot you guide me, will not you guide me, will not Prince *Appius* go ? I am resolv'd I will, and be miserable no longer here, where Religion, Friendship, Duty, Love no harvest bring ; all my endeavours here as vainly beat the air, as the Impostors beads that fall without a Prayer ; say, shall we go ? will you remove me from this place so full of danger, to my friends ? look, he writes to me to come, and shall I stay ? no, no, *Melintus*, I obey ; and were it to shrink into the earth I'll meet thee,



thee, and no longer with my prayers protect this ingrateful place from the punishment her treacheries call down. Let fools like Beads-men to the Altar bow for others sins; I'll pay none but mine own vows.

*Appius.* We must follow her, Sir, and within counsel or charm her passion. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

## ACT: V. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Seleucus, Surgeon, and Servants.*

*Selen.* **I**S there no hope of *Carillus* life?

*surg.* No, my Lord.

*Selen.* Will *Timillus* scape?

*Surg.* Yes, my Lord, his wounds were sleight.

*Selen.* But he shall not, nor shall fortune have power to add another sickly week to his hated days, wait all without.——My hopes are blasted, nor must I expect ever to gain my ends by fair means from *Claricilla*, I have wound up her hatred to so great height; and 'twere folly to hope a peace from a woman crost in her love; no, no, policy or force must gain the pleasure I am at.——Who's *He knocks.* there? [*Enter Servant.*]

*Serv.* Sir, the King. [*Enter the King.*]

*Selen.* Oh Sir, hide me from my shame, or my blushes will not let me look upon you; the disgrace brands me with coward for ever, that I should be o'come when nothing but a Traytor struck; a thing which ought to have been the scorn, not fear of honest men when they are arm'd.

*King.* Quiet thy self, and be not troubled at such a scorn'd subject; I come to tell thee ere this shame be over, while I can with justice frown, I would have *Claricilla* married; and how to work our ends we'll now resolve. [*Enter Servant.*]

*Serv.* Sir, there's a Sea-man without desires to speak with you; he says he has earnest business that concerns the State.

*King.* Admit him. [*Enter Manlius.*]

*Man.* Diffimulation, thou that so oft hast been prosperous in thy attempts upon the innocent, once let vertue owe thee for a service.

*Selen.* What's your business, Sir, that so hastily requires a hearing?

*Man.* Ha! the King! I must not know him; Sir, be pleas'd to command your servants off, and I shall whisper a service shall claim a reward, which I will not require till it be perfect.

*Selen.* There needs no whisper here; for if it concern the Kingdom speak it to the King.

*Man.* The King! thus low I beg your pardon, Sir; and then *He kneels.* give me leave to ask whether it be worth your care, or no, to have in your power the stranger that fought with my Lord *Seleucus*.

*Selen.* softly.

*King.* Dost thou know where he is? canst thou direct my anger

ger which way to seize the Traytor ? if thou can'st propose thine own reward, and take a Kings word, thou shalt have my power to effect it.

*Man.* Sir, I will not bargain; but in short, thus; I have been faulty; and a Pirat speaks the kind; but 'twas while the fault was in fashion here, and a thief (*Silvander*) wore the Crown; your pardon for my past faults is the reward I beg for this service; which if I were not confident I could do I were mad thus to wake your anger with a deluded hope. But to the business; early this morning there came to my Galley (which now rides in the haven) two strangers, as they pretended, that had unfortunately in a duel slain one that had a neer relation to your Majesty, and by many arguments pleaded my protection; which at first sight their miseries engag'd me to, and I undertook to serve them: one of them (the fair-hair'd-man) gave me a Letter to deliver to the Princess, from whom he says I should have great rewards if I would be faithful; I undertook it; and if this may procure my peace, when you please to command me, they are dead.

*Selen.* The Letter, prithee let's see the Letter; 'tis he for certain, but who the second should be!

*King.* I cannot guess.

*Selen.* Thy pardon, and a reward for thy faith, upon my life, thou shalt receive.

*King.* Hast thou the Letter?

*Man.* Yes, Sir.

[*He delivers the King the Letter.*]

*King.* Ha! *Melintus* and *Philemon*, their hands subscribed to this treason; see *Seleucus*, 'tis *Melintus* and *Philemon* that in disguise have waited our destruction; the gods are just still, and now from the height of all their impious darings have let them fall into our punishments; look, they urge *Claricilla* to an escape by the assistance of this honest Souldier; they assure her she may safely make it, and call all this treason flying from slaughter; assist me, *Seleucus*, that I may invent some strange torture to afflict their falsehoods.

*Selen.* Is this possible?

*Man.* Work on, Mischief, till their rage has blinded them; that in the dark I may the easier lead them to their ruine.

*Selen.* *Melintus* and *Philemon*, 'tis no new danger, this; my rage distracts me; and in the strength that anger lends me I can perform all you can require from a sound and healthy friend; but do it quickly, Sir, before I am unbent; and thus by her assistance reach their ruine.

*King.* It cannot be she should consent to my destruction.

*Selen.* It cannot be! then he were a fool, and only sow'd dangers, to reap dangers; think you he would lose his heaven to place another there? no, 'tis visible, he loves; and that has been the cause mov'd all his darings; and that he loves the Princess, do's that start you? call to mind the surprize in the garden, what rage will that meeting fill your breast with, when you shall know 'tis no airy, hopeless, single Love; no *Cupid* with one Wing that threatens



threatens now as when *Silvander* struck, these have made the imperfect Boy a perfect god betwixt 'em ; and with return of eternal faith have given both wings and eyes, and direct by their bold souls ; what to do is now upon the wing, and flies with more certain danger in your Court then death, or fire.

*King.* This is a dangerous truth ; and if my Daughter consent to their desires, they dye.

*Selen.* To be secur'd of which, seal this Letter, and deliver it this honest man ; and let him deliver it to your Daughter, and urge her answer, which when he has, let him return with it to your Majesty ; this will guide your justice which way to steer ; and your anger shall only find the guilty ; and the act being just, consequently 'tis safe ; for the guilty have no revenge to follow their fall.

*King.* I am resolv'd, if she consent they fall ; dispatch him with the Letter, and let me have an answer at my Chamber.

*Selen.* Sir, now you consent to be safe, be not troubled, but leave the rest to me.—Now to our business, I'll immediately send a servant for a woman of the Princess, my creature, from whom I have daily intelligence ; she shall get you an opportunity to deliver the Letter ; her name's *Olinda* ; and to her I'll address you ; to be false now is to be faithful. *Exit King.*

*Man.* And that makes me so false ; but stay, Sir ; I have a mind to make you indebted to me for a greater benefit then you dream on.

*Selen.* Whither tend'st thou ?

*Man.* To assure you I intend to be faithful, and to oblige my self ; to make which good I'll put my life into your hands ; and if you dare obey my directions, I'll propose away that with safety you may reach your revenge ; a Crown, and *Claricilla*.

*Selen.* *Claricilla* ! can'st thou propose a way to gain her ? let but that appear, through fire and water, oppos'd dangers, greater then cowards fears create I'll fly to embrace it.

*Man.* Within I'll instruct you, and then I'll obey the Kings directions for the Letter ; which will be one step to advance our plot, and if it thrive, what I shall be I'll leave to your own bosom to resolve.

*Selen.* What thou shalt be ? why, thou shalt be my bosom.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. V.

*Enter Appius and Claricilla.*

*Clar.* I Wonder he stays so long ; I am afraid his reason will not prevail with my Father and *Selencus* ; and though I was by strength of your argument perswaded to it, yet I am sorry I consented to let them know 'tis *Melintus* whom they pursue, a name already subject to their hate : but heaven I hope will direct all.

*Appius.* If I were not assur'd that *Manlius* were honest, I should not have ventur'd thus to perswade you to discover where your health

health lyes; but when I am secure that those in whose power he is will with their lives protect him; and his discovery is only a bait to draw his enemy into his power; I must again desire you will with patience attend the issue of what is well design'd, however it may meet a cross.

[Enter Manlius.

*Man.* Oh Madam, I am laden with joy; and the strangeness of the burthen makes me thus sink in the way; I have discover'd who 'tis that betrays you, 'tis *Olinda*; *Seleucus* made it his boast; but you must not yet take notice of it, but seem to relye upon her faith as a means of your escape, which is consented to by all, under a hope that they shall seize you and your friends together; I cannot tell you all the particulars now; only thus much, our designs have taken as I could wish; this Letter by their consent is return'd to you; had you seen the care your Father took that the violence the seal met might not be perceiv'd, you would have laugh'd; they expect your answer, and I have promis'd to bring it immediately, which must be, that you will meet *Melintus* this evening without delay, your woman only in company; and to be receiv'd from the Garden-wall; this being dispatch'd I'll to the King and shew it him, and there make all sure; Sir, you must be pleas'd to mingle your self in the presence; and there cheerfully accept any Proposition the King shall make, which shall only be what we resolve on within; and then I'll to my boat, and there in smiles pitch the bloody toyls, wherein we'll take these hunters, and make them our prey.

*Clar.* Lose no time, for heaven's sake, 'tis a strange torture; do not you, nor you, feel it? thus to be delaid in the path that leads to brave *Melintus*.

*Man.* Madam, we'll lose no time; be you ready to obey yours; and I'll strictly observe my part; and I hope the next thing we discourse of will be the sacrifice due to heaven, for our deliverance.

[Exeunt.

## ACT. V. SCEN. VI.

*Enter Melintus, Philemon, and Ravack.*

*Melin.* 'TIs about the time that *Manlius* bid us expect his return; if we be so happy as to see *Claricilla*, what kind of habit will thy joy wear? I am afraid mine will be cloth'd in a paleness, for I cannot promise my self strength enough to bear such unexpected happiness.

*Phil.* Prithce think not of it, let it steal upon us; I find I have not man enough to meet her without trembling; the very thought has struck a coldness through my blood; and now you have told her that I love, I could easier dye for her then speak to her; for though my love has none, yet I shall still have a guilt about me when I but look or speak to her.

*Melin.* Dear *Philemon*, we believ'd thee lost when I told the story; and I did it that thy friendship might live in her noble mention.

*Phil.*



*Phil.* Sir, your pardon for that we entertain ourselves when you stand by, to whom me-thinks Love should not be a stranger.

*Rav.* I have a story too, but this no time to tell it.

*Man.* Noble Princes, do you not finde me strangely alter'd with the joy that now posselles me? the Princess is well, and salutes you both, and the Prince kisses your hand.

*Mel.* Prithee let us partake the joy; Will the virtuous *Claricilla* come? Say, Have we an interest in this joy too?

*Man.* Yes, but I have a thousand things to tell you, which if you will attend and follow my directions, we shall ere to-morrow Sun see all our wishes crown'd; but let us in, for we lose time, the day will be too short to bound our business in; and onely thus much know, we but the metall bring, the Gods will have the way, and form to our deliverance the work of their own hands.

*Mel.* Let us softly follow, and give thanks with hearts that upwards look; for gratitude is to mercy both the Bait and Hook.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT. V. SCEN. VII.

*Enter Seleucus, solus.*

*Seleuc.* **T**His Souldier was sent from Heaven I think to take care of me, all things run so even that he takes in hand; the Princess hath consented, the King I have perswaded to go in person and surprize her, the Prince too will bear them company, and what then?-----My joys want a name; *Melintus*, *Philemon*, and the King, must dy, Their fate which is, I have said it. The Prince shall live, but first I will shew him Death to engage him in my action, upon no other condition shall he wear his head. O the several habits their humours will be in! that Rage, Envy, Fear, and Amazement will breed in their wretched thoughts, when they shall finde my words pronounce their doom, possess me of *Claricilla*, whose beauties increas'd by the sweetness of force will make me more a King than all the power that a Crown can give. But I lose time, and neglect my part in my own affairs; the King and Prince I must see meet at the place, where they must stand but as Witnesses to the receipt of all my part in Heaven, a Crown and *Claricilla*.

## ACT. V. SCEN. VIII.

*Enter Melintus, Philemon, and Ravack.*

*Phil.* **T**His is the place he appointed we should wait for him, and 'tis much about the time he bid us expect him; if they come we shall profess a joy we hop'd not; he brings revenge along, whose fruits the Gods have been pleas'd to feast with, and

[*f*]

the

the sweets we see makes them from us Mortals with fiery injunction  
still inclose the Tree.

[Enter Manlius.]

*Mel.* Hark, I hope he comes, the Moon is friendly, 'tis he.

*Man.* Are you ready?

*Omnes.* Yes, yes.

*Man.* Be resolute then, and still, for th'are coming.

*Enter King, Appius, and Seleucus.*

*King.* Are we right?

*Sel.* Yes, Sir.

*King.* Where's the Souldier?

*Sel.* He's stepp'd before.

*King.* Sir, I refrain'd to tell you what the occasion was till now, because I was asham'd to let you know my Daughters fault till you might be a witness of it, and then you would not wonder at my displeasure, when you perceive she could so put off her honour as to leave me lost in my promise to your self, and hope of a with'd Heir to succeed me here.

*Appius.* Sir, I hope some mistake has begot this doubt; the Princess ever promis'd a fair return of love to your Majesty, and I shall be glad to finde you are deceiv'd.

*King.* No, Sir, 'tis too true; for had not *Seleucus* his faith been watchful this night she had made her base flight into the loath'd embraces of a Traitor and a Subject, nor does she yet know she shall be prevented.

*Appius.* I am sorry, Sir, your doubts have so much reason to build upon.

[Manlius whistles.]

*Sel.* We are call'd.

*Man.* This way, your hand.

*Sel.* *Manlius*, do they know how to distinguish me?

*Man.* Yes, I have given them a Sign.

[He leads the King and Seleucus, and delivers 'em to the Slaves.]

*King.* Is it long to the time she appointed?

*Man.* No, Sir, 'tis the hour she commanded me to wait; one of you look out, and if you spy a fire call, that we may approach to the Garden-wall with the Boat.

*Phil.* I go.

[Exit.]

*Sel.* If it be possible let *Olinda* fall by the board, I'de have her dead, she'll be talking else.

[Enter Philemon.]

*Phil.* I have made a Light from the Princesses Window.

*Manl.* Quickly then set to the Wall; and do you hear *Rho-dian*?

[They whisper.]

*Phil.* Leave that to me. [Enter Claricilla and Oliinda above.]

*Clar.* Dost think they'll come? Dost thou believe I shall be happy? My Love was ever of her blifs afraid.

*Oliind.* You need not fear; I am confident your thoughts will be prosp'rous, I hear the water dash. Who's there, the Souldier?

*Man.* Yes, 'tis I. Who's there, *Oliinda*?

*Oliind.* Yes, and the Princess.

*Man.*



*Man.* Come to the next corner, we are all ready, be speedy.

*Exit.*

*Enter King, Appius, and Seleucus ; to them Manlius, and Claricilla.*

*Man.* You are safe, the Slaves are the men I told you of ; your Father, *Appius*, and *Seleucus* are all here ; but be confident.

*Sel.* Stand close till they be off the Wall, and *Olinda* come, for she is guilty too.

*Enter Manlius, Melintus, Philemon, and Ravack.*

*Man.* Fall'n by the board, and not to be found ? S' death, Slave, thy life shall answer the neglect.

*Phil.* She perish'd by her haste, no fault of mine.

*Man.* Leave your prating, Sirrah. Madam, your pardon for this unfortunate accident, your Maid is lost, fall'n by chance by the board, and drown'd ; I should not dare to look you in the face after this but that I am confident I shall shew you other Friends that are as dear to you.

*Clar.* My Maid lost ! O set me back again, this ill omen foretells a greater danger.

*Man.* Can there be danger to *Claricilla* where these Friends are ?

[*Discovers the King, Appius and Seleucus.*]

*Clar.* Ha ! Traitor to my Love and me, What hast thou done ?

*King.* Thou art a Traitor, unworthy, no more a Daughter, but the sin and shame of my bloud ; Fool that thou art, couldst thou thou believe that thy base passion could walk id so close a disguise that my anger could not finde it : no, thou art deceiv'd ; and to urge thee to despair, know, thy obscure Paramours, *Melintus* and *Philemon*, (the two Wolves to my heart) thou hast thus with safety cut away, put off to the shoar, and there thou shalt behold their ruine.

*Manlius stands by the King, Philemon goes to Claricilla, Ravack to Appius, they seize them.*

*Sel.* Yes, Put off, that's the Word, and then put off hope, and in amazement behold the Lightning that's wrap'd in this swoln cloud, which now breaks, and in death shoots your several fates.

*King.* Heaven, thou art just ; and 'tis equal to let me fall in the design I laid to destroy those noble youths ; but for thee, I will not look upon such an hated Traitor when I am so near my home.

*Sel.* No, you must be witness first to the Marriage of this Princess, then you shall both be a Sacrifice to our *Hymen*.

*Clar.* Thy wife ? I smile upon thee ; thou art so base a thing thou couldst never finde my anger yet ; my scorn was ever strong enough to strangle thy hopes.

*Sel.* Anon'twill be my time to smile when dy'd in thy Father's bloud, my Revenge shall force all their Sweets from thee which I will gather in the presence of thy Paramour; nor shall he or these have liberty to dy before I have enjoy'd thee; but that act once past the Earth shall not redeem their Lives; Do you perceive how small a share you are like to have in this Kingdom?

*Appius.* I am glad to see thee grown to such a height of sin; for now my hopes tell me the Gods will not suffer such a Dog to bay them long, their Lightning will shoot thee, Monster.

*Man.* Sir, stay not to talk, but away to Neptune's Temple; when we have perform'd what you resolv'd there, then to the Gal-ly, and end your hunt.

*Sel.* Binde them then, and let's be gone.

### ACT. V. SCEN. IX.

*Enter Timillus above, Jacomo below knocking.*

*Tim.* **W**Ho's there?

*Jac.* 'Tis I, *Jacomo*; we are lost if you stay this night, your Friends aboard are betray'd to the King, and the Princess that was this night to meet him is surpriz'd in her journey by the treachery of a Souldier that they trusted; and if you attempt not your escape you are lost; your Window's large and stands upon the Haven; if you can swim, this night leap in, and I'll be ready on the shoar to receive you, with dry Cloaths and Horses, to convey us to our safety; if you stay you perish.

*Tim.* Nay, I can swim, but the season is somewhat too cold for that pleasure; I could be glad to have the wounds the mad Dog gave me cur'd without being drench'd in Salt-water; but however if you'll assist me, I'll leap far enough.

*Jac.* What hour shall I expect you?

*Tim.* At Twelve.

*Jac.* Till then Farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Tim.* There's some comfort yet, where there is a way, when leaping forth a Window can do't; Well, if I get free if ever I come into any company that think it lawful to love any woman longer than a man has use of the Sex, they shall geld me. By this hand I have lain with a hundred unsound Wenches with less danger than I have look'd upon this wooing, this scurvy honourable Matrimony, which is so dangerous a thing the very standers by are not safe. I must swim but for wishing well to it; but from this time either *Melintus* shall quit his honourable way to his Loves, or I'll leave him to the honourable dangers.



## ACT. V. SCEN. X.

*Enter Seleucus, King, Melintus, Manlius, Ravack, Appius, Philemon, Claricilla, and a Priest.*

*Seleuc.* Stand, now Priest do your office. [*He take, Clar. by the hand*  
*Clar.* Has this impious Traitor bound the hands of Justice, that thus she lets him proceed to mischief, and will not in her own battlestrike? Must the innocent fall and none defend them?

*Phil.* Yes, fair one, and in their usual way shew their power, which thus from the meanest of the earth Heaven has rais'd me a Guard for your Virtues. [*Philemon draws his Sword.*

*Sel.* Ha!

*Phil.* Who is so much a Slave that he can let this sin chain him for ever?

*Man.* How's this?

*Phil.* We that have together born our miseries, and with a harsh fate worn out our weary days, have not amongst them all met one that will ly so heavy on us as this base act if we assist the Traitor.

*Rav.* Sir, be free, and let honour onely draw your Sword.

*Ravack releases Appius, they draw, as Seleucus attempts Manlius sets a Dagger to his breast.*

*Sel.* Kill that Traitor, Slave.

*Mel.* Free the King ---- Fool, canst thou yet read the miseries thy hated life shall feel? Here *Melintus* tells thee what they are.

[*Manlius undisguises himself.*

*Sel. Melintus!*

*Mel.* Yes, *Melintus*, whilest *Philemon* and *Manlius* triumph in the Victory their Loyalty has gain'd over thy insulting treacheries ---- Sir, to you I kneel for pardon, for thus venturing to threaten dangers; all else are acquainted with the Plot we laid to discover to your abused trust this wretched Monster. [*Rav. seizes Seleuc.*

*Clar.* The Prince, Sir, was of Council in all we did.

*Mel.* And we have his consent, Sir, to be happy.

*King.* Of all I ask a pardon whom my doubt has injur'd; and I'll no longer cross your joys, you have my consent, and Heaven crown your wishes; but for thee, thy villany shall destroy thee.

*Sel.* Madam, to your virtues which my mischiefs still have hunted thus low I bow, and when with repentant tears I have wash'd the way let my last breath finde your faith. That I lov'd the rate I would have paid speaks how much; and since from him I derive these miseries, by his power which you have bow'd to I beg and conjure your mercy that it may in pardon finde me; and then with a wound here I'll give Balm to those under which my honour now languishes.

[*He draws his Dagger.*

*King.* Disarm him.

*Sel.* Attempt it not.

*Clar.* Hold, I forgive.

*Sel.*

*He stabs  
himself.*

*Sel.* Can you forgive? O! this mercy has chang'd my opinion; I thought nothing could have made *Claricilla* more like an Angel: but this mercy has added to all thy beauties a heavenly form; and one wound to those that justice threatens; and thus, fair soul, 'tis fit I offer my self, though none be more unfit for sacrifice: and whilst my faults expire in the blood that bred them, from Heaven onely shall *Seleucus* beg a pity, my hate dwell with all the rest. O turn not, but look upon the ruine you have made; and while I thus gazing dy, witness my Heaven, (which is *Claricilla*) I fall to love and scorn a Martyr.

[*Dies.*

*King.* While Justice is striking let me lift a hand: Here *Melintus*, this I hope will cure all the wounds my unkindness gave thee; and now to Court, that when thou hast these bonds put off *Hymen* may new Fetters bring.

*Mel.* Sir, your pardon, if I say I must not change this habit till my joys are full, and by another bond freed; this Disguise has been so fortunate that I dare not quit it while 'tis possible to miss my wishes.

*King.* Take your pleasure.

*Phil.* O Madam, you have heard a story which makes me blush to look upon you.

*Clar.* *Philemon* must not be troubled now when our joys are thus complete, but live in smiles to recount our miseries.

*King.* The story how we came to be thus happy we'll reserve to crown our Feast with; *Atanlius*, thy part in the success of this day shall not be forgotten. To the Boat, and then to the Temple, and let the Priests sing an *Epithalamium* to these Lovers praise, whose faiths have turn'd their Chains to Myrtle and triumphant Bays.

*As they go singing off the Stage, Enter Timillus with a Rope to make his Escape, hears them sing, and thence understands 'tis all joy and peace, and so speaks.*

*Tim.* Nay, if the Winde be in that Corner I'll leap no Leaps, but thus with a Health,

*The Prayers of the Laity,  
Give thanks for their Delivery.*

FINIS.



THE  
PRISONERS:  
A  
TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Scene *SARDINIA*.

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Written by  
*THOMAS KILLIGREW,*  
IN  
LONDON.

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DEDICATED  
To His Dear NIECE  
THE  
Lady *CROMPTON*.

---

*L*ONDON,

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold  
at his Shop at the Sign of the *Blew Anchor* in the  
lower Walk of the *New-Exchange*. 1664.



## The Names of the Actors.

The King of *Sicily*.

*Eumenes*, the Sicilian General.

*Sortanes*,  
and } Two Sicilian Lords.  
*Cleon*,

*Philon*, a Sicilian Lord, Kinsman to the King.

*Theagines*, Judge of *Sardinia*.

*Memnon*, Chief Priest of *Sardinia*.

*Hipparchus*  
and - } Now Prisoners, the lost Sons of *Memnon* and  
*Pausanes* } *Theagines*.

*Gallippus*, a banished Sicilian Lord, now a Pirat.

*Zenou*, alias *Pelins*, a disguised Lord of *Sardinia*, in love  
with *Zenonia*, a Lady of *Eucratria*'s, who was abus'd by  
*Eumenes*, the Sicilian General.

*Dyon*,  
and } Two Sardinian Commanders.  
*Cremnofeild*,

*Procles*, an old common Souldier.

Boat-swain

Sailers.

Slaves.

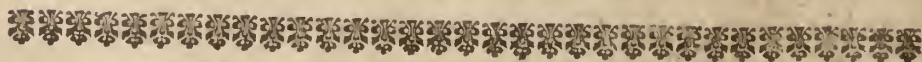
*Lyfimella*, Sister to the King of *Sicily*.

*Lencanthe*, Daughter to *Theagines*.

*Eucratria*, Daughter to *Memnon*, beloved of the King of  
*Sicily*.

*Eugene*, *Lyfimella*'s Woman.

## The Scene *SARDINIA*.







# THE PRISONERS, A TRAGI-COMEDY.

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## ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*Enter the King of Sicily, Sortanes, Eumenes,  
and Cleon.*

*King.*

**A**

Re the Gallies come from *Rhodes* ?

*Eumenes.* Yes, Sir ; they arriv'd this evening.

*King.* Then w're all in readiness ; and if the gods smile upon us, those proud Sisters shall find they have pull'd down fire by playing with my anger ; thus to pretend a vow to peace, and feign a Law by which they're bound not to arm but in their own defence : come, 'twas treacherously design'd ; and since in our greatest danger they could leave us to that sudden ruine that then threatned all our Nation with a forreign yoke, they shall find (now our vertues have wrought through that storm) what enemies we can be, whose friendship they have despis'd ; till in their bosoms I have thrown all those miseries of war, whose single name was such a terror to them ; but where's our Sister ? did you call her, *Cleon* ?

*Cleon.* She went this evening, in her Galley, to take the air.

*King.* When she returns tell her, I must speak with her. — And (d'you hear ?) *Eumenes* ! let all things be in readiness to put to sea, with the morning tide. The wind stands fair still ?

*Eumen.* Yes, Sir ; the wind's south.

*King.* What said the Captain of the Galley that you took, had they notice of our intent ?

*Eumen.* Yes, Sir ; he says they had intelligence, but they are so unprepar'd for war that the knowledge was no advantage ; they received it as men stabb'd in their sleep, that wake only to find their dangers certain.

[ g ]

*King.*

*King.* Their falshoods have begot their fears, and now like cowards they fall upon their own swords. *Eumenes*, let the slaves be well fed to night.

## ACT. I. SCEN. II.

*Enter Lyfimella, Philon, Eugene, and three Souldiers, being chased ashore by Pyrats.*

*Philon.* Fly Madam, save your self while we with our faiths oppose the pursuers; for know, *Philon* will lay his body a willing sacrifice to intercept your danger.

*Lyfimet.* Oh Cozen, which way shall we take? I know not where we are; why did you land here? he durst not have pursu'd us to the harbour; my Brothers fleet, now in readiness to depart, would have protected us.

*Eugene.* This way the slave ran that went to call for aid.

*Pyrats with- in cry follow, follow.* *Philon.* Hark, Madam, w<sup>e</sup> are pursu'd; 'tis now no time to talk, upon my life, it is *Gillippus*, and the bold *Pyrat* I fear knows the value of the prize he hunts. *[Within follow, follow.]*

*Lyfimet.* They come, take some other way, and try if you can divert their chase whilst we take Covert in these woods.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

## ACT. I. SCEN. III.

*Enter Gillippus, Hipparchus, and Souldiers of their party.*

*Gillip.* Follow Mates, for we have in chase the wealth of Kingdoms; one whose maiden mine the gods would dig in, nor has her virgin earth been wounded yet for that precious metal, but keeps her Indies still unconquer'd; if we gain her, we need sail no more to find uncertain fates; she's prize enough.

*Hippar.* Slip not this opportunity then; you know not how long fortune will Court us; which path took she?

*Gillip.* I know not; let us divide our selves; I'll take this.

*[Exit Gillippus.]*

*Enter Pausanes, and meets Hipparchus.*

*Paus.* *Hipparchus, Hipparchus*; what glorious things were those that fled us, as if we durst hurt 'em?

*Hippar.* They were handsome women, man.

*Paus.* Were they but women?

*Hippar.* But women! no, but women.—What ail'st thou?

*[Pausanes stands with his eyes fix'd on the ground.]*

*Paus.* I'me sure they are more then man; for I never saw any of that sex that made me tremble, yet these did; and with a cold fear the memory dwells in my breast still.

*Hippar.* What? thunder-struck by a woman! courage, man.  
Black



Black eyes though they lighten yet they do not use to shrink, our hearts in the scabbard. *He shakes him.*

*Paus.* These do not use to fight, do they? — If they do, by all the gods, they'll conquer me; oh *Hipparchus*, do not mock my misery; but tell me, hast thou seen many such? are such formes usual amongst 'em? this has *Medusas* power, in a beauteous form, and I am chang'd to weeping Marble. *Hipparchus laughs.*

*Hippar.* By this good day, he's in love; could I be so, how happy should I be; for I have been pretty lucky in the sex; and could I have lov'd all that I have lain with, what a share of heaven should I have had? — Look how he stands now! *Pausanes!* what dost mean, let fall thy weapon when thou pursu'st a Wench?

*Paus.* A Wench! what's that? I thought of none.

*Hippar.* What is a Wench? why, the greater part, and the handsomest; and that they are not the better part of woman, is yet to be disputed.

*Paus.* How canst thou distinguish 'em? how dost thou know a Wench?

*Hippar.* How do I know 'em? several ways, but the best and certain'st, is by feeling 'em.

*Paus.* But that I know from our rocking in the Cradle it still has been so, I should wonder how we two came to be friends; ther's such contrarieties even in our natures, that both looking on one and the same heavenly form, we should thus from the same subject draw such different thoughts; for whilst I was Philosophying upon her diviner part, and preparing how to worship her, thou wert casting to pollute her; but, prithee tell me, were it not better to find those beauties that adorn her, the cloathing of a perfect goddess, then such a falling image?

*Hippar.* Faith, in serious thoughts (which handsome women ought not to be mingled with) worship is a good thing; but to have them worship me I should think were better. — But, prithee put off this serious discourse now; this is no time to talk when we have such prey in chase.

*Paus.* Fare thee well; but that I know thee stout, faithful to thy friend, and one that speaks worse of himself than any other dares, I'de tear thee from my bosome; but when I know this, and how strictly thou wilt pay thy vows to honour, thou shalt dwell for ever here.

# ACT. I. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Gillippus, following Lysimella.*

*Gillip.* **Y**OU are very fair; let that remove your wonder, how I dare again gaze upon that excellence. — Why do you frown? is it your innocence, or your beauty, that you mistrust? that thus you arm your self with anger to defend you: Pray leave to be an enemy, you see that could not protect you. *She frowns.*

*Lyfimel.* No, Monster; 'tis not to see thee play thy part that troubles me; but to think that heaven fails in hers, thus to leave vertue without a guard, while lust and rapine grow strong in mischief; as if the innocent were created white, only to be fit to take the murtherers purple.

*He kneels.*

*Gillip.* As you have mercy remove that threatening danger; that ruine in your curl'd brow, and in justice (which your anger cannot know) weigh my action and cross fate together; then call to mind how severely I was punish'd for a single fault, a fault that my love pleaded for, but did not excuse; and when you have found that blot in my story, if you are equal you must confess all my life, to that hour, paid you an humble and a faithful service, and to the King my Master a ready hand, and a loyal heart; nor could he urge any thing against my pretence; but that I was born his subject; yet that I could willingly have undergone, and all things else but your scorn, which still left me to my despairs, I had else waited my fortune, and not by force attempted to have gain'd my wishes.—Oh Madam, had you not bow'd me that way, but try'd what I could have suffer'd for you, not from you, 'twould have started your soft soul to have seen me suffer that would through a thousand hazards have courted your favour till I had slain your Beauties Martyr.

*Lyfimel.* Away; thy oily tongue, nor bloody hand can prevail, thy flattery and thy force; I am by my resolutions above both, for Love and his soft fire thou never felt'st it, nor know'st that god but by the name: These thy false stoopings conclude thou canst not worship, that thus durst again by force attempt me; that heart that truly loves nobly suffers; and knows that god of passion is to the longing soul both the hunger and the food; and if his heaven be not reach'd by knees, their hands dare not, nay cannot; yet may'st thou live to love, and me, I wish it not to glory in, but to punish thee.

*He rises up.*

*Gillip.* Are you so resolv'd? then I'll kneel no more; but frowning gather all thy sweets; begging Lovers teach women a way to deny, which else they durst not know——(A slave there) *Hipparchus*, take to your charge this fair folly, and as your eyes look to her; let not her face betray your faith; away, I say, convey her to the Galley, there my Empire will begin. [*The slave binds her.*]

*Enter a Slave and Hipparchus.*

*Lyfimel.* Think'st thou thy threats can fright me? no, I cannot so much doubt the care of heaven, as to think that power, whose providence considers the fall of every little Bird, will sleep now, and o'resee the ruine of a Kingdom; no, Monster, I defy thee.

*Gillip.* Away to the Galley; there, when we have got the booty, I'll meet you. [*Exit.*]

*Hippar.* 'Tis a lovely form; with what a scorn she bears her fortune!

*Lyfimel.* Sir, I am but a stranger to you; yet if you durst disobey this bad man, and give me freedom, I will not say I can reward such a benefit; but I am certain I can be grateful; can you do it?

*Hippar.*



*Hippar.* If I durst be dishonest, Madam, I think I could.

*Lyfimel.* Dishonest, Sir! if it were not mine own cause I would dispute the act; but since 'tis for my self, I'll urge no more; for know I can with less pain be a prisoner then twice beg my freedom; obey him, Sir.

*Hippar.* With pain and blushes, Madam, I shall. *[They meet Paus.]*

*Paus.* Ha! 'tis she, and bound, *Hipparchus!* whither dost thou lead that innocence?

*Hippar.* Our Captain deliver'd her to me, with command to carry her to the Galley.

*Paus.* Hold, *Hipparchus*, at what price hast thou accepted this unbecoming office? 'tis not like thy self; the brave hunter dotes not upon the quarry; nor had *Hipparchus* wont to fight for spoil.

*Hippar.* Nor do's he now; nor ever shall so faulty a conquest hang upon my name as to make me blush the victory: She was deliver'd me a pris'ner by our Captain, as the Jewel of his soul; and she can witness that to my faith he left the securing her to the Galley; and *Pausanes* knows *Hipparchus* dares not break a trust.

*Paus.* Alas! thou mistak'st this service; for to do this act is breaking trust with heaven; thou break'st with the gods, thou break'st with them that gave thee credit for thy courage, and thine honour, and sent thee forth their Souldier to fight for them; and this is their day of Battle; here's the vertue on whose side thou ought'st to bleed, the innocence in whose cause they bid thee dye to live a conqueror with them; now thou flyest, now thou runn'st away; *Hipparchus* flies, meanly vanquished, as if by a pannick fear terror-struck, for he is beaten by a mistake, and conquers for his enemy, while he loses his fame at home.

*Hippar.* Hold, what means *Pausanes* thus with injurious words to wound his friend?

*Paus.* I injure thee! I wound *Hipparchus!* I throw a scandal upon my friend! ye gods strangely punish *Pausanes* when he do's so.

*Hippar.* What do you less, when you upbraid me for my faith, and with art of words labour to make me appear faulty? as if you did not know the law by which we are bound is not alike with freemen; we are his slaves, and for our loyalty have been rewarded with these priviledges above our fellows; would'st have me kill the cause of his bounty, and in justice, for my treachery, become a slave, and make that which was my fate my punishment? I tell thee, *Pausanes*, I could not be free here, should I do this act.

*[Lays his hand upon his breast.]*

*Lyfimel.* Defend me, ye powers, from this youth; his honour brings greater dangers then the traytors bands. Sir, pray plead *Pausanes.* *She looks on*

*Paus.* Thou see'st how tamely I have pleaded, and in calmness urg'd my reasons; once again, by our wounds and blood so oft together shed that their mixtures have in their fall upon the earth begot a kind of kindred, by all our miseries which still have been ally'd, by our friendship I conjure thee, give me her freedom. *Hipparchus offers to go.*

*Hippar.*

*Hip.* I see thou hatest me, else my Reasons would prevail, and thou wouldst leave to prefer a Pris'ner or a Face before thy Friend, and his faith given; and therefore know, though your friendship do plead, when 'tis thus wilfully against mine Honour, I can be deaf.

*Paus.* Thou canst be any thing, and I can weep to finde it: Ye Gods! would I have us'd *Hipparchus* thus?----- O Heavens! that ever I should call thee Friend! ----- *Hipparchus*, stay; I have one Argument still left, unbinde her or guard your self.

*Hip. offers to go away:*  
*Paus. draws.*

*Hip. Pausanes!*

*Paus.* Your Sword.

*Hip.* Hear me speak.

*Paus.* No words, her freedom or your Sword.

*Hip.* Why then I draw; and *Pausanes* knows I will not be beaten into an opinion; and since thou hast drawn thy Sword I will not yield her, my honour forbids me. Thou art injurious to think thy force can prevail beyond thy Reason and thy friendship; for I tell thee, *Pausanes*, thy anger should not start me if I could make thee an Enemy.

*Paus.* Defend your self. [They fight, and are both wounded.]

*Hip.* Will you yet give me leave to be faithfull?

*Paus.* No, *Hipparchus* hunts his will, not his faith.

*Lis.* As you have honour hold, and let a Virgins tears that shall fall to Seas divide your anger but till my Prayers can confirm your friendship. [Here Hipparchus gets Pausanes down.]

*Paus.* Look upon her tears and these wounds, whose anguish thy friendship not thy sword brings, and then weigh the act: I would thou hadst been ten Enemies rather than one Friend, to have disputed this cause. [Hipparchus disarms him.]

## ACT. I. SCEN. V.

*Enter Gillippus, Zenon, and Souldiers.*

*Gillip.* **M**ake all possible speed aboard with the Booty, they pursue us close-----Command *Hipparchus* and *Pausanes* ashoar to guard us; Tell 'em our Scouts are beaten in, and the Kings party presseth upon us-----Ha! what means this? What makes the ashoar?

*Paus.* That which thou canst not make aboard; she has made an honest man; and if thou dar'st make another she may have two Friends.

*Gil.* *Hipparchus*, resolve this Riddle.

*Hip.* This woman whom you gave to my trust *Pausanes* would have releas'd; and when his Arguments, as Friend, could not prevail, meanly, he threw off his faith, and by force attempted to take her from me.

*Gil.* Slave, did I for this prefer thee when at the Sack of *Tunis* thou becam'st my Pris'ner, and by thine own confession wert a thing without a name, and couldst neither from men nor countrey claim



claim a being? now thy Treachery shall make thee as dark an *Exit* as thy base soul had entrance.

*Paus.* I scorn thy threats, from this death I shall begin to live; till now I lay wrapp'd in rust, and the Canker fed upon my fame; from this act I shall adopt a name which till this minute I despair'd of since that fatal day in which old *Perseus* fell, in whom onely liv'd that knowledge we so hunt for; and *Hipparchus*, if thou continuest thou'lt be asham'd to finde. For the bounties thou urgest, *Gillippus*, what were they but making us a better kinde of Slaves, commanded Commanders, empaling our free souls so that we could employ but one virtue, our courage, since we serv'd thee; and that has thrown us into dangers honour would be asham'd to own, and brought wounds that leave these blushing scars. This, when *Hipparchus* has let fall his passion, will make him tremble to finde he could not fear but bleed for a Traitor, and struck against a virgins honour, and in his rage sold his Friend to buy his will: Then, then, *Hipparchus*, the wounds thou now art proud of will hang upon thee with more dishonour than thy Chains; for me, I smile at the chance; for though I have mist my first freedom yet I have found my last wounds. *He turns to Lisimelia.*

*Hip.* Ha!

*Gil.* Villain, hast thou not yet enough laid open thy treacherous soul? Art not satisfy'd to be false thy self, that thus thou labour'st to shake his try'd faith? *Hipparchus*, kill him, kill ev'n his memory, that the ingrateful Slave may fall like a Dog, and leave no name behinde him----- yet hold, he shall not dy so nobly, nor finde such mercy in his fall: *Hipparchus*, Strip the Slave, and upon a Tree stretch the Traitor's body; there let him hang alive like the condemn'd fruit to the fruitless Tree, doom'd thither to live a death; and would count that Murder that threw him there Mercy, if it would come and break the snare. *The slaves offer to kill him*

*Lis.* Bloody Villain, dar'st thou command this with a belief thou shouldst be obey'd? What is he that has so much Hell about him, that dares execute what thy bloody rage imposes?

*Paus.* Gentle Soul, plead not for *Pausanes*, nor grudge him this glorious end; for now I fall, what I could not have liv'd with him, Honour's servant.

*Gil.* Away with him, and see it done; or by the Gods he pulls his own fate down that disputes it.

[*The Slaves seize Pausanes, Hipparchus stays 'em.*]

*Hip.* He that trembles at death let him dy; 'tis just. Hold----- Sir, witness my wounds, I dare be loyal; and when my faith was given I swom through the Streights of Friendship to serve you; yet though I did this, because my faith was given, and Honour told me I was in the right; Do not think I will be so faulty to my Friend as to start at your frown more than his sword, or be fright-ed to the Murder of my Brother.

*Gil.* Ha! what's this?

*Hip.* No, *Gillippus*, I have no such aguey courage, nor comes my honour so by fits. Know, though I durst not break my trust, yet I dare

dare disobey your impious commands : nor can you call it Treachery when to your face I disavow it : Frown not, for whilest I have mine old guide, Honour, there's no act brings so dark a hazard but *Hipparchus* will strike a fire from it shall light him through.

Gill. Zenon  
and the slaves  
draw.

*Gil.* My Rage, whither wilt thou hurl me? Draw, Mates.----- Villains, though my anger has lost her tongue, yet her hands are left still ; and those in wounds shall print on your wretched bodies my Revenge.

*Hip.* There, defend thy self ; Fear not, Madam, these are our Enemies. [*Hip. returns Paus. his Sword, they defend themselves.*]

*Paus.* Now I have my wish. [*Paus. steps to Lys. and unbinds her,*

*Gil.* At this rate take it. *Gil. wounds him.*

*Paus.* Think'st thou I would not buy her freedom when my blood could purchase it? Have I liv'd as if I fear'd wounds? thou canst scarce be mine Enemy after this favour. O that I could kiss it, thou shouldst kill me ere I would take my lips from it.

*Lys.* For what fate I am reserv'd I know not, but I am resolv'd to shun this if it be possible-----Help, Rape, Murder, Murder.

[*She runs out, and meets the King her Brother.*]

*Enter the King, and Souldiers, they beat off Gillippus and Zenon, and take Hipparchus and Pausanes.*

*King.* Binde these, and pursue the rest. Sister, well met, Come you along with me. [*Exeunt omnes*]

## ACT II. SCEN. I.

*Enter the King, Lyfimella, Philon, Sortanes, Cleon, Hipparchus, and Pausanes bound, with a Guard.*

*King.* **Y**OU are my Sister, but I beg you will urge me no more ; thy softness was betray'd, and because they were penitent thou thought'st them innocent ; I tell thee, *Lyfimella*, if they could have hop'd to have born thee hence thou shouldst have seen Lust and Pride flow naturally in them ; 'twas their fear made them fawn ; Away with them to the Galley.

*Paus.* Our fears?

*Hip.* Had we scap'd misfortunes till we met fears, thy Army, King, might have found a Grave ere they had seen us bound ; and to let thee see we have no shaking souls, this threatn'd misery shall not make us or fear or fawn on thee.

*Paus.* Peace, *Hipparchus*, let him see us dy ere touch an Oar ; 'twill resolve him what we dare do.

*Lys.* Has my Brother lost all his nature? Then I shall not wonder that I have lost the interest of a Sister. Can you be a King and have neither mercy nor justice? Farewell ; henceforth I may obey but  
*They offer to lead Hip. and Paus. away.* ne're approve your acts----- Hold, *Sortanes* ; Sir, look upon their wounds,



wounds ; ye gods ! ought any thing that chance owns make men fall so low that we esteem 'em less than beasts ? See, they bleed still ; Can you leave 'em like Dogs to lick these wounds, whose ev'ry drop of bloud, I can witness, sell a sacrifice to honour : O 'tis a fault, a fault (I fear) the Gods will punish ; as if men in misery had no souls, or slaves did not upwards look.

*King.* Hold, *Sortanes*, unbinde 'em. Sister, they are your Prisoners, and as you please dispose of 'em, and think not my nature cruel, or that I frown'd upon them, for Kings do often so upon the fault when they pity the man ; yet if I get the head of this Serpent, *Gillippus*, he shall finde our justice with its full weight but we'll crush him.

*Lyf.* Now I kneel to you, Sir.

*King.* What means my Sister ? Rise, my occasions give me leave onely to say Farewell ; this accident has retarded me some hours beyond my resolution. Till my return my power I leave with thee, my Sister-----And *Philon*, obey her as my self.

*Lyf.* The Gods guide and blefs the King.

*King.* *Sortanes*, command the Officers aboard, and give order the Gallies be all loose with the next Tide. [Exit King.

*Lyf.* *Philon*, pray let your care provide for those men. [She looks back as she goes out. Exit.

*Paus.* O *Hipparchus*, I am lost ere I have found my self, and have fought for bonds ; Come my Friend.

*Hip.* That title confirms my life ; for now I finde my rage did not destroy my self, and through thy wounds let out thy friendship, with joy I live to redeem my fault.

*Paus.* O *Hipparchus* ! This be my witness, thy friendship grows here, nor wert thou faulty at all to me, nor do I want an Argument for what I did ; thou hadst Reason, and I had Love to plead ; Love whose power yet thou never felt'st ; but when thou shalt finde he is undiscern'd got in, and in thy bosom displays his fiery wings, then like me with all that light thou'lt finde thou art i'th' dark, and thus stoop to a willing yolk, sighing for what thou wouldst not part with. These, these, *Hipparchus*, are the wounds I fear ; those the Sword makes are remedies, and if deep enough bring a certain Cure. They imbrace

*Phil.* This way, Gentlemen.

*Hip.* We shall follow, Sir.

[Exeunt omnes.

## ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Enter *Eucracia*, *Leucanthe*, *Dion*, *Gillippus*, *Cremnoseild*, and *Zenon*.

*Leuc.* Noble *Gillippus*, thus to venture your self and fortunes in our hazard is an obligation we know not how to pay ; for the preparation you speak of brings our certain ruine, if by treaty we cannot appease his fury.

*Gil.* Pray, Madam, from whence springs his anger ?

[ h ]

*Enc.*

*Enc.* 'Tis just you know the cause of this War that thus venture your self into the dangers of it: this Island blest beyond our Neighbours with a fruitful peace drew us into a consideration how we came to be so happy; and in the search we found Ambition had no dwelling here: for our custome admits no one man chief, which kept all from that sin: our Government is here in the hand of a Priest and Judge, which are chosen by lot, not faction; and their power remains to them during life, if they obey our Laws; the breach of one of which Laws has begot this danger; for when our Predecessors made their vow to peace, a Law was then enacted to prohibit our taking Arms but in our own defence.

*Leuc.* This Law the King credits not; for when we return'd it as the Reason that forbade us to yield that aid to him he then implor'd, he says we urg'd it but to hide our Treachery, and concludes we assisted his Enemy because we would not fight for him; so that now having labour'd through that storm that threaten'd *Sicily* his rage bends this way.

*Dion.* And at a time when we have neither Arms nor Counsel to defend us: now, Madam, the punishments your Fathers have call'd down pursue us banish'd for abusing the Oracle and trust repos'd in them. *Theagines* being chief Judge and *Memnon* chief Priest of this Island, their Counsel and your Brothers swords were aids, which we shall best finde when to our despairs we feel the want.

*Cremn.* Yet let us not quit our selves when we must fall; the dearer we sell our lives the greater fame will wait us; nor have our men forgot to fight, though we have left to invade.

*Gil.* Spoke like a Souldier: How is the Town fortifi'd towards the Harbour? for there your danger will begin.

*Cremn.* 'Tis no regular Fortification, yet 'tis in defence.

*Gil.* Madam, I beseech you remove your fears, they are ill omens here: Speak, Courage, you know not what Miracles we may act; the night comes on apace, pray retire to your rest, while *Cremnfeld*, *Dion* and my self, go set the Watch, and provide for the entertainment of these strangers that come so rudely without inviting.

*Enc.* We'll go and joyn our strength of prayer with our Arms, which I hope will protect us, though they fail to conquer them.

*Gil.* I'll but order my Gallies to joyn with yours, and be ready in the Harbour to board 'em as they come stragling in, then I'll meet you upon the Guard.

*Dion.* *Eucratia* is the Word to night, Farewell. [*Ex. all but Gil.*

*Gil.* Farewell, shallow Fools. Think ye *Gillippus* will sell his blood for airy honour? No, 'tis Revenge or the satisfying some other Lust engages; me therefore, I'll to my Galley, and while this dark protects us command *Zenon* to lanch from the Harbour, and in a little Creek ly loose and undiscover'd with his Galley, 'tis wisdom to secure a Retreat; nor will I again put my happiness in the power of Slaves, whose Treachery wrack'd my soul, and depriv'd me



me of the pleasures I had promis'd to my self, in the embraces of the fair *Lyfimella* : but these faces have remov'd that pain; for he that like me loves beauty, where e're he meets it sows his Love, and when he enjoys it reaps his Mistress.

A C T. II. S C E N. III.

*Enter Lyfimella, and Philon.*

*Lyf.* **W**As the Fleet within sight of Land this morning?  
*Phil.* Yes, Madam, they hung about the Isle of *Asmara* these four days, kept back by contrary Windes.

*Lyf.* When returns the Galley that came from my Brother?

*Phil.* This Tide she puts off.

*Lyf.* This opportunity then will advance my Design. Have you fitted those Prisoners with a Disguise?

*Phil.* Yes, Madam.

*Lyf.* Hark, what's that, a Lute? Are they musical?

*Phil.* One of 'em plays and sings.

*Lyf.* Prithee, let's hear.

A Song.

**F**ond *Paufanes*, let not thy Love aspire  
To a hope of coming higher :  
But let thy faith grow under a Cloud  
Of being not allow'd.

And still pursue thy Love till she like well  
To know it, but thou not tell :  
Next thy care must be, she not perceive  
Thou believ'st sh' has given leave :

Thy love and sufferings thus being humbly told,  
And not a sigh too bold,  
Nor with a look speak, or let a fear be proud  
To be discern'd, lest thou love too loud.

Whilest fairly thus thou do'st thy love pursue,  
Pretending nothing due :  
Who knows but that in time her heart may grow  
To wish thee well whether she will or no ?

By such soft steps as these and slow degrees,  
And ever on his knees,  
*Paufanes* still shall approach his bliss,  
But not come neer enough to miss :

But at a distance look and love ;  
And see *Lyfimella* far above :  
Tet not wish her descending to my sense,  
Or hope of meeting but by influence.

*Exit Philon.* *Lyfimel.* Call him hither.—Now, *Lyfismella*, arm thy self with resolution; that thy sex may not still be call'd weak, nor thou yield to thy passion, lest this god in a cloud deceive thee, and force thee with his yieldings; he sings his actions, and acts his opinions, which makes him a dangerous friend here; he's one that boldly dares, yet humbly loves; he struck his Master, and bow'd to me; and when his rage had fill'd his eyes with fire, he sighing turn'd, and looking this way, in languishing streams quench'd their rising flames.—Oh power of honour! that makes this gallant in him, and honour in me not to return his love; it starts me to find honour pleas'd still to confound our Reason; and impose upon us an obedience to her Laws, when Nature and Reason plead against it; but see, they come.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Philon, with Hipparchus and Pausanes, like common Souldiers.*

*He sees Lyfismella and her woman.* *Paus.* DO thou speak, while I collect my self; yet do not, why should I refuse by my disorder to speak her power? if she deserve my love, I'm certain she may command my fears; nor is it a dishonour to shake here, 'tis not, I tell thee, *Hipparchus*, it is not; these are valiant fears, and I'll speak to her even what my heart sends out; for by my life, all that I resolv'd of I have quite forgot.

*Hippar.* But do not rashly tempt her to a scorn.

*Paus.* Scorn! Oh no, *Hipparchus*! if ever her softness hath felt Loves power she knows his proper language is free prose, and their distractions wrap the powerfull'st truth; confin'd Verse tells us they are too much themselves, nor is he afflicted who can compose his sufferings.—See where she stands. [*They kneel.*]

*Lyfimel.* Rise, your freedom is the bounty of another, and the thanks not due to me; I sent for you to tell you my Brother is now upon a design for *Sardinia*, but has been staid by cross winds, so that you may o'retake him ere he lands, in a Galley which this morning is bound for him, and in this disguise striking on his party unknown, pay his bounty.

*Hippar.* Arm us, Madam, and you shall hear how deep we'll plow, how thick we'll sow their wounds too, but we'll reap the honour, my mistake has lost me in striking against your virtue; and now we are friends so that *Pausanes* and *Hipparchus* undivided draw, I think we shall not easily be o'recome; for give me leave to say we are not often conquered but by our selves: and then though *Pausanes* be victor, *Hipparchus* triumphs.

*Paus.* We can be grateful, Madam, though not fortunate.

*Lyf.* That's my Q. pray, let me be thankful too, lest you think I can only counsel it: within this Cabinet I believe is in value as much as my person would have yielded at a Mart, if it be less, 'tis the modest opinion I ought to have of mine own worth makes me faulty in

*She fetches a Cabinet and offers it to Hipparchus.*



in the snm; for any other consideration take this too.

*Hippar.* 'Tis just, Madam, that you throw this scorn on me; for *She gives him a chain.*  
I confess the fault look'd as if I had fought for money: which opinion my refusal now I hope will remove.

*Lys.* Pray take it; why should you receive wounds for me?

*Hippar.* I do not let my self out to dangers, nor is it my trade to fight: wounds and blood are neither my daily labour nor the sweat of my brow; they are honours and pay themselves: if I have courage, 'tis a gift the gods sent me freely, and as their blessing freely I'll dispense it.

*Lys.* Your pardon, Sir, I meant no injurious upbraiding, for by my life I do not think you faulty: if you will not be rewarded, yet give me leave to supply your wants.

*Hippar.* I kiss your charity.

*Lys.* What to give him I know not; Oh unequal Law, that binds us women, and forces me to let him perish, because I know how to save him! I must not stay, I know y<sup>r</sup> are friends, and what the one has is but the others store, I wish ye may be fortunate. My last words, e're I knew what you were.

*Pauf.* O stay! unbind me ere you go; and hear my soul labour'd with admiration of your beauties; but since I was blest with knowledge of your diviner part, all your acts from honour sprung have collected those sparkes your eyes kindled; and th<sup>r</sup> are blown to a flame here, here it burns, and though this Altar (divinest) be built upon the meanest earth, scorn it not; for my offering shall be of the purest love; and my sighs shall constant incense breathe.

*Lys.* What thou might'st have done I know not; but I'm sure thou canst not now, thou hast said too much: Go fight, fight, for thou know'st not how to love. Oh woman, woman, woman still! *[Speaks aside.*

*Pauf.* Not love! what stranger then is this that's got in here, and wanders so to seek; not love! 'tis he or cowardize crept in, no third cause can beget the fears, the tremblings I labour with; Oh! teach me how to know him.

*Lys.* That stranger when thou meet'st him at the eye thou wilt find he is conceiv'd in fire, and in an instant grows to perfect form; thence in fullness of time he takes his birth into the heart which is his world; there if he prove a healthy love he lives in silence, the tongue has no part 'ith birth of gallant loves; nor are they long liv'd that make their *Exits* that way; the true births of love know no delivery. But where they took their life through the eye, this is love: thine a short-liv'd passion, I fear. *(I fear spoke aside.)*

*Pauf.* My passions are no faults, Madam, when I master 'em; when we do not serve them we command admiration; or should I yield to 'em, could any passion be unbecoming that has so beautiful a cause as the fair *Lysimella*, who (I fear) has been us'd to such Hecatombs of hearts; that my single one being but a slaves might well be scorn'd at your shrine; yet if you be that power that my thoughts have worship'd, you must confess he that offers all, though a beggar, sacrifices equal to a King. O turn not from me, but be *She turns like away.*

*She turns away.*

*Aside.*

like those gods you bow to, which though they give and guard our flocks, yet accept a Lamb.

*Lyf.* Plead no more, if thou lov'st thou wilt prefer me; I must not, dare not understand, I am too much a party to hear him plead.

*Paus.* O do not shew the several ways you have to wound: may the fire for ever inhabite in those eyes, but do not in frowns dart it this way.

*Lyf.* Be gone then. And consider what thou suest for, a slave by his passion crowned, and a Princess by her inthron'd.

*Paus.* Do but believe I love, 'tis all I beg; strike me heaven, if I have so faulty a wish as to attempt the unshrining such a power, or would live to see your beauty fall from this vast national ador'd condition, to make them my petty household god. O say! do you believe I love?

*Lyf.* Yes, yes; I believe and fear.

*Here he reverences and kneels.*

*Paus.* O continue that friendly faith; I'll at a distance kneel, for 'tis a wealth I'll pray for, fight to keep, and weep to part with: and if that way of obtaining, that way of keeping, and this sense of loss ask'd with a whole heart, and with a whole heart defended, but parted from with a broken one, can confirm it, all joys.

*[She in passion interrupts him, and in disdain speaks, and leaves him.]*

*Lyf.* Peace, be gone. *Lyfimella* collect thy self, for thou art lost. O ye gods, would ye had given more, or that I had known less of honour.

*[Pausanes starts again.]*

*Paus.* *Hipparchus*, my friend, I find my misery, and conjure thee that if thou out-live us, steal some of my ashes into her Urne, that in our earth being become equal we may become one. *[Exit.]*

*Hippar.* This is strange, yet 'tis the best kind of anger; and the storm is to friend, if I can judge a woman. *[Exit.]*

### ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Enter the King, and Eumenes, Sortanes, Pausanes and Hipparchus, with their swords drawn.*

*Alarm.*

*King.* **E**umenes, now the Souldiers are landed let 'em be drawn into *Battalia*; we'll charge this instant, and not give 'em leave at land to collect their loss at sea.

*Eum.* They were *Gillippus's* Gallies that boarded us; yet I saw not the *Pluto* there; her brazen Prow had wont with the earliest to bathe in blood her *Proserpine*.

*King.* That injury hath brought some fuel to my rage, to see they have given harbour to that traytor, that twice has attempted the rape of my Sister; and in advowance of his fault, in his Prow he wears the hellish president for that black deed.

*Eum.* Lose no time then, but while th'are scatter'd with their dangers,



dangers, and their fears strike for us, let us bring that justice their treacheries have call'd down.

*King.* Away, every man to his charge.

[*Exeunt all but Hipparchus and Pausanes.*]

*Paus.* Oh *Hipparchus*, the joy to find *Gillippus* here has dispers'd all my sad thoughts. Ye powers that rule our fates! if *Pausanes* have any of you to friend, give me *Gillippus*, this day, within my swords reach.

[*Alarm.*]

*Hippar.* So, now my friend speaks like himself; and when thou strik'st not at thy self, thou stand'st safe; but hark, we must away.

*Alarm still.*

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

*Enter Gillippus, Eucratia, Leucanthe, Dion, and Cremnofield.*

*Gillip.* **T**His is no time to talk now; they have begirt the Town, and will instantly attempt to storm it, the immediate danger calls for resistance, not counsel; *Dion*, go you to the gate that's next the harbour; and, *Cremnofield*, take you the charge of the Princess's persons; I'll to that Port against which the Kings Standard is advanc'd; if we must fall, let us not go out faintly.

*Eucratia and Leucanthe.* The gods protect us. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

*Enter Pausanes and Hipparchus, Pausanes wounded.*

*Paus.* **T**Was *Gillippus*; he fled, and left me to the multitude; Oh *Hipparchus*, pursue the chase, and if thou overtak'st him, thou'lt find the coward imboss'd with running from me; if thou canst set him up, Bay him till I come; and as thou lov'st me, let me not lose the honour of his fall.

*Hippar.* Are you sure he's this way?

*Paus.* Yes, yes; I'm certain 'twas he.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Gillippus alone.*

*Gillip.* **T**hey have forc'd the Town, and there's no hope of safety, unless I can recover my Galley, S'death; I am accur'd of late; I hunt nothing but unprofitable wounds. — Ha! *Leucanthe*, the Princess! as I could wish; yet if fortune would smile, here were a prize would heal all my unlucky wounds.

*Enter Leucanthe and Zenon.*

*Leucan.* Oh *Gillippus*, w'are lost, our lives, our honours and our gods, subject to the rage of the common Souldier.

*Gillip.*

*Gillip.* Will you venture then to follow me? if we can gain the Port I have a Galley may secure you.

*Leucan.* Oh guide me; which way, noble *Gillippus*?

*Gillip.* Come *Zenon*, follow, for there's no abiding here; hell I think fights on their side, for 'twas nothing less than a devil that forc'd, and then pursu'd me through our Guards; By day it self, he struck as sure as if he had been the fate he brought; my flight could scarce out-strip his conquest. [*A noise within, follow, follow.*]

*Zenon.* They pursue us still; away, lose no time. [*Ex. omnes.*]

### ACT. III. SCEN. V.

*Enter King, and Eumenes.*

*King.* **T**His way, this way, *Eumenes*, the gallant Reapers went; sure by this their sickles are dull'd, and their hands weary with griping such full victory; when the word was given they charg'd through their fellows, and like lightning scal'd and leap'd the wall, where once entred, cowards lose not faster then they gain'd ground; I was amaz'd to see their charge, 'twas as if they had flown, not fought for conquest.

*Eum.* They are not cloath'd proper for the Parts they Act; either their honour or condition is misplac'd.

*King.* If they survive, this day, inquire 'em out, and then, when we can reward we'll admire, now we'll assist the work.

[*As the King and Eumenes go off, they meet Leucanthe, Gillippus, and Zenon.*]

*Gillip.* Ha! the King! fly Madam, haste to my Galley and save your self.

[*The King and Gillippus fight, and Eumenes and Zenon, Gillippus wounded, Zenon quits the Stage, Gillippus throws his sword at the King, and counterfeiting falls, the King leaves him, and pursues Leucanthe.*]

*King.* Thou shalt not long impeach my stay; do you stare?

*Gillip.* Hell take thee.

[*Exit the King.*]

*Enter Eumenes and Zenon.*

*Eum.* What have you, at length, found daring to look upon the dangers? is the dead-doing *Zenon*, so fam'd for his bold deeds?

*Zenon.* Yes *Eumenes*, *Pelias* dares, though *Zenon* durst not; do's the name of *Pelias* start thee? know, false man, all thy darings cannot protect thee from the justice this brings, for the injuries thou didst me during the Treaty here, when thou sought'st aid for thy ambitious Master.

*Eum.* What act of mine during that time were you concern'd in.

*Zenon.* Hast thou forgot the fair *Zenonia*? methinks the half I borrow, for my disguise, from that name, should prompt thy soul to a remembrance of the vows, the false vows thou mad'st her.

*Eum.*

*Zenon discovers himself.*



*Eum.* False vows ?

*Zenon.* Yes, boasting her the conquest of thy vanity ; when with thy perjur'd breath thou begg'st for that thou valu'dst not, meerly to affront my passion which pursu'd her with all those truths of love, thou feignedst ; yet never reap'd a harvest for all my pains. But this is not the injury that wakes my anger ; 'tis thy scorn, not thy love of her engages me to think it should be in any mortals power to scorn that deity which I sacrifice to.

*Eum.* How do you know I scorn her ?

*Zenon.* Say thou dost not ; say thou wilt return and pay those vows of love, and by all our gods I'll kneel to thee ; for if thou'lt love again (although my Rival) her love shall guard thee, and from henceforth thou shalt be my friend ; but if thou proceed thus to triumph in her miseries (whose pains I feel, though she be insensible of mine) thou shalt find, though I cannot intreat her love, yet I can force Revenge from her darkest Caves.

*Eum.* What do's *Pelius* see about *Eumenes*, that he should take him for a fool or coward ; thus to think I would trust a Rival, or fear an enemy ? and now I know the reason of thy hate, if thou shouldst swear thou art my friend, I'de tell thee thou liest ; if mine enemy, why, I do not care.

*Zenon.* Do you sleight my profer'd friendship ? do you believe this language ?

[*They fight.*]

*Eum.* Yes, I understand it, and you shall find it by the answer I'll make.

[*Eumenes wounded falls.*]

*Zenon.* This ring was hers, and shall witness I have punish'd his falshood. — *Gillippus* wounded !

[*Enter Gillippus.*]

*Gillip.* Yes, *Zenon*, but not slain, and yet the King struck home ; I found 'twas folly to resist his force, unless I could have conquer'd his whole Army ; and therefore wisely I preserv'd my self for better days. — Saw'st thou the Princess *Leucanthe* since ?

*Zenon.* Yes, she's fled toward the West-port.

*Gillip.* Who's this ? *Eumenes* slain ! well, pursue *Leucanthe*, gentle *Zenon* ; and if thou findest her tell her of my escape, say thou left'st me aboard the Galley ; and if she know not where her Sister *Eucratia* is, tell her she's with me, who negligent of her own danger impatiently expects her coming to the Galley, where I'll go and wait your coming.

[*Exit.*]

*Zenon.* Yes, I'll go, but not to assist thy treachery, yet I'll bring her if I can ; she has an interest in *Zenonia* ; and if I can thus bring her into dangers, my protection of her honour will endear me to her ; and so engage her to be my friend to *Zenonia*, the thoughts of whom my soul will ever labour with.

[*Exit.*]

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

*Enter* *Pausanes* and *Procles*, *having both hold on Eucratia.*

*Paus.* U Nhand her.

*Procles.* She's my prisoner, and I will not lose her.

[*i*]

*Paus.*

*Paus.* Dar'st thou be a Souldier and speak that falshood?

*Proc.* I first seiz'd her, and I'll keep her.

*Paus.* Had thine age been able to have kept flight with me, thou shouldst have seen me hunt her through the streights of a thousand wounds, and mow down all the weeds that grew about her; yet then, then this Laurel protected by her own virtue stood safe in the midst of all that Lightning; and let me tell thee, the same cause that kept me from laying violent hands upon her makes me spare thee; 'tis a reverence that in some measure thy silver hairs command.

*Proc.* I defie thee and thy naked Chin, Talker; this plead for me, nor shalt thou finde a gray Coward here; Binde her, and then we'll dispute whose she is.

*Paus.* Binde her! Look upon her, and then tell me on which part of that divine form thou dar'st hang a Chain.

*Proc.* I'll dispute no more, unhand her, she's my Prisoner or but Earth.

*Paus.* Remove from her breast that threatn'd danger, or by our Gods thou art Earth. [He offers to stab her.]

*Proc.* Think'st thou *Procles* will quit his aged Honours for fear of a Boy proud in his first wounds?

*Paus.* Boy, nay then defend thee.

*Euc.* I know not too which is guiltiest, but I can ill preserve mine own. [They fight.]

*Paus.* She's gone, there's something whispers to me, Protect her; I'll follow her-----There, take thy Sword, I will not rob thy age in thy fall. [Exit Euc.]

*Proc.* I thank thee, and may thine be no less fortunate than this has been, and thou buy thy Honours at a cheaper rate. [Exit Paus.]

*Enter Pausanes hanging about Hipparchus neck,  
wounded and fainting.*

*Paus.* Had I liv'd to have finish'd my Revenge on that Traitor *Gillippus*; and from his bosom torn the knowledge of our selves, which in a golden Relick the Tyrant wears about his neck, and still with threatn'd loss would awe us to our faith, then, *Hipparchus*, I could have dy'd in peace.

*Hip.* Whither did you go to finde these wounds?

*Paus.* In pursuit of the fair *Eucratia*, I follow'd her through all her miseries, but not with intent to add to them, but to guard her from the raging lust of the common Souldier, till at length some of her party met us, and to them I owe these wounds.

*Hip.* This disorderly possessing the Town will ruine us; the wounds we receivd, since the Conquest are more than we got in the Attempt; the Cowards fears have in their despair struck deeper wounds than their courage knew how to deal.

*Zenon.* This way, Madam.

*Leuc.* O *Zenon*, Hasten, I know not which I fly to with greater zeal, my Sister or my safety; Is it far?

*Zenon.*

*Paus. dis-  
arms Hroc.*

*Enter Zen.  
and Leuc.*



*Zenon.* If you can pass the Port y'are safe. Ha!

*Hip.* Stand, the Word?

*Zenon.* The Word! Death, if thou refuse us passage.

*Leuc.* Or a Virgin's thine for ever, if thou dar'st let my innocence escape this ruine. O speak, Death and Dishonour pursue us close. O speak, Sir; Shall I pass?

[*Hip. is surpriz'd with Leucanthes beauty, and stands amaz'd.*

*Hip.* Pass! Yes, fair one, I dare let you pass, and through all hazards serve you; O *Pausanes*, live to counsel me; something like thy description I feel here.

[*Speaks aside to Pausanes.*

*Zenon.* Shall we pass, or no?

*Hip.* Smooth your brow, your frowns will make no way here.

*Zenon.* My Sword shall then.

*Hip.* No, *Zenon*, thou know'st it never could when *Hipparchus* deny'd thee passage.

*Zenon.* Ha! *Hipparchus*!

*Hip.* Yes, *Zenon*, *Hipparchus*; who to let this Lady see how much he dares do in her cause, he will not onely give her a passage, but with it all his peace of minde, and do thou thank her for this Sanctuary; for were it not that thou hadst taken hold on that Altar the Murder of *Eumenes* here I would have punish'd; but such is the power of that Deity that I can defer my hate, nay, forgive thee, if she'll confess thy Sword or Faith hath sacrific'd ought to her deliverance.

*Leuc.* He has, he has, and he onely can guide me to a hope of safety. Gentle youth, the Gods reward thee----Hark, I am pursu'd, if thou hast power divert their rage.

[*Within Follow, follow.*

*Hip.* Your name, leave but that to call upon in my danger, and then I'll plant my self here an Enemy to all that dare pursue your softness. O do not hide your name from me, nor leave me to bow to a Power I know not.

*Leuc.* My name's *Leucanthe*, the unfortunate *Leucanthe*; gentle youth, May all thy wishes fall upon thy head. Away *Zenon*.

[*Exeunt Leuc. and Zen.*

*Paus.* Now, *Hipparchus*, had I Reason once?

*Hip.* *Leucanthe*, the Princess *Leucanthe*, is it not?

*King.* Yes, Souldier, *Leucanthe*, the Princess *Leucanthe*, Which way went she?

*Hip.* This way she went, Sir; but I must beg you'll not pursue her.

*King.* These are the Souldiers I so much admir'd. Is it your ignorance, or do you wilfully strike out the reward your daring youth has this day merited?

*Hip.* If we are faulty 'tis wilful; but this act (we hope) owns no guilt.

*King.* Is it not a fault thus to blot the Conquest, whose greatest beauties are gifts of your own hands?

*Hip.* My soul has vow'd, and I see it written yonder, not to suffer any one to pass this way whilest my Sword and I can impeach their stay.

[*Paus. offers to rise, but cannot.*

[1 2]

*Paus.*

*The King  
charges, Hip.  
onely defends  
himself.*

*Pauf.* And I, though weak in body, am strong in friendship; my Friends vows shall ever be my cause.

*Hip.* You see our resolution, Sir, and we dare dy.

*King.* And I dare fight, and thus force my passage.

*Hip.* O! hold, Sir, and hear me speak.

*King.* Shall I pass?

*Hip.* Your self can witness what faith I brought to your cause; my charge usher'd pale death about the field; and when I found him lazy and waiting upon Fate I leap'd from his lean side, and with my Sword dealt more deaths than he.

*King.* Pursue that act still, and let me hunt this scornful Lady till with miseries I have made her wild heart tame, the Conquest will be perfect then.

*Hip.* All's done already; I fought to Conquest, and Cowards onely strike afterwards. A Foe that flies is your Slave, and no longer deserves the name of Enemy.

*King.* Shall I pass?

*Hip.* 'Tis slaughter you pursue, and will stain all those honour'd wounds your Conquest gave; but for this Princess, whose virtue I bow to, O, Sir, can you be so blinded with your rage as to avow a War with her?

*King.* Leave counsel and obey; Mercy and Justice are specious shews, but to obey is your best Sacrifice, which if thou offer'st not, by mine anger I'll offer thee.

*Hip.* Obey! Yes; the Gods I'll obey, and strike against all that strike at them; Know, you command a Free-man, one that chose your party, and none of that number that was born under you; And yet I beseech you, Sir, attempt not your passage here; for I must not betray her safety as to defend her cause weakly.

*King.* Are you so resolute?

*[They fight.]*

*Pauf.* O Hipparchus! hold; Remember 'tis the King, lift not thy hand against him; this Victory will be full of Curses. O for strength enough to part them!

*[Euc. pursu'd by the Kings party lays hold on the Kings Sword, and yields her self Prisoner, who amaz'd in passion speaks.]*

*Euc.* This by his habit should be a Commander to him, (since I must feel the misery of bonds) I'll yield my self. Defend me, Sir, I am your Prisoner, my name's *Eucratia*.

*King.* Hold your Swords; he that adds another stroke to War shall feel the weight of this.

*Hip.* Blest chance.

*King.* *Eucratia*! Are you *Eucratia*?

*Euc.* Yes, and a Princess, till thy ambitions (King) hunted me to my ruine.

*King.* O *Eucratia*! Soul of sweetness, that wretched King see prostrate at thy feet; and if thou canst not pardon, tread upon my neck, and let thy virtues sink me to my Grave: there's something divine about thee which in an instant has from my temples torn the Laurel reward of all my bleeding wounds, and from a conquering King made me all thy Slave-----Command me something.

*Enter*



*Enter a Souldier.*

*Sould.* Help, Sir, to save the Princess *Leucanthe* that's lost, sold to lust and rape, if you redeem her not suddenly,

*Enc.* Unfortunate *Leucanthe*, I foresaw this danger, sad Fate! O my Sister!

*Hip.* *Leucanthe*! Which way went the Ravisher? O Sir, your pardon.

*Sould.* I saw *Gillippus*, i'th' *Pluto*, bear her from the shoar.

*King.* *Gillippus*! 'tis false, pray (Madam) remove your fears, my self slew him in the battel.

*Hip.* O Sir, he has abus'd you by some wile; for on my life I saw him since your encounter.

*Sould.* Let me dy, if this be false.

*Enc.* O Sir! now I claim your offer, and beg, not Command, you will not complete your Conquest, and pursue this Ravisher.

*King.* Souldier, thy faith in her cause has been already try'd, Do thou provide one of the swiftest Gallies for this Expedition. Come, Madam, we'll all go to save this Innocent: Some one help this wounded Youth aboard, and see he want for no care; such virtue shines not every where.

*Enc.* Sir, his courage has oblig'd me, and he shall be my care; he found me when I was fall'n into the rage of the common people.

*Pauf.* I kiss your hands, Madam; and 'tis happiness enough that I have liv'd to serve such a virtue as is seated in the fair *Eu-  
cratia*.

*King.* Command a Cessation of Arms, and let all Acts of War cease here; for the fair *Eu-  
cratia* is now the Conquerour.

A C T. IV. S C E N. I.

*Enter Lyfimella, and Philon; Lyfimella in Boys habit.*

*Lyfimella.* **U**Rge not his condition, I must not so mistrust the Justice of those Powers I bow to as to fear they would leave me to such a scorn; a common Slave? No, *Philon*, if there were not chance in his condition, their tongues would have doubl'd under such a Load, as Love. A Slave's heart would have had too many hungry wants upon it to have found leisure to have begg'd for Love.

*Phil.* This, under favour, is no Argument; and though I fear a want in their blood, yet I believe they have wit enough, and their craft perhaps took hold of some pity which your Highness shew'd'm; for under favour, Madam, your mercies were even to weakness, and but that I fear to displease you, I could say, he but returns love.--This will move her; and as my faith and duty thus low bows *Aside.  
He kneels.*  
so

so my honour bids me defend you, especially when you have so dangerous an enemy as your passion to engage my faith against : look but upon your habit, examine the nature of this act, and you shall find you walk blinded to your honours ruine ; have you not thrown off your sex, the honour of a Queen, and now appear cloath'd in blushes, and disguis'd with faults ? but this were nothing if my fears were false, which tell me, this habit is lin'd with as faulty resolutions ; nor can you condemn those that know you not, if they conclude you have, with your sex, thrown off your modesty too.

*Lys.* Oh ! I am lost for ever.

*Phil.* No Madam, if you stay, y'are safer for this attempt, by having found your error ; I confess, to this journey I carry nothing but obedience ; had you fled to meet a plighted faith, through darkest hazards I would have waited on you ; but when you flie to follow one you know not, a slave too, that perhaps flies from you. Nay grant him a Prince, can your honour be safe when you pursue ? Oh, Madam, when you were your self, and from your Reason collected truth, and from that rock would in Arguments give law to Love ; I have heard your powerful Reasons conclude, that a Queen is safer that is pursu'd by a slave, if he keep the path of love, then the greatest Monarch of the earth could be, should she pursue a god ; and now upon my knees I beg you would not at this rate reward the ambition of a wretch.

*Lys.* Oh *Philon*, *Philon*, thou art cruelly faithful, and unsensible of my sufferings ; canst prescribe an abstinence ! but hadst thou my Fever upon thee thou would'st drink (ambition) why ? say he has that Gyant fault ; yet 'tis a glorious sin, and without it not one among all the Synod of the gods had fill'd his seat, and 'twas their fears that made it sin in us ; yet, in Loves Religion 'tis meritorious still to aspire to a Mistress ; and that love that gives, but will take no Laws, has call'd it gentleness, not savage Nature, for a servant to leapeven at the heart of his Mistress : yet thus much I'll satisfie thy faith ; by the honour of my mothers ashes, he woo'd first, and in such words as my resolution only could deny ; and for his nature, how stout, how gentle, how full of honour, judge you that were witnesses of his actions.

*Phil.* Madam, I see you are resolv'd, and then I know you will not want an argument ; and now I know not whether 'twere a blessing, or no, their protection brought, since you believe they love.

*Lys.* If thou'lt turn away I'll blush, and tell thee why I believe he loves ; thou saw'st his friendship could not divide him from me ; it made his vertues faulty passions, searching with blushing wounds an enemy in his friends breast. Oh my Cozen ! when I think on this, and call to mind how for my freedom he stood as if h'ad been immortal, and intending only that, let the false *Gillippus* wound his stout breast, which when he will defend, none, save the thunderer, or a friend can hit ; oh *Philon*, *Philon*, when I consider these miracles, why should I be so wicked as to conclude him less then a god that acts 'em ? and now take a secret from me (for  
I will



I will satisfy thee even with a faulty act) which may look like vanity; but turn thy face, and hear me; I know my Cozen is full of honour; and I know, with all that honour; he loves me, this confession I would have dy'd with ere it should have been forc'd from me, but to confute thee, for it makes thee a party here, and thy love as unfit to give counsel, as mine incapable to take it; and now I conjure thee follow and obey me, that will obey my fate; nor shall the winds that now begin in storms to plead against me, prevail; I am resolv'd; and this night I'll to sea, and in her greatest depths dive to find this rich Pearl, which the wise value not the less for having a rugged shell.

*The storm begins in the Scene.*

*Phil.* Oh Madam, to be born your Kinsman was one blessing, but to find I have a friend's place in your thoughts, two; and that you know I love, and not I tell it, is a joy beyond all but what your love brings; forgive me, and henceforth I'll obey not counsel. Your Galley shall instantly be ready; thus I have gain'd all my ends in love, by having no unworthy ends upon her I love.

[Exit.

*Lys.* O Love; do thou prosper my intent, and a Virgin shall thy Priest become; and these great truths in all thy Temples shall be sung how in thy infant hand thou grip'st a bow larger than *Joves*; so that, when thou thy darts let'st fly immortality is no guard, for oft they have through his lightning shot and struck the thunderer: thy Religion's easie, thy Law light; for thy Tables hold but one act one Commandment; obey, and we cannot miss the way; let none then say this youthful god or cruel is, or blind, since from disobedience grows all the strange crosses and dangers that we find.

[Exit.

## ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

*Enter a Hermit and his Son, with the body of an old Man.*

*Herm.* Gently Son; lay him down, and bow him forward; more of those waters, he stirs; so, so, chase him still while I dry his snowy hair which the sea could not melt, 'tis he, strange accident! but I'll not be discover'd yet.

*Storm.*

*Son.* He sighs, there's some comfort in that.

*Herm.* Sad condition for his age, when 'tis a joy to hear him sigh.

*Son.* Good heaven! what do's age abroad at this time of his life?

*Herm.* Sure he has wandred far that has miss'd a resting place in his evening; and to be piti'd when he's forc'd to seek his Inn thus late at night.

*Son.* Sure he was of some Religious Order, by his habit.

*Herm.* No matter for his habit, pull it off, and fetch him my gray Coat; dry now is better than rich.

*Son.* Which opinion if he had held, perhaps his had been dry now.

*Storm blows high.*

*Herm.* Good heaven, what a night's here! this evening promis'd dangers, but not like this; sure this Barque was one of that Fleet

Fleet that we saw off the Point last night, if we can recall life, he may inform us who they were. [*Hestirs.*]

*Son.* He stirs, and sighs still.

*Judge.* Wretched, wretched *Theagines* ; what mercy is this at length has found thee ? was my self only sav'd of all this wrack ?

*Herm.* All else perish'd.

*Judge.* Oh ! that I had mis'd this charity too ! my friend, aged *Persens*, my Brother, brave *Memnon*, and my Son, the hopeful *Pausanes*, all these my former losses have robb'd me of my griefs, which else these poor men would have requir'd of me ; O equal heaven ! thy abus'd Oracle, and breach of vows, thou now but be-ginn'st to punish. Father, by thy habit thou art vow'd unto the gods ; if then like me thou'lt not be punish'd for perjury, again deliver me to the doom they appointed, and in the watry womb of the Sea intomb me.

*Herm.* Oh, Sir ; despair not ; they appoint us better then we can chuse, and in our greatest fears surprize us with their mercies.

*Judge.* Hear but what I am, and thou'lt be afraid to harbour me ; for where ere I go, there vengeance pursues me ; my name's *Theagines*, once Judge of *Sardinia*, and blest with all that men call happiness ; Children, Wealth, and power to save or destroy where I liv'd, and though our State forbad Kings, all but that name I possess ; my Brother too, whom they have punish'd, reign'd chief Priest when I rul'd as Judge, equal in our births, equal in our blessings, in our power equal, and in our faults too alike guilty, but not alike punish'd ; for he I fear is lost for ever ; but the fault which now they are busie in punishing, is this ; 'twas enjoin'd by our Predecessors, as a grateful offering to peace, under whose protection we found such benefits as all our neighbouring Countries wanted ; that it should not be lawful for any to take up arms but in their own defence, nor upon pain of perpetual banishment send their Sons abroad, lest they might bring home the dangerous customs of other Countries ; this law was made, and with it vows of the strictest ties ; this vow we vowed, and to this Law with oaths were bound.

*Herm.* What danger could that bring you ?

*Judge.* O Father, this Law we broke ; and the curse of this vow pursues us ; for know, we had each of us a Son and Daughter ; which blessings made us covetous to have our Sons succeed us in our honours ; and therefore thought to breed them abroad, where they might learn to rule : thus by ambition blinded we abus'd the Oracle, and told the people 'twas the will of the gods our Sons should be sent abroad ; and I affirm'd if they commanded, the Law assented. Then to the charge of a faithful friend we gave our children, who were so young they knew not themselves what they were, with a command to breed 'em fit to be Princes ; but neither to the world nor themselves discover that they were so. Long this fault lay not hid, for the abus'd Oracle unask'd complains, and to the incens'd people tells our falshood ; by them we were banish'd, never to return till we had found our

Sons,



Sons, which was some mercy ; but alas ! Fate was juster then the people ; for our Sons are lost, my friend dead, and my Brother in our Pilgrimage by a strange accident divided from me. Now ought I to hope for mercy, or wish to out-live these losses ?

*Herm.* As yet you are not secur'd that these are losses ; nor has any assur'd you they are dead ; therefore defer this sadness, and let me lead you into my Cabin.

*Judge.* Oh let me lean upon thy aged shoulder ; for I have a load will sink me.

*Herm.* Do, do ; sad time when I can be a stay to a Prince ! Son *The Son* make a fire upon the shoar, that if any wretch unfortunate be cast *makes a fire* upon this loan place, they may see it and repair hither ; 'twill be *on the Stage.* some comfort to find we have charity.

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

*Enter three Slaves.*

*Slav.* **T**He gods protect us, and recall this judgment, [*Ent. Gil. Storm.*

*Gil.* Hence, ye dogs, leave your howling ; S'death, have we liv'd as if we hop'd for mercy, or expected protection from our prayers ? be gone, and endeavour ; every wise man rules his stars, and may defer that fate which prayer cannot alter, see if I have not lost my power ? why stay ye ? who plies the Pump now, she'll founder through the slaves negligence.

*Slave.* Why should we labour against heaven that has decreed our ruine ? there's no hope, we are all lost, the sea already is our grave.

*Gil.* Villain, thou shalt not dye by water, I'll be thy fate. — And yours if you stay. [*He stabs one, and the other slaves go off.*

*Enter Zenon and Leucanthe.*

*Zenon.* See if the storm has not wrought in her Element of water too, and blown it in tears from her eyes.

*Gil.* Would it had blown the fire thence too, the earthy part would not wound me ; my danger and their beauty in those active Elements lye ; for in her living Jeat the fire bears sway.

*Zenon.* I know his resolution, but I'll watch him. [*Steps aside.*

*Gil.* We are alone ; I must not lose this opportunity ; will you yet grant my suit, and yield me love ? or must I follow the examples of the gods, and in a storm compass my will ? say, will you give, or shall I force ?

*Leuc.* Is this a time for love, when the raging storm drowns thy words ? Oh thou abus'd power ! who thus enrag'd pursues us even to the last of all our name ; and for abus'd sacrifice will the Priest in judgement offer ? if thou hast decreed my fall, take it while I am fit for sacrifice, while I am pure, and my virgin snow unsoil'd. Protect me from this ravisher, whose impious heat burns his hated *Gillippus* breast, even in the bosom of the sea. *lays hold on her and pulls*

*Gil.* Cease to call, and yield me love ; thou see'st all the ship is *her.* busie with apprehension of our danger, which my love will not give leave to fear ; thoughts of thee so take up all the room here, that care of my self cannot get in.

[ k ]

*Leuc.*

*He offers to  
take hold of  
her.*

*Leuc.* Away, unhand me; consider the dangers and misery thou art in.

*Gil.* Dangers! 'tis but noise only; and to me no new thing to see the Elements thus at war, and strive to run again to their first Chaos. Thousands of times have I naked stood their rage, when the element of fire has shot his angry flame into the yielding main, as if he had meant to wound her god with his forked lightning; this I have seen, and felt the mischiefs the unruly winds beget when they break prison, and force from the entrails of the earth a dangerous birth; and still their dangers were but noise.

*Leuc.* O impious man! hast thou seen their power, and felt a mercy above it, and dost thou sleight it?

*Gil.* Sleight it? no, nor fear it; nor would you apprehend it were you acquainted with the uncertainty of this element, and with me had seen these dangers grow from nothing. A thousand times I have look'd upon her smoothest brow, and heard the false winds whisper to her, till their flatteries have wrought into her bosom, and there fill'd with ambition the covetous element that would aspire at heaven, being thus seduc'd, discovering even to the eyes of men the secrets of her womb; this I have seen too, and wrought through these dangers; nor will I believe any thing can save me when I cannot save my self: will you yield? or you'll find other dangers.

*He pulls her.*

*Leuc.* Oh strange daring! O heaven! quench his saucy flames, or add your fires to 'em, and hide your lightning in his lustful breast: fool and villain I never met before, though wise and wicked seldom joyn; dost tempt me now with all my fears about me? if I were a common prostitute acquainted with sin I durst not, when thunder speaks, listen to thy wickedness; it shakes even my Reason; rather fall upon thy knees, and no longer tempt the gods thus to our destruction.

*Gil.* Away, I'm deaf.

*Still he pulls  
her, and she  
resists.*

*Leuc.* Villain, wilt thou sin while their Plagues hang over thee; and add to thy faults while they are punishing? Oh ye winds, take my tears upon your wings, and through this storm convey 'em to that youth whose honour took me even in the midd'le of my dangers; and tell him his faith unfortunately has betray'd me to this misery. *Hipparchus*, unknown name of honour, guilty by chance, by fate only faulty; oh! that thy sword were here to defend us both.

*He takes her  
in his arms  
and sets her  
down again.*

*Gil.* Ha! is there another that you love? nay then the earth shall not save you.

*Enter Ze-  
non.*

*Zenon.* But it shall, veer more sheet, hale, tack aboard; who's at helm? Master, set a yare man to the helm, steer thus, thus.

*Helm-man.* Done 'tis.

*Zenon.* Peace.

*Gil.* Hell take thee for thy interruption.

[*Exit Leucantbe.*]

*Zenon.* Low're your main-sail, 'twas your fault we load our bonnet to; full, full.

*Helm-man.* Done 'tis.

*Enter Master.*

*Mastr.* Strike her fore-sail, here's a gust will bear our Mast by the board else.

*Gil.*



*Gil.* How now, Master, is she tight?

*Mast.* No, a pox on her for a Whore, she leaks, but we have girt her: port, port hard.

*Helm-man.* Done 'tis.

*Mast.* What Gallies are those that chase us? the Admiral's one.

*Zen.* I believe the King's aboard, she has stood with us all this day.

*Gil.* No matter what they are; would we had no worse enemies to deal with; who keeps the lead there?

*Within.* O dem a deep, fifteen fathom and a half, oh! [*Within.*

*Gil.* What ground ha' you?

*Within. Corral.*

[*Within.*

*Gil. Corral,* hell and confusion; we are upon the Rocks of *Asmara*, luff, luff-hard, and veer, tack, hale your sheat aboard; Boatswain, brace your fore-sail, bring her i'th wind, be yare Mates, clap the helm a lee, bring her upon her stays, w'are lost else.

*Zenon.* Keep the lead going. [*Exeunt Zenon and Master.*

*Gil.* Th'are howling already, what's my fate's my fate, and it may conquer; but I'll never yield to it, nor sink while these oars <sup>*Teey cry*</sup> can bear me through. [*Exit. within.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

*Enter Hipparchus and Pausanes.*

*Hip.* **L**oose the slaves, we want men to trim our sails.

*Paus.* O *Hipparchus*, that we had but the *Phlo* here to baffle with this storm; this is a painted whore, her back's too weak to bear her burthen.

*Hip.* Look out, *Pausanes*, the Galley that we chas'd is sinking.

*Paus.* The gods protect the Princess; see, see, she has scap'd that gust, and now they bear up with the land.

*Hip.* Let us steer with 'em, we may save some; port, port hard.

*Helm-man.* Done 'tis.

[*Enter Boatswain.*

*Boatsf.* Who's at the helm? slaves, we'll bring our sails into the wind, veer more sheat there; for heavens' sake, Gentlemen, to your Cabins and pray.

*Hip.* We have chang'd our course to bear up with the Galley that's in distress.

*Boatsf.* Is the Princess in that Galley?

*Hip.* I, she's there, and her virtue interceding a safety against all their hopes or merits.

*Boatsf.* In with the lead there: Ho, the cunnery, due west, west, <sup>*Enter the King and Eucratia.*</sup> steer due west; w'are so far upon the Lee-shoar we shall never weather the Land, if we fall to the southward w'are lost, the westward has a safe bay; courage, Madam, we a tight ship, and a stout ginge.

*Paus.* Mates, clear an anchor to drop, ere she strikes; heave out the long-boat there. [*Exeunt all but the King and Eucratia.*

*King.* O ignorance of man! 'tis best seen in divers ways that knowledge runs in; this their art and wise directions is to me distractions. O Madam! let me add to these dangerous multitude of waters my tears, that my repentance may wash off this stain. 'Tis not the Sea I sink under, but my faults to you. Can you forgive

give my blindness that have led you into these dangers? Accursed be that Traitor Villain that brought 'em into this extremity. That on land I could have redeem'd, but this all these waters cannot expiate.

*Enc.* They are not dangers fright me, though yours be joyn'd to them, for which Heaven knows I have a pain; you have prov'd such a friendly Enemy, my griefs concern not myself now, for I am onely in the power of Heaven, and the Gods are no less strong at Sea than Land; for though their wonders dwell in the deep, yet their mercies wait there too.

*King.* O divine *Eucratia*! let me kneel to thee, and in this storm call upon thy name to save me.

*Enc.* Tempt not those Powers which must protect us, but joyn with me for my lost Sister, poor *Leucanthe*, who is not onely subject to this storm, but the dangers too with which a Traitor's lust begirts her. O Sir! I know to dy spotless is now her Prayer and all her wishes but what we pray against, a wrack.

*King.* 'Twas her Galley that we chac'd, the Villain was forc'd to run ashoar; nor will we fail with our endeavours to seek her safety: but O! she strikes: O! w'are lost, she strikes: O!

*Within O!  
O? O?  
Enter Pauf.  
and Hip.*

*Pauf.* Man the Long-boat, not a man enter till the King and Queen be in: Sir, descend, the Ship strikes, but we are near the shoar, the Long-boat now is all our hopes.

## ACT. V. SCEN. I.

*Enter Gillippus with Leucanthe tied at his back, and the knot in his mouth.*

*Gil.* **T**He fire of lust, and warmth which that heat lent gave me strength to resist the coldness of the water, and to my appetite and longings the Powers that sav'd me: If I can call back her life I'll sacrifice this Lamb; I made *Zenon* binde her, that she might not have her will ere I had mine; the knot in my teeth I held that when I could keep her no longer she might slip; for my love 'tis vow'd to the living, not to the dead; and when I cannot what I would I will what I can; to yonder fire which guided me to this safety I'll bear my load, when she begins to live I'll seem to dy; and so I'll handle the chance, and in oyly words cloath this service, faintly pleading Pardon for my past faults, as if I had onely life enough to tell her the obligation she owes me: then if I finde her melt, by degrees I'll let her charity prevail, and slowly seem to recover: but if she seem to rejoyce in my fall, and my prayers fail, by all the Gods hers then shall not prevail.

## ACT. V. SCEN. II.

*Enter the King, Eucratia, Hipparchus, and Pausanes, all above.*

*King.* **T**He storm begins to cease, and this our miraculous deliverance calls for a hearty and speedy sacrifice; Let the Long-boat immediately search the wrack for the Princess *Leucanthe*.

*Hip.*



*Hip.* What other Vessel's that? Some of the wrack swims still.

*King.* 'Tis a *Sicilian* Galley by her Flag.

*Enc.* O Sir! look, they swim still in charity as a Sacrifice for our deliverance, if't be possible save 'em; the Youth strikes the Waters with unskilful Oars: O save, save the Innocent.

*Paus.* Be at peace, Madam, if it be in man I'll save 'em.

*Hip.* What do you mean?

*Paus.* To leap in.

*Hip.* 'Tis desperate.

*Paus.* 'Tis honest, nay 'tis honourable; and when can a young man dy better, or hope to have his end waited on with braver Mourners? Thou seest I have hunted from danger to danger all my life but to finde a name, or one to own me, and cannot compass it; therefore to chuse I'll leap into this danger; for from this glorious end I may in story force one; and therefore leave to counsel, and leap in with me; and let us through this as a thousand other dangers together labour; then if I faint, *Hipparchus* may be by; and if *Hipparchus* faint, Am not I there? Farewell, if thou wilt not follow, Farewell for ever. [He leaps in.

*Hip.* He's gone, *Pausanes*, Friend, steer thy Course to yonder fire, there I'll meet thee, and if't be possible, assist thy brave resolution. [Exit.

*King.* Ye Gods! What strange kinde of men are these?

A C T. V. S C E N. III.

*Enter Gillippus with Leucanthe in his arms.*

*Gil.* SO, here I'll rest my Burden; she begins to recover her strength, and Reason works apace; she call'd for help, but nam'd no body, but at large, Gentle Souldier help. *He carries her to the fire.*

*Leuc.* O save me, save me, Gentle Youth, I am betray'd.

*Gil.* Hark! again.

*Leuc.* Ha! Where am I? What place is this?

*Gil.* Now *Gillippus*, hide thy Snares cunningly, and then thou maist catch this Bird. | *Gil. counterfeits himself dead, and lies by her.*

*Leuc.* Ha! wet?----Good Heaven! now my fears return with my Reason, and I remember the danger I was in by a storm at Sea. ----Ha! What's this? A man laid by my side? Sleeps he, or is he dead? Good Heaven protect me, How came I here?----Who's this?

*Gillippus.* Bless me! he's so wicked, Me-thinks his Ashes should be dangerous. Hark! he groans. O! that faithful stranger, little does his soul fear what miseries his bounty has brought me. *Hipparchus* the Traitor call'd him, or my busie minde deceiv'd me.

*Hip.* Yonder's the fire which my Friend will steer his desperate Course to. Ha! What do I see? *Leucanthe*, and *Gillippus* dead by her? *Enter Hip.*

*Gil.* Who's that nam'd *Gillippus*, *Zenon*?

*Leuc.* What, alive?

[*Gil. seeing Hip. rises.*

*Gil.* *Hipparchus*! Nay, then I see my fate pursues me.

*Hip.* Art alive?----Ye Gods, take this in sacrifice while I offer that-----

[*Kneels and kisses her hand, then points to Gil.*

*Leuc.*

*Leuc.* 'Tis he, 'tis the Youth that sav'd me-----O Sir, protect me from this Ravisher.

*Hip.* If he scape me now I'm strangely curs'd; Do you stare, Sir?  
[*They fight.*]

*Gil.* I bleed apace.

*Hip.* I'm wounded.

*Gil.* Nay, it has a mouth, would it had this tongue in't.

*Hip.* You can fall when you are not dead; if thou jest now take that in earnest.  
[*Gil. falls.*]

*Gil.* Hold, I'm unfit for such a sudden *Exit*; O she's lost, she's lost, for ever lost.

*Leuc.* O Sir! Spare him a little time to throw off that load that sinks him.

*Hip.* O Madam! to what danger has my mistake of service brought you? Are you not at war with all our Sex for the Treacheries of this Villain?  
[*Hip. as he speaks faints.*]

*Leuc.* How do you, Sir? Alas, he faints!

*Hip.* I bleed apace, and I fear my wounds are deeper than I apprehended; for I feel a darkness now begin to close mine eyes. O Madam! Madam!  
[*He falls.*]

*Leuc.* O! I fear he's lost; Good Gods, send some aid and counsel to a wretched Maid whom ye have pursu'd with change of cruel fates. O that I had dy'd ere I had seen this Youth; unfortunate *Leucanthe*, to see thy Love thus in the Cradle bloody, born onely to add another cause of grief.  
[*Enter Judge,*]

*Judge.* This way I heard some body cry for help, and 'twas mingled with the noise of Swords; What's here, a man wet and wounded? Good Heaven! last night thou little expected'st such a land fate: More misery! Whence are they? A woman too? 'Tis some Murder sure. I'll take my Sword, those that could so destroy their youth will not spare my age.

*Leuc.* What art thou, Father, that pitiest our sad fates? Come hither and I'll teach thee how to mourn.

*Judge.* Is he dead thou mourn'st thus? Let me see his wounds, Hold up's head, he breaths, Bow him forward while I fetch a Balsam, whose sovereign power (if the vital parts be not perish'd) will restore his health.  
[*Exit Judge.*]

*Leuc.* Run, run; O my Joy! if thou dy'st, upon thy Tomb I'll lay Marble rough as thy fortune, and on it set fix'd a living statue till with my tears I have polish'd it.  
[*Enter Judge.*]

*Judge.* So, pour this Balsam into his wounds, and binde them up, and stay his head while I go finde the Hermit's Son, he shall help to bear him to my Cabin.  
[*Exit Judge.*]

*Enter King, Eucratia, Sortanes, Hermit and his Son, with the Bodies of Lyfimella and Pausanes.*

*King.* Bring 'em to yonder fire; and while *Eucratia* applies her charity to the Youth I'll assist *Pausanes*.

*Judge.* *Eucratia*! Who nam'd *Eucratia*?

*Leuc.* Why, do'st thou know *Eucratia*?

*Judge.*



Judge. Know her ! Yes, *Leucanthe*.

*Leuc*. Father !

Judge. 'Tis she.

*Leuc*. O ye Gods! your hands are visible through all this change.

King. Who are those about the fire ?

*Enc*. *Leucanthe* and *Theagines*. O Sir! w'are blest beyond our hopes. *Euc. goes to the fire and knows them.*

Judge. *Eucratia* here too! O remove my doubts, by what fate are we met thus strangely?

King. 'Twill ask a longer time, Sir, than her charity now can spare to tell.

Son. Father, they are all acquainted, and yet in my conscience they never appointed this meeting. *In this time the Hermit is busie about*

Hermit. What's here? A womans breast in a Doublet? Ladies, *Lyfimella.* some of your hands will be more proper here, this habit belongs not to the Sex it cloaths.

*Enc*. A woman !

Hermit. Yes.

King. *Sortanes*, have you never seen that face ?

*Sor*. Yes, on my life.

King. 'Tis *Lyfimella*.

*The King knows her.*

*Lyf*. Here, O here! Who call'd wretched *Lyfimella* ?

King. Madam, your charity has found my Sister, my Friend, all that I call dear; and see if a cross fate has not attempted to snatch her hence: O persist in your charity, and a little dispense with your joy, and try to save her.

*Enc*. If my blood could save her, to every vein I would a passage give, and through those thousand streams pursue her safety.

Hermit. More of that Strong-water, and give him leave to breathe.

*[Hermit busie to save Paus.]*

*Enc*. Here, put on this loose Roll, and hide her Disguise.

*Gil*. Some charitable hand convey me to *Hipparchus*, that from my dying lips I may breathe him comfort. About my neck you'll finde two golden Medals which I took from him and *Pausanes* bosome, in which (I heard one *Perseus* tell, who that day fell in battle) was writ in Characters their Names and Countrey, which yet they know not. *They turn to Gillippus.*

Judge. *Perseus*! Who can tell tidings of the aged *Perseus* ?

*Gil*. That can I-----At the sack of *Tunis* he fell by my hands, when I took those youths Prisoners, they call'd him Father-----O! I feel I'm sinking, but whither, O whither, Mercy, Mercy, Heaven.

*[He dyes.]*

Judge. I am wrapp'd in amazement at these things; these are the Medals we hung about our Childrens necks; Which of these two was call'd *Pausanes* ? *He takes the Medals from Gil. bosome.*

*Enc*. This.

Judge. On thee then fall a blessing; but on thee my Son a thousand, thousand blessings; all that a weeping Father can with penitent tears call down fill thy days. *He turns to Hip.*

Hermit, *aside*. What have I liv'd to see ?

Judge.

*Judge.* Oh, *Leucanthe* and *Eucratia*, see your long lost Brothers.

*King.* Though my part be strange; yet these wonders make it seem nothing, there's such providence i'th chances; how fares my *Lyfimella*?

*Lyf.* Oh Brother, can you forgive this fault? I heard some body name *Pausanes*, where is he?

*King.* Here.

*Lyf.* There! and not come to *Lyfimella*? oh! my fears will end this wrack, speak; by all the honours of thy youth, I conjure thee, is he dead, or no?

*King.* No, upon my life, he lives and is found a Prince.

*Lyf.* A Prince! and will not my Brother then——

*King.* Why dost thou hide thy blushes in my bosom, think'st thou I can be cruel to *Lyfimella*? no, no; since I saw thee I have felt thy pain, and now can love too, but dare not promise I shall be fortunate.

*Enc.* Can I add to your joys? if I can, Sir, let this Priest witness my vows to the King.

*Herm.* Will it please the King to retire to my homely Cell, 'tis free from storms, unless you bring 'em with you; I have liv'd long there, but never felt any save what my sins brought. Some skill too I have in herbs, and fortunate (I thank the gods) I have been in my attempts in Surgery; and hope they'll smile upon these Patients too, I find no danger of death amongst 'em: and when I have my Salvatory laid by, then I'll take up my Beads; for the Priest, I see, must compleat the joys of these happy pairs, my interest in which I'll no longer hide.—Oh speak *Eucratia*, think'st thou the gods will accept an offering from aged *Memnon's* hand again, that once abus'd their altars by giving false Oracles, which thus they have reveng'd? if thou think'st they will, here I throw off my disguise, and from a Father and Priest, Sir, receive her.

*Enc.* My Father!

*Judge.* *Memnon*, my Brother! oh welcome!

*King.* Let me interrupt your joys, lest their excess prove dangerous; and to the gods that have wrought this blessing, let us pass on to sacrifice.

*Herm.* Lead on, *Theagines*, while we these young men bear off, on each of which a Virgin shall like their good genius wait; the story, how we came to be thus happy, we'll defer to a fitter time, when health and Hymen shall wait on these Princes, to set their Prisoners free, and prove Loves Fetters Liberty. [Exeunt omnes.]

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F I N I S.

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